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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Casaris, Casari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt' 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1892.

No. 40

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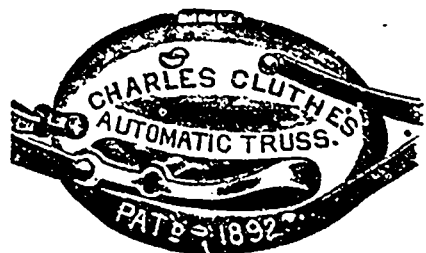
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## Catholic Weekly Review.

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, Nov. 12, 1892.

No. 40

### FIFTY YEARS.

This year of grace, 1892, will be ever memorable in the annals of the Western world as a year of jubilees. All America, both North and South, has within the past few months, been busy honoring the memory of the great discoverer, whose faith and fortitude gave to the world just four hundred years ago, this vast continent so rich in all that contributes to the temporal welfare of man, and destined to open a new era in the history of our race. In our own country we have been celebrating not only the immortal deed of Columbus, but two other events remarkable in our history as a people. First, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Confederation of the several Provinces which now form the Dominion of Canada, by the adoption of the Act of Union in 1867—an event which, in the not distant future, will perhaps be regarded as our birthday as a nation—and secondly, in this favored Province, the centennial of our existence and the assembling of our first local Parliament. In these events, apart from the general interest felt in them by our people as a whole, Catholics have a special interest, in that those of our faith have borne a more or less prominent part in all of them. In the celebration of that most momentous event, the discovery of America, the Catholic Church has fittingly borne a conspicuous and enthusiastic part. The glory of the event is surely hers. It was the faith of which she is the custodian that inspired Columbus in his immortal enterprise; it was her ministers who sustained and consoled him in the difficulties which he had to surmount and the disappointments he had to contend with ere he was able to set out on his memorable voyage; and it was by the co-operation of a Catholic sovereign that the voyage became a possibility. In the bringing about of Confederation in Canada Catholics took by no means the least important part, as the debates in Parliament and the work of education in the Provinces clearly prove; and in the work of the foundation of Upper Canada, Simcoe had no more faithful lieutenant than the Catholic Macdonell.

But two further events which more nearly concern the Catholics of Toronto, are those which we celebrate this week—the

Silver Jubilee of the consecration of our great Archbishop, and the Golden Jubilee of the diocese. To the first of these two events reference is made elsewhere in the Review's columns. With the second we have here to deal.

Down to the year 1819 the whole of Canada was under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Quebec, with the exception of Nova Scotia, which two years earlier had been separated from that diocese and erected into a Vicariate Apostolic. In 1819 Upper Canada was likewise detached from the diocese of Quebec, and placed under the charge of Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, who, on Dec. 31st, 1820, was consecrated Bishop of Resina and

Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Canada. Five years later (Feb. 14, 1826) the diocese of Regiopolis, or Kingston, was called into existence by Pope Leo XII., and from that date the history of Ontario as a distinct ecclesiastical division commences. Bishop Macdonell became first Bishop of Kingston, and as such had jurisdiction over what is now the archdiocese of Toronto. In 1840 that saintly prelate died, and was succeeded by Rt. Rev. Remigius Gaulin, who, feeling the burden of so vast a charge too much for his strength, applied to the Holy See for a co-adjutor, or, failing that, for a division of his diocese. The Province of Upper Canada had by this time greatly developed and increased in population, and as facilities for travel were still in a very primitive state, it was impossible for one Bishop to properly govern the whole province. Pope Gregory XVI. recognized this, and within two years from the death of Bishop Macdonell issued Bulls, erecting the western half of the Province into a separate diocese, naming,



His Grace Archbishop Walsh.  
AD MULTOS ANNOS.

at the same time, as its first bishop, Very Rev. Michael Power, Vicar-General of the diocese of Montreal. To Bishop Power was granted the privilege of choosing the city and title of his See, and as Toronto was then, as now, the most important city within its boundaries, he fixed upon it as the most suitable place from whence to govern his diocese. The new Bishop was consecrated in the parish church of Laprairie, on May 8th, 1842, and on the 25th of June following, arrived in Toronto and took possession of his See. It is this event which is celebrated this week in conjunction with the Archbishop's jubilee.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon a detailed account of

the history of the diocese in the half century just closed. That history is very fully told in the handsome Memorial Volume just issued from the press and which should find its way into every Catholic family in the diocese. But in commemoration of so important an event it is fitting that the story of our first Bishop's life should be briefly sketched in the columns of the Review.



**RIGHT REV. MICHAEL POWER, D.D.,**

First Bishop of Toronto—1842—1847.

Right Rev. Michael Power was born on Oct. 17th, 1804, in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was consequently in his thirty-eighth year when he became Bishop of Toronto. When only twelve years of age he was sent to the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal to pursue his studies, and later, in the same institution, he began his theological training. He also studied for sometime in the Seminary of Quebec, and on the completion of his course was ordained priest at Montreal by Bishop Dubois of New York, on Aug. 17th, 1827. He at once went on the missions in Lower Canada being stationed successively at Drummondville, St. Martine and Laprairie. On assuming control of the latter parish he was made Vicar-General of the diocese of Mont-



**Right Rev. Armand Francis Marie, Count de Charbonnel,**

Second Bishop of Toronto—1850—1859.

real, a distinction which his piety, learning, and extraordinary zeal had earned for him. Father Power remained at Laprairie for three years, when he was appointed Bishop of Toronto.

Though Dr. Power's career as Bishop of Toronto covered a period of only five years, he has left an enduring reputation in our midst. He was a prelate of great vigor and capacity, and set on foot many noble works, which, though he did not live to see their full fruition, yet, even in his life time, produced

good results. He it was who projected and began the construction of St. Michael's Cathedral. He built St. Michael's Palace, and brought the first religious community (the Sisters of Loretto) to Toronto. He also brought the Jesuit Fathers into the diocese, and projected (though he did not live to carry out the work) Assumption College, Sandwich. He re-established the Indian Missions, and personally went amongst them to inspire and encourage the missionaries whom he placed in charge. He held the first Synod and formulated the Constitutions of the Diocese, and at the same time consecrated it to the Sacred Heart. He established the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the devotion of the Way of the Cross in Toronto, and in innumerable other ways fostered the faith and the piety of his people. But if in his life he, by unremitting attention to the spiritual and temporal interests of his flock, endeared himself to them, it remained for his death, and the manner of it, to set a seal upon his life's work and forever to enshrine his memory in their hearts. The story is briefly told. In the years 1846 and 1847 Ireland passed through the throes of famine and pestilence, and the landlords of Ireland, not relishing the task of providing in their extremity for those who had been impoverished by their tyranny and extortion, unceremoniously dumped the people by the thousand on the inhospitable shores of America. Owing to the stringent quarantine regulations of the United States Canada received the bulk of the unfortunates, and at Grosse Isle, Point St. Charles, Montreal, Toronto and other centres in the Dominion the plague-stricken people perished by the thousand. The misery which they everywhere presented, however, touched the



**MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, D.D.,**

Third Bishop and First Archbishop of Toronto—1859—1888.

hearts of the Canadian people, and every effort was made to befriend them. The Catholic clergy, true to the spirit of their vocation, worked like heroes to comfort and console the last moments of the dying, and in Toronto the Bishop joined hand in hand with his priests in the great work of mercy. One by one his priests succumbed to fatigue or to the dread disease, and then when the Bishop stood alone a call came at midnight that a poor woman lay dying at the immigrant sheds, and asked for spiritual succor. The saintly prelate responded to the call, comforted the departing soul, but in the doing of it, himself contracted the fever and within a few days had ceased to live. Such was the heroic death of Bishop Power, the founder of this diocese, which took place on Oct. 1, 1847. His remains were interred beneath the sanctuary of the new Cathedral, and there a handsome marble tablet marks his last resting-place, and tells to successive generations how in the discharge of his duties as a priest and bishop, he laid down his life for his flock.

After the death of Bishop Power three years elapsed before a successor was appointed, during which time the diocese was administered by Fathers Hay and Carroll. On March 5th, 1850, Right Rev. Armand Francis Marie Comte de Charbonnel was appointed Bishop of Toronto, and on May 26th following was consecrated by Pope Pius IX. On Sept. 21st, 1850, Mgr.



Charbonnel arrived in Toronto and took formal possession of the See, and for ten years thereafter ruled the diocese with such vigor and discretion that, on his resignation in 1860, he was, in the words of his biographer, able to hand over to his successor, Right Rev. John Joseph Lynch, a diocese freed from debt, an efficient system of Catholic education, an array of useful religious and charitable institutions, and a generation of earnest and self-sacrificing priests. The facts of the episcopate of Archbishop Lynch, who from 1860 to 1888 ruled the diocese, are too well known to need recapitulation, and both those who know them and those who know them not may with profit read the story of his life as related by Hon. T. W. Anglin in the Memorial Volume.

H. F. M.

### SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

Twenty-five years is a long time in the life of a bishop, and the silver jubilee of an episcopate is an event not frequent in its occurrence. Yet, for the second time within ten years the Catholics of Toronto are called upon to rejoice over such an event, and to give thanks to Almighty God for twenty-five years of useful and laborious service in the work of the Church. In the year 1884, the late Archbishop Lynch, upon his return from the Third Plenary Council of the United States held that year in Baltimore, celebrated his silver jubilee, and the rejoicings of that occasion, the great assemblage of distinguished churchmen which the event brought together, and the expressions of esteem and goodwill with which the Protestants of Toronto greeted the venerable prelate, are fresh in the memory of all. Four years later Archbishop Lynch passed to his eternal reward, and, as his successor, there came to us a prelate who had already spent twenty-two years in the episcopate, but who brought to the task of governing this large and important archdiocese a strength of constitution and a vigor of mind which might well be the pride of a much younger man. Three years of Archbishop Walsh's administration have passed away, and now his flock gathers about him in affectionate and loyal interest to unite with him in a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the countless blessings which Providence has bestowed upon his ministry.

To recount all the great works which have marked the episcopate of Archbishop Walsh, would be a task beyond the scope of a weekly journal. Besides, that has already been so fully and so ably done by Father Teefy in the biography prefixed to the memorial history of the diocese that we must content ourselves with the merest summary of the more important events in this long and useful life.

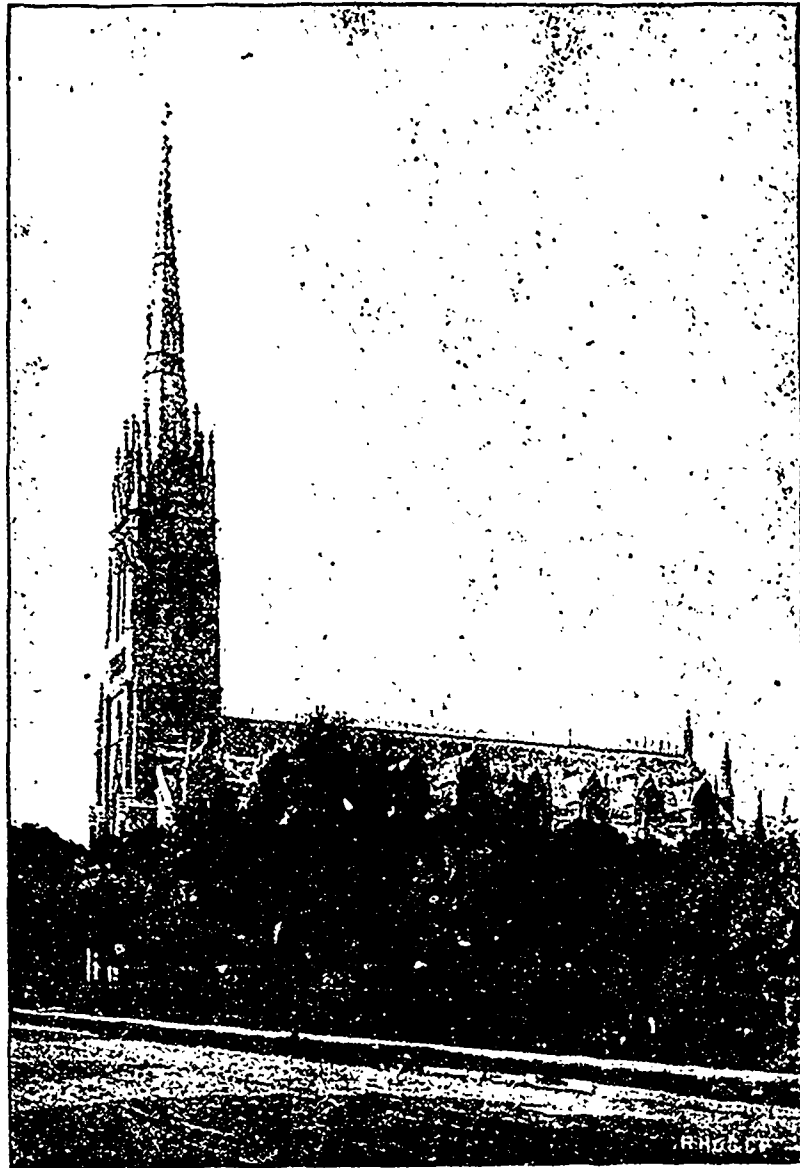
Born on May 23rd, 1830, in the parish of Mooncoin, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, the future Archbishop early evinced a predilection for the ecclesiastical state, and in due time entered St. John's College, Waterford, to study for the priesthood. Here he made his philosophical studies and one year of theology, when, having decided that his vocation lay on the foreign missions, he came to Canada in 1852 and entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to prepare himself for ordination. He had already offered himself to Bishop de Charbonnel for the Diocese of Toronto, and on Nov. 1st, 1854, having completed his course at the Seminary, he was ordained priest by that well-remembered prelate in the Cathedral at Toronto. Father Walsh's first

charge was the parish of Brock, on Lake Simcoe, where he remained until 1857, when he was placed in charge of the more important parish of St. Mary, Toronto. In 1859, shortly after the consecration of Bishop Lynch, he became rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, and on April 20th, 1862, was made Vicar General. In September of the same year he returned to the parish of St. Mary, which was to be the scene of his labors for the next five years.

