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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite autem sicut Caesari, Caesari: et autem sicut Deo, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday April 9, 1892.

No. 9

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Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of F. C. Gamble, Engineer, Victoria, B.C., on and after Friday, 1st of April, and tenders will not be considered unless made on forms supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. Roy, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th March, 1892.

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Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

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

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

FRED WHITE,

Comptroller N. W. M. Police
Ottawa, April 4th, 1892.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging River Kamistiquia," will be received at this office until Friday the 22nd day of April next, inclusively, for dredging in the River Kamistiquia, according to a plan and a combined specification and tender, to be seen at the office of W. Murdoch, Esq., Resident Engineer, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 24th March, 1892.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of three hundred dollars (\$300.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 16th March, 1892.

TENDERS.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on Saturday, 17th May, 1892, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1893, duty-paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North West Territories.

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This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had any such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs,
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa March, 1892

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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. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, April 9, 1892

No. 9

FAITH AND PHILANTHROPY.

Some thoughts from a striking lecture given by Father Ryan at St. Peter's church last Sunday evening.

WANT of faith is the radical defect of modern philanthropy in its well-meant efforts to elevate the masses and help the poor. "Without faith," says St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God." And without faith, says experience, it is impossible to effectually help man. This faith that pleases God and helps man is divine faith. Divine faith is the belief of man in God, or the belief of man in man as one of the mysteries of God. This faith is called divine because God is its origin and end. It comes from God and leads to God. It is beyond man's nature and must come from above. It is beyond man's unaided action, as it takes hold of the infinite. Because it is beyond nature in its origin it must be infused. Because its object is God it is called theological. Though this virtue or habit cannot be acquired by acts, it may be increased by exercise when supernaturally infused. Though God is the direct and immediate object of divine faith, man, as an object of this same divine virtue, is not excluded. Indeed the reason the second great precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," is like to the first, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," is precisely this, that the motive for loving, and, in a certain sense, the object loved is in each case the same, and that is, God. But the God that is loved is not seen; He is believed. He is seen by the blessed in heaven, seen as He is in Himself, and hence, in heaven faith is impossible. He is seen in His image on earth, and hence it is that life on earth is a life of faith and merit, the only life worth living. As the God that is believed in on earth is not seen, the proper object of faith is the invisible. The only object of modern philanthropy is the visible, the surface of things that appear. It believes in what it sees and feels, the natural, sensible, tangible, and so its science is what is called "positive," and its action what is called "practical." This positive, practical, science, under the form of Humanitarianism is fast becoming the religion of the day. It is the latest heresy, or rather it is the logical and compound result of all the heresies. It is the religion of literature, science and art. It is very attractive, and very dangerous, but it won't do. It fails everywhere, but fails most where it should succeed best, if it could succeed anywhere, in its care of the poor. Being eminently "practical" it looks to the present, takes hold of the tangible, sets to work at what it sees. It considers the masses, but has not time to think of men, especially does it not stop to think of every individual man. Is it quite sure there is no poverty that does not appear? Is there no poverty of the mind and soul and heart? Man is not all matter. He is not a machine, not even an eating machine, much less is he a part of the big machine, called the State. The masses are not so many clods to be put out of the way of the car of social progress. Nor are men even cogs to help the car in its onward and upward course by being kept clean and bright and well fed with oil. You may make and break a machine, use and abuse it; you may even admire it. But there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot reverence it. Now this is the very first thing you must do with a man if you would help him to any purpose. You must go down on your knees, if you would stand him upon his feet again a living soul. But why should I go down on my knees to a man, and to a poor man, a worthless man, to a man who has brought poverty, and ruin and shame on himself and others. The only reason under heaven for so doing is because I see in that man the creator or the Christ. But have you no faith in Humanity, says Mr. Frederic Harrison, the high priest of the "positive." Not a particle. Humanity even with a big H is a humbug. You may talk about it, write about it, rave about it, laugh at it about the best thing to do with it—but there is one thing you cannot do—you cannot love it. And unless our practical philanthropist brings reverence and love with him in his visits to the poor he had better stay home with Humanity, and give up trying to help human beings who have hearts and souls. But is it sufficient to consider the poor hearts and souls and call on your purse of brotherly love to do your whole duty to the poor? It is not. The most dangerous side of modern philanthropy, of the religion of Humanity, is its merely sentimental side, as may be seen in Mr. Drummond's

defective and very dangerous teaching. He says the greatest thing in the world is love, and he professes to speak of the last of St. Paul's trinity of theological virtues.

But the love of which Mr. Drummond speaks may be love without faith, and whatever such love may be, it is certainly not the greatest thing in the world. Once it was "faith alone" now it is "love alone." Each is an error. As faith without love is dead, so love without faith never began to live as it ought. Love without faith is modern philanthropy at best. The atheistic revolution of the last century gave to the world a trinity without God. The religious and agnostic revolution of to-day would invent a unity without God, and ask the children of men to worship humanity. It is quite true human nature is worthy of highest worship, but only the human nature that is hypostatically united to the Second Person of the adorable Trinity, the eternal word of God. It is also and consequently true, that because the Son of God took to Himself the nature of man, all men are destined and called to become children of God. And it is because He who made His own the nature of all, is pleased to be represented in the person of each, that divine faith is necessary to make philanthropy effective. These are merely the first principles of Christianity; but it is well for Catholics to remember them now, when they are denied or ignored in pulpit and press called Christian. It would be well, too, that our Catholic charitable and beneficial societies should take as their motto that text of the inspired teacher of social science. "Blessed is he who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." He is not called blessed who talks about the poor or writes about the poor, or even preaches about the poor. Nor again is he called blessed who gives to the poor. But only he who by divine faith understands the problem of poverty, while by divine charity he endeavors to solve it. The inspired economist confirms his teaching by a simple appeal to the last great day:—

"Blessed is the man who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor, for the Lord will deliver him on the last great day." We have it on the highest authority that on that day Faith will stand on the right to receive the blessing, philanthropy on the left to be withered with a curse.

A MISSION FOR ITALIANS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

THE missions at St. Michael's Cathedral have been especially blessed this Lent. The mission to men was one of the most successful ever given at St. Michael's, as was evidenced by the large number enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart. The women's mission was, if possible, even more successful. There was a large attendance at the morning and evening exercises; and at the meeting of the Ladies' League on Sunday afternoon the chapel was overcrowded, many were unable to get in, and the number of new members went beyond counting. In his paternal care and solicitude for all the members of his flock, the Archbishop conceived the happy thought of a special mission for the Italians of Toronto. His Grace is most fortunate in having two very active and zealous young priests, Rev. Fathers Cruise and Coyle of St. Mary's Church, who were educated in Italy, and who speak Italian with the fluency and ease of the natives of that country. These untiring young shepherds hunted up their stray sheep from all quarters of the city, and gathered a varied and goodly flock into the cathedral chapel during the past week. The evening exercises opened with the beautiful and touching devotion of the Way of the Cross. A very pleasing and most attractive feature in this devotion at the Italian mission was congregational singing by the exiled children of the land of song. Their simple faith and tender piety found fitting expression in the soul-stirring, sorrowful melody of the *Stabat Mater*, while their Catholic loyalty to the old Church's liturgy was shown in the ease and evident intelligence with which they answered the Latin prayers. Considering their varied and engrossing avocations, their attendance at the mission was remarkably good. The devoted young missionaries have much reason to be pleased with the success of their efforts, and His Grace the Archbishop will be able to gladden the heart of the Supreme Pastor by assuring His Holiness that the children of Italy are well cared for in Toronto.

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

Conclusion

He became President of the Council under Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte government, and also Provincial Secretary. But upon the reconstruction of Parliament through some political wire-pulling McGee was not offered a portfolio. This action on the part of the Reform cabinet determined McGee, whether wisely or not, to cross and vote with the Conservative Party. It occasioned some bitter talk at the time among his former colleagues, as they pictured him standing in the lobby of the House, offering his wares to the highest bidder.

Under the new government, Tache-Macdonald, Mr. McGee became Minister of Agriculture and immigration. The latter title being added to allow him greater scope for his known interest in foreigners. And it was this generous interest that brought forth a sneer from one of the members of the Opposition as to McGee being but an immigrant himself, "I am of to-day, you are of yesterday, and the man who sneers at immigrants spits upon the graves of his fore-fathers," was his reply and when they accused him of being a rebel in '48 he answered "Yes, he was a rebel in '48 against England's misgovernment of Ireland, he was a rebel against the Church establishment in Ireland, but as to the other extreme measures he favored at that time, what man of forty need blush for the errors of twenty unless he continues in them."

It was during his early lecturing tour through Canada that he laid the grand plan of uniting the provinces in Confederation. And when it was finally brought about in 1867, in answer to the many counter cries he replied "we will conquer them by landness." It was previous to this, in the year 1865 that Hon. T. D. McGee the hunted fugitive from Ireland was sent as a representative from Canada to confer with the Imperial Authorities upon the question of Confederation. He crossed over to Wexford and there delivered a speech, the tenets of which, afterwards sealed his death warrant. But now when the fire of fanatic passion had died away, his words "that the young men and women of Ireland become lost to all honour and shame upon their landing in the United States" have their somewhat justifiable meaning. Mr. McGee did not mean it literally, for none knew better than he, that the virtue and honour of the men and women of Ireland are 'above fear and reproach.' It was the time when the Federal Army agents laid like death hounds around the docks ready to take the life of the young immigrant by luring him into the United States service under the guise of making him ready for the visionary army that was to set Ireland free. And thus McGee endeavored to turn the stream of immigration towards Canada. His enemies, and the enemies of law and order, seized upon any plea to lessen the influence of the popular Irish-Canadian statesman. He was styled a renegade and a traitor to his principle, a man with his price, and so the match was applied to the fagots dried during the famine of '48.

After Confederation we find Mr. McGee with an uncommon disregard of position stepping out of his office to make way for Nova Scotia, in the person of Mr. Kenny.

Many great and able statesmen have stood before the Canadian House of Assembly and displayed abilities that might cope with any living senate, but to Thomas D'Arcy McGee alone is awarded the palm of being the greatest of them all. When he stood in the Reform ranks and poured forth the might of his rich celtic oratory at the peroration, while the thrilling climax still held the galleries spell-bound Sir John A. Macdonald crossed the House and amidst the deafening plaudits of both sides shook the gifted speaker by the hand. And afterwards upon the occasion of McGee's melancholy death Sir George Cartier wishes he had the magic tongue of the dead to do justice to his illustrious memory.

Another says, "If you can imagine night without stars or moon, day without sun, you can then form an idea of the House of Commons without the presence of Thomas D'Arcy McGee." Still another phrase do we get of McGee in the House, "It was observed that he was a restless quizz, an adroit master of satire and the most active of partisan sharpshooters. That Mr. McGee always seemed to be, in spite of himself, either mischievous or playful, and regardless alike of the place or the occasion, he appeared to be seized with an irresistible impulse to scatter about him an uncomfortable kind of melo-dramatic spray, which occasionally drifted and thickened into a rain of searching, infectious, comic banter which as a matter of course, amidst roars of laughter would drown reason, logic and speech in a flood of exuberant fun."

As a writer McGee ranks among the foremost litterateurs of the day. His prose works, including under this head all the productions as an essayist and editor, a correspondent and a historian, are admirable in their clearness, impressive in their style, and acceptable in their utility of purpose. "The Catholic History of America," "The Irish Reformation" and "The Jesuits" are among the first, but his "History of Ireland" is his *Chef d'oeuvre*. It is admitted to be the most reliable of Irish histories in our libraries, which probably is owing to the author being absent from the scene of personal strife, therefore able to write an unbiased account of that country's many colored history.

