Weekly Refrospect.

It may seem very much like sounding our trumpet, when we speak of the necessity of a Catholic paper in our households to promulgate Catholic ideas. Some of our people claim they get all the Catholic news in the daily papers. They may get Catholic news, but is it always reliable? A strange mixture it is, of truth and fiction and very often flights of imagination on the part of reporters too. Only recent ly a report in one of Toronto's dailies of a sermon by our Venerable Archbishop had to be contradicted. If all Catholics would patronize their representative papers, they would know what is going on in the Catholic world, as well as, what is happening nearer home. Again we must have a Catholic voice that can be heard in these days, when unecrupulous people are doing their best to hound everything pertaining to Catholicism. We beg our Catholic friends to do all in their power to assist us, we on our part will do all in ours to give the readers the best Catholic opinions on all current subjects.

Another rather serious question for our young people is the want of a greater diffusion of Oatholic literature. Remarks are often passed among Catholics, "we really have no good Catholic writers," the fact of the matter is, we have many good Catholic authors of whom we may be justly proud, but who are not known to the fashionable world, which revels in such literature as Rider Haggard, or the Duchess has produced. In our next issue we will have another of Maurice Egan's interesting "Chat about Books," which is confined to **Catholic authors.** What a lonely world it would be if it were not for books, they are our friends, some we love more than others, and some we feel utterly indifferent to, while others, if we knew, we would almost hate them. Macauley once said, and it would bear repeating here, "I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

We saw the following beautiful words quoted recently: "In each of us lurks some vein of true genius. Though sometimes so slight that, in the gloom of unappreciation, or in the glory of a greater light it is not seen the golden thread is sure to be thera."

The death has been announced of the American novelist, Miss Constance Fenimoro Woolson, at Venice, Italy Miss Woolson wroto several stories for Harper's Mont'dy, among them were "Anne" and "Jupiter Lights," the latter would be enjoyed by anyone who was familiar with Mackinac and the surrounding islands. She was a grand-nice of James Fenimore Cooper, whose romances are still enjoyed.

Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," when he was asked recently to write a "New Year's Message" for an American periodical, refused quite curtly saying that, "as all the maga zines had refused his story 'Perlycross,' he did not feel inclined to duck his head to Americans."

In a recent number of Harper's Bazar, the following pretty costume is described : "Navy blue cloth and black moire combined make a very stylish costume. The corsage has large revers of black moire slightly draped at the top, and bordered with fur. A collar and plastron are striped with fancy galloon. A small pelerine of moire edged with fur crosses the back. Large drooping sleeves of cloth have cuffs of moiro banded with fur. A round belt of satin ends in a small bow on the left. A long outskirt is trimmed with three rows of galloon and is draped by a band ornamented with galloon and fur. An underskirt of pleated black moire is disclosed on the left side. A small tocque edged with fur has a miniature head of the animal, and is trimmed with green faille and a bunch of violets falling on the hair.

The Last Rites on the Street.

A very unusal and dramatic scene was witnessed at Eighty-fourth street and Third avenue, New York, one Sunday afternoon. An old man dying in a bootblack's chair surrounded by scores of curious people. Bending over him was a tall man wearing the stole of the Roman Catholic church, administering the last rites.

The dying man was Thomas Judge, an old fireman, who for many years was captain of Engine No. 15 He had been residing with his daughter in East Eighty-second street near Second aveuue, and for months he had been a daily visitor at the house of Eugine No. 22, in East Eighty-fifth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, where he spent the time in talking over fire matters with Captain Connahan and the men. Mr. Judge, as usual, visited the engine house on Sunday, and while returning home, shortly after 1 p. m., was striken with apoplexy. Several men placed him in a bootblack's chair. Policeman John Smith, of the East Eighty-eighth street station, telegraphed to Police Headquarters to send word to the Presbyterian Hospital to send an ambulance. This took time, and as the old man seemed to be dying the crowd grew angry. Word was sent to Father McKinnon, of St. Lawrence's church in Eighty fourth street and Park avenue, who, donning his stole, hurried to the dying man's side, where headministered the rites of the church.

By this time the crowd around the dying man had increased ten-fold. The stairs and platform of the elevated railway station were lined with people. Finally Captain Conrahan sent a call for an ambulance frem a fire-alarm box. This ambulance is only sent out when ambulances are needed at fires. In less than five minutes an ambulance from the Presbyterian Hospital arrived. But the old man died shortly after he reached the hospital.