But Providence had marked him out for a wider sphere of usefulness, and at the unanimous request of the hierarchy of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, he was named Bishop of Sandwich in succession to Right Rev. Dr. Pinsonnault, who had resigned on account of ill-health. The consecration took place in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Nov. 10th, 1867, the officiating prelate being Mgr. Baillargeon, Archbishop of Quebec. Bishop Walsh had now entered upon his real life's work, and the manner in which he discharged the duties of his high office as Bishop of London for twenty-two years, will ever mark that long period as one of the most fruitful and interesting in the annals of the Church in Ontario. The liquidation of a heavy

debt, the re-organization of the clergy and missions; the building of churches and presbyteries; the foundation of religious and charitable institutions; the development of Catholic education; and the active, fatherly interest in everything that concerned the welfare of his people, are the characteristics of this long episcopate. Suffice it to say that when he was called to a still more exalted office he was able to hand to his successor one of the most thoroughly organized and efficiently equipped dioceses in America.

On the death of Archbishop Lynch in 1888, all eyes turned to the Bishop of London as the one man fitted to be his successor. Rome confirmed the judgment of the clergy and people of the Province, and great and wide-spread were the rejoicings when it was officially announced that Most Rev. John Walsh was to be second Archbishop of Toronto. On Nov. 27th, 1889, he officiated for the last time in the beautiful Cathedral at London, which owed its existence to his energy and capacity. A few days later he arrived in Toronto and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by his people. What he has done for the advancement of religion in the three years which have since elapsed is patent to all. Every portion of the archdiocese has felt the benefit of his sway. The alterations to the interior and exterior of the Cathedral;



St. Michael's Cathedral.

the erection of St. John's chapel and cloister; the establishment of St. Michael's Hospital, and the many other useful works set on foot or brought to a successful issue since he assumed control, all proclaim the guidance of a firm and prudent mind. May he be spared for a long term of years to preside over the destinies of this portion of the Lord's vineyard, and to inspire every member of his flock, cleric or lay, with some of his own prudence, patience and determination.

NERI.

Miracles are not a breaking of the law of nature, but simply the higher spiritual power of God using nature as we lift up a stone against the law of gravitation.

Firmness and courage in a good cause always inspire the respect even of the wicked. The dissolute may scoff at good, but they honour the man who dares to perform it.

# HIS SILVER JUBILEE

## ENTHUSIASTIC CELEBRATION.

**He is Loved and Revered by All.**

By way of opening the silver jubilee celebration of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, the pupils and Sisters of Loretto Abbey tendered him a reception on Wednesday evening. The public hall of the convent was filled to its utmost capacity by the visitors who had accepted the invitation to be present. In the chairs reserved for the clergy were to be seen about 100 priests from all parts of Canada, together with their Lordships the Bishops of Peterborough and Detroit. Unfortunately, His Grace the Archbishop was himself unable to be there, having contracted a cold so severe that his physicians ordered him to remain at home. His place was acceptably filled by Monsignor Rooney. On the stage were grouped 150 pupils of the institution the young ladies being nearly all dressed in white and representing an angels' chorus. The chairs were so placed that they rose tier above tier to the westward wall, on which was displayed the motto "*Gloria et Honor Coronati Eum.*"

The opening piece on the programme was the "Angels' Greeting," in which the chorus or prayer of Loretto's children ran as follows:

Sweetest Saviour! bless we pray Thee,  
Bless our friend and Father dear,  
Shed Thy choicest benedictions  
O'er him while he journeys here;  
And when fades life's light around him  
Guide Oh, guide th' immortal soul  
Safely through the darkening shadows  
To the bright eternal goal  
There, Oh, may Loretto's children  
E'er the brightest jewels be  
In his dazzling crown of glory  
Mid the heavenly jubilee.

Then followed recitative solos by Misses Dean Slaven, McMahon and Jordan. Miss Jordan rendered the "Angel's Serenade" very acceptably. Miss Chopitea recited "Columbus on the Deep" in a way well calculated to give the listener an idea of the emotions agitating the breast of the great discoverer. "Audem Carnovale," a piano solo, was played by Miss Wright, of St. Catherine's. Gaubert's Victory was recited by Miss Slaven. In "Crowned With the Tempest" the solos were taken by Miss Millor and Madame D'Auria.

Monsignor Rooney, on behalf of His Grace, thanked the young ladies for the welcome. His Grace he said had been many years a patron of Loretto and loved it dearly. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro', echoed the sentiments expressed by Monsignor Rooney.

The Bishop of Detroit made a short but neatly turned speech, which secured the commendation of all who heard him. He said he had just enjoyed a vision of angels in the flesh. He hoped that hereafter those same angels would be gathered around him to sing of joy forever.

(Globe Report.)

The golden jubilee of the Diocese of Toronto and the silver jubilee of the consecration of Archbishop Walsh were celebrated yesterday in imposing manner. It was an occasion of congratulations exchanged among clergy and laity, and of encouraging retrospect to all the Catholics of the archdiocese. There was a large gathering of priests and prelates from every part of the diocese, and the laity of the city and members of the religious and teaching orders in great numbers attended the celebration. Solemn pontifical mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral at 10.30 o'clock at which the archbishop preached a sermon in which he sketched the history and progress of the church in this part of Canada, and at which two addresses were presented to him, one from the clergy of the archdiocese, which was accompanied by a complete set of episcopal vestments, including mitre and crozier,

and the other from the clergy of the Diocese of London, over which Bishop Walsh was ruling when called to occupy the higher place made vacant by the death of Archbishop Lynch. At the close of this service a deputation of Ancient Ibernians waited upon Archbishop Walsh at the palace and read an address to him, and presented him with a silver water pitcher. In the evening a monster gathering was held at the Granite Rink, at which the laity of the diocese made him a presentation and read an address. The celebration was not concluded yesterday, but will be continued to day, and taken part in by the 2,000 children of the separate schools of the city.

The cathedral was crowded yesterday morning so that the duties of the uniformed Knights of St. John who acted as ushers were made most difficult. Among those present were Hon. John Costigan, J. J. Curran, M.P., Montreal; Hon. Frank Smith, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Wm. Mulock, M.P., Joseph Tait, M.P.P., Eugene O'Keefe, Patrick Boyle, Ald. Atkinson, Peter Macdonald, Major Gray, John Scully, J. J. Poy and Thomas Long.

The celebrant of the mass was Right Rev. Bishop Dowling, Hamilton, deacons of honor, Vicar-General McCann and Dean Harris, St. Catharines; deacon of the mass, Dean Bergin; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Gearin; masters of ceremonies, Rev. J. L. Hand and Rev. J. A. Trailing.

The procession entered the sanctuary in the following order:—

Cross-bearer,  
Acolytes,  
Sanctuary boys,  
St. Michael's students,  
Clergy,  
Dr. Kilroy, Dr. Francis, Vicars-General  
H. Chan, Laurent, O'Hare and Keough,  
Dean Cassidy,  
Monsignors Rooney, Toronto, Farrelly, Belle-  
ville; Joos, Detroit, and O'Bryan,  
Ibome.

Bishops D. A. O'Connor, London; Dowling,  
Hamilton; Toley, Detroit; Mc-  
Quade, Rochester.  
Archbishop Dubouché, Ottawa; Arch-  
bishop Fabre, Montreal.  
Vicar-General McCann, Archbishop Walsh,  
Dean Harris.

CLERGY PRESENT.  
The clergy present were:—  
Ven. Archdeacon; Campbell, Orillia  
Diocese of Toronto Besides those men-  
tioned above Rev. Fathers James  
Walsh, Toronto; P. J. Harold, Niagara;  
John F. Lynett, Merrittton; J. H. Collin,  
Midland; J. E. Beaudoin, Lafontaine;  
E. F. Gallagher, Pickering; H. J. Gib-  
ney, Alliston; E. J. Kiernan, Colling-  
wood; P. J. Kiernan, Vroomantion; M.  
J. Gearin, Flos; P. J. McCall, Fort Erie,  
J. J. McEntee, Port Colborne; P. Mc-  
Mahon, Brechin; P. Whitney, Caledon,  
Henry J. McPhillips, Orangeville; M.  
Moyna, Stayner; D. Morris, Newmarket;  
L. Minehan, Schomberg; Francis Mc-  
Spirritt, Wildfield; Jas. G'bbons, chap-  
lain, Reformatory, Penetanguishene; J.  
F. McBride, Brockton; K. J. McRae,  
Smithville; F. Smith, St. Catharines;  
M. J. Reddin, St. Paul's; A. D. Lafon-  
taine, St. Michael's Cathedral; Louis  
Gibra, Toronto; P. Lamarche, Toronto;  
J. J. Kelly, Toronto; M. J. Jeffcott,  
Oshawa; James Hogan, Uptergrove;  
J. A. Trailing, Dixie; J. J. Egan, Thorn-  
hill; A. P. Finan, Toronto; James Kil-  
cullen, Colgan; M. McC. O'Reilly, Les-  
lieville; J. L. Hand, St. Paul's, Toronto;  
E. B. Lawlor and J. Lynch, Toronto;  
W. F. Duffy, Orillia; F. F. Rohleder and  
Francis Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral;  
Th. Francis Laboureau, Penetanguishene;  
J. L. Sullivan, Thorold; P. Coyle, Toron-  
to.

Very Rev. Father Marjion, provincial,  
C.S.B.; J. R. Teefy, principal St. Michael's  
College; L. Brennan, C.S.B., Toron-  
to; E. F. Murray, C.S.B., Toronto;  
A. J. McInerney, C.S.R., Toronto; S.  
J. Krine, Toronto; Rev. Prior Kreltd,  
O.C.C. Fallsview, Ont.; D. F. O'Malley,  
O.C.C., Fallsview, Ont.

From Diocese of London—Very Rev.  
E. J. Heenan, V.G. Dundas; M. J. Tier-  
nan, rector, cathedral, London; Very  
Rev. Dr. Flannery, St. Thomas; Very  
Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Stratford; Rev. Fa-  
thers Hodgkinson, Woodslee; Bayard,  
Sarnia; M. J. Brady Woodstock; J. P.  
Molphy, Ingersoll; John Roman, Wal-  
laceburg; A. McKeon, Strathroy; T.  
West, Goderich; John Connolly, Lucan;  
J. G. Finnigan, Corunna; Michael Cum-  
mins, Rothwell; B. Boubat, Simcoe;  
John O'Neill, Kinkora; D. A. McRae,  
Parkhill; Jas. S. O'Loane, S.J., Guelph;  
P. J. Guam, Wyoming; P. Corcoran, La  
Salette; D. Cushing, C.S.B., Sandwich;  
P. Ryan, C.S.B., Amherstburg; F. X.  
Granotier, C.S.B., Owen Sound; N. J.  
Dixon, Kingsbridge.  
Diocese of Peterboro'—Very Rev. P.

D. Laurent, V.G., Lindsay; P. Conway,  
Norwood; C. S. Bretherton, Victoria  
Road.

Diocese of Hamilton—Vicar-General  
Keough, Paris; F. P. McEvay, secretary,  
Hamilton.

Canon J. A. Vaillant, Montreal; J.  
Quinnivan, S.S., St. Patrick's; J. Tou-  
plin, S.S., Montreal; J. M. McGuckin,  
O.M.I., D.D., rector university, Ottawa;  
J. O. Routhier, V.G., Ottawa; P. Bren-  
nan, chaulain archbishop, Ottawa; Mgr.  
Joos, V.G., Detroit; P. Grand, Detroit;  
James F. O'Hare, Rochester; J. M.  
Kiely, Brooklyn; James Taffe, Brooklyn;  
W. S. Lalor, Newfound-  
land.

### THE MUSIC.

The choir, under the direction of Rev.  
Father Rohleder, rendered Haydn's 16th  
mass with splendid effect. The organ  
was in line with Napolitano's orchestra  
to give effect to the fine production of  
the German composer. The parts were  
well sustained by an efficient chorus,  
and the solos were rendered with excel-  
lent precision by Miss Murphy, soprano;  
Mr. Stack, basso; Mrs. Vail, soprano.  
The *Grales Agimus* was particularly  
fine. The time, though a little allowance  
must be made for want of rehearsal,  
was, in the main, good, some parts,  
however, were more than good. This  
mass is one of the most difficult produc-  
tions of the great composer, and the  
director yesterday won a praiseworthy  
success and the harmonious effects  
added greatly to the solemnity of the  
occasion which it was rendered to grace.

### THE ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON.

The sermon was preached by the arch-  
bishop, and was an eloquent review of  
the work of the church and of his arch-  
episcopal predecessors. He said:—

In the 13th chapter of St. Matthew it  
is written: The kingdom of heaven is  
like to a grain of mustard seed which a  
man took and sowed in his field, which is  
indeed the least of all seeds, but when it  
is grown up it is greater than all herbs  
and becometh a tree so that the birds of  
the air come and dwell in the branches  
thereof.

The Church of Christ is the kingdom of  
God on earth. It was founded by our  
blessed Redeemer, it is vivified and il-  
luminated by the Holy Ghost who is its  
abiding life, it is the home of Christ in  
the sacrament of His love, the embodi-  
ment of His revealed truth, the treasure  
house of His sacramental graces, and  
its purpose and object is to save and  
sanctify mankind and to lead and conduct  
them to the kingdom of heaven. The  
church is then justly called the kingdom  
of God, and our Saviour frequently spoke  
of it as such. In the text I have quoted it  
is likened to a mustard seed, which is in-  
deed the smallest of all seeds, but which  
when it is grown up becomes a tree in  
whose spreading branches the birds of the  
air take shelter.