But the love for the beautiful existing in every human breast, makes us listen with greater sympathy to the soul of D'Arcy McGee singing the sweet, true songs of his heart in the poetry that though other tender thoughts cling around them, breathes but two—his church and his country,

"The land of faith, the land of grace
The land of Erin's ancient race."

Mr McGee's personal appearance is familiar to all; the heavy dark face almost African in type, and loosely built figure of medium height. The head so grand in its proportions, that after his death the scientifically curious proved it outweighed the brain of other men that in life were accounted of more than ordinary ability. But that face lost all its heaviness at the first words of the owner's singularly sweet, flexible voice.

He was named after his god-father, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy, and there is an amusing incident related of Mr. McGee being on his way from Toronto to Hamilton after delivering a great lecture, when the train door flew open and a newsboy's cheery voice called out, "Daily Leader, great speech by Darcy McGee." All the way up the car he shouted "the great speech by Darcy McGee" and when passing the end seat Mr. McGee quietly murmured, "Soften it boy, soften it."

There is one stain on McGee's memory that his friends would fain forget, and that is his callousness the time of the Alwyard trial, and when an unnatural death closed his own life, there were those who said "He had followed swiftly on his track, the Alwyards were revenged."

In consequence of Mr. McGee's outspoken condemnation of the Fenian Invasion of Canada the net was drawing tighter and tighter around him. He had seen Ireland destroyed by secret societies, and now saw in the wily Yankee organizer a scheme to turn the money of the poor working girl into their own pocket. He saw the Irish in Canada protected by the very laws that these men would have them put at defiance, and he determined to do all in his power to right his misguided countrymen. But though he was one of the cabinet that had the Fenians' death sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, it did not turn aside the murderer's hand.

In 1867, after one of the most hotly contested elections of the time, Mr. McGee was elected in Montreal East in opposition to Mr. Develin, an Irish Catholic.

He took his seat in the first parliament held after confederation, and though his body was weakened by illness and his mind disturbed by the repeated threats of the Fenian faction directed by the political boddler, he continued in the discharge of his duties. But it seemed as if he knew that sooner or later he must pay the penalty of doing right, for his later writings and speeches are prophetic of his coming doom, and our eyes become dim as we hear the great heart of the man sadly asking,

"When cometh the long night, starless and endless
The bed without dreaming, the cell without gyre."

The Sunday previous to his death with his accustomed piety he received Holy communion, the Viaticum it proved, and the last acts of his life was for Ireland, his family, and his adopted country.

He wrote a powerful letter to Lord Mayo, to remedy the ills of Ireland, and Gladstone pays tribute to it by speaking "Of a prophetic voice from the dead coming from beyond the Atlantic." Then a letter to his beloved daughter,

"If wishes were power, if words were spells
I'd be this hour where my own love dwells,"

And the last speech before the House, where, by his brilliant gifts of mind and tongue, he had taught the Canadian people to rightly estimate the qualities of the Irish race, is full of peace and brotherly love to the young confederation, especially the maritime provinces.

But before the Irishman's letter to the English Peer had reached its destination, before the tender father's message of love had reached his child, before the Canadian statesman's eloquent words had been set in type for the morning paper, the cowardly assassin had done his work.

After parting from his friend Mr. McFarlane, D'Arcy McGee turned up Sparks St., Ottawa, where his boarding house, kept by a Mrs. Trotter, stood. As his foot was on the first step he was fatally shot by Patrick William Whalen, believed to be an emissary of the Fenians.

Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was tendered a state funeral, and amidst all honours he was buried in Mount Royal cemetery, Montreal. We close this sketch by his own deeply meaning words.

"With Villa Maria's faithful dead
Among the just he made his bed
The cross he loved to shield his head
Miserere, Domine.

Right solemnly the mass was said
While burned the tapers round the dead
And manly tears like rain were shed
Miserere, Domine.

Well may they grieve who laid him there
Where shall they find his equal?—where?
Nought can avail him now but prayer."
Miserere, Domine.

L. A. HENRY.

PETER AMBLE.

PETER is the kind of friend one likes to walk out with. He is known as a "character," mostly perhaps because he is fond of marking traits in other people. Peter's grandfather was originally a poor man, but one who made money toward the end of his life and began late to move about in the society of the owners of money bags. The good man was often ill at ease in this company, because of the evident delight with which his friends would point to their family crests, as much as to say that their right to large fortunes came as a natural accompaniment to those precious cards. The poor old man always felt like an intruder on such occasions, for he had only made his riches by economy and enterprise. How long he might have continued in this state of uneasiness we can only guess, but fortunately his eye one day lit upon an advertisement which set forth that ancestries were traced at small cost at a certain college of heraldry. Away he went in high hope and was met by a little black-coated, solemn looking fellow who welcomed him with much respectful chafing of hands. "Amble," said he, "reminds one of the first words of *De Imitatione Christi*! Some crusading family, doubtless." He apprehended no difficulty in the least, their methods were so exact. So on the morrow the good merchant called again and paid over his guineas for a handsome card setting forth among many shaded curves and dragon-like scrolls, a black shield with a red cross, and a black cockatrice crowing like mad over a Latin motto meaning "never unprepared." "My heirs," thought he, "at least shall not want for a warrant for entry into financial society."

He was altogether right. His son, an unobtrusive person, went in among them with his monies, invested and speculated, and some few years after Peter was born lost everything but the crest, which, on his death, came to Peter. Peter does not move in high financial circles. He modestly keeps the books of entry for a large house, lives contentedly on his income and gives his spare hours to the contemplation of many moods of humanity. Occasionally he has friends at his house, on which occasions he never fails to elevate the plane of existence by admiring the crest and discoursing acutely to his friend the hidden meaning of it all. Not being fond of rude shocks to pleasant impressions, he very seldom tells the tale of its acquisition, but launches out learnedly into an audible reflection on heraldry in general.

He spends much of his time with his books, and of course admires most of all the creations of Shakespeare, upon any of whose characters he will have something so incisive to say that you like to sit and listen, for his mind and nature, between them, thaw out the coldness of the print. Next to those he regards the essays of the lovable Elia.

When Peter goes awalking he keeps his eyes open for any little developments that may arise. He seems to take such unusual views of things. The other day a little shoeblack was walking along, seemingly as miserable as poverty could make him. His clothes were dirty and ragged, his hat all too small and both boot and stocking sadly out at heel. One would have thought that such a moralizer as Peter would have begun a discourse on the multitude of evils attendant upon the want of wealth. Unfortunately for this view, he is no dry economist, and his remark was altogether refreshing, for just then the little fellow reached into his pocket and taking the street for his drawing room and a mouth organ for his music, filled the air with sounds that moved his feet more quickly and sent his head back to a marching position, such as a star militia officer might envy. "He couldn't have that happiness if his shoes were blacked," said Peter.

A few minutes later he pointed out a friend of his. "That," said he, "is a man who had a hobby. Every man should have a hobby. I first met him at an assembly where he and a number of friends repair for the exchange of opinions, and although none of their opinions ever seem to change in the process, they continue the meetings very regularly. Every one of them holds all the rest to be in error, and the varied hopes of assimilation, I suppose, hold them together. For myself I only go to learn their ways. One night Tingle Sax came in. When he rose to speak I observed that he was tall and gaunt, with great masses of black hair formed into a series of natural, defiant elevations on the sides and top of his head. Singular hair, that of his. Always seemed to be the same length and never seemed to be tended. Somebody once said he would like to see Tingle run his fingers through it just to see the effect. Tingle was an advanced economist. When he would speak of the iniquity of holding deeds in land, some of us would instinctively shrink a little deeper into our coats and wish he would stop. 'What is the use' he would say, and his long, bony finger would point straight at you, 'what is the use of trying to increase wealth as long as men are allowed a title to part of the earth against all comers?' Others would try to reason with him but he had the idea firm-fixed, and there was no use in trying to get quit of it.

One day he met me on the street and taking me by the button, said very seriously, 'It's all over.' As I had not known enough of his personal surroundings to have expected any calamity, I strove to look at once serious, sympathetic and comforting, but begged to be informed of the precise nature of the loss. Then he reassured me by the infor-

mation that it was his old idea that was gone, and added half regretfully that he had been pursuing a shadow. But the loss was a great one. Tingle Sax had lost his hobby. The next time I observed him with his hat off, that awful hair was sleeked and parted so carefully one might have thought him a most fastidious beau rather than a dry economist."

It is such men as these Peter likes to observe, and as he has been at it a long time and has a wonderfully pleasing power of discernment, and because he is always so sensible about it, Peter Amble is really the kind of person one likes to go a long walk with. CYRIL.

A POPE WHO DIED IN EXILE.

BY THE REV. RUEBEN PARRON, D.D., IN *Actu Martii*.

Conclusion

kings of which countries, recognizing the wisdom, justice, and protecting authority of Rome, had made their crowns feudatory to her, thus assuring to themselves and their heirs a protection against domestic rebellion and foreign attack. Our age, remarks Canto, styles itself liberal, and yet it bases its constitutions on the inviolability, or rather the infallibility, of rulers, and it rages at the thought of their responsibility to a spiritual power for their acts. "Our ignorant ancestors saw infallibility only in that Church with whom Christ promised to abide forever. They thought that the Church possessed the right of watching the conduct of rulers, of correcting their sins, and of punishing their contumacy. The wisdom of to-day, in order to balance power, introduces a loyal veto, and a refusal on the part of parliament to vote the budget, and the Chambers not only call the ministers to account for their administration, but sometimes pretend to change dynasties and to send kings to the scaffold or into exile. Terms have changed, the substance of things remains. In the days of Gregory no one had heard the maxim that ordinary morality and equity should not regulate government affairs. Then and let it be noted by those who believe that liberty was born only yesterday no man was born a king; he was elected a king, and merit was a condition of his election. Kings were not despots at that time, but were restrained by the assemblies of the nation; and the supreme authority of the Pope was acknowledged not only by the canon but by the civil law."

Much has been said of the violent disposition of Gregory VII. Bossuet descants upon this idea unto nausea, and even Voigt seems to accept the notion, and to apologize for his hero by saying that "every great man is violent, heavy blows are necessary to force an idea upon the world." This may be true of human ideas, and in the case of those great men who are nothing more than men. But our Pontiff was something more than a great man: he was a saint. Powerful blows he certainly did strike, but the sweetness of the Eternal Lamb was never absent in his severity. He wielded the reforming sword as probably no one has ever wielded it; but he ever withheld the blow when the guilty manifested repentance. Superficial historians merely regard the excommunications and definitive depositions pronounced by Gregory VII.; they say nothing of the four hundred letters addressed to the wicked men who were ravaging the Christian world—pathetic exhortations to return to God and His justice. But well-instructed writers, from Baronio down to Mabillon, permit no doubt as to the gentleness of our Saint. Mabillon credits him with a proneness to "leniency rather than severity." And Natalis Alexander, by no means too favorably disposed to Gregory, says that "his tendencies were towards mildness." However, reforming Pope as he pre-eminently was, the mildness of St. Gregory VII. does not impress the ordinary observer so forcibly as does his stern determination to actuate the design he had formed even in his early youth. The very independence and pre-eminence of the Church were but consequences of the reformation which he was bound to effect, and to effect from within. As monk, he performed his task in his monastery of St. Paul's; as archdeacon and chancellor, he began the good work in the pontificates of Gregory VI., St. Leo IX., and Victor II., of whose elections he was the cause, and to its completion he dedicated every pulsation of his heart. He died in exile, but his work was accomplished.

