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Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I. Toronto, Saturday, July 2, 1887. No. 20.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

It is reported the German Government is trying to influence the Vatican to become reconciled with Italy without territorial accession.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops was held at Maynooth College on the 23rd, Archbishop Walsh presiding. A resolution was passed again denouncing the Crimes bill now before Parliament.

The *Italia*, of Rome, states that the Pope has asked Mgr. Rapolla to prepare a circular instructing Nuncios abroad concerning his attitude on the conciliation question. In it he will declare that he will not renounce his right to temporal power in Rome.

Mr. Justin McCarthy writes that there is not the slightest truth in any report about Mr. Parnell retiring from political life. The Nationalists have never talked or even thought of electing another leader, and all hope soon to see Mr. Parnell restored to perfect health.

In connection with the late Jubilee many English peers and Catholics of lesser rank refused to be present at the desecration of Westminster Abbey by Protestant services. They assisted at the Catholic ceremonial in the pro-Cathedral, where Cardinal Manning and the Pope's envoy had the places of honour.

Mgr. Rotelli, presenting his credentials to President Grévy as Papal Nuncio, referred to the Pope's affection for France as the eldest daughter of the Church and as a noble and generous nation, and said that the Pope desired that a perfect understanding be maintained, which would form a safeguard to their common interests. The President

thanked the Nuncio for the friendly sentiment he had expressed, and said that the Vatican could rely upon the cordial co-operation of the French Government in consolidating the present good relations between them.

Sir George Trevelyan publishes a letter in controversion of the statements recently made by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and other Liberal Unionists, that the only obstacle to a reunion in the Liberal ranks was the refusal of the Gladstonians to make any concessions in their Irish programme. The Gladstonians have, says Sir George, made concessions in all disputed points, and therefore interpose no obstacle to the reunion of the party. "The Liberal Unionists," he concludes, "will be unable to destroy the Liberals, but a union of the Liberal party would serve to moderate its policy."

Mrs. Persico and Gualdi are announced to have left Rome for Ireland, on Tuesday, with instructions to make personal observation of and prepare a report on the political and social condition of the Irish people. It is stated that the Pope was induced to send a Papal mission to Ireland by the insistence on the part of certain English bishops, clergymen, and laymen, that the reports of the Irish bishops on the condition of Ireland were exaggerated, and that wishing to get at the exact truth, the Pope decided to send unbiassed agents of his own to make an investigation. A number of improbable stories have been set afoot respecting the mission. One that the Pope had postponed the mission because of the representations made by Cardinal Manning and Archbishop Walsh, has been promptly contradicted by the latter prelate. He has offered no opposition to the proposal. A cablegram from the Rev. Francis Steffens in Rome to an American Catholic paper states that the mission has no political significance and that the two prelates will confer with the Irish bishops on purely ecclesiastical affairs only.

Cardinal Manning has written, to *The Times* protesting against the circulation of the statement from Rome that the Irish mission of Mgr. Persico and Mgr. Gualdi had been revoked at the instance of Cardinal Manning and Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and branding the latter two as the active promoters of Separatists' intrigues. The Cardinal says: "I gladly unite myself with Archbishop Walsh. He is but slightly known in England, except in the descriptions of those who are fanning the flames of animosity between England and Ireland. I am known in England both to Ministers of the Crown and to the leaders of the Opposition, and I leave it to them, who well know my mind, to answer for me, and I, who know the mind of Archbishop Walsh, will answer for him. We are neither intriguers nor Separatists." In conclusion the Cardinal says:—"I hold that resentment is sometimes a duty, and this is such a time when your words touch our highest responsibility and inflame more and more the heated condition between two people whom justice and truth would still bind in peace and unity. I ask you, sir, as an act of justice to give this as prominent a place in *The Times* as you have given to the unhappy imputations."



The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

(Conclusion.)

The Bishop and his party landed at Liverpool on the 1st August, 1839. Soon after his arrival the Bishop went to London, where he communicated personally with the Colonial Office regarding his plan of emigration and other matters. He also visited the Highlands of Scotland, and in October of the same year passed over to Ireland, intending to be present at a great dinner given to the Catholic Prelates in the City of Cork; but a dense fog in the Clyde and adverse winds prevented him from arriving in time for the festival. Nevertheless he visited the Bishops, and being unable to obtain, in the west of Ireland, any other conveyance than a jaunting car, he was exposed, during the entire day, to one of the drizzling rains so common in that region. This exposure brought on inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by a severe cough; and although he placed himself under the care of the President of Carlow College, and afterwards with the Jesuits at Clongowes Wood, and received much benefit and every attention, he still continued so indisposed on arriving at Dublin as to be obliged to keep his bed for nearly a fortnight. From Dublin he went to visit the Earl of Gosford, at his mansion Gosford Castle, near Market Hill, Armagh; where, under the roof of that kind-hearted nobleman, he appeared to have recovered entirely. The Earl of Gosford, it may be mentioned incidentally, was Governor General of Canada from 1835 to 1838, and immediately preceded the Earl of Durham. Lord Gosford's return from Canada was signalized by a curious episode, which some of our readers may remember: The Pique frigate in which he had embarked lost its rudder in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was steered across the Atlantic by a gun carriage, rigged for that purpose. After remaining a short time at Armagh with the Catholic Primate, the Bishop resolved to return to England, being anxious to prosecute his negotiations with the Government and Parliament. On his way to London he arrived at Dumfries, in Scotland, on the 11th January, 1840, and stopped with his old friend and college companion, the Rev. Mr. Reid, then pastor of Dumfries. The Bishop appeared in good health, and celebrated mass next day; he passed the evening of the 13th in conversation with a few friends, and retired about 12 o'clock. About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 14th, he called up his faithful attendant, Mr. Hugh McPhee, complained of being cold, and requested him to make a fire, and give him some articles of clothing. Suspecting there was something wrong, Mr. McPhee asked the Bishop if he was unwell; receiving no answer he became alarmed, and called up the Rev. Mr. Reid, who administered to the dying prelate the last rites of the Church. After receiving the final benediction, the Bishop expired without a struggle.