On the Day of Pentecost the church was  
conferred and contained within a small  
chamber in Jerusalem. In its infancy it  
was small and insignificant as a mus-  
tard seed, the smallest of all herbs, but  
it had within it the promise and potency  
of an ever-expanding and fruitful growth,  
and was soon to fill the whole  
earth with its majestic presence  
and supernatural glory. Expan-  
sion and universality were a ne-  
cessity of its nature and a characteris-  
tic and attribute of its life. The bride  
of Christ was ever to be a fruitful moth-  
er. Mater illorum laetans, the mother  
of regenerated humanity, as Christ, her  
heavenly bridegroom, was the head  
of the new race—of the redeemed children  
of God.

The mission of the church was to be  
to all mankind, and for all the coming  
ages. The prophets saw her rising, like  
the sun in his morning glory, above the  
horizon of time, and proclaimed aloud  
to the people that her light and power  
and glory would be everywhere seen and  
felt; that her teachings and blessed  
ministrations would not, like Judaism,  
be confined to one people or to one  
country, but like the light of the sun,  
they would flood the world in their sav-  
ing power and reach unto all the gen-  
erations of men.

"Arise," exclaimed Isaiah, "arise and  
be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy  
light is come, and the glory of the Lord  
is risen upon thee; the nations shall  
walk in thy light, and kings in the  
brightness of thy rising. Lift up thy  
eyes around about and see all these  
are gathered together, and they are  
come to thee; thy sons shall come from  
afar and thy daughters shall rise up  
at thy side. The multitude of the sea  
shall be converted to thee, the strength  
of the nations shall come to thee."  
(Isaiah, 6th chap.)

The commission given by Christ to the  
apostles embraced all nations and ages...

In its scope. "All power," said Christ  
to them, "is given to me in heaven and  
on earth; go, teach all nations, bap-  
tising them in the name of the Father  
and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,  
teaching them to observe all things  
whatsoever I have commanded you;  
and behold, I am with you down to  
the consummation of the world." (Matt.,  
xxviii, 19-20.) Now, since our Divine Re-  
deemer imposed upon the apostles the  
duty and obligation of preaching to and  
teaching all nations all that which He  
Himself had taught, there was a cor-  
relative obligation on the part of all  
nations to hear them and obey, for in  
St. Mark we read:—"And Jesus said  
to the Apostles: Go ye into the whole  
world and preach the Gospel to every  
creature. He that believeth and is bap-  
tised shall be saved, but he that believ-  
eth not shall be condemned." The mis-  
sion of the church was to all men, for  
all ages; it was as wide as the world,  
as universal as man and as lasting as  
time. No obstacle could prevent its  
progress, no barrier could arrest its  
course, no mountains, lakes or oceans  
could impede its onward march. "You  
shall," said Christ, "receive the power  
of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and  
you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jeru-  
salem, and in all Judea and Samaria,  
and even to the uttermost parts of the  
earth."

The Apostles began their world-wide  
mission in Jerusalem, and then went  
forth into all the earth. "Their sound,"  
said St. Paul, "went into all the earth,  
and their words to the boundaries of  
the world." (Romans, x., 18.)

Now, if we consider on the one hand  
the material, political and moral con-  
dition of the world at that epoch, and  
on the other the qualifications of the  
apostles for the task imposed upon  
them, and the character of the truths  
they announced and of the morality  
they inculcated, we are necessarily  
forced to acknowledge in the growth,  
progress,

### UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION.

and triumph of the Christian religion  
over powerful paganism, and its accept-  
ance by mankind, an irresistible and ir-  
refragable proof of its Divine character.

The old world and ancient civilisation  
were summed up and found their com-  
pletion in the Roman Empire. The em-  
pire and its proud capital had reached  
the highest pinnacle of their greatness,  
power and splendor at the time of which  
we speak. The conquered world lay  
submissive at the feet of Rome; the  
majesty of Roman peace brooded dove-  
like over mankind. The Imperial City  
was, in its greatness and glory, a  
fitting capital to so vast and unrivalled  
a commonwealth. There, in elegant  
ease, philosophers discussed various  
systems of thought and theorised on  
the problems of life; poets sang in im-  
mortal verse; orators spoke with more  
than human eloquence; painters made  
the canvas breathe and live, and sculp-  
tors took the rough stones of the quar-  
ry and chiselled them into life—in a  
word, the most brilliant civilisation  
hitherto known shed a glamour and a  
glory over the city and the empire. On  
the other hand, the Roman people were  
sunk up to the lips in moral corrup-  
tion. The concupiscence of the flesh,  
the concupiscence of the eyes and the  
pride of life reigned supreme over their  
minds and hearts and held them in  
thrall. Surely never were there a peo-  
ple so ill fitted to embrace truths that  
towered into the heights of mystery, or  
a morality that demanded the utmost  
self-denial and self-sacrifice. Besides,  
the false religion had spread like a net-  
work over the face of the empire and  
held it enthralled. This religion was  
endeared to the people by the memories  
of their fathers, was associated with  
their victories and conquests, and was  
interlaced with their national traditions  
and histories. It flattered their pride,  
held up wealth and pleasure as the su-  
preme good, gratified their passions and  
defied lust. Their priesthood was the  
richest and most powerful corporation  
in the empire. Its members belonged to  
the best and wealthiest families, and by  
their contact and relation with every  
rank and condition of society were  
bound up with the affections, interests  
and traditions of the people. Such was  
the world which the apostles were com-  
missioned to teach and convert. And  
what were their qualifications for such  
a task? They were poor, illiterate fish-  
ermen from far-off Galilee. They pos-  
sessed neither learning, social standing  
nor wealth. They were the envoys of one  
who some time previously had been put  
to an ignominious death as a malefac-  
tor. The doctrines they taught were in-  
deed beautiful, sublime, entrancing, but  
they were new to the human intellect,  
and some of them towered away into the

heights and clouds of mystery, far above the highest flight of human reasoning. The morality of the Gospel was of a stern and exacting nature. It made war on human passions and lusts, it condemned sinful pleasures and the inordinate love of wealth, it searched out the human conscience as with a lamp, and claimed empire over men's hidden thoughts and motives. It inculcated humility, self-denial, chastity, fasting and abstinence, the forgiveness of injuries, the love of enemies, contempt of human glory and honor, and the rewards it held out for the stern virtues which it preached were chiefly to be found and enjoyed in the world to come. Surely there was, humanly speaking, nothing in all this to attract the Roman people or to turn them over to strange doctrines and strange laws of life and conduct, from their time-honored faith and worship, and surely, also, never were a people apparently less fitted to embrace the doctrines and moral laws of the Christian religion. And, as a matter of fact, the Roman Empire declared and waged a fierce and bloody war against Christianity and its votaries. For 300 years the whole tremendous power of that mighty empire was put forth to destroy the Christian religion and to drown it in the blood of its martyred children, but it utterly failed in the wicked attempt.

Yet notwithstanding all these momentous difficulties, notwithstanding these gigantic obstacles, which, humanly speaking, were insurmountable, the church that had begun life like a grain of mustard seed grew into a mighty tree that overshadowed the whole earth and sheltered the nations and peoples in its protecting branches. The living and vivifying, fruitful words of Christ were abroad in the whole world, and were heard. They reached intelligences and hearts and won thousands and millions to truth and virtue. As the eye is made for the light the human intellect is made for truth and the heart for the supreme good; and so in those days of corruption, debasement and degradation there were innumerable souls that thirsted for the sovereign truth and yearned for the supreme good, and when the truth as it was in Jesus was presented to them it drew them as with magnetic power from the desolations and debasements of their surroundings and won them to the highest virtue and the most sublime self-sacrifice. Even so early as the second century of the Christian era, Tertullian, one of the greatest Christian writers of the time, was able to say to his pagan fellow-citizens and to the ruling powers, "We Christians are a people of yesterday and yet we have filled every place belonging to you—cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camps, your tribes, companies, palace, senate, forum. We leave you your temples only."

The Catholic Church had triumphed over all human oppositions, all hostile combinations and obstructions, because she was the creation of Jesus Christ, the incarnate God because she was upheld in His omnipotent arms and had the divine assurance and promise "that the gates of hell should never prevail against her."

It is true that the church had its vicissitudes. As God's material creation has its spring of promises and hopes, its summer of fulfillment and fruition, its autumn of decay and its winter of death and desolation; and as autumn with its hectic flush and sad decline, and winter with its death and desolation are surely succeeded by returning spring, and the work of ruin and death are removed and replaced by the light and growth and fruitfulness of returning spring and summer, so it is with the church. When decay and ruin overtake her works in one part of the world there is a new life and growth and healthful beauty for her in another.

And do we not find a parallel to the condition and fortunes of the early church in the church of America and Canada? It is true the early history of this country is Catholic. It was discovered by Columbus, a devoted and saintly Catholic, as well as a fearless and enlightened sailor and explorer. He was enabled to launch on the mysterious, undiscovered ocean by Isabella, the Catholic, and encouraged and sustained in his momentous enterprise by a Franciscan Friar, Juan Penez. And when Columbus lands on American soil he lifts up the cross, raises an altar and causes the holy mass to be offered in thanksgiving to God for the great discovery, for His having unveiled a new world to mankind. He gives the baptism of Catholic names to capes, rivers, and islands—such as San Salvador, San

Trinidad, San Domingo, etc. In like manner it was a Catholic who discovered Canada and its vast plains and mighty rivers. It was Catholic missionaries who in those days plunged in the primeval forests, traversed vast plains and launched their frail canoes on the great lakes and rivers to convert and civilize the ferocious savages and make them children of God and heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven. By their Catholic nomenclature of rivers, lakes and islands they impressed the broad seal of Catholicity on the very physical features of the country, so that of them it may be truly said:

"Their memory liveth on our hills,  
Their baptism on our shore,  
Our everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore."

These thoughts bring us naturally to the consideration of the golden jubilee of the arch diocese which we commemorate to-day, and to the memories and emotions it is calculated to awaken and evoke. Here, again, we shall find the law of growth and expansion which characterized the church in all the ages of its history, marking its life and mission in this section of Ontario. It is the grain of mustard seed planted by the early Catholic settlers and watered with their sweat and tears, and carefully nurtured by holy and zealous bishops and priests, growing up into a mighty tree, overshadowing the whole land. Here, as of old, it is, first, the Good Friday of sufferings, trials and sorrows, and then the Easter Sunday of a glorious life of joys and triumphs.

When in 1812 Bishop Power took possession of his newly-elected see, the condition of the church was in the weakness of infancy, and the prospects that lay before it were anything but bright and promising. There were then but sixteen priests laboring in the holy ministry in this diocese, which then stretched from Oshawa in the east to Sandwich in the west. There were about 50,000 Catholics scattered over this vast extent of country. There were no institutions of learning or of charity. The Catholics were comparatively weak in numbers and poor as regards the possession of worldly goods. But the bishop was not an ordinary man. He was a great, learned and holy bishop. With a far-reaching grasp of mind and with almost prophetic foresight, he understood the situation and its requirements, and by wise legislation, by the strict enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline and the introduction of religious orders he laid broad and deep the foundations on which our holy religion in its prosperous and flourishing condition now so securely reposes. He had not, however, advanced far in the organization of the diocese and in making provision for its spiritual and educational wants when his labors were arrested by an appalling visitation, which overclouded the land with the shadow of awful sufferings and sorrows, watered it with bitter tears and freighted the very air with the cries and agonies of broken hearts. Thousands of Irish immigrants, emaciated with famine and haunted by the dread typhus fever as by a destroying angel, landed on our shores. Numbers of these afflicted ones reached Toronto and were gathered into hospitals and fever sheds. In these awful Gethsemanes of human sufferings, where men and women were writhing in their agony and souls were sorrowful unto death, Bishop Power entered like an angel of consolation, bringing hope and comfort to the suffering, healing the broken of heart and binding up their wounds, shriving and anointing the dying and lifting up their hearts and souls towards heaven and their God. In the heroic discharge of his sublime and Christ-like duties the shepherd of the afflicted flock was himself stricken down, and after some days of intense sufferings, but fortified by the sacraments of the church, he fell a victim to the dread plague, dying as the good shepherd should die, and literally laying down his life for his flock. The first bishop of Toronto died a martyr to his pastoral duty and to the divine charities of his sacred office, leaving behind him the glorious memories of his great example, his apostolic virtues, and of his sublime self-sacrifice, yea, even unto death.

Three years of discouragement and depression intervened between the death of Bishop Power and the appointment of his successor. When De Charbonnel entered upon his duty as second bishop of Toronto he met with a condition of things well calculated to discourage a man of less stout heart and less resolute spirit. St. Michael's Cathedral was yet unfinished and

weighted down with the heavy debt of \$70,000. There were no institutions of charity, no colleges, and few, if any, parochial schools in the city or in the diocese at large. Blessed with a vigorous constitution, fired with apostolic zeal and sustained with a lofty enthusiasm, he traversed the length and breadth of the vast diocese, inspiring zeal and kindling activity amongst priests and people, giving heart and encouragement to all, and infusing a new life of energy and action into the whole diocese. Very quickly the magic power of his influence and example was felt and great results followed. The heavy debt of the cathedral was liquidated in a few years. New churches were built in the city and throughout the diocese. The number of priests were considerably increased. The House of Providence was built for the orphan and the aged poor. St. Michael's College was established. The Loretto nuns were encouraged in their educational work. The Sisters of St. Joseph were introduced, as were also the Christian Brothers, and parish schools were established in sufficient numbers in the city and in the various Catholic centres within the diocese. Not satisfied with the defective laws regulating Catholic education in this Province, he devoted himself with extraordinary energy and zeal to obtain its amelioration, and although he did not succeed to the extent he had hoped or that strict justice demanded, his labors and efforts were rewarded with a partial success.