"CATHOLIC" CANADIAN CELEBRITIES."

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR, Under the above heading, in your issue of 26th ult., it is stated that the late Sir George E. Cartier "was instrumental in bringing about the secularization of the Clergy Reserves," &c. Then your contributor goes on to say, "But still more beneficial to the rank and file of his own province was the abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure," &c.

Is it to be understood from the last quotation that it was Sir George who brought about that beneficial change? Because, if so, I think that to another, and to that other almost entirely, belongs the credit of the Act of the Old Canada Parliament, I mean the late Honorable Lewis Thomas Drummond. "Honor to whom honor is due."

Yours truly,

OTTAWA, 5th April, 1892.

BRANSAGH.

Catholic News.

Redemptorist Mission.

Rev. Fathers McInerney, C.S.S.R., and Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's church, commenced a week's mission on Sunday last at Cshawa.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.

An unique entertainment will be given on Easter Monday evening in St. Andrew's hall, for benefit of St. Mary's Church. The famous collection of Mrs. Jarley's wax works will be exhibited on a scale of grandeur seldom equalled. Combined with this Prof. Simpson will exercise his wonderful powers of ventriloquism, and talented vocalists, including Harry Rich, Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Sadie Burns, and the renowned elocutionist, Mrs. Corley, will add to the evening's enjoyment.

Separate School Board

The regular monthly meeting of the Separate School Board was held in De la Salle Tuesday evening. Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, occupied the chair. Those present were: Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Father Rohleder, Rev. Father McCarthy, James Ryan, Thomas O'Connor, H. Boulton, M. Walsh, M. Kieley, John O'Connor, Charles Burns, William Fraser and C. T. Long.

The treasurer presented the annual financial statement for the year ending December 31, 1891. The receipts, including a loan of \$30,000 from the Home Savings and Loan Company, amounted to \$64,287, while the expenditure was shown to be \$58,495, leaving a credit balance of \$5,792. The taxes received from the city amounted to \$31,576, and the salaries of teachers and other officers to \$19,011. During the year \$11,801 was expended on capital account. The Government grant was but \$2,209.

The report of the finance Committee, which recommended that accounts amounting to \$748 be paid, was adopted.

Government Inspector Donovan's annual report was read by the inspector. It stated that the Government inspector had visited and inspected the separate schools and found them generally doing good work, but some of them were overcrowded.

Considerable discussion arose as to the method adopted by the City Council in securing the taxes of the Street Railway Company for school purposes, and in having Mr. George Kieley agree that they should go to the public schools, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. A committee was appointed to draft a resolution protesting against the action of the Council, and another to wait upon Mr. Mowat to-day and protest against the clause in the street railway bill now before the House permitting the taxes of the Roman Catholic stockholders of the company to go to the public schools.

St. Alphonsus Club.

Vice President Thomas Callaghan occupied the Chair at Tuesday night's meeting of the St. Alphonsus Club. A challenge from Branch No. 11, E. B. A., lightweight tug-of-war team was accepted for Tuesday evening, the 19th instant at the hall on McCaul Street. Routine business was rushed through to give time for the debate which was to take place immediately after the meeting.

Upon the conclusion of the meeting Mr. J. B. Murphy read the following motion

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Club the proposed legislation regarding the use of tobacco by minors is worthy of endorsement.

Mr. Murphy then gave his reasons for moving the Resolution in a very clear speech. He quoted from the report of an eminent American doctor to prove his ground that the use of

tobacco by minors had a stultifying effect on minds and bodies, producing diseases of the eyes and lungs, etc.

Mr. J. H. Gilmour followed stating that though not addicted to the use of the weed himself yet he did not believe that what Mr. Murphy had said was the cause, as some of the greatest men of the age were heavy smokers.

Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue supported the resolution. He pointed out that the opponents of the proposed legislation were evidently laboring under a mistake, quoting, as they did, instances of old and middle-aged men who were noted for their ability. The legislation referred to had to do merely with minors and not with adults, and had the undivided support of parents of all classes—rich and poor.

Mr. W. T. J. Leo opposed the motion on the ground that the liberty of the subject would be restricted, and that he believed a heavier import duty on tobacco would be more beneficial than the proposed legislation.

Mr. J. Day said that his experience had been that non-smokers had invariably carried off the best prizes at college.

Messrs. J. I. Travers and T. Winterberry supported the motion, which was carried by a good majority. Quite a number of visitors were present and were well pleased with the liveliness of the debate.

Obituary

Mrs. Post, who lived in Pickering for about 50 years, passed away to her reward on Thursday, 31st March, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church at the advanced age of 78 years. She was always a fervent Catholic and very charitable to the poor.

Her funeral which was largely attended took place on Saturday 2nd inst. at Pickering. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated, at the end of which Rev. Father McBrady O. S. B. preached, as is his wont, an interesting sermon. He referred to the edifying life of the deceased lady and the amount of good she did during her time. She was a grand type of the uncompromising zealous Irish Catholics who brought the faith to this country.

Our friend Mr. A. S. Post and family have the sympathy of his numerous friends who will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from a very severe attack of inflammation of the eyes.

E. B. A.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following resolutions of condolence to D. A. Carey, Grand President of the E. B. A., were adopted at the last regular meetings of O'Connell Branch No 2 and St Patrick's Branch No 12, of Toronto, and St. Joseph's Branch No. 26, of Stratford.

Having heard with regret of the death of the daughter of our worthy Grand President.

Therefore be it resolved that we the members of O'Connell Branch No. 2, beg to tender D. A. Carey and wife our deepest sympathy for the loss of their beloved child, that it has pleased Almighty God to take to Himself. And pray that our Holy Patroness will obtain for them the grace to bow in humble submission to his Holy will.

Resolved That a copy of this resolution be sent to D. A. Carey and to the Grand Secretary.

P. Cratty, President.

J. Cronin, Recording Secretary.

P. Keenan, Financial Secretary.

J. H. Doyle,

Whereas it having pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from this earth to Heaven, the beloved child of our respected Grand President. *Be it therefore Resolved*.

That we the members of St. Patrick's Branch No 12 hereby tender our most sincere sympathy with D. A. Carey and wife in their bereavement. And pray that almighty God will enable them

to bear their sad affliction with humble resignation to His Holy will.

Resolved. That a copy of this Resolution be sent to D. A. Carey and a copy also to the Grand Secretary.

F. B. Downey, President.

P. J. O'Connor, Vice President.

J. Honnesey, Recording Secretary.

Resolved That we the members of St. Joseph's Branch No 26, Stratford, take this, the first opportunity of extending our sympathy and condolence to our worthy Grand President D. A. Carey, in his affliction by the loss of his child, and *resolved* that a copy of this Resolution be sent to Brother Carey and the Grand Secretary.

J. J. Kneill, Recording Secretary.

M. Lane, Grand Secretary.

GENERAL.

Latest European advices report Cardinal Battaglini, archbishop of Bologna, seriously ill.

...On Sunday, March 20, Sister Innocentia of the Franciscan order died at St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City.

The Italian Catholics of Detroit, Mich., are soon to form a congregation with Bishop Foley's acquiescence.

Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D.D., bishop of Springfield, has returned from his southern trip in improved health.

...It is stated that Count Salis, third secretary of the British legation in Brussels, has been received into the church.

At the close of the Jesuit mission in St. Aloysius Church, Washington, D. C., there were 156 converts baptized and confirmed.

The Emperor William has conferred the order of the Red Eagle on Herr Reichensperger, one of the leading men of the Catholic Centre party.

The Royal Bavarian Art Establishment, Munich, has received a signal honor from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., by the appointment of the Chevalier Francis Mayer as "Artist to the Holy Apostolic See."

One of the delights to which the Holy Father clings is the writing of poetry. His last effort in this line was a Latin hymn, which was composed by Maestro Mustafa, and sung in the Sistine Chapel some days ago.

...Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., who recently died in California, was of Mayflower stock. From a Methodist he became a Catholic, a step later taken by his brother, Jasue M. Young, in after life the saintly bishop of Erie.

...Some Catholic ladies of New York city have undertaken to erect in the new Church of St. Patrick, Rome, an altar to the Holy Ghost. In order to secure the needed funds, they will hold a grand art union Easter week in that city.

...Rev. Brother Justin, for many years provincial of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in the province of New York, and now provincial of the Irish and English province of the order, with his residence at Waterford, Ire., has been compelled to retire from duty to recuperate his health, which has been injured by overwork.

...We regret exceedingly to have to announce the serious illness of the celebrated Catholic historian, Cesare Cantu, as the result of an accident. He is confined to his bed in his residence at Milan. At latest advices the fever resulting from his mishap was abating.

From the product of the collections for the abolition of slavery in Africa Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has allocated sixty thousand lire (about \$2,800) to the Apostolic Vicariate of Berm, and the Apostolic Prefectures of the Gold Coast, Dahomey, and Niger respectively.

At the petition of Archbishop Williams, St. Patrick's day has been raised in the rank of feasts to a double of the first-class, in the Archdiocese of Boston.

Bishop Brennan, of Dallas, Texas, has ordered that a religious celebration be held in every parish of his diocese on the morning of October 12, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, and has suggested that a civil observance be had in the evening of the same day.

Rt. Rev. Charles Edward McDonnell, D.D., will according to the decision of those in charge of the arrangements, be consecrated second Bishop of Brooklyn by Archbishop Corrigan at St. Patrick's cathedral, April 20, and on the 24th he will be given a public reception by the Brooklyn Columbian Club.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Pittsburgh has taken steps for the erection of a new church for the Catholic Greeks in the coal region. The services will be after the Greek rite, the pastor being a Greek priest, the Rev. Father Alexander Dzubay.

Father Lambert, whose "Notes on Ingersoll" have had such an extensive circulation, is a Pennsylvanian. His mother was a Quaker, and is a convert to the Church.

Two hundred thousand copies of "The Faith of our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, have been sold. It is now in its 41st edition.

It is settled that the beatification of the Venerable Rudolph Aquaviva and his companions, Jesuit martyrs in India at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the Venerable Bishop Peter Sanz and his companions of the Order of Preachers, martyrs in China in the same century, will take place next year.

The Italian Irredentists—the men who want to get back Nice and Savoy from France, and wrest the Trentino and Triesto from Austria—have held a secret meeting of one night's duration in Genoa. Their deliberations were shrouded in thickest veil of mystery, but sundry ancient Garibaldians were to the fore.

The Emperor of Austria has sent an autograph letter to the Pope, which was presented in person by his ambassador to the Vatican, Count Revertara, who was received in special audience. The contents of this imperial epistle have not been published.

The proposed tablet to the late Bishop Loughlin is soon to be erected in St. Mary's Hospital. The Bishop was himself the first president of the institution.

A special feature of the programme for the coronation of the statue of St. Joseph at West Deperre, Wis., will be the children's day which has been set for May 11. Arrangements are also being made to commemorate the 100th birthday of Pope Pius IX, which occurs on May 12.

Treves, which has been made famous by the exhibition of the Holy Coat, has lost its bishop, Dr. Heinrich Feiten, who has succumbed to the influenza, complicated by congestion of the lungs. He was only 57 years of age, but he had done noble work in his time and will be sorely missed. During the Franco-Prussian war, being then stationed at Fraulautern, he turned his presbytery into a hospital and with his own hands tended night and day over fifty sick and wounded soldiers.