Feeling how impossible it was for one bishop to attend adequately to the wants of his immense diocese, and knowing how advantageous to religion it would be to create new centres of ecclesiastical organizations and of Catholic life and activity, he petitioned the Holy See for the establishment of two other dioceses in the western section of the former diocese, viz. Hamilton and London, and in this he succeeded, to the immense advantage and gain of our holy religion. After eight years of Herculean labors, and a most successful and faithful administration, he resigned his see and returned to France, where he sought to hide his name and fame under the cowl of a Capuchin friar.

Before his resignation he obtained from the Holy See the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch as his successor, who eventually became his successor as bishop of Toronto, and on the 15th of March, 1870, Toronto having been raised to the dignity of a metropolitan see, he was appointed its first archbishop. His virtues and his labors are too fresh in your memory to need a detailed description. In the numerous churches built throughout the diocese, the noble priests ordained, the religious institutions established or built up into greater prosperity and usefulness, in the great and prosperous position the church has attained in this archdiocese, you have before your eyes the magnificent memorials of his burning zeal, his tireless labors, and of his long and fruitful administration and his all-embracing charity. The following is but an epitome of some of the results of his great work in this diocese. Loretto Convent, established in 1862. St. Joseph's Convent, established in 1863. St. Michael's tower and spire, built in 1865. Loretta Abbey, Wellington place, extended in 1867. St. Nicholas Home, established in 1869. attended Ecumenical Council in 1870. De La Salle Institute, established in 1871; consecrated Bishop O'Brien, Kingston, 1873, consecrated Bishop Crinon, Hamilton, in 1874; consecrated Archbishop Taschereau, Quebec, in 1874; Convent of the Precious Blood, established in 1874. Magdalen Asylum, established in 1875. Convents of St. Joseph established in St. Catharines, Thorold, Barrie and Oshawa, 40 parish churches and 30 presbyteries established; 70 priests ordained for the diocese; St. John's Grove and House established. To these should be added the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, memorial of the archbishop's jubilee, and the beautiful new churches of St. Mary and St. Paul, Toronto, deserve special mention.

These figures are more eloquent than words, and show most emphatically how full of good works was the late archbishop's life and how rich in blessings to his people.

In looking back through the 50 years of the life of this see, the retrospect is on the whole most satisfactory and consoling and furnishes us with the strongest motives for heartfelt thankfulness to God, who in mercy and love works through the church for the salvation and happiness of mankind. Fifty years ago our people were weak in numbers, poor in their possession of this world's goods and spiritually destitute. There were no Catholic schools for their children, no colleges or convents for higher education, no institutions of charity. How different is the

picture that now presents itself in the territory that was then embraced in the newly-erected diocese. Toronto is a Metropolitan see, having for suffragans Hamilton and London dioceses, about 200 priests and 200,000 Catholics. Happier than the faithful of some other countries, we have a Catholic system of primary education established by law. We possess a sufficient number of colleges and conventual academies for higher education, and also institutions for the aged poor, for the protection and education of orphans, and for the healing and comfort of the sick and suffering. Churches—many of them beautiful and costly structures—have arisen in our cities, towns and villages, and crosses gleam from church steeples in the half-timbered forests. Our people share in the general prosperity of the country, and in proportion to their numbers are well represented in the learned professions and in commercial life. There has been an immense increase and expansion all along the line, socially as well as religiously.

But the progress of the church has been most marked, and under God it has been due, to the holy bishops and zealous priests, and to the generous and faithful people who have passed away. They bore the burden of the day and the heat, they sowed in tears that we might reap in joy. It is for us to take up their work and carry it out with zeal, self-sacrifice and generosity during our day. The cause of a church is the greatest, the most sublime cause in the world. It is the cause of God's truth, the cause of Christ's work on earth, the cause of human happiness here and hereafter, the cause of immortal souls made in the image of God and redeemed by the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. It is the cause of all the best and highest interest of humanity. It is the noblest cause that can enlist our greatest love and best energies. The church is God's most magnificent creative work, and reflects his attributes and perfections. She is Catholic in space and time, and fills the world and ages with the beauty and majesty of her presence. Her altars are raised and her priests are to be found wherever men are to be saved and sanctified, and wherever human tongue can speak the praises of God. The first objects the sun, emerging from the gates of the dawn, salutes are the spires of her churches. In his mid-day career he looks down, beholds her glorious temples and her charitable and educational institutions, and, as he sinks to his everlasting splendours lights up her stained glass windows and pays a parting visit to her altars. She is imperishable and immortal. No weapon, said the prophet, that is formed against her shall prosper, and every tongue that resisteth her in judgment He shall condemn. She is unchangeable, like to God, with whom there is no change or shadow of alteration, like the sun, which since the first morning of creation, has never ceased to shine and illuminate the world with light and glory; so the church—the sun of the immortal world—has never ceased to enlighten mankind, and has illumined the whole firmament of time with the splendor and glory of her divine truths, and will shine on for ever as bright, as luminous and unfolding as she was on that day when the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth.

THE CLERGY'S ADDRESS.  
The following address from the clergy of the diocese was read by Dean Harris, and the presentation made to the archbishop.

To his Grace the most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.—  
Your Grace.—On this twenty-fifth anniversary of your episcopal consecration, your devoted clergy cordially unite in sincerest expression of heartfelt congratulation on the joy of your silver jubilee.

Twenty-five years of episcopal life are so full of merit before God and of blessings to men that only the "well done" of the Master can give the praise that such years deserve.

Yet, your Grace, it may be permitted to those who have witnessed your beautiful and noble life, and the multiplied evidences of your glorious work, to express, though feebly, on this joyous day, the sentiments such life and work inspire.

Called, indeed commanded by the Vicar of Christ to assume the responsibility of a young and difficult diocese, your ready obedience in accepting the onerous charge was equalled only by the splendid ability, untiring energy and devoted zeal with which you fulfilled that sublime duty. The change of see from Sandwich to London, the practical founding of a new diocese, the building up of that diocese and the bringing it to such financial stability and material strength, to such spiritual and ecclesiastical



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company. (Limited)

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MADDONELL, President.

J. D. MADDONELL, Manager.

REV. J. F. McBRIDE, Editor

JAS. A. GILLIGLY, General Agent.

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Manager. Lock Box 223. Telephone No. 1643.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1892

### THOSE BUSY AGITATORS.

Mr. Jeffries, the Englishman out here to look into the Grand Trunk system, said in reply to a question addressed to him by a gentleman at the Queen's Hotel: "I was an ardent Gladstonian for many years, but beginning to entertain some little suspicion of the bona fides of the Irish champions I went over to see for myself what Irish occupants of land had to complain of. I made thorough investigation, travelling and staying amongst them. I came to the conclusion that the busy agitators who make a trade of Irish grievances there would be none heard of. I saw nothing to call for remedial legislation, and came to the conclusion that Irish tenants had the best of it."—*Globe*.

What is Mr. Jeffries himself but a busy agitator? Not satisfied with the official reports of his company, he comes to Canada to investigate for himself, and to thus secure facts for agitation against the present form of management. It is no doubt true that but for the energy of the self-sacrificing Irish member little would ever have been heard of Irish grievances, but they would have been none the less real. Mr. Jeffries' opinion that there was nothing "calling for remedial legislation" goes for nothing in the face of the enormous judicial reductions in rentals all over the island.

### HASTEN SLOWLY.

This salutary aphorism is very often overlooked when people are forming opinions about other people. Prejudice and personal feeling, positively, carelessness and credulousness negatively, are together, and even singly, powerful obstacles to the forming of a right judgment. A case in point is brought out strongly by a judgment recently given in a Toronto court in a libel suit which has attracted considerable attention. The case referred to arose from an entertainment given some time ago for the benefit of a city charity. Rumors and reports of mismanagement, and even of misappropriation were made, and the owner of an evening paper (himself a philanthropist of no mean proportions) being moved and persuaded by these rumors and reports sued the manager of the affair for a balance which the aforesaid rumors and reports declared to be unlawfully withheld, and, he lost his case. He is not a man who can lose a case gracefully; wherefore reporting the case in his evening paper he so colored it as to make it appear that not he, but the adversary, was at fault. Whereupon, the adversary (the manager, to wit, of the aforesaid opera) sues for libel and recovers \$4000 damages and costs. We presume that if all they who

had circulated the rumors and reports referred to, could similarly be got at, the manager of the opera would be several times a millionaire. Every one knows that anybody can find fault with very nearly anything, and people who are not pleased certainly have a right to find fault because they were not suited; and, if they wish to originate rumors and reports to the effect that they are not pleased they endanger nothing but their own reputation for good taste. Quite another thing it is to originate or to propagate wholesale charges of fraud, and unspeakably mean to invoke sentiment to forego judgment by alleging "robbery of the orphans." There has been so much of that meanness perpetrated in Toronto in the last five years that we are glad one case, at least, has been taken to court and there dealt with as it deserves. Our charities are largely dependent on voluntary subscriptions taken up by volunteer collectors, and on entertainments furnished, under volunteer managers, by volunteer performers. The idea, once gone abroad, that these collectors or managers or performers are preying on our charities would have the immediate effect of, in the first place, ruining public interest in the performances themselves, and in the next, of depriving the performances of the services of those who in the past have so freely given their time and skill to originating them and carrying them out. No one should make, at first or at second hand, a statement that he is not prepared to substantiate in a court of law. "Rumor and report" is no evidence of any fact beyond the fact of its own existence.

### A SERIOUS MATTER.

The extension of the legal school age is becoming a serious matter. Although we in this country have not gone as far as they beyond the border, there is a useful lesson in the facts presented in the article furnished the last *American Catholic Quarterly* by George D. Wolff, D.D. "There seems to be a perfect craze," he says, "to extend the period of so-called 'school age' to its utmost possible limits. The United States Census Superintendent says that in 'the published reports of previous censuses, statements concerning persons of school age have been limited to 5 to 17 years, both inclusive,' but under the present census 'results are given concerning persons from 4 to 20 years, both years inclusive.' From the same bulletin (dated August 13th, 1892) we learn that in twenty-five States of the Union the 'school age' includes persons of 21 years. On the other hand, in five States of the Union 'school age' begins at four years; in eighteen States it begins at five years, and in twenty States it begins at six years. Where is the sense of thus stretching 'school age' to impracticable limits, when of the whole number of children in our public schools, 96 per cent. are between the ages of 7 and 14, and 92½ per cent. are between the ages of 7 and 13?"

We doubt not that if the Kindergarteners (with James L. Hughes at their head) had their way, the minimum age registered in the above would be asked for; and the enthusiasts in the matter of High School education would hold out for something very near the maximum as laid down over the line. The bad effects of such extension of the legal school age are simply indescribable, whether in regard the injury done the little ones at the commencement of the course, or the injustice inflicted on both children and parents in the later years of it.

The law here in Ontario is much more sensible. The Treasury Act (Sec. 2) affects those only who are within the ages of 8 to 14, very wisely covering the period within which parents should give their children a fair opportunity of acquiring the knowledge which is to serve them later in life. The Ontario law covers 95 per cent. of the actual school attendance. If Truancy Acts are to be put in force at all (which some dispute) the Ontario Act seems a fair and, if workable, a salutary piece of legislation.

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### HIS GRACE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has been the occasion of such magnificent expressions of loyal devotion from his own, and of sincere regard from those without, as ever rejoiced the heart and strengthened the hands of any bishop. Those of all classes, of all varieties of opinion, religious and political, united in expressing their admiration for him as a citizen and a churchman. We, of his flock, have laid before him the testimony of our loyal regard and filial affection, whilst every claim he has established to the esteem of our fellow citizens at large is enhanced for us by the ties which bind us to our chief pastor. May he long be spared to us in the strength and vigor with which God has so abundantly blessed him in the past.

We give in this issue a full account of the various celebrations including that of Thursday evening. The Separate School Celebration, and those at St. Michael's College and St. Joseph's Convent on Friday, we shall notice in our next.

### THE BIBLE AMONG CATHOLICS.

A standing libel against the Catholic Church is that it refuses its members access to the Bible. Any one having to do with Protestants who are yet possessed of this idea will be glad to have at hand the following testimonies of Protestant authorities to the contrary. In the most unreasonable way in the world Protestants refuse to accept the testimony of those who ought to know (of Catholics themselves) that the statement is a silly calumny. They may possibly accept the testimony of well-informed Protestant writers, especially when they find their own *Church Times* among those who confess that the Reformation story of the Bible's being a closed book to Catholics was simply a lie.

1. There is a good deal of popular misapprehension about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the Middle Ages. Some people think it was very little read, even by the clergy, whereas the fact is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scripture quotations and allusions than any sermons in these days, and the writers on other subjects are so full of Scriptural allusion that it is evident their minds are saturated with Scriptural diction.—Dr. CURTIS.

2. Another common error is that the clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is that most people who could read at all could read Latin and would certainly prefer to read the authorized Vulgate to any vernacular version. But it is also true that translations into the vernacular were made.—CURTIS, Early Ch. Hist.

3. The notion that people in the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded except among the more ignorant of controversialists. But a glance at this volume [Goulburn's "Life of B. Herbert"] is enough to show that the notion is not simply a mistake but that it is one of the most ludicrous and grotesque of blunders [italics not ours]; they had their minds as saturated with the language and associations of the sacred text as the Puritans of the seventeenth century.—Quarterly Rev. Oct. 1879.—MATTLAND'S "Dark Ages."

4. We know of at least twenty different editions of the whole Latin Bible printed in Germany alone before LUTHER was born. . . . Perhaps we should be within the truth if we were to say that beside the multitude of manuscript copies not yet fallen into disuse, the press had issued fifty different editions of the whole Latin Bible in Rome, Naples, Florence, Placenza, and Venice before LUTHER was born.—MATTLAND'S Essays.

5. No book was so frequently published immediately after the first invention of printing as the Latin Bible, more than one hundred editions of it being struck off before the year 1520.—REUSS, Die Geschichte.

6. This catalogue (Caxton Exhib., South Kensington, 1877) will be very useful for one thing, at any rate, as disproving the popular lie about LUTHER finding the Bible for the first time at Erfurt in 1507. . . . There are actually nine German editions of the Bible in the exhibition earlier than 1483, the year of LUTHER'S birth.—Church Times, 1878.