An "Apostolate of Thanksgiving" is advocated by Margaret E. Jordan in the April *Rosary*. On April 12th we shall enter on the last half year of a century, the fourth since Columbus discovered the new world. "By a handy coincidence, April 12 is the feast of our Lady of Thanksgiving. Let us one and all on that day take our heads in hand and offer the Rosary in thanksgiving for God's blessings that have come to the Church, to the world and to in-

dividual souls through the discovery of America.

Bishop Brennan of Dallas on Tuesday had worn purple a year, and the first anniversary of his consecration was appropriately observed in the pro-cathedral. Dr. Brennan has accomplished a vast amount of good during the twelve months that he has presided over the church in northern Texas, and had he a larger staff of priests at his disposal, he would be able to do much more for the advancement of Catholic interests in the immense territory that is subject to his official supervision, and from various parts of which he has received urgent appeals for clergymen.

Appropos of the discussion that is going on in many quarters anent the standing of many Roman papers, it may be stated that while no paper can, properly speaking, claim to be the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano* has more of an official character than any other paper in the Eternal City. The *Moniteur* is a publication in which Leo XIII. takes a strong personal interest, but he is not responsible for the articles that appear in it, though it can generally be safely asserted that the *Moniteur* will advocate no policy which is not approved by the Pope.

The Catholic press of this country is typical of the many nationalities that make up its Catholic population. There are Catholic papers printed in the English, German, French, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Bohemian and Hollandish languages, the English papers leading, with those in German holding second place, the French being third, and the Polish fourth in order. This does not take into account the quarterlies, monthlies and bi-monthlies, of which publications there are a goodly number of Catholic ones printed in the United States.

Several noble ladies have lately given themselves to the religious life in Austria. The Princess Maria von Schwartzburg has begun her novitiate at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Riendenburg. The Countess Kalnoky and the Countess Margaret von Palfy are already novices in the same convent, where they will very shortly take their vows.

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by a Catholic ought to be celebrated by the Catholics of the United States in a Catholic manner. Cardinal Gibbons has written to all the bishops to lay before them the suggestion that the day should be observed in all the dioceses with solemn religious observances in the morning, "supplemented, wherever practicable, with some civil celebration in the evening." At Chicago, says the *N. Y. Catholic Review*, we shall be shoved to one side, and the Faith that gave Columbus courage to face the trackless and tenebrous sea, will have no recognition. For his sake, who may yet be raised to the altars of the Church, and for our own sake, who have so many reasons to be grateful for the exploits of our co-religionists who first explored this continent, we should make October 12, 1892, a holy day and a holiday, the remembrance of which should be marked with a red-letter in the traditions that will be handed down to our children's children.

The New York paper which states that Bishop-elect McDonnell of Brooklyn will be the first American prelate of the name of Charles is in error. Most Rev. Charles John Seghers, who was killed by the fanatic Fuller a few years ago in Alaska, was an American prelate from 1878, when he became coadjutor of Oregon City, succeeding to that see two years subsequently, until 1884, when he resigned and returned to Vancouver. Dr. McDonnell, will not, therefore, enjoy the distinction of being the first Charles to attain episcopal honors in this country.

A lady of a most beautiful and amiable disposition has passed away in the little House of Divine Providence, at Turin (the largest in the world, by the way) in the person of Sister Mary of the line of the Count Ponza di San Martino. This week nun of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul was the daughter of the statesman of the Revolution, who served Pio Nono with the ultimatum of September, 1870, followed by the breach of the Porta Pia. She implored God to give her father the grace to die like a Christian and her prayer was heard. Count Ponza repented and was reconciled to the Church when he breathed his last. R.I.P.

From the *Lateran* of Vienna we learn that the Holy Father has addressed a letter of acknowledgment in response to a communication from a group of Austrian Catholics congratulating him on the Encyclical *Reverum Novarum*. In this document His Holiness expresses his pleasure at finding them penetrated with the importance of the social question, and the necessity of putting an end to the struggle between those who work and the capitalists who, to enrich themselves, exploit the labour of others. The Christian religion, according to the intimate conviction of the Pope, is the best remedy for the evils of the time.

The announcement that among the coming Cardinals will be numbered the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, Monsignor George Kopp, and the successor of Cardinal Simor, the late Archbishop of Grau, Most Rev. Claus Vazary, will, in the first instance, illustrate anew the democratic spirit of the Church, for Monsignor Kopp is the son of a Hungarian weaver, and Cardinal Simor, whose place Monsignor Vazary fills, was the son of a Hungarian cobbler. Monsignor Kopp, it will be remembered, was requested by Kaiser William to take part in that social congress he convened at Berlin, a few years ago, and Leo XIII., in a letter addressed to the Kaiser, thanked him for the honor he thus conferred on the Breslau prelate.

Bishop-elect McDonnell is to be consecrated this month in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, doubtless by Archbishop Corrigan, to whom he has for some years past been both secretary and chancellor. When Monsignor McDonnell assumes charge of his diocese, he will have some important pastorates to fill, as two, at least, of the prominent Brooklyn rectors have been called away from this world within the past few weeks, the last to be summoned hence being Rev. J. McCabe of the Visitation, Brooklyn.

The Jesuit provincials of this country will in all probability attend the general convention of their order which is to be held in Rome, at the German-Hungarian College, next month for the purpose of electing a successor to the late Very Rev. Father Anderledy. This convention will be presided over by Rev. Luis Martin, the acting head of the order, who, it is generally believed, will be chosen the next general. Each province is entitled to send three delegates, the provincial and two deputies, the latter being chosen by the votes of the rectors and the professed Fathers of the province.

The Catholics of Cincinnati have more places of worship than any other denomination in that city, the figures being 56 Catholic churches and chapels against 38 Methodist and 28 Presbyterian ones. And yet it was at Mount Adams, in Cincinnati, that President John Adams, who was not free from anti-Catholic prejudices, in a speech he delivered there one Fourth of July, declared that the "Popish Cross" would never surmount that hill, where, by the way, to-day there stands a Passionist monastery which, with the church attached, bears the name of the Holy Cross.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

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

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

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

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

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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OFFICIAL

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

In consequence of the prevalence of the influenza in this archdiocese, and the enfeebled condition of public health, because of its ravages, we deem it our duty, in virtue of the Papal Indult, to dispense the faithful of this archdiocese from the laws of fast and abstinence during the coming Lent, excepting, however, the abstinence of Fridays, which must be observed as usual, and fast as well as abstinence on Good Friday. We at the same time exhort the faithful to live up to the spirit of penance and self-denial that should characterize the holy season of Lent, to try to appease the anger of God enkindled against our sins by fervent prayer, by alms deeds, and penitential works. We recommend self-denial in regard to those luxuries, the use of which is not necessary nor even conducive to bodily health and strength; such for instance as the use of intoxicating liquor, unless prescribed as medicine by a physician, the use of tobacco, etc., and abstinence from amusements innocent in themselves. In the words of His Holiness, the faithful who use this Apostolic Indulgence should be fervent in prayer, in performing works of mercy to the poor, in attending the public devotions of the Church, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

This forty hours devotion is to be held in this city, within the Paschal time, in the following churches and at the following dates

- 1st. On the first Sunday of Lent and the three following days in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street.
- 2nd. On the 2nd Sunday of Lent at St. Basil's.
- 3rd. On the 3rd Sunday of Lent at St. Paul's.
- 4th. It begins on Thursday the 24th of March at St. Patrick's.
- 5th. On 4th Sunday of Lent (27th March) at St. Michael's Cathedral.
- 6th. Passion Sunday (3rd April) at St. Joseph's, Leslieville.
- 7th. On Palm Sunday at St. Helen's, Brockton.
- 8th. On first Sunday after Easter, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, King St. East.

THE LATEST SELF-ELECTED PROPHET.

PRINCE MICHEL is the latest self-elected prophet in the missionary field of evangelical labour. He was born in the county of Elgin, a few miles south of the city of St. Thomas, received a liberal education in the common school of that section, and was trained up in Methodist piety and a fair knowledge of holy Scripture. It was revealed to him, however, that he was a chosen prophet, destined by God to introduce a new worship and a new religion into the world; so that all men shall be duly prepared for the coming of Christ, when the last trumpet shall be heard calling the nations to judgment. Prince Michael, who is a married man, in company with his better half started out on his tour of evangelisation; and by his apparent earnestness and magnetic influence had very soon gathered around him a large number of disciples, and among them several young women, of nervous character and weak constitutions. These were lured away from their homes by the false promises held out for their future enjoyment of heavenly contentment and all earthly happiness. Some of them, who have been rescued by fond parents from the hands of the prophet, have since declared that they were wholly unable to resist the fascination of the man, and that his power over them was as mysterious as it was irresistible.

His lawful wife, however, was soon neglected for a fairer damsel, Eliza Courts by name, for whom he entertained a spiritual affinity; and now he is in durance vile, charged with the crime of adultery and desertion of the woman he had sworn to love, honour, and protect. His conduct and that of his disciples, both male and female, has been a cause of scandal and public offense to the citizens of Detroit, who are determined to cast out the foul brood from their midst.

Eliza Courts when interviewed stated that whatever happened between her and Prince Michael, whose family name is Mills, was all done for the glory of God and by his commands. "I saw him, she said, and felt deeply for him when he cried out, 'its coming.' He threw himself down, pulling his beard, and I saw in what terrible agony he was. He kept on crying 'its coming.'" What was coming, interrupted the interviewer?

"Why the spirit of God was entering him and he was cleansed. His body is purified, and no matter what he did it would be no sin." Such is the hallucination under which people live who act upon the Protestant rule of faith, of private interpretation of Scripture, and self-inspired mission to teach the world its sinfulness and the need of a Saviour. And why should Prince Michael, or Mr. Michael Mills, be condemned for doing what Martin Luther, John Calvin and other self-appointed apostles of error and immorality did in their day, conformably to the same destructive principles of every man for himself—every fool to be his own guide and his own teacher—while the living infallible teacher appointed by God for man's guidance and happiness, was held up to derision and persecuted as Anti-christ? In his sermon on Christian liberty, Luther said:

"Every Christian is both king and priest and perfectly independent of all law and all good works; he is made righteous by his faith alone in his own sanctification. Righteousness and grace are lost only by want of faith. Belief in the necessity of good works amounts to a loss of faith, and with a loss of faith all else is lost. Like the dog with the piece of meat in his mouth, that barked at his image in the water, thus losing the shadow and the substance at the same time. (Malch. T. 19. P. 1219). The year following he wrote to Melancthon: "It is sufficient to believe in the lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, even though we should commit fornication and murder a thousand times a day. Sin has no power to separate us from the lamb, slain for the sins of the world." (Letters to Melancthon, 1 Aug. 1521.)

It is impossible to see any difference in these teachings of the great Reformer and the infatuation of Mr. Mills, who calls him-

self Prince Michael, and who maintains that his body is purified, and that no matter what he does it is no sin.

The laws of Michigan, however, may teach him a wholesome lesson on the laws of public morality and the obligations he owes to his own family, as well as to society at large. But as long as Protestantism exists, with its principle of every man being his own guide and his own infallible teacher, there shall be no end to the procession of Prince Michaels, Brigham Youngs, Salvation Armies and Baby Brigades, all starting off without a mission, on the wrong track, until humanity, sickened and shocked by their inconsistencies and their scandals, shall seek for truth, and peace only where each can be found securely in one Fold, and under one Shepherd.