### Notes.

Sir Oliver Mowat will lecture to-night in London upon "Evidences of Christianity," and to-morrow night in Stratford on "Truths of Christianity."

.....

We were sorry that the Lieutenant-Governor's denial of the accuracy of the *Globe's* report of his speech at the Collegiate Institute reached us so late last week that we were unable (for mechanical reasons) to give it the prominence given, the week before, to the article in which we draw attention to the report itself.

.....

An Ottawa despatch declares that it is probable that Mr. Ewart, Winnipeg, who is counsel for Archbishop Tache in connection with the pending appeal in educational matters in Manitoba, will be accorded a hearing by the Government when the Ministers return from Halifax and that it is not yet known whether he will base the appeal on the section in the B.N.A. Act guaranteeing protection to minorities or on the section in the Manitoba Act guaranteeing perpetuity to Separate schools as they existed when the province was created.

.....

An instance of the esteem in which the Catholic priesthood is held is reported from Binghamton, N.Y. The funeral of Very Rev. James F. Harrigan, pastor of St. Patrick's parish in that city, which, when established by him almost half a century ago, included widely scattered settlements in three counties, took place on Wednesday. At the suggestion of the Board of Trade the business houses and factories in the city were closed during the funeral services. The Protestant Ministerial Association, the Bankers' Association, Board of Trade, Common Council and other municipal bodies attended the funeral. One hundred and fifty priests from New York state and Pennsylvania were present. The funeral cortege was the largest ever witnessed in that section of the state.

### AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The American Catholic Archbishops are to meet in conference at New York in a few weeks, and it has been semi-officially asserted that the chief topic which they will consider is to be what methods can be best employed to afford religious instruction to those Catholic children who, for one reason or another, do not attend the parochial schools.

It has also been stated, on what authority we do not know, that the number of Catholic children who are being educated in non-Catholic schools is a million, while but 410,000 are credited to the parish and Catholic private schools. If these figures be correct—and there is no question but that the number of Catholic children attending non-Catholic schools is large—the importance of the question which the metropolitans are to discuss at New York is apparent; and it is to be hoped that the Archbishops, all of whom have consulted with their suffragans so that the views of the entire American hierarchy, it may be said, will be presented at the conference, may find some effective solution of the grave problem they will meet to consider.

The parochial schools, it may be remarked, are very apt to be benefited largely by the splendid showing which they made all over the country in the recent Columbian celebration. Parents whose children attend these Catholic schools were, of course, well aware of the excellent work they are performing; and hence they anticipated just such highly creditable exhibitions as their pupils made. These exhibitions, though, were in the nature of a revelation to other people, not a few of them Catholics, and they corrected many a wrong impression hitherto entertained of the Catholic schools. The result of this cannot but prove beneficial to the parochial schools in various directions, and in many places it is already securing them a larger attendance of pupils.

The number of Catholic children who are being educated outside the parish schools is, however, so large, that the American Archbishops are fully justified in meeting to consider by what plan these children can receive the religious instruction which they now lack.—*Catholic Columbian*,

atical perfection, would be a noble record in the life of any bishop. But for all this glorious episcopal work your Grace has added the most devoted and successful ministry amongst God's poor, the frequent and forceful preaching of God's holy Word, the luminous exposition of the sublime truths of faith in pastorals of profound learning and fervent piety, the founding of a most successful Catholic Journal, popular lectures of brilliancy and power, and masterful essays on leading questions in the foremost periodicals of the day, all this, indeed, is worthy of grateful and lasting remembrance and legitimate subject of generous praise, and yet all this is but a short, superficial summary of your life and work as bishop of London.

In all things and always like the Master, whom you have made your model, whose sacred heart has always been the source of your inspiration and the secret of your apostolic strength, you would be like him unto the end; and when about to leave your devoted, generous priests and people of London, you would give them as parting a memorial of your love. The memorial would be a monument, and the monument would be the best testimony of your burning zeal for the beauty of God's house, your untiring energy, classic taste, varied knowledge and tender piety—the beautiful, magnificent cathedral of St. Peter, fitting symbol of the church of living stones you have builded so wisely and well to the ever-living God.

Well you knew, when about to leave them, that sorrow would fill the loving hearts of your faithful priests and people; and must have had its sorrow, too. But, as a command of Christ's Vicar, you went to your glorious work, so, at the pontiff's call, you were found ready to leave it, and, again, at his command to assume the higher and graver charge of governing the archdiocese of Toronto. You left the home you had so much reason to love in London, you came to a home in Toronto whose priests and people have so much reason to love you. You left the home of your episcopate to come to the home of your priesthood, which will fondly call itself your old home—the home of your first priestly love.

As a reward of the sacrifice your Grace made in coming, your sorrow, we hope, was turned to joy when you came. But, in joy or sorrow, you look only and always to the sublime end of your pastoral office. You considered the dignity of the pallium only as a higher duty to greater apostolic work, and, confidently trusting to the united, generous cooperation of the priests and people of this archdiocese, you continued with rare wisdom and unabated energy and zeal the noble work you were doing in the diocese you left so perfect:

With a zeal according to knowledge, and ever mindful of the most pressing needs of souls and of society, your first and most earnest attention was given to the work of Christian and ecclesiastical education. The success of your wise direction, watching care and generous encouragement is everywhere seen in well-equipped, well-filled schools, splendid academies, a university college and a religious ecclesiastical seminary of brightest hope and promise. And with this tender pastoral care for the sheep of your flock, your gentle though firm rule, your large and kindly sympathy brought the shepherds together and made them all, secular and regular, cordially united in heart and spirit, and one with you in the work of God.

What your Grace has done for social and civic harmony since you came to Toronto is gracefully acknowledged in the universal respect of your fellow-citizens of every class and creed, while splendid monuments of Christian charity, in this city of generous beneficence, eloquently tell of your paternal solicitude for the orphan, the aged, the sick and the suffering.

This beautiful temple in its restored perfection of architectural grandeur and artistic excellence is, at once, a proof and a promise of your splendid success. And this united, devoted body of priests and people who surround your Grace in gladness and loyalty on this day of joy is a touching testimony that your rule in wisdom and paternal love, and an eloquent expression of the universal wish, "Ad multos annos."

By a happy coincidence your Grace celebrates to-day the golden jubilee of the diocese. On receiving our heartfelt congratulations to your Grace, we have only to hope and pray that the diocese may celebrate the golden jubilee of its great and good archbishop.

The archbishop made a suitable reply, in which he thanked the clergy for the help they had given him in the dis-

charge of his duties and responsibilities.

THE LONDON CLERGY.

The clergy of the Diocese of London presented the following address:—

May it please your Grace—The priests of the Diocese of London deem it a very great honor that they are privileged to participate in the joys and blessings which the 25th anniversary of your episcopal consecration bring to those who enjoy the happiness of living under your immediate jurisdiction. Their relations with your Grace for very many years have been of so intimate and so pleasing a character that it would be impossible for them to stand aside and unheeded when the whole Province is stirred on the felicitous occasion of your silver jubilee. Among them and in their interests were your first episcopal duties exercised. Many of them, indeed the majority, owe their existence as priests solely to your fostering care and guidance as to the sacred rite of ordination received at your hands. Most gratefully do they acknowledge you, under God, as the author of their educational advancement, their spiritual progress and their success in life. Neither is it possible for them to forget the immense strides taken in the material prosperity of London diocese during 22 years of your Grace's active and happy administration. The large number of priests whom you consecrated to the ministry of salvation, the many grand and magnificent church edifices erected, the schools, presbyteries, orphanages and hospitals that owe their origin to your unflagging zeal and practical piety, the prosperous parishes that seemed to grow up at your bidding and under your prudent direction, all this and more entitle your Grace to the lasting gratitude and unceasing love of your former diocesans. The remembrance of the happy days and years spent in the enjoyment of mutual confidence when priest and bishop went hand in hand in every good work and shared alike in difficulty and in success, in labor and triumph, shall be long treasured up in the hearts and kept green in the memories of the priests of London diocese. However, it should not be left unsaid, your Grace, that the deeply felt regrets which were expressed at your departure were in a measure lessened and consoled by the reflection that a much wider sphere opened out for the exercise of your episcopal zeal in the metropolitan see of Toronto, and that the position was one of higher magnitude and a wider usefulness, one, your Grace, which only experienced wisdom and a more than ordinarily extensive range of intellectual capacity could safely and successfully fill. Our regrets, too, were to a large extent mitigated by the conviction that your Grace was unwilling to leave us altogether as orphans, but provided for our direction and happiness a worthy successor, whose great zeal and well-known piety would not only preserve but perpetuate and make perfect the good work so ably built up in our midst. In sentiments of love and gratitude, therefore, do we, the priests of London diocese, lay at your feet the homage of our unreserved admiration and esteem, while sending up to heaven most earnest supplications for a long continuance of your blessed and beneficial career and a crown of unfading glory in the life to come.

Replying to the address the archbishop said he valued their expressions of affection and loyalty because he loved them all. They had lived on together for 22 years in the ministry. He thanked them for having made his yoke easy and the burden light. He was sure they would give the bishop he had left behind him the same loyalty and assistance they had given him. He thanked them and gave them his blessing.

VISAS

At the palace, after mass, this address from the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Toronto was presented:—

To the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of the Diocese of Toronto.— We, the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the City of Toronto cannot allow the opportunity to pass without showing in some small degree our appreciation of your kindness, and no more fitting occasion on which to express our gratitude therefor could offer itself than this, your silver jubilee. For nearly three years we have known you as our spiritual guide, and of your life before that time we have heard so much as to make the story of your career familiar to us. We congratulate you on having been spared to see so auspicious an event in your career, promising as it does, and as we fervently wish, the completion of a life work already fruitful in result and beneficent by example.

Amid such evidences of your zeal and energy as surround us in this, the latest, scene of your labors, and in the presence of those commissioned to bear testimony to your services in this regard, we have no need to speak of the gifts which God has bestowed upon you.

As you are fully aware of the aims and objects of our grand old organization, whose early traditions led to the cradle of the human race; whose vigilance in the cause of faith and fatherland cannot be questioned; who through long centuries of bloody trial kept inviolate the pure traditions of a free race, knowing you as we do, little wonder then that the wish and prayer uppermost in our hearts to-day is that the balance of so good and useful a life may be used to show us the way, the truth and the light.

In conclusion, may we ask the acceptance from our hands of this fitting water pitcher which accompanies our earnest, hearty congratulations on this joyous occasion.

Signed on behalf of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Toronto:—Hugh McCaffry, chairman of committee; John J. Evans, secretary; Patrick M. Kennedy, treasurer; Charles Herbert, James Conlin, John Falvey, George Richardson, Thomas Glynn, Patrick Falvey, M. J. Rahally, P. J. Milligan, P. Holland, Jas. Barnan, John J. O'Connor, Joseph Elbard.

IN THE EVENING.

The silver jubilee of his episcopal consecration was made the occasion of a reception to his Grace Archbishop Walsh in the evening, when a thousand or more of his flock and others not of his creed assembled to do him honor. The affair was held in the Granite Rink, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Many dignitaries of the church from distant parts of Canada and the United States, besides a large number of distinguished laymen, were present. The chair was occupied by Hon. Frank Smith.

We are assembled here to-night, said the chairman in opening the meeting, to do honor to a worthy gentleman, a prince of the church, who has served his God and his church from his early manhood, and during the last 25 years in the capacities of bishop and archbishop. We are about to present him with an address, accompanied by a token of our esteem, and we ask you all to join heartily in honoring him on the occasion of his silver jubilee—I mean his Grace Archbishop Walsh. (Applause.)

Mr. Smith explained the cause of the absence of Hon. John Costigan, who was in Toronto yesterday morning and had been compelled to return to Ottawa, and Sir Adolphe Caron had at the last moment found that it was impossible for him to be present.

Mr. H. T. Kelly read letters of regret at their inability to be present from Hon. J. C. Patterson, Judge Ross, J. A. McMillan, principal of the Normal School; Charles Moss, Q.C.; Judge McCre of Windsor; Major Moore of Hamilton; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; Hon. Peter White; Hon. C. H. Tupper; Sir Oliver Mowat; Judge Maclellan; Col. Grasett; Col. Otter and Col. Davidson.

Mr. Eugene O'Keefe read the following address to his Grace:—

To His Grace the Most Reverend John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:—

May it please your Grace—From time immemorial conspicuous events in the lives of distinguished men have been commemorated at recurring periods or anniversaries by the addresses and contributions of their friends and admirers, and so to speak, resting places in the flight of time have been reached from which pleasant and mutually cheering remembrance could be had of the years that had flown by.

But how pre-eminently fitting and appropriate does this become when the honored one is a Christian pastor of souls, and the voice of his flock goes forth in spontaneous greeting in thankfulness for blessings received through his administration, and in ardent hopes that these blessings may long continue in the future.

Such your Grace is the case on the present joyful occasion. We come to greet you on the 25th anniversary of the time when, through the happy selection of the Holy See, you received the mitre and crozier and the commission to feed the sheep of Jesus Christ.

We call to mind with feelings of love and admiration the difficulties and trials which you had to encounter upon undertaking the duties of the episcopal office, and those of us who were familiar with the condition of Catholicity in the Diocese of London at that period are well aware how effectively these difficulties have been overcome and what great efforts in the cause of religion have been met forth by your Grace during your administration.

Schools established and equipped, religious communities, improved, financial difficulties overcome, churches built—notably

the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter in London—constitute a monument to your Grace's zeal for God, and for the salvation of souls which the ages cannot destroy.

It was, doubtless, because of faithful labor done as a priest in this city and diocese, combined with your Grace's distinguished qualities, that you were chosen to fill this exalted position, and your children of the archdiocese have therefore reason to rejoice at your return to Toronto with increasing years, but undiminished zeal for the sacred work to which your life has been so successfully devoted.

The cathedral church of this city, as far as its general architectural effect was concerned, had always been considered a beautiful edifice, but under your enlightened direction it has been embellished in a manner which places it among the most ornate specimens of church decorative art in this country. The extensive addition which has been made to the Sunnyside Orphanage, the completion of the convent of the Precious Blood, the establishment of St. Michael's Hospital in this city, together with many other important undertakings, are all indications of the zeal and steady devotion to work which continue to signalize your administration of the archdiocese.

On this happy day, then, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your Grace's elevation to the episcopate, we, your faithful children of the archdiocese of Toronto, approach you with filial greetings, and ask your Grace's acceptance of our most profound veneration and love, joined with the fervent wish that you may be spared for many years to come to carry on the great work for the glory of God which, we know, is nearest to your heart, and we humbly crave your Grace's benediction upon ourselves and our families.

On behalf of the Catholic laity of Toronto. H. J. KELLY, Secretary. FRANK SMITH, Chairman.

Toronto, Nov. 10, 1892.

The archbishop, as he arose to reply, was accorded an ovation. When quiet had been restored he proceeded:—

"Mr. Chairman, my Lords, Ladies and gentlemen,—I have to thank in the first place the members of the committee that represent the Catholic people of the City of Toronto for the marked zeal and earnestness with which they have prepared the address and the presentation they have given to me this evening. For many evenings during bad weather to my certain knowledge they have assembled at great inconvenience and discomfort to themselves in order to testify their respect to their first pastor, however unworthy in his own estimation he may be of their esteem and affection. This fact does not surprise me in the least. I have been thoroughly acquainted with the Catholic citizens of Toronto for many years. I began my priestly life in this city in 1841—33 years ago—and since that time I have been well acquainted with the citizens of this city at large, and especially with the Catholic people thereof. I have learned to admire them, to admire their public spirit, their manhood, the honesty of their convictions and their noble citizenship, and whilst not aggressive to any other class of their fellow-citizens, they are manful enough to hold out for their own convictions. It was, I must admit, a great wrench to my heart's affections to have to leave London after 22 long years of labor in that great western peninsula, but the sacrifice I was supposed to make was robbed of half its poignancy and half its bitterness by the fact that I was coming home again to the field of the early labors of my priestly ministry. (Applause.) I am not vain enough, I hope, ladies and gentlemen, to appropriate to myself the words of praise so kindly spoken in the address presented to me this evening on behalf of you, the Catholic people of the city, and given expression to by the gentlemen who composed this address. I know, my lord, it is true that after a great battle is won the victory is attributed to the general who commanded. We know this is not always as it should be; we know that the authority of the general certainly is important; but the subordinate officers and the brave men in the ranks who have exposed their manly breasts to the ball and the sword in defence of the great cause deserve the credit of the victory. And so it is in the life and action of the church. The bishop certainly must initiate; he must be a man of design and foresight. It is his to initiate, to direct and control; but what can he do without men who will support the clergy, the loyal laity who stand up for their church. Therefore, whatever has been done in the ministry in London or here has been the result of the united Catholic body in each diocese. It is not for me, however, to depreciate or undervalue the work of the bishop. In the old countries of continental Europe things may be allowed to go on upon the beaten path which generations of churchmen have trod; but in this new country, where things have to be initiated and created and built up, the bishop



must be a man of action, must have some knowledge of everything, must be a scholar, a theologian and a canonist; he should know something of finance, how to lay gentle but effective siege to the pocket and the purse within it. (Applause and laughter.) He must coax and wheedle the people for the people's good. He must be something of everything—a flatterer and an architect—but there is one thing he need not be: He need not be a politician. However, it would not be any harm if he were acquainted a little with their wiles and ways. (Applause.) Speaking of the activities and requisites of a bishop, I am reminded of the story of an Irishman, who, leaning on a spade one day and taking a leisurely smoke, began to soliloquize "Well," said he, "laboring work is not aisy after all, but for a decent, aisy job give me the bishop." (Laughter.) "You would not exceed in absolute truthfulness what the Yankee said when for the first time he had seen a Catholic bishop in his robes of office, with his cope and crozier and mitre on his head. When asked by a brother Yankee what he thought of the bishop, "well," said he, "the bishop appears to be a human after all, and something like ordinary men, but he must be confoundedly lazy, because he must have a man to put on his hat and take it off again. (Laughter.) I must protest against these imputations, and I am glad to see that idea is not shared by the ladies and gentlemen here present. I will not detain you any longer, ladies and gentlemen, by any further remarks, because I know there are other gentlemen who will be called upon to address you and that you will hear from me pretty often in the future if God spares me. I must thank you most heartily and sincerely and beg the great God to reward you with His richest blessing. (Applause.)

The following address from the lady of the Diocese of London was read by Mr. Thomas Coffey:—

May it please your Grace.—The very reverend and reverend clergy and the lady of your archdiocese have flocked about you on this great occasion to testify their admiration for yourself personally, as well as for the wise and fatherly manner in which the affairs of your jurisdiction have been administered. We come, too, your Grace, from the scene of your early episcopal labors to place before you sentiments of regard and to seek a reawakening of the friendships and attachments of the days gone by. As memory carries us back a quarter of a century, we well recollect the heroic struggles of our young bishop. The burden placed upon his shoulders was a heavy one, but it was borne uncomplainingly, and the divine fire of faith generated a purpose unconquerable—resolve that overcame all obstacles to its onward march. Your silver jubilee should, indeed, be a time of unalloyed joyfulness; for where can be found bliss in its crystal purity if not in the knowledge that you have been doing the work of our Redeemer and that you have all these years been in His holy keeping, guarded, protected, encouraged and strengthened by His all-powerful arm. He alone can adequately measure your faithful labors in London diocese Churches, hospitals, convents, schools and presbyteries are to be found on every hand, and our holy faith has therefore made, and is we are happy to say, still making a progress most consoling to our blessed Lord as well as to His faithful followers in this part of the Dominion of Canada. It is, indeed, pleasant for Catholics to witness this condition of affairs and it is but meet that fullest recognition should be made of the causes that have tended to bring about such gratifying results.

When called upon to assume greater responsibilities in another portion of Ontario the prayers and fondest wishes of your old flock followed you to Toronto, and most consoling to them is the knowledge that there, likewise, your mission has been blessed with every success the heart could desire, priests and people vying one with the other in the desire to second your efforts for the spread of our divine faith and becoming imbued with the holy spirit of unity and brotherly love, caused in large measure by your pulpit utterances, breathing, as they do, the true Christian spirit and the fatherly admonitions that take root in the heart and blossom into deeds of valor in the labor of lifting upward our common humanity and giving it the impress of the divine ideal set before us by our crucified Saviour.

Though in a sense separated from the people of London—from those amongst whom your days of vigorous manhood were spent—we assure you once again

that in their hearts will remain, as long as life is vouchsafed to them, the fondest recollections of the past and their fervent prayers will ever ascend to the Most High to grant you many years amongst the good people of Toronto, amongst whom you have performed already such noble work pertaining to your sacred calling. Hoping that you will from time to time remember your old flock in the west, but more particularly when offering up the holy sacrifice, and once again proclaiming our sincere attachment for your person and our heartfelt congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

We remain your Grace's most obedient servants, on behalf of the lady of the London diocese.

Wm. F. Harper, M. Masuret, John Forristal, D. Regan, John Garvey, John A. Keary, P. Mulken, S. J. Brown, Po-cock Bros., Jos. J. Cook, Jas. Wilson, Finley McNeil, H. Beaton, Thos. Coffey, J. B. Vinberg.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel said:—My lords, ladies and gentlemen, I was not aware that I would have this evening the honor of speaking on such an intelligent meeting of the Catholics of God, said to the Christians of his time, of the City of Toronto. I may say that, contrary to what his Grace has said, I am surprised at being asked to say anything, because I did not hope even to have the honor of speaking, nevertheless, I am very thankful to the honorable chairman of this meeting for his kind invitation, and I will use the words that come to my heart naturally on this occasion. St. Peter, the first who after our blessed Lord represented the Church of God, said to the Christian of his time, you are a chosen generation, a priestly kingdom, a holy nation, a purchased people, and I might well exclaim in the words of the first Pope, speaking to the Irish Catholics who are here this evening, "You are a chosen generation, a priestly kingdom, a holy nation, a purchased people." When Almighty God wished that the promises he had given to humanity should not be forgotten, he chose a people to himself, led them to the promised land, and there they were waiting for the fulfillment of these promises. They were taken away from another land to the land that God gave them that they might preserve the true worship of God and be a living witness to these promises. I say that the Irish nation is a chosen generation. They have been chosen that the people of the world should remember the promises of Jesus Christ to his church. They have not been kept in their own country, but, through Divine Providence, after passing through many trials, they have gone forth as disciples of light, and they have gone to the very limits of the earth to make known the Divine promises. They were a chosen generation for a great work, and they are doing that great work everywhere. They have been doing it in this part of our well-beloved country, they have been doing it in a noble, manly, Christian and in a Catholic manner in the City of Toronto. As Christians they glorify the priestly office. And so we may say of the Irish race, they are helping to increase the kingdom of Christ, and in order to do so, not only the bishops, not only the pastors of the people are inculcating the truths of Christianity, but every Irishman and Irishwoman is acting as a priest of Christ, making known the good things of the Gospel, and that charity which should inflame the heart of everyone who believes in Christ. If we can say of any nation that it is a holy nation, we must say so of the Irish race, and every one loves that country, which is called the island of the saints, which has given to the church some of her greatest saints, and to the world the best of its heroes.

Hon. John Carling expressed his appreciation of the kindness of the chairman of the committee for inviting him to be present to join in doing honor to his Grace. He could assure his Grace as a citizen of London that in that city they had always had the very greatest respect for him, a respect which was shared by all classes of the community, and when he came to Toronto he brought with him the very kindest wishes for prosperity in his career in this great city.

Mayor Fleming was loudly cheered as he arose to speak. He said that he was present for the purpose of joining with them in doing honor to his Grace the archbishop of Toronto. He was here for the purpose of showing the kindly feeling that existed between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics of Toronto, and he was glad to think that the day of bigotry in this city, as he hoped it had throughout the country, had gone past. He never could see any

reason why people should quarrel about the road they would take in going to heaven. He had the pleasure a few years ago of listening to his Grace preach a sermon. There was upon the occasion, in that sermon, that broad, catholic, Christian spirit that he had listened to before, and that any person would listen to with pleasure and admiration. He expressed the hope that his Grace would be long spared to reign over his flock in Ontario.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., delivered a brilliant speech, he was cheered again and again. His reference to the close friendship that had existed between His Grace Archbishop Walsh and the late lamented Father Dowd of Montreal, was graceful and touching, and in dealing with the significance of the gathering and the ceremonies of the Silver Jubilee he rose to a pitch of eloquence worthy of the occasion. The struggles and sufferings of the early martyrs, Lalemant and Brebeuf, were touched upon as typical of the labors and sacrifices of the missionaries of that age. As the country had developed, the pioneer missionary had different but not less arduous difficulties to overcome, but in a mixed community where differences of race, creed and language existed, so labors were more worthy of being traced in letters of gold upon history's page than those of a prelate who had successfully guided his flock had secured for them and himself the good will of all, had given evidence of being a true pastor, a successful administrator, a broad-minded statesman. If they saw representative men of every race and creed upon the platform, dignitaries of the State as well as of the Church, men from abroad as well as from every part of the Dominion it signified that His Grace had achieved the reputation of a peacemaker, the proudest title a man could win in our mixed community. His Grace had rendered great services to the Church, and services no less eminent to the State, Canada owed him a debt of gratitude. If they could meet in the city of Toronto to-day, as they were then meeting, it was the result of his conciliatory policy, which had broken down, they trusted, forever destroyed the ramparts of bigotry and fanaticism. Like others, His Grace was an instance of what the sons of Ireland could achieve with a fair field for their talents in the government of men. Away from their own country, beneath every flag as well as that of the Empire, Erin's sons had achieved fame. Soon, with God's blessing, they would enjoy the same opportunities in their own land. As citizens of their glorious and happy and free Canadian homes, they were grateful to Archbishop Walsh for his distinguished services, but he had never forgotten the land of his birth, had always sympathized with its cause, and they loved and admired him for the lustre he had shed upon the land of their forefathers, poor old Ireland, the dawn of whose triumph was near at hand.

Hon. Mr. Harcourt was greeted with applause. He began by expressing his indebtedness to the committee for honoring him with an invitation to be present as one of those who wished to do honor to the great dignitary of whom so many words of praise had been uttered. He said, with those others who had spoken in a similar strain, that it was a delightful thing in this Province of Ontario to find that there were occasions when Protestant and Catholic—when Frenchmen and Englishmen and Irishmen and Canadians could join hands together on one common platform to honor some particular individual. As a somewhat young Canadian, loving this Province of his birth, having pride in its past, satisfied with its present, hopeful of the future, he said that the greatest boon that could be given us in the future, the thing that would make for good always, would be the more frequent exhibition of these feelings of good-fellowship in matters of religion, and especially in matters of common citizenship. He wished, however, to say that he would be a strange individual if, having heard what he had heard, he did not congratulate his Grace upon the contents of the addresses which had been read. Any man of whom these sentiments could be uttered was a leader of men. He was doing good according to his particular views. His life was honorable, his example was elevating, and when he left the world it would be said of him that he left it a great deal better than he had found it. His Grace had climbed to his post of honor, and become a captain of soldiers, and he was glad to join in honoring him as a distinguished general of a great

army of religious subjects. He had succeeded as a private in the ranks, as a captain, and he had magnificently succeeded as a successful general. He congratulated his Grace upon having won the affection of his people, first of the diocese of London, secondly, for having taken by storm the hearts of his Catholic people in Toronto, and, lastly and chiefly, for having been the recipient of words of praise and honor and compliment from the representatives of the different religious creeds and of different nationalities. He expressed the hope that long years of happy, useful life might yet remain for him, and also that the people might long continue to have so gentle, so kindly, so able and so loving a leader.