THE LAZARETTO AT TRACADIE.

On Friday, April 1st, Mr. K. J. Burns, M.P., Mr. John McAllister, M.P., and Hon. Michael Adams presented to the Government at Ottawa a communication from Rev. J. A. Babineau, parish priest of Tracadie, New Brunswick, with reference to the Lazaretto at that place, accompanied by a memorial of their own, in which they ask careful and earnest consideration of the Rev. Father's letter. The Rev. gentleman points out the spread of leprosy, and the fact that entire segregation is the only means by which the dread disease can be stamped out. This is being attempted with a certain amount of success at Tracadie, where the institution is entirely isolated, and is in charge of certain nuns. The home in which the unfortunate lepers are sheltered is situated on a little island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the borders of the county of Gloucester. Amherst is the chief town of the county, and is inhabited chiefly by Catholics. Not long since a great noise was made, a howl raised by some Orangemen backed by two Rev. parsons, that Sisters of Charity were allowed to teach school in Amherst. A protest was also lodged by those gentlemen with the Minister of Education against the propriety of allowing those nuns to write for examination and obtain certificates of qualification and diplomas authorizing them to teach in Amherst or any other town in the Orange County of Gloucester. They stated in their memorial that nuns were actually seen at their schools and even in the street with their rosaries and crucifixes, and that the trustees of some country schools were already soliciting the services of these lady teachers, and no one could foresee where the evil was going to stop. In fact, a circular in denunciation of the whole Popish plot was issued from Orange Lodge Baillee No. 19, and signed by Rev. A. F. Thompson, Rev. J. S. Allen, and some lay officers of said lodge.

But Mr. Crocket, chief of the Educational Department, made reply that the Sisters of Charity had as much right, when qualified, to teach as others. The Orange haters of the Cross then petitioned Parliament, and declared in a subsequent circular with much indignation and some tears: "Last year we memorialized the Board of Education, but our memorial was treated with utter contempt. Then we petitioned the House of Assembly: but though the petition was read before the House, yet we could not get any member to take further action in the matter." This treatment of the poor Orangemen and their chaplains, is what, in vulgar parlance, is termed "hard lines."

There is now a field of operations wide open for Orange zeal, right on the shores of the very county of Gloucester, where Tracadie is situated. They are at liberty now to avert their indignant eyes from the schools at Amherst and fix them on the miserable sheds where the abandoned lepers are isolated from the world, and have for only solace and comfort the cheery presence and smile of the Sisters of Charity, with their crosses and beads, and medals, and crucifixes. It is not very likely, however, that either the Rev. Mr. Thompson or Rev. J. S. Allen, or the worshipful Grand Master will protest against the presence

of nuns in the Lazaretto at Tracadie. "The present buildings," relates the memorial, "were erected in 1853." The Orangemen, with their families, wives and daughters, were just as numerous and zealous for pure religion, without crosses and rosaries, at that period as they are now, or probably ever will be. Why was it necessary to send messengers and requests for help away to Montreal? What were the wives and daughters thinking of, that not one of them could be found in the whole county of Gloucester to volunteer assistance or gratuitous attendance on the poor lepers in Tracadie? Probably if the wives and daughters had been accustomed, as the nuns are, to the contemplation of crucifixes and crosses, they might have been imbued with a little of that heroic self-sacrifice that makes martyrs and engenders imitators of Him who suffered and died for a sinful world. But the spirit of self-immolation has never yet been the inspiration or the work of Protestantism. Pierre de Belloy, in his book entitled "The Order and Institution of Divers orders of Chivalry," mentions an order of St. Lazarus, so called from Lazarus the beggar, (Luke 16: 20), the patron of Lepers, which was established as early as A.D. 72. A military order of St. Lazarus was established by the Crusaders in Jerusalem, in the early part of the 12th century, whose duty it was originally to take charge of lepers and their asylums in the Holy Land. In the 13th and 14th centuries, homes and refuges for those afflicted with leprosy were found in the vicinity of almost every Christian city in Europe. It was owing to the efforts made in every civilized country by priests and bishops of the Catholic Church that leprosy was stamped out of Europe one hundred years prior to the Reformation. So perfectly accomplished was the forced isolation, or what is now called segregation, of those afflicted that even under the most favorable circumstances the leper was completely and forever an outcast from the world, being considered both legally and politically as a dead person. Upon being set apart from his fellow-creatures, the ceremonial for the burial of the dead was pronounced over him, masses were said for the benefit of his soul, and to carry out the illusion to the fullest extent, a shovelful of earth was thrown on his body. His marriage ties were henceforth dissolved, and he was forbidden from entering any church or place where food was prepared, from dipping his hands in any running water, and from taking up food or any other article necessary to him without the assistance of a stick or fork; and he was strictly enjoined to wear a peculiar dress by which he could be known at a distance, and to give notice of his approach by ringing a bell. Thus, to the generous care and binding authority of the Church, is civilization especially indebted for the disappearance of that loathsome and incurable evil of leprosy.

Even at this day when unfortunates are discovered to be afflicted with the dread disease they are hurried away to Tracadie from any part of Canada, or to the Lazaretto of Molokai from the United States or from England. The civilized world has heard with admiration of the self-sacrificing Father Damien, who gave up his young life to the great work of bringing comfort to the abandoned at the latter place; of reforming the morals and establishing daily religious service, and abiding practice of every Christian virtue, among the despairing multitudes of the stricken lepers whom he found without faith or hope at Molokai. Some Orange fanatic tried to asperse the motives and belie the sacrifice of the young martyr, but the accusations recoiled upon the head of the too-jealous offending parson, and in England not only the body of the clergy and laity, but Royalty itself has honoured his name, and extolled the greatness of his sacrifice, and sublime purity of his motive and his virtues.

The motion brought forward in the House of Commons at Ottawa on Friday last, will perhaps draw to Tracadie the eyes and the admiration of an unthinking world. Here we find not only one but several persons of good family, of high intellectual cultivation, all young and attractive, giving themselves and

their young lives, and their talents and accomplishments, giving all to the care and the comfort of the poor abandoned lepers at Traquair. They wear their Crosses, no doubt, and are proud of the service in which they can so closely resemble the spouse whom they chose above all others, and who says to them at every hour, "Verily I declare to you, as often as you do these things to any of My afflicted ones you do them unto Me—enter into the joy of your Lord."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is to be deplored that a Society of professedly Catholic young men should have so far forgotten themselves and the practices of their church as to hold an entertainment during the penitential season of Lent, and we trust that it will be long before the error of Friday night last will be repeated. The Holy Season of Lent was set apart as a season of self-denial and self-abnegation, in commemoration of the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer, and has always been zealously observed by the faithful. Both surprise and sorrow was caused by the action of this Society whose name, in charity, we will not mention, and whose members, are no doubt thoroughly ashamed of themselves—stultifying their good name by offending in this respect.

A COMMITTEE of the Protestant Churchmen's Alliance of England recently passed votes of congratulations and thanks to those who by their narrowness and bigotry succeeded in depriving Oxford of the honour intended to have been conferred upon it by the Catholics of the empire in the erection of a statue Cardinal Newman within its precincts. In speaking of this resolution the *Univers* caustically says: "With a cruelty which they have scarcely merited, the resolution of the committee publishes the names of some half-dozen of the chief offenders. We will not imitate such barbarity, preferring to leave them to be forgotten as soon as possible. The name and memory of Cardinal Newman are beyond the reach of the people of Lilliput."

It would seem that the modern Protestant curate is expected to be a sort of ecclesiastical chameleon, able and willing to take any colour that his employers for the time may fancy. As proof, the London *Univers* says it finds the following advertisements in Anglican journals:

1. Temporary help wanted, *thorough* Evangelical. 2. Wanted, curate, *Evangelical*. 3. Curate wanted, *sound* Evangelical and Protestant. 4. Curate wanted, *moderate* Evangelical. 5. Wanted a curate, a *decided* Evangelical. 6. At the end of April wanted a curate, an *earnest* Evangelical. 7. Two curates wanted, *moderate* and musical. 8. Senior curate wanted immediately, *liberal* Evangelical.

Of course, the curates "Evangelical," simple and positive, can easily become, according to order, "thorough," or "sound," or "moderate," or "decided," or "earnest," or "liberal," which must be a great comfort to the various church-going people who will be blest with their ministrations.

THE Holy Father has ordered the Congregation of Rites to take into consideration the question of producing an improvement and uniformity in sacred music, and the Cardinals, have, accordingly, invited all the Catholic musical celebrities of Europe and America to give their opinions on the subject. It is to be hoped that one of the results of the intended reform will be to stimulate the promotion of congregational singing, the way for which has long since been paved by some excellent manuals of Catholic Hymns, chief amongst which can be placed "St. Basil's Hymnal," published from St. Michael's College of this city, a book that should be in the homes of every Catholic family, and be used by all educational institutions. Once the children are

trained to sing these beautiful hymns, congregational singing—of which a distinguished German ecclesiastic has said that the early Jesuits, at the time of the Reformation, preserved many souls in the faith chiefly by its usage—will not be difficult of introduction, and the edifying sounds heard of an entire congregation raising their voices in harmony of sacred song and divine praise.

At the time when the Street Railway Franchise was under discussion the Review protested against the unjust and narrow-minded clause inserted in the agreement, compelling Catholic stockholders to pay their proportion of the taxes thereupon to the public schools.

This clause is so unjust and unfair, and contrary to all law and precedent, as to cause wonder at its insertion in an agreement of importance such as the Street Railway Bill, by men supposed to possess ordinary discernment. Through the exertions of that "eminent" Equal Righter, Ald. Bell, and his satellites, the clause was held in the agreement,—an apt illustration of the conception of justice and equal rights held by them—and ratified by the City Council. We must, however, confess to being surprised that on the Bill coming before the Local Legislature for ratification last week this clause or section was not stricken out. Even so strong a supporter of the civic administration as the *Evening News* condemns this section and advocates its abrogation, saying, in its issue of March 30th:

"The clause making provision for the payment of taxes collected on the Street Railway property into the Public school fund should never have found a place in the agreement between the company and city, and if it had been struck out altogether by the Railway Committee of the Legislature yesterday nothing more than justice would have been done. The section was inserted in the contract to catch the votes of ultra Protestants in the Council when the contract was going through; it is contrary to the statute law of the province and should be expunged even yet.

So long as Separate schools exist it is an outrage to coerce Catholics, under threat of losing a valuable franchise, to hand their rates over to public schools when they would sooner see their taxes devoted to the support of schools of their own."

The Bill is still before the House, and the action of Mr. Chas. Long, in bringing the matter before his colleagues on the Separate School Board and having committees appointed—the one to draw up resolutions protesting against the city's methods of extorting money from a Catholic ratepayer, and the other to wait upon Attorney-General Mowat, and protest against the passing of the clause—is commendable. The Separate Schools are surrounded, as it is, with so much adverse legislation as to make the work of securing the taxes of its supporters exceedingly difficult, and no further disadvantage such as this should be put upon them. The action whereby a ratepayer is deprived of his legal right to specify in which channel he wishes his school taxes to go, and to coerce him into supporting any systems against his wishes, is simply unjust, unjustifiable, and abominable.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has an article in the *Contemporary Review* of March, defending the Convent national schools of Ireland—of which there are 242, attended by 109,280 pupils—from the sustained and virulent attacks of Mr. T. W. Russell. In the current number of the *Review of Reviews* the article in question is thus summarized:

Mr. Russell condemns these schools and Archbishop Walsh replies to his condemnation by giving samples of the abundant and conclusive evidence available in disproving his assertion as regards their present condition. In order to convince stalwart Protestants, Archbishop Walsh sets aside all reports made by Catholic inspectors, and confines himself to the reports of the Presbyterian and Wesleyan inspectors, of whom there are eight.

Referring to the past, he says that these inspectors, with one consent, sang the praises of the Convent National Schools twenty-eight years ago. As for the present, Archbishop Walsh quotes from the National Education Board for 1890, in order to prove that the percentage of passes in the Convent Schools is uniformly from three to fourteen per cent. higher than in the national schools of Ireland. Although Mr. Russell maintains that the nuns are untrained and indifferent teachers, the Archbishop is able to prove by figures, which he quotes from the official report of the board, that the percentage of pupils who have passed is seven per cent. higher than that of the National Schools generally, and one per cent. more than the model schools which are the favored section of state-favored education. The Archbishop then discusses the question of the inadequacy of the rate of capitation grant adopted by the National Education Board for the payment of teachers in Convent Schools.

SPEAKING on March 23rd at Bermondsey Town Hall, Mr. Wm. O'Brien gave the keynote of the position and policy of the Irish parliamentary party, and of their thorough confidence in Mr. Gladstone. He thanked God that they could look forward to a general election in which they would have the blessed and undaralleled sight of the people electing a House of Commons whose first business would be to establish a parliament on Irish soil. They could await the judgment of their countrymen in Ireland without disquietude, because they knew they were pursuing the right course. The only substantial point in dispute between Irishmen might be compared to the recipe for making hare soup. Mr. Redmond had doubts as to whether the soup would be properly cooked, but they said, "First catch your hare," etc. They had to secure a Home Rule Bill and drive this wretched coercion Government from office.

Continuing he said: They were not going to play the game of the Tory party by showing their hand, but would keep steadily before them the principle they were fighting for. The details of the Home Rule Bill could safely be left to a later stage. They were not going to treat Mr. Gladstone as a wels her anxious to run away from his engagements, for they were dealing with the greatest English statesman of the age and had full confidence in him. They were prepared to go over the long and weary struggle again if necessary, but they intended to keep faith with the Liberal party in passing a satisfactory measure of Home Rule. Therefore they declined to clamour for particulars as their enemies were doing. They had been passing through a revolution in Ireland, and the only wonder was that things had not been a thousand times worse than they were. He noted as a significant fact the conciliatory spirit which animated the two Irish parties, and commended it as a happy omen for his countrymen. The Irish people had been learning a bitter lesson in self-government, and if there were any dissensions among them he appealed to them not to quarrel in the face of the enemy, but leave their differences to be settled at the general election by the people themselves.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S LECTURE.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S lecture at the Auditorium was the means of bringing together one of the largest assemblages of Irish-Americans ever witnessed in this city: every seat in the great Auditorium hall being occupied. The gathering was inspired by a wish on the part of some members of the clergy and laity of this city to mark the death of Ireland's great apostle with a monument erected by the Irish American Catholic community. The fourteenth centenary occurrence next year, and while it is quite probable that such an institute of some kind will take the shape of an educational as felt by the promoters of the monument could be obtained in this city alone to erect such an edifice at a little effort on the part of the Catholics of Chicago directing their brethren in the West would obtain the necessary

On the stage more than 100 members of the Catholic clergy of the diocese were grouped around the great Tronton divine. Rev. Father Bernard P. Murray, who has been the chief promoter of last night's event, sat in the center with the chairman of the evening, the Hon. P. T. Barry, at his right and Bishop O'Farrell at the left. Father Murray in a brief address bid the great assemblage a cordial welcome and introduced Mr. Barry, who said that it was no new event to find an American assemblage doing honor to St. Patrick. "One hundred and sixteen years ago," said Mr. Barry, "the greatest figure of the country, George Washington, issued a proclamation to his army to do honor to the memory of Ireland's patron saint. Not only this, but the father of our country was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the Irish-American citizens of Philadelphia contributed over \$500,000 to aid in banishing the last vestige of Britishism from our shores."

A chorus of 250 voices sang "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," and Mrs. Alice De Mers Bennis sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and was given a cordial reception by the great audience. For an encore she sang "The Last Rose of Summer." When Bishop O'Farrell came to the front of the stage the entire audience arose and gave him renewed applause. He was visibly moved by the affectionate reception and bowed in acknowledgment. The bishop was robed in the impressive insignia of his office, a purple gown with white shading and a golden chain and cross surmounting. He speaks in an easy and impressive manner and his rich, resonant voice filled every inch of the space in the hall. At times during the course of the lecture he was almost carried away by the rapturous applause, and in a fervent burst of eloquence, alluding to the "radiant green which sparkled like a gem in the western sea," his lustrous blue eyes were filled with tears of love for the land of his birth. Every word he uttered was listened to with rapt attention, and from the very inception of his effort to the close he held the immense audience in an apparent spell-bound attitude. The Bishop spoke in substance as follows:

When the English yoke was sought to be perpetuated in America recruits were sought in every direction inside the British empire. But to the credit of the Irish people it was announced by a British lord that it was useless to try to enlist Irish Catholics against the cause of America, as every one of them was loyal to the cause of the rebel country. When famine and cholera stalked through Ireland in the dark and dismal days of 1847 the Irish looked to America for comfort, and hope, and strength, and their expectations were not in vain. When the Irish people cried out in despair, when every ray of hope seemed vanished, and when the oppressors' iniquities invaded every corner of the persecuted country, the efforts of Ireland's greatest son, the immortal Daniel O'Connell, were given a thousand-fold impetus by the cheering words which were carried across the broad Atlantic from America's imperishable republic.

The history of Ireland is distant from that of Europe. The Celtic race was allied with the gallant Gaul, who was among the first to leave the cradle where God first planted mankind. The Gauls were the only race before which the never-defeated Roman cohorts stood in terror, and as the positions of these two peoples stood then so to-day the Irish people stand, still unconquered by the Briton. Seven hundred years of thralldom finds them still in the vanguard fighting for the rights which by the law of God and humanity belong to them. In all her trials and sorrows Ireland never made a martyr, and no red garments, typical of the cruel oppressors of Christianity as in other countries, are needed in Ireland to celebrate such events in a religious way. When St. Patrick came among the Irish people, to destroy their idols and shatter their principles of fire-worship, he was permitted to go through the country unmolested. He made his meditations and prayed to heaven for success under the Irish flag on the hillsides of Antrim, but no harm befell the strange apostle. As Washington's inspiring genius led the parent spirits of America to victory and created the greatest freedom-loving government of the world, so St. Patrick imbued the Celts with a fire of faith and nationality which was in capable of being quenched. One man in each case molded the destiny of the people, and linked with those two was the spirit of Columbus—a trinity, indeed, incapable of a duplicate in the history of man. The Irish, even in their day of sorrow, did not forget their faith. They kept the love of their God and their country, they sent missionaries into every corner of the earth to preach the twin principles of faith and love of freedom they themselves possessed, and they were never so poor that the stranger within their gates found not welcome or the citizens of another land striving for self-government did not get a cheering word.

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PETREL AND THE BLACK SWAN.

"Sail ho!"

Never surely, did the cry fall upon more welcome ears save and except those of men becalmed in a boat upon the open sea. For twelve weary days and nights had we, the officers and men of H. M. ship "Petrel" (six guns, Commander B. R. Neville), been cooped up in our iron prison, patrolling one of the hottest sections of the terrestrial globe, on the lookout for slavers. From latitude 4 degree north to latitude 4 degree south was our beat, and we dared not venture beyond these limits. Our instructions were to keep out of sight of land and try to intercept some of the larger vessels which, it was suspected, carried cargoes of slaves from the coast. The ship, the sea, the cloudless sky; there was nothing else to see nothing to think of. Work, study, play even, were alike impossible in that fierce, scorching heat. If you touched a bit of iron on deck it almost burned your hand. If you lay down between decks covered with a sheet, you awoke in a bath of perspiration.

"Sail ho!"

The man, in his excitement, repeated the shout before he could be hauled from the deck.

"Where away?" sang out the captain.

"Two points on the weather bow, sir," was the reply.

That phrase about the "weather bow" was a nautical fiction, for there was no wind to speak of; and what there was, was nearly dead astern.

"Keep her away two points," said Commander Neville, and the order was promptly obeyed.

In a few seconds the news had spread through the ship; and the men clustered on the bulwarks, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the stranger. Even the stokers, poor fellows, showed their sooty faces at the engine room hatchway. Of course the stranger might be, and probably was an innocent trader; but then she might be a slaver, and golden visions of prize-money floated before the eyes of every man and boy on board of the "Petrel."

We did not steam very fast, as of course our supply of coal was limited, and it was about two hours before sundown when we fairly sighted the stranger. She was a long three-masted schooner, with tall raking masts, lying very low in the water. All her canvas was set, and as a little wind had sprung up, she was slipping through the water at a fair pace.

"She looks for all the world like a slaver, sir," remarked Mr. Brabazon, the first lieutenant, to the commander.

Neville said nothing, but his lips were firmly compressed, and a gleam of excitement was in his eyes.

"Fire a blank cartridge, Mr. O'Riley," said he to the second lieutenant; "and signal her to ask her nationality and code number."

This was done; and in answer to the signal the schooner slowly hoisted the American colors.

"She has eased away her sheets, and luffed a point or two, sir," said the quartermaster touching his cap.

The captain merely answered this by a nod.

"Put a shot in your gun, Mr. O'Riley," said he, "Lower your hoist and make a fresh hoist demanding her name."

This was done, but the American took no notice.

"Fire a shot, Mr. O'Riley—wide, of course," said the commander.

Again the deafening report of the big gun sounded in our ears; and we could see the splash of the shot as it struck the water about fifty yards from the schooner. Immediately a flag was run up, then another, and another, and we saw that she was not giving us her code number, but was spelling out her name, letter by letter—"The Black Swan."

"Just look that up in the U. S. Merchant Registry," said the captain to the first lieutenant. And in half a minute he had reported

"No such name, sir." This was something more than suspicious, and the wind was rising.

"Hoist the signal for her to heave to!" cried Commander Neville.

"Take a boat and half a dozen hands, Mr. O'Riley," he continued;

"board her, inspect her papers, and come back to report. If her papers are not in order," added he, "you may search for slaves; but if they are you had better do nothing further. You know it is clearly set down in the Protocol that we are not entitled to search the hold if the papers are in order, and there have been complaints lately against some over zealous officers, who have got into trouble in consequence. So be careful. But keep your eyes open. Note any suspicious circumstances, and come back and report."

Before Lieutenant O'Riley reached the ship he saw that everything about her had been sacrificed to speed. Her spars, especially, were unusually heavy for a craft of her size.

The British officer was received by a little, thin, elderly man wearing a Panama hat, and speaking with a strong Yankee accent.

"Produce your papers, if you please," said O'Riley. They were handed out at once, and seemed to be perfectly regular.

"What have you got on board?" was the next question.

"General cargo—dry goods, and so on."

"Why isn't your name on the Register?"

"Ain't it now? Well, I guess it must be because this is a new ship. We can't put our name on by telegraph, mister."