Dr. Bergin told the audience he was a native of Toronto, and drew an interesting contrast between the position of the church forty or fifty years ago and its present noble proportions. He recalled the splendid work of some past great men of the diocese and the devotedness of their characters; such men as Bishop McDonald, Bishop Power, Bishop Charbonnel and the late deeply lamented Archbishop Lynch, and in eulogistic phrase referred to Archbishop Walsh as their fitting successor. He said he recognized it as a duty, as one of the representatives of the Catholics of Ontario, to be present on this occasion as well as a personal duty. He, too, referred to the administrative abilities of the Irish race, and, speaking of the home rule cause, declared that now that victory was dawning their slanderers would be obliged to bow before the legislative sagacity of the men they had reviled for so many years.

Col. Pope, the American consul, made a humorous reference to speeches he had recently been making in the States, and which had met with the ex-ecution of the Roman Catholic Church and its extraordinary success of electing the other fellow. He paid a high tribute to the archbishop, and spoke of the power of the Roman Catholic Church and its great influence.

Mr. Joseph Tait, M.P., was very felicitous. He was interrupted by the entry of the Lieutenant-Governor, who was greeted with cheers by the people and the national anthem by the band. We regret to have to hold over the report of Mr. Tait's address to C. W. R.

Hon. Mr. Hardy, who came in with the Lieutenant-Governor, was warmly greeted as he arose to speak. He had not, he said, come prepared to speak, but simply as a humble spectator, to join in honoring his Grace. He expressed his cordial acquiescence in the eloquent remarks which had been made regarding the archbishop by previous speakers, and made a highly complimentary reference to the bishop of Hamilton, who hailed from the county which he had the honor of representing in the Legislature, and who was a very warm friend of his own. He had not the honor of an intimate acquaintance with his Grace Archbishop Walsh, but he knew enough of him as a public character to be able to say that when his late lamented predecessor passed away in the fullness and ripeness of his life, public opinion very readily selected as his successor a former parish priest of this city, where he had worked in the earlier days of the church, and who had done good work as a bishop in the western part of this Province. Public opinion almost unanimously pointed to him as his legitimate and proper successor, and he believed that there never had been an appointment in any church recognized as more fitting and proper than that which called him to the archepiscopate of Toronto.

Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick said it gave him great pleasure to add his voice to the chorus of congratulations to Archbishop Walsh. He was known not only in the Diocese of Toronto, but throughout the whole Province, and revered and admired by all people. His Honor expressed the hope that he would live to see his golden jubilee. The celebration of these jubilees was pleasant, for, though they marked the flight of time, and meant recall the memories of comrades and colleagues who had fallen, they told of struggles passed through and victories won, and were an encouragement to those who were working for religion and all that is right.

Dr. J. J. Cassidy, translating the Latin inscription upon one of the banners, "Behold the great priest, who has pleased God," said that the keynote of all the speeches had been the man who had pleased God they were honoring to-night.

The proceedings closed with "God Save the Queen."



## Local.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorous seen plainest when all around is dark.

What is backbiting? Some persons appear to think that it is not a sin. So long as what they say of their neighbor is true, no matter how detrimental it may be to his reputation, they have no hesitation in telling it. They disclose his private faults; his generally unknown transgressions, his secret offences, and because what they say is true, they imagine themselves guiltless. They violate charity to their neighbor, which is next to the greatest of all commandments. They are a pest,—these gossipers—who make a practice of talking injuriously of persons.

### The Late Superior of the Oblates.

On Thursday, the 3rd inst., a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the chapel of the University of Ottawa by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. J. Fabre, Superior General of the Order of Mary Immaculate, who died in Paris a few days ago. During his administration, which began in 1861, at the death of the Founder, Rt. Rev. E. J. DeMazened, Bishop of Marseilles, the Order of the Oblate Fathers has made wonderful progress in all parts of the world. Besides the important works carried on by these Missionaries in France, Germany, England, Ireland, the United States and Canada, they also evangelize the great Northwest Territories and British Columbia, the English Colonies, Transvaal and the Republic of Orange, in South Africa, and in Asia about one hundred members of the order are engaged in spreading the teachings of the Gospel. The election of the new Superior General will take place next spring.

### Barrie.

On Sunday, the 30th Oct., the ceremony of blessing a handsome bell, procured from Meneely & Co., Troy, N. Y., to be placed in the tower of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, Barrie, was performed by the Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., Toronto, in the unavoidable absence of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. Owing to the indefatigable zeal of the Very Rev. Dean Bergin, assisted by the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, this long felt want has now been accomplished. After the blessing of the bell High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Dean Bergin. The musical talent of the choir was no less wanting on this, as on other occasions, under the able and efficient leadership of Professor T. F. O'Mara. Father McCann then preached a very eloquent and impressive sermon to a large congregation, among whom were many of our separated brethren. The Rev. Father took as his text: "I am the voice of one crying out prepare ye the way of the Lord" (John iv. 23). It is in the Holy Scripture, it is a fact, that God has spoken to us in many and various ways. A thousand voices in creation bear testimony to Him. The heavens and the earth, the Scriptures say, show forth the glory of God. The mighty orbs that move above us obedient to His command proclaim His wisdom; the voice of the thunder as it rolls from pole to pole tells us of His almighty power; the boundless ocean declares immensity; while the charms of many a varied landscape recalls to mind the beauty of Him who is ever ancient and ever new. The universe is a vast temple in which the voice of all creatures blend in a grand chorus of praise to the great Creator. Outside of all these voices there is another which religion has created, and which in power and harmony of expression speaks to us of God, it is the voice of the Catholic bell; that is, of the bell blessed and dedicated to the service of God. The Church blesses the bell, as she blesses whatever is used in her public worship. She means by this act to separate it from common things and consecrate it to religious purposes. After explaining the significance of the various ceremonies and prayers used in the blessing of the bell, the preacher concluded by saying that the sound of the bell has a thousand secret relations with man; it awakens a thousand pleasing sentiments in the soul; sentiments all the more exquisite as a vague recollection of heaven is always blended with them. On our festivals the lively peals of our bells seems to heighten the public joy, while in great calamities their voice becomes truly awful. From the cradle to the tomb it mingles with the great emotions of human life, recalling our obligations, assuaging our sorrows, and consecrating our joys. As the lute of the shepherd boy of Israel calmed the wild waves of passion that, at times, swayed the troubled soul of King Saul, so the blessed music of our Catholic bell soothes many an anxious mind, pours the sweet balm of heavenly consolation into sorrowing hearts, and fills many a weary soul with the peace and sunshine of a brighter sphere. How sweet and holy the thought suggested by the Angelus bell, bringing to our mind the angel messenger speeding from the courts of heaven to earth and saluting the Virgin Mary; the Incarnation of the Son of God and the story of His sacred life amongst men. From great cathedral tower, from the modest belfry of some village church, from the convent school and hospital the blessed notes of the angelical salutation float out on the

breeze of heaven. Three times each day—at early morn, as the sun gilds the eastern sky, a second time when he has reached his meridian splendor, again at eventide when he sinks to rest amidst a halo of glory, the angelus bell is the signal for prayers. The bell is a preacher speaking from a lofty pulpit, making its voice heard above the din and turmoil of everyday life, and telling men that time is precious and heaven the goal; crying out: "Prepara ye the way of the Lord." Such will be the office of this bell blessed to-day under the invocation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Voice of the Sacred Heart go forth on your mission; tell men of the infinite love of the Divine Saviour, of His ardent desire for the salvation of all; tell them of the Immaculate Heart of Mary ever interceding for them with her Divine Son, that the hearts of all may be inflamed with the fire of divine charity. Startle the indifferent; break upon the ear of the sinner as the sound of the last trumpet, arousing him from the sleep of sin to repentance and the life of grace. Summon the people to morning sacrifice and vesper prayer. Be a protection against danger and a shield against the invisible foe; banish hatred and strife, be a joy to the sad, and a comfort to the afflicted, a voice of sweetest melody and praise in every heart; whisper of heaven to faith. May you, my dear brethren, ever listen to this voice as a message from the throne of grace, and may its holy influence unite you with the Sacred Heart of Jesus in time and eternity.

The following address which was to have been read to His Grace was forwarded to Toronto.

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.

The Members of the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Barrie, desire to express to your Grace their sincere appreciation of your kindness in this official visit to the Deanery of your diocese, and to extend to you a cordial welcome.

It is a source of extreme gratification to us to be honored with the presence of your Grace to dedicate the handsome Bell we are about to place in the Tower of this Church, thus to remind us, when rung, of our duties to our God and Saviour.

It is also a source of joy to us that it has pleased Almighty God to spare our so eminent as your Grace to attain the twenty-fifth year of your Episcopacy, and it is the fervent prayer of this congregation that you may long be spared to fill the sacred duties of your exalted office. The limits of an address will not permit us to outline your zealous labors and sacrifices in behalf of the Catholic people of this and other dioceses which it has pleased Almighty God to place you over. The fruits of your administration are manifest by the numerous Churches, Convents, and seats of learning which have been erected by your zeal during your incumbency and under your patronage.

It also affords us much pleasure to announce to your Grace that many much-needed improvements have been made both in and outside of this Church through the zeal and energy of our beloved and respected Pastor, "Very Rev. Dean Bergin," and we hope in the near future, with the Divine assistance, to be able to enlarge this sacred edifice.

In conclusion permit us to express the hope that you may long be spared to discharge the sacred duties of your exalted office in the vineyard of our Lord. We bow down in humble submission, and ask your Grace's blessing on ourselves and families.

Signed on behalf of the Members of the Congregation of the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Barrie, this 30th day of October, 1922,

Sgd.	P. KEARNS,	JOHN OLIVIER,
	E. SAVIGNEY,	M. MALONEY,
	WM. MOORE,	JAS. MALONEY,
	JOHN QUINLAND,	D. QUINLAND,
	M. SHEANACT,	D. KINGSLEY,
	J. DIVINE,	M. J. HAMILIN,
	E. BLAIN,	JOHN ROGERS,
	JAS. McBRIDE,	MICHAEL MOORE,
	ALEX. MCCARTHY,	A. W. BEARDSLEY,
	Chairman.	Secretary.

### THE PROTESTANT CONVERTS IN UGANDA.

We have abstained from saying anything about the character of the natives in Uganda whom the Protestant missionaries have converted but we confess we are surprised to see their champion, Captain Lugard, speaking so plainly on the subject. His opinion is all the more noticeable as it is evident that the hero of the islands does not intend to say anything derogatory of his proteges. In a letter to the *Times*, Captain Lugard observes that if the English evacuate the country the "Protestant political faction," as he calls them, must either leave the country, or remain behind; and that if they are left, "they must fight and kill the natives of the country in which they propose to settle." Why "must" we should like to know? Or, if they remained in Uganda they would be compelled to unite with the Mahomedans, and these two factions "would immediately prepare to exterminate the Catholics." Nice converts, truly. "Finally," adds Captain Lugard, "it is absolutely certain that they (the Protestants) would quarrel among themselves"; and with this agrees the "touching appeal," as the Church Missionary Society calls it, of the converts themselves: "Our friends, we tell you the truth, we shall undoubtedly, in the case of the company withdrawing, fight amongst ourselves." Could Captain Lugard say of the Catholic natives that they would fight amongst themselves, carrying fire and sword into neighboring territories in order to seize land, or unite with Mahomedans to exterminate the Protestants? It seems tolerably plain that if the British Government determine to administer Uganda, as we hope they will, the only natives likely to give trouble are the converts of the Church Mission Society.—*Catholic Times*.

## THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

With the passing away of the older generation of whom Gladstone is the only great one left, we are losing memory more and more easily of the surroundings of their youth. When the late Lord Beaconsfield was still the unknown author of Vivian Gray, or known at most as the promising son of a man highly respected in literary circles, father and son were both regular visitors at the house of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington. N. P. Willis, then a young American of literary ambition, also obtained entrance to the charmed circle, and in a letter to his paper thus described him who afterwards led the Conservatives of England whither he listed. "D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a consumptive. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying in-wait sort of expression conceivable. . . . His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet black ringlets folds over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

"With thy incomparable oil, Macassar."

It may be as well before speaking of Lady Blessington's history to let this same observer describe the personal appearance of the lady then in the highest glory of her career, around whose board were to be met the choicest spirits of that remarkable period.

"The portrait of Lady Blessington in the Book of Beauty is not unlike her, but is still an unfavorable likeness. She still looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but possesses all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper for which a cinderella might long be sought in vain. . . . Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a fullness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good humor. Add to this a voice merry and sad by turns but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance yet more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen." A vast contrast this to the flat, tasteless face of Madame de Sevigny, or the very plain countenance, to say the least, of Madame de Stael; and then Napoleon's "grand pied de Stael." Madame Roland was little and flat-nosed, if we can judge from the pictures still to be seen, but there is so much spirit in her great eyes, eyes that must have flashed even as she ascended the guillotine, that most of us are glad she was not beautiful.