"Just tell your men to knock off the hatches. I want to have a look at your cargo."

The skipper shook his head.

"I've been delayed long enough," said he, "and have lost a great part of the only wind we've had in this damned latitude for a week."

"I'll do it myself, then," cried O'Riley.

"Not now, sir; not with six men while I have fifteen. You have no right to search the hold of a respectable merchant man and disturb her cargo. Do you take me for a slave, or what? If you must have the hatches up, send back to your man-of-war for a larger crew, so as to overpower me, you understand, and you may do it with pleasure. But I guess there'll be a complaint lodged at Washington, and you folks in London will have to pay for it. That's all, Mister. I only want things fair and square, within my treaty rights."

And having delivered himself of this long speech, the Yankee skipper turned on his heel.

Of course O'Riley could only return to the "Petrel" and report all this to his commander. "I am convinced she is a slaver, sir," said he in conclusion.

"But you have no evidence of it; and you say the papers were all in order."

"Apparently they were, sir."

"Then I'm afraid I can do nothing," said the commander. And to the deep disgust of the whole ship's crew, the order was given for the "Petrel" to return to her course.

All that night, however, Commander Neville was haunted by a doubt whether he had not better run the risk of a complaint and a reprimand rather than forego the overhauling of so suspicious-looking a craft; and in the morning a rumor reached his ears that the cockswain, who had accompanied Mr. O'Riley to the "The Black Swan," had noticed something about her of a doubtful nature. The man was sent for and questioned; and he said that while the Lieutenant was on board, the boat of which he was in charge had dropped a little way astern; and that he had then noticed that the name of the vessel had been recently painted out, but that the last two letters were visible. And these letters were LE, not AN.

"The scoundrel said she was a new ship!" cried the commander. "Bout ship!"

"We can't possibly catch her up," said the first lieutenant dryly.

"I don't know that, Mr. Brabazon," answered Neville. There has been hardly any wind; and we know the course she was steering. She could not expect to see us again; so in all probability she has kept to that course. By making allowances we may intercept her. I am convinced of it."

The hope of again encountering "The Black Swan," faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world. The day passed without our sighting a single sail; but when the morning dawned Lieutenant Brabazon was forced to own that the commander's judgment had proved better than his own. By the greatest good luck we had hit upon the right track. There, right in front of us, was the American schooner, her sails lazily flapping against her masts.

"Full speed ahead, and stand by!" shouted the captain down the engine-room tube.

"Signal to her to heave to, and if she does not obey, fire a shot right across her bows, Mr. O'Riley," continued the commander. Mr. Brabazon, you take a boat and thirty men well armed. Board her, and have her hatches off at once. You'll stand no nonsense, I know.

"All right, sir," cried the lieutenant, an active, somewhat imperious officer, of the *Civis Romanus sum* type. He had been unusually disgusted at his commander's decision to leave "The Black Swan" without searching her; and he was delighted that a more active policy had begun.

"I say Brabazon," whispered the commander to him, as he was going over the side, "you know I'm stepping a bit beyond bounds; and I'm just a little anxious. If she turns out to be a slaver, as we suspect, step to the taffrail and wave your handkerchief, will you?"

"I will, sir; I'm certain it will be right," cheerfully responded the first lieutenant.

A tall, slim, youngish man, in white linen received the British officer, as he set foot on the deck of "The Black Swan."

"I am at present in command of this craft, sir," said the young American. "The skipper is not fit for service just at present. We had a visit from you two days ago, I think. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, I want you to take off your hatches," said the lieutenant sharply.

"Well sir," began the Yankee, "I guess your demand is beyond your treaty powers."

"I know all about that. I must have the hatches off."

"And you are detaining me and over-hauling my cargo on no grounds whatever—"

"Will you do it at once?" broke in the British officer.

"I repeat, on no grounds whatever; will cause an inter-national difficulty, and may bring re-markably unpleasant consequences to your captain. Now—"

"Off with your hatches!" cried the lieutenant.

"Sir!"

"If you don't, by George, I will!"

AT NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

THE Rev. Pere Gaffre, of the Order of St. Dominic, continues his sermons at Notre Dame. He explained in the first how the gift of Faith must be accepted by the intelligence and will. In the next he showed, whenever the great gift is forfeited, that its loss may be traced to either of these faculties, often to both; and last Sunday he told the people that, notwithstanding professions and protestations, a man really denies his faith whenever his life is not made conformable to it. The Master's words to him who would be a Christian were: "Deny thyself. . . . and follow me," and so the test of a man's Christianity is self-denial and fidelity.

Although the graces of the preacher's perfect French transform themselves with difficulty into our sterner English, the translation is attempted of one passage of last Sunday's sermon. There were other parts, no doubt, more useful and practical and much stronger; but this is given here because, better than the others, it can be separated from the context and read alone:

"Youth is the sweet smile of life, whose bitter tears have not begun to fall. At twenty the young man is filled with hope that satisfies his soul. He dreams of quiet happiness and days sweetened as with the odorous breath of flowers. Even now in his father's home, and surrounded by its affections, he looks forward already to, and sees at hand, the hour when he shall command the future to pour upon him even sweeter joys. But of a sudden a great voice is heard, a cry of alarm athwart the sky. The Fatherland in danger calls on her valiant sons.

Arise, young man, and leave thy home! Leave there thy dreams, thy future! Renounce thyself, give up thy very life! Dost see afar the fluttering flag, whose jagged shreds are shivering in the storm? 'Tis thy country's flag that bids thee. Arise, then, let thy ears be deaf to a mother's entreaty, thine eyes blind to the fainting form of her whom thou didst love. Shut from thy soul's vision the fear of menacing danger. March, young soldier, march! Henceforth let only one great love live in thy heart and one ambition lead thee. Be thou like one who has renounced himself. Hold no parley with thy nature's innate weaknesses. Let not thine eyes even look upon the coward baseness about thee. Bear alike the heat of the noon-day sun, the cold of the night, and the darkness, the weariness of the way whose ending seems so far off. And, wrapping thyself in the victorious energy of the denial of self, bearing with honor and pride the arms thy country has entrusted thee, strong in the justice of its cause, march, young hero, ever forward and fearlessly, for thou art born a soldier."

MONTREAL, April 2.

CON.

THE CHURCH IN HER PURPLE OF PENANCE.

BY I. M. O'REILLY IN "AVE MARIA."

WHAT a privilege to know the Latin language, which allows us to enter into the enchanted avenues of the Catholic Ritual, with its wondrous variety, at every turn of the changing seasons during the ecclesiastical year! We say "to know the Latin language;" because it is only through its magic sounds that the full meaning of that celestial harmony, which everywhere accompanies the Bride of Christ, can be realized. They are like the sounds of the mother's voice unto the child, possessing a charm of their own, quite apart from the meaning of the words when they fall from other lips. It were well worth the labor and sacrifice of any intelligent Catholic to gain a knowledge of this mystic tongue, if only for the purpose of realizing to the full the beauty, the lofty meaning, and the sweet pathos of our sacred Liturgy.

But even without this golden key to a treasury filled to the gate with gifts that adorn the mind and nourish the heart, we may obtain something wherewith to satisfy our souls, ever craving for the beautiful which lies beyond or above them. Fortunately, we have translations of the Missal and Breviary for the laity. Our purpose here is to call the attention of our Catholic brethren to this storehouse of every good gift, in order to induce them to seek there what they may often long to have, yet elsewhere seek in vain. The Lenten Ritual especially offers a cordial which enters into our inmost hearts, and sets our blood aglow with the warm love of the spouse divine, who is not the least lovely when in tears, with the purple of mourning wrapped round about her."

The Missals for the laity contain such portions of the Office for each day of the penitential season as are used in the ordinary of the Mass. These alone, if read with devout attention, will not only render it easier to interpret the true spirit of the Church, but will impart quite a new intensity to our fervor. Turn, for instance, to the service as there set down for Ash-Wednesday. Read slowly and with heart-attention the prayers for the blessing of the ashes, and those for the Mass that follows. Are they not rich and sublime; and do they not, if carefully pondered, make the ceremony of having our foreheads marked with ashes seem a more impressive thing than heretofore?

In the Breviary, at this season, the entire Office reverberates with

sentiments akin to those expressed in the keynote which had already been given as far back as Septuagesima. The ferial Lauds begin with Psalm 1, that cry of a contrite and humble heart for pardon, *Miserere mei, Deus*, which has found an echo throughout the ages in every sin and sorrow-burdened breast. "Have mercy on me, O God!" But the climax of beauty and sublimity is reached in the Friday offices. One of the chief desires of Mother Church in appointing forty days as a time for mortification, self-sacrifice and prayer is to induce her children to meditate more frequently, more lovingly, and more contritely on the sufferings of her Divine Spouse, crucified for our redemption. In furtherance of this aim, she devotes each of the Fridays during Lent to the consideration of some special feature of the Passion, and in moving words seeks to trace it indelibly on our hearts and memories. Thus we have, beginning with the Friday after Septuagesima, the Prayer in the Garden, followed on successive Fridays by the Memory of the Sufferings, the Crown of Thorns, the Spear and Nails, the Holy Winding-Sheet, the Five Wounds, and the Most Precious Blood; closing with that most pathetic commemoration on the Friday in Passion Week; the Compassion of Our Lady. The hymns throughout are exquisite. Would that they, and in fact the whole of the Lenten or at least of the Friday offices, could be had in more convenient and less expensive form, for the use of such among the laity as leisure and devotion would lead to draw upon them for subjects of meditation, or to utilize as spiritual reading.

A few extracts will suffice to prove our assertion as to the peculiar charm and pathos of the hymns. The following is from one of those for the Friday after Septuagesima:

"Prone upon the earth, our Master
Prays for pardon for us all.

"O what anguish, what affliction,
Hemmed Him round on every side!
Who shall tell his dereliction?
While his suppliant accents cried:

"O My Father, O My Father,
Let this chalice pass away!
Yet not My will, Thy will rather
Be accomplished this day."

"Neath that load of anguish sinking,
Drops of blood stood on his brow,
Wondering earth in silence drinking
One by one the drops that flow."

And this from the hymns of the next Friday:

"Overwhelmed in depth of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

"See how the nails those Hands
And Feet so tender rend;
See down His face, and Neck, and Breast
His Sacred Blood descend,

"Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight!
That cry it pierced His Mother's heart,
And 'whelmed her soul in night."

But we find that to quote in part is but to mutilate. The hymn to the Feast of Our Lady's Dolors is that lovely mediæval plaint, the *Stabat Mater*. It at least is so well known that mention of its beauties may be omitted without regret. Wherever over the length and breadth of the land Catholic souls mourn a crucified Saviour, there eyes weep tears of sympathy for the woe-worn Mother who "stood beneath the Cross;" there Catholic voices unite in the soft, pathetic cadence of the *Stabat Mater*. Here is a little incident which proves that a taste for the ritual and the liturgy of the Church should be cultivated not only for the intellectual pleasure which will surely be derived from it, but much more on account of the precious graces that it gains for the soul.

In one of our cities, a number of years ago, an army officer, advanced in years and the hero of many a battle-field, and an adherent of no particular religion, was invited by some Catholic friends to accompany them to a Lenten evening service at their church. He did so; and when the plaintive strains of the *Stabat Mater* began, what was the astonishment of his companions to hear the venerable soldier's rich basso voice join in the harmony, and to see tears course down his bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks! When the service was over he spoke in glowing language of his admiration for the hymn, and told how he could never listen to it unmoved, nor refrain from uniting in its soul-stirring melody. Years passed. In peace the brave warrior's end drew nigh. At his request a Catholic priest stood by his death-bed, and divine Sacraments fortified his soul for its last journey. Not in vain had been that love, not unrequited were those tears, not unanswered that fervent appeal.