Edmund Power, the father of Marguerite, afterwards Countess of Blessington, was a man of uncontrollable temper. Trusting to promises of political preferment, he accepted an unremunerative post as magistrate and, as his pecuniary position became worse, placed no checks upon his morose humours, but became, during the uprising of 1798, a determined and vindictive rebel hunter, going so far upon one occasion as to shoot down an inoffensive young peasant, the only son of a widow. For this deed he was arraigned upon a charge of murder, but discharged. In their youth all the members of his family, with the sole exception of Marguerite, were healthy and endowed with more than the general share of beauty. She herself, so celebrated afterwards for her charms of person, was in childhood plain featured and delicate. A mental precocity which seems to have been remarkable, drew from her parents no particular notice other than occasional ridicule, and this served to make her existence the more miserable. An elderly lady of greater discernment, however, saw signs of promise in the abstracted mind, and undertook the education of the child. When about twelve she had so far advanced in mental attainments and so much improved in physical perfections that she was made the chief attraction for visitors to her father's house. At that time a regiment was stationed at Cashel, the officers of which were frequently entertained by Mr. Power. When Marguerite was fourteen, one of these for whom she had nothing but abhorrence, a Captain Farmer, obtained her father's consent to a marriage. Mr. Power consulted only the desperate condition of his exchequer and disregarded as childish the very natural objections of his daughter, who had received a similar proposition in person from another captain in the same regiment. Nothing availed, and the child of fourteen was forced into what had to be a life contract for which she would have no feelings but those of the deepest repugnance. The natural result followed. Separation was almost immediate. Captain Farmer was sent to other posts, and finally lost his commission. Mrs. Farmer remained with her mother and other relatives and eventually removed to London. The marriage was in 1804. In 1817 Captain Farmer who was being entertained by some friends in a barrack room, after some drunken argument, fell from a window and was killed. A few months afterward Mrs. Farmer was married to the Earl of Blessington.

Blessington was still a young man, and there is no doubt that so long as he lived was most affectionately regarded by the Countess. But in marrying him it must be said she deliberately intensified her former misfortune. Though young, he had already run the full gamut

of fashionable dissipation and was sur- od. His only pleasures left were in the cultivation of the society of brilliant and promising men, and in the incurring of lavish and unwarranted expenditures in the furnishing of his household. It may be the Countess thought that the exalted station she then assumed was sufficient to satisfy the desire of any woman. Like Jane Welsh, she married for ambition, and like her, no doubt, lived to see the folly of it. Mrs. Carlyle lived to see the fame of her husband acknowledged, and to find herself by him almost forgotten. Lady Blessington afterwards met perhaps the only man who inspired in her a due amount of affection, and was unable to marry him.

This person was Alfred Count D'Orsay, the son of a French general and a man of great and varied talent. He set the taste in all manner of fashions, was a prominent contributor to magazines and literature in general, executed some paintings and groups of statuary which are masterpieces in their way, was a conversationist of extraordinary felicity, and the trusted friend of men great in letters and in the art of government. He aided Prince Louis Napoleon in his designs upon the throne of the French, and was repaid by ingratitude. His portraits of Byron and Wellington and his statuette of Napoleon I. were, and perhaps are, considered the best representations of those persons. He met Lady Blessington about the time she made the acquaintance of Byron in Italy. Byron and he agreed famously. Lord Blessington was fascinated by the brilliant young fellow, and in 1827 married him to a mere child, his Lordship's daughter. Then in 1829, after having ruined his estate, Lord Blessington died. D'Orsay's marriage was but a circumstance. There were no sympathies between him and his wife, and they separated. Thereafter his name may be seen in every letter of Lady Blessington's, whether addressed by or to her. Of these three Lady Blessington died first. D'Orsay's picture may be seen in the famous drawing by Maclise, known as "The Fraserians." Coleridge, Carlyle, Lockhart, Galt, Maginn, Southey, Barry Cornwall, Thackeray, and the rest are there. No mean company for this "curled darling."

Gore House, wherein Lady Blessington held most of her famous soirees and in which she lived until Count D'Orsay had been driven off to Paris to avoid his creditors, was a place of much previous and subsequent interest. One of its proprietors was a miserly person who took no pleasure save in the contemplation of his wealth, and grudged that portion of it necessary to the maintenance of the splendid house. After him came Wilberforce, the patient, gentle apostle against the slave trade. To him the glorious gardens were enough to banish all thought of busy, roaring London, and he reposed as quietly under the shade of its trees as though he were an hundred miles removed into the country. Then came "the gorgeous Lady Blessington," and after her forced sale a gentleman of the name of Soyer, an epicure whose name lives upon grocery shelves the world over, giving name and fame to an excellent gravy colouring and relish. The expenses of Gore House were double the income of Lady Blessington. She strove right royally to make the rest in the pursuit of literature, but failed, and lived but a few weeks after the final break up of her home. Thackeray was at the sale and, according to the French valet of Lady Blessington, was the only one who seemed affected thereby. Tears, we may be sure, were in his eyes, and when he got home his feelings found vent in a burst of tender-hearted cynicism never to be met with in any other than the great showman of Vanity Fair. Lady Blessington died in June, 1849. Count D'Orsay became guardian of the remains, and Walter Savage Landor, who had written for her publications some of his most enchanting "Conversations," wrote an epitaph, of which the following is a translation:

"Underneath is buried all that could be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal—her talents not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last on the 4th of June, 1849." J.C.W.

## FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

The month of the Holy Souls, says the *Insaru*, should be indeed dear to Rosarians with the mighty power which they possess of lessening the pain of Christ's suffering members in that prison of purification—purgatory. There is no devotion more richly endowed with indulgences than the beads, and there is no association which so richly augments the treasures of its members as the Confraternity of the Rosary. And these indulgences, truly countless, are all applicable to the Holy Souls. November, consecrated as it is to the dead, is a sorrowful month to the living, for death casts a shadow even when it passes only in thought. But sad though November is to the militant Church, it is a month of joy to the Church suffering.

No more bald Heads. No more Gray Hairs. Capiline is indisputably the most excellent and agreeable preparation ever offered for preventing the falling of the hair and for restoring it to its natural color and beauty.

## Our Story.

Such resolutions are, as a general rule, more easily made than kept, but Philip managed to keep this with tolerable success. His life was indeed too full of occupation and pleasure to admit of much thought on matters that did not immediately enter into it. In the course of a few days he had almost forgotten the Percival matter; or, at least, it lay in abeyance in his mind, as so many things do that we fancy forgotten, until some day they startle us by waking to vivid life.

A considerable length of time elapsed, however, before the touch came that was destined to waken this. The gay season was at its height, and Philip was not again guilty of neglecting such degree of attendance as Miss Irving held to be due on his part. It was not very much, but enough to show the world his rightful place. That was all the young lady desired. Anything more might have indicated that she was bound in some degree, whereas she only wished it to be understood that Philip was at her service and disposal.

To this Philip on his own part had no objection. He entertained no doubt the idea that he would some day marry Constance, and, if the prospect did not fill him with rapture, it was not in the least disagreeable. If she had wished more devoted attention, he would have felt bound to offer it; but his quickness of apprehension told him exactly what she did want, and he was somewhat relieved that it was no more. It left him free, and he did not wish to be bound just yet.

### IV.

So the weeks rolled by; the season drew near its end as Lent approached, and Philip would have said that he had forgotten the Percivals, when a slight incident occurred which had a very different influence in reviving the recollection. It chanced one evening, at a social gathering, that he was asked to sing and complied with the request. The song selected was "*Les Rameaux*," and he sang it in a clear, mellow voice, which left little to be desired in the way of natural quality, and was fairly well cultivated. When he turned from the piano a lady of great musical taste, whom he knew very well, and who chanced to be also a Catholic, beckoned him to her.

"You have an excellent voice," she said, as he sat down beside her. "What do you mean by making no use of it?"

Philip raised his eyebrows. "What use should I make of it?" he inquired. "Do you think I ought to join an opera troop? I am afraid it is not good enough for that."

"Hardly, perhaps," she said; "though I have heard voices on the stage that were no better. But I was thinking of something else. Do you know that we need good voices very much in the Cathedral choir?"

"Well, yes," he answered, smiling; "I may say that I am aware of it. I generally go there on Sunday."

"And you have never thought of helping us to better things—you with such a voice?"

"No," he said honestly; "I never thought of it; but if I had, what then? You would not expect me to go to the director and say, 'Your choir is very bad; I offer my voice to improve it.'"

"The director would have been much obliged if you had done so. He bewails in touching terms his inability to render good music as it should be rendered. He will welcome you—I think he will embrace you—when he hears you sing. You must go to him."

"My dear Mrs. King!"—Philip was a little dismayed—"I should like very much, of course, to assist, but I have really no time; and to be bound to attendance in a choir—I fear that it is quite impossible."

"Why impossible?" asked Mrs. King, looking at him with bright, keen eyes. "What have you to do that would make attendance in a choir difficult to you? Oh, how indifferent people are!" she added, as if thinking aloud. "What a great privilege it is to take part in offering the solemn worship of the Church to God! Yet here is a young man, with nothing in the world to do, who says he has not time for it."

Philip flushed. "Are you quite sure I have nothing in the world to do?" he asked.

She made a little gesture of indifference.

"You have a few things, I presume," she said; "but nothing that could interfere with this. Oh! I know your life, and that of others like you. You have time for every amusement, every demand of pleasure and business, but none for anything relating to the service of God. Well, it is an old story; but I thought you might be willing to give such a little thing as your voice now and then. It seems I was mistaken, so we will say no more about it."

"No," said Philip—who had a conscience which sometimes stung him a little—"you were not mistaken. When you put it in that light, I can only say that my voice is at your service. But you really must not expect me to go and offer it to the director, especially since there is danger of his embracing me."

"Oh!" she said, smiling. "I will see him, and arrange the matter. He and I work and groan over the music together. But we have secured a fine soprano lately, and now with your voice I feel encouraged. Come to my house the first evening that you are disengaged,

and we will try some music. I do not think you will regret your decision."

It is generally rash to indulge in prophecy, but Mrs. King proved to be right in saying that Philip would not regret his decision. He had a real love for music, and was soon deeply interested in the great harmonies placed before him. The director of the Cathedral choir chanced to be not only an accomplished musician, but one whose taste and knowledge had been formed in the best schools. Words were hardly strong enough to express his contempt and disgust for the operatic order of music, which is unfortunately so common in Catholic churches. And yet he did not go to the other extreme, and demand only Gregorian tones. He recognized that between these two lies the world of majestic harmony, that has taken its inspiration from the solemn tone of the Church's chant, yet lends to it the grace and variety of figured music, and of which Palestrina is the supreme master.

But a surprise that was altogether apart from the music, awaited Philip on the first Sunday that he made his appearance in the choir-loft of the Cathedral. Among the eyes turned curiously toward him was one pair, that sent something between a thrill and a shock through him.—a pair of "unfortunate dark lustrous Spanish eyes. "Ah!" he said to himself, "Miss Percival!" He did not know whether he was glad or sorry to see her again, to have the question which he could not solve re-opened, and to ask himself vainly once more whose had been the fault in that past transaction. He found now that he had not forgotten it at all; his interest had only been laid aside, as it were; and one glance from the eyes, which did not wander toward him again, had been sufficient to revive it. He had some thoughts to spare for the present, however. He wondered a little if Miss Percival, like himself, was a new-comer in the choir, and felt tolerably certain that she must be. Surely none of the indifferent voices to which he was accustomed to listen had been hers. "She does not look like a person who would undertake to do a thing unless she could do it well," he said, mentally, with a glance at the face, which was not less notable in its lines than he remembered it to be.

He felt justified in the accuracy of his judgment when the music began. Never before had the clear soprano, which rose above all the other tones, sounded through the arches of the roof that now echoed its cadences. Philip, who had not much to sing on this his first appearance, held his breath to listen to those soaring notes, so thrilling in their sweetness, so crystalline in their purity. "She sings like a seraph!" was his thought; for what power was there in the tones that seemed to carry the soul upward in adoration? It is a power which the finest voices more often lack than possess, since the possessors of fine voices are usually thinking rather of themselves than of what they sing; but one hears it now and then, especially among religious. And hearing it once, it is easy to realize how music may become truly the handmaid of religion, lifting the soul on wings of divine harmony to the very gates of Paradise.

As he listened, Philip found himself looking toward the distant altar with a new sense of devotion; a spark of living fire seemed to touch his tepid feelings, his indifferent heart. When, after the Elevation, this voice rose alone through the hushed silence, in the exquisite solo of the *Benedictus* (*Messe Solennelle*), it seemed like a call to worship which no soul could disregard. "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," sang the silvery tones, and they helped one heart at least to realize with quickening force Who had come in the Name of the Lord on that altar, before which the priest stood so silently, and around which the acolytes with their shining tapers knelt like sculptured figures.

### V.

When Mass was over, Philip encountered Mrs. King at the door of the church, and she at once took possession of him. "One did not hear much of you," she said; "but is not the new soprano a great success? I had no idea how beautiful her voice was until I heard it to-day."

"It is very beautiful," said Philip. "And there is a quality in it I never heard before—a silver purity that makes one fancy what the voices of angels may be. One did not think that one was listening to an opera to-day."

"No," said Mrs. King, with a smile. "There is no operatic suggestion in Alice Percival's voice or style. She sings like one of the *Loy soprani* who have been trained to the service of the Sanctuary—so devoutly, so simply, and with such an utter lack of self-consciousness."

"She brought to my mind," said Philip, "the description of a voice which I saw the other day in a French novel, '*les sons donnaient la sensation d'une musique trop ideale pour etre humaine: on eut dit une ame qui chantoit*.'"

"The sounds were those of music too ideal to be human; it might be said it was the soul that sang."

"That is very pretty," said Mrs. King. "And the secret of the whole thing is, that it was a soul that sang. With most people it is only a voice. But her soul has a part in all that Alice Percival does."

"You know her, then—personally?"

"Oh! yes, very well. She is as charming as her voice, and quite original, too—altogether a girl in a thousand."

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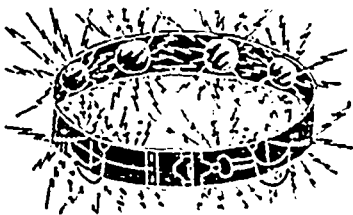
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**TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.** During the month of November, 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Dor.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.45	7.15	10.20
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.00	8.10	9.10
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.10
P. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.55
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
	12.00	9.00	2.00	7.30
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
	10.00			
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
			4.00	10.30
	10.00			
U. S. West States	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20
	12.00			

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for November: 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19, 21, 24, 28. 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.

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