"Christi, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriam,
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur
Paradisi gloria."

As translated by the Rev. F. Caswall :

"Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory,
Whilst my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise
Safe in Paradise with Thee."

This Feast of the Seven Dolors concludes the offices for the Fridays in Lent, with the exception of the one for Good-Friday, and brings us to the eve of Holy Week. We presume that the majority of Catholics who can possibly do so are present at the ceremonies of the Church during those dolorous days, and have become familiarized, through the use of Holy Week manuals, with the various psalms, lessons, hymns, etc., which form the Divine Office during that time; hence comment upon them would be superfluous. If we would be more loyal to our mother, we must know her better; in order to do this we should seek to acquire a greater love for her services, a keener insight into the spirit of her devotions, a better understanding of her liturgy, a more extended knowledge of her literature. Certain it is that a devout and attentive perusal, a prayerful pondering of the allotted exercises in Breviary and Missal for each day of the year, will leave a distinct impress upon the character of our devotion. It will be deepened, broadened, strengthened. Father Faber says that "in divine things light and love are coequal and inseparable." Let us therefore seek the light; the love will surely come with it. "Thou hast set Thy word as a light to my feet."

THE LYNCHES.

On the occasion of the return of Don Patricio Lynch from Lima to his native country (Chili) a most able and interesting article on the Lynchés appeared in some of the Chilean papers, the author of which is not mentioned, but whose name, says the *Southern Cross* of Buenos Ayres, if we may judge from the vigorous and playful style, the affection for everything Irish, the pride in the ancient glories of Ireland, and the thorough knowledge of her history and sufferings it displays, is B. Vienna McKenna. At the very outset the writer quotes the authority of Canon Uicke Burke to prove that the name Lynch is not Saxon, but Irish.

"It is plain," says the author, "from books, from histories and from local chronicles, that the original nest from which the widespread family of Lynchés flow forth like birds of passages, was the town of Galway, in the west of Ireland, and it is a curious circumstance that all the Lynchés of Chili have shown a passion for sea-faring life, the name itself should be derived from that element, Lynch or Loingseach, meaning in the Celtic language, sailor, or the captain of a vessel."

After referring to the Milesian origin of the Lynchés, the writer says that it was under James Lynch, who flourished in Galway in the year 1498, that the "Lynch law," so popular in the United States, was first established. The writer then comes down to modern times, and depicts with wonderful accuracy the struggles of the Irish in behalf of their religion, and their loyalty to the brutal and cowardly King James II., their defeat of William at Limerick, the final discomfiture of the Irish Nationalist party at Aughrim, and the treaty, broken as soon as made, and finally, how the Lynchés, the McMahons, the O'Donnells, the McKennas, the O'Reillys, the O'Donoghues, the O'Carrolls, and many other noble Irish families left their country forever, and took service in the armies of France, Spain and Austria. Several of the Lynchés of Galway emigrated to the United States, and it was one of them, Thomas Lynch, who signed the article of the American Independence in 1776. Another branch of the Lynchés remained in their city of Galway, and only recently they were visited there by one of the oldest survivors of the family, Dona Luisa Lynch de Morin Vicuna, from Chili, who has gone to form acquaintance with the ancient stock of her family in the land of her ancestors. The original founder of the Lynch family of Buenos Ayres, the Lynchés of Chili, and those of Peru, was Don Estanislao Lynch. He was probably a descendant of one of the many who fought at Aughrim, and he married a beautiful lady of the surname Galein, in Spain. He was a great grandfather of Vice-Admiral Don Patricio Lynch, who has earned so many laurels as seaman, soldier and diplomatist in the Chile-Peruvian war.

D'Estanislao came to Buenos Ayres, and one of his sons, Don Justo Pastor Lynch, got married to Dona Ana de Roo, by whom he had two sons. One of these was D. Patricio, who died in Buenos Ayres a short time ago, leaving a large fortune, and the other was D. Estanislao Lynch, who, though he was rich in Buenos Ayres, Santiago and Lima, died poor in Valparaiso. Colonel Lynch, who was assassinated by Rosas, was uncle of these two brothers. D. Estanislao was the intimate friend of O'Higgins, and crossed the Andes with him and Sam Martin. He married in Santiago a renowned beauty, named Carmen Zaldívar, who is still alive and the mother of a large family. She called her first son Patrick, a name very common in Ireland and Spain. The Bishop of South Carolina, who was present at the Ecumenical Council, and voted for Papal infallibility, is named Patrick Lynch, and so is a sturdy carpenter who

works on the railway from from Pisco to Ica. This latter "Paddy" was mistaken for the Vice-Admiral during the Peruvian war, and was ordered to be carried prisoner to Lima by Colonel Zamadio. There was also a family of Lynchés in Trujillo, in Peru, who were remarkable for their great wealth and great piety. D. Estanislao, though simply a merchant, was a man of great strength of mind and intelligence. In the year 1824, he with his family, was enjoying himself in the palace of the Liberator in Peru, and Mrs. Lynch, the mother of the present Vice-Admiral, was then considered a star among the beautiful Limenas.

It is rather a curious circumstance that the last conqueror of Peru should have visited that land while still in the cradle, and it is still stranger that in his early youth he should have resided in the palace of the Pizarros, where he was confined by Bulnes, who took this means of punishing him for having cut off the ear of a Peruvian officer on the field of Amaucaes. It is that same palace that the Vice-Admiral Lynch has just restored to the Peruvians, after having occupied it three years as Chilean dictator. The article from which we are culling, after comparing Vice-Chancellor Lynch, to the Black Prince, and Prince Frederick Charles, concludes as follows: "The name of Lynch holds a prominent place in the history of the great achievements of Ireland and her chivalry. Can we not say the same of our history? Times, traditions, and men are known across the span of ages. The Lynchés of Chili are the Lynchés of Ireland. The Lynchés of Chorrillos and Miraflores are the Lynchés of the Boyne and of Aughrim, with this exception, that the latter died for their country, while the former conquered for theirs."

So far the article in the Chilean papers. We are informed, however, by an old resident, that D. Estanislao, the father of the distinguished Vice Admiral of Chili, was not a brother, but an uncle, of D. Patricio, who died full of years and honors not very long ago. He had two brothers, Don Antonio and Don Manuel. The latter is still living. Don Patricio (of Buenos Ayres) had ten sons and two daughters. Only two sons are now living, and the daughters are now Mesdames Gainza and Frere. The Lynchés of this country hold legitimate title deeds to valuable property in Galway, of which their ancestors were unjustly deprived by the English invaders. The Lynchés of Chili are remarkable for their fair appearance as well as for other good qualities. D. Patricio Lynch's daughter, Dona Julia, is considered one of the handsomest women in Santiago—a city remarkable for fair women.—*Boston Republic*.

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND

The first three stanzas of the beautiful poem "Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?" published in the REVIEW of March 12th were written a number of years ago by Denis O'Sullivan of New York. The other stanzas published below which form a dialogue between the priest and the old woman who is dying, have been furnished us by a gentlemen in Jersey City. They are full of harmless wit, and are in no way intended to be profane or disrespectful to the holy ministry of the priesthood; on the contrary they contain a moral that will be perceived by the thoughtful reader.

Arrah, bless you my child! sure I thought it was Heaven
You wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving
But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick to its side.
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork on the banks of the Lee.
And two little angels I'll give you like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain, and sea.

Arrah, soggarth aroon, can't you do any better?
I know that my feelings may peril your grace;
But if you allow me a voice in the matter,
I won't make a landing at any such place.
The spot that I long for is sweet County Darry;
Among its fair people I was born and bred;
The Corkies I never much fancied while living,
And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

Let me fly to the hills were my soul can make merry,
In the North, where the Shamrock more plentiful grows—
In the Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry
I'll linger till called to a better repose.
And the angels you give me will find it inviting
To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints;
If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing
They'll never have reason for any complaints.

A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it,
Need not be confined to a province so small;
Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connaught,
In less than a jiffey you're over it all.
Then visit sweet Cork, where your soggarth was born,
No doubt many new thing have come into vogue—
But one thing you'll find, that both night, noon and morn,
As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue.

Good mother, assist me in this my last hour,
And, soggarth aroon, lay your hand on my head;
Sure, you're soggarth for all, and for all you have power,
And I take it for penance for what I have said,
And now since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing
And finding the place so remarkably small,
I'll never let on to the angels in crossing
That we know a distinction in counties at all.



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

THE GUIDING STAR TO HEALTH.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

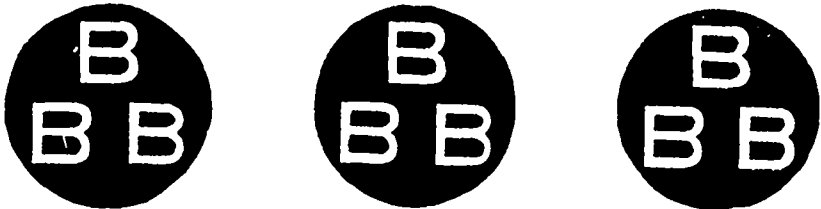
DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, BAD BLOOD, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, FOUL HUMORS, JAUNDICE,

and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS and BLOOD.

B.B.B. acts on all the organs of the body to produce regular action, to strengthen, purify and tone, and to remove all impure accumulations of morbid matter from a Common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

Thousands of reliable men and women testify to its good effects in the above diseases. Is it not worth at least a trial in your case? Price \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5, or less than 1c. a dose.



The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. Joseph Society of Montreal.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

1 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table listing prize amounts and their frequencies, ranging from \$15,000 down to \$5.

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 S. E. LEFEVRE, MANAGER, 81 St. James St.,

CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

CHURCH BELLS—TUBULAR CHIMES AND BELLS

CHURCH FURNITURE MEMORIAL BRASSES FONTS LECTERNS

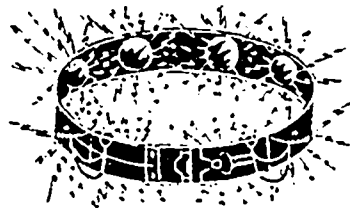
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Dr. W. L. Smith, Rectal Specialist, offers a speedy, sure, painless CURE of Piles (Hemorrhoid-), Painful Fissure, Fistula, Polypus, Pruritus, Rectal Ulcers, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, etc. Has been in use ten years. Over 300,000 treatments, not one death. No knife used, no anaesthetics, no detention from business. Send 6c. stamp for 60 page pamphlet on Diseases of Rectum. Consultation free. Office at 153 Gerrard Street East, opposite the Gardens, Toronto, Ont.

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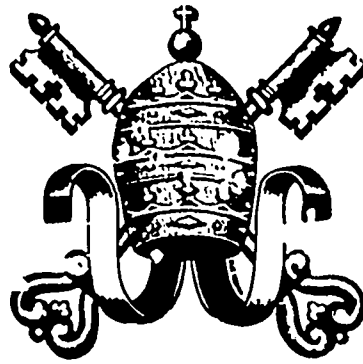
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of March 1892, mails close and are due as follows: Table with columns for Close, Day, and Time.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 1 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 3, 7, 10, 14, 21, 24, 28, 31. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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