His remains were buried in Dumfries, and subsequently removed to St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, of which institution the Rev. Dr. Dawson, now of Ottawa, was the first chaplain, from 1842 to 1846. On the arrival at Kingston of the melancholy intelligence, a solemn requiem mass was sung by Bishop Gaulin, who took formal possession of the See on Passion Sunday, 1840. The funeral oration on the deceased prelate was pronounced from the text, "*Beati mortui*," &c., by the Bishop's old friend and Vicar General, Mr. W. P. Macdonald. The requiem was attended by all the clergy of the diocese, which comprised the entire Province of Canada West. Several priests from abroad also assisted, among whom was the Rev. D. W. Bacon, parish priest of Ogdensburg, fellow student with the writer at Montreal College in 1830, and in 1855 first Bishop of Portland, in the State of Maine. The Bishop's knell was tolled on the historic bell of St. Joseph's, by the

veteran, Thomas Cuddihy, who had been bell-ringer and grave-digger from time immemorial, and whose frame, bent by constant and honourable toil, had assumed very nearly the shape of a hoop. The successors of Bishop Macdonell, in the see of Kingston, always cherished the intention of bringing his remains to Canada, for interment with suitable honours in the Cathedral of his diocese, where, by right, the remains of a Bishop should always be deposited. Bishop Phelan, who built the present Cathedral, pointed out to the writer the spot where the interment should be made, but he was not spared to carry out his intentions. It was not till 1861, during the Episcopate of Bishop Horan, that the removal took place. Bishop Horan went to Edinburgh, and was cordially received by the Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern district of Scotland, the Right Rev. James Gillis, who gave him every facility for the accomplishment of his mission. Of Scottish extraction, Bishop Gillis was a native of Montreal, and was at one time spoken of as co-adjutor to Bishop Macdonell. The funeral cortège arrived at Kingston on the 25th September. On the following day a solemn requiem mass having been celebrated by Bishop Horan, and a panegyric pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Bentley, of Montreal, the earthly remains of the much-loved and venerated prelate were consigned to their last resting place, in the land of his adoption, among the people whom he so loved and cared for, and among whom he had spent the greater part of his active, laborious and self-sacrificing life.

From one of the secular papers of the day (the *British Whig*) we extract the following notice:—"Of the individuals who have passed away from us during the last twenty-five years, and who have taken an interest in the advancement and prosperity of Canada West, no one probably has won for himself in so great a degree the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens than has Bishop Macdonell. Arriving in Canada at an early period of the present century, at a time when toil, privations, and difficulties inseparable from life in a new country, awaited the zealous missionary as well as the hardy emigrant, he devoted himself in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and with untiring energy, to the duties of his sacred calling, to the amelioration of the condition of those entrusted to his spiritual care. In him they found a friend and counsellor, to them he endeared himself through his unbounded benevolence, and greatness of soul. Moving among all classes and creeds, with a mind unbiassed by religious prejudices, taking an interest in all that tended to develop the resources or aided the general prosperity of the country, he acquired a popularity still memorable, and obtained over the minds of his fellow-citizens an influence only equalled by their esteem and respect for him. The ripe scholar, the polished gentleman, the learned divine, his many estimable qualities recommended him to the notice of the Court of Rome; and he was elevated to the dignity of a Bishop of the Catholic Church. The position made no change in the man: he remained still the zealous missionary, the indefatigable pastor. His loyalty to the British Crown was never surpassed; when the interests of the Empire were either assailed or jeopardized on this continent, he stood forth their bold advocate; by word and deed he proved how sincere was his attachment to British institutions; and infused into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen and others an equal enthusiasm for their preservation and maintenance. Indeed, his noble conduct on several occasions tended so much to the preservation of loyalty that it drew from the highest authorities repeated expressions of thanks and gratitude. As a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, his active mind, strengthened by experience acquired by constant associations with all classes, enabled him to suggest many things most beneficial to the best interests of the country and the peace and harmony of its inhabitants."

If we have refrained from noticing some of the most trying difficulties of the Bishop's Episcopal career, it has been simply because we did not wish to revive at this remote day, the recollection of unpleasant events better buried in oblivion—the actors therein having long since

gone to their account, before that tribunal from which there is no appeal. Like St. Paul, the Bishop encountered "perils in journeyings, perils on rivers, perils from his own people, perils from strangers, perils in the City, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea," and ranked by the great apostle as the Climax and most trying of all, "perils from false brethren." We may be permitted to conclude these desultory reminiscences of a well spent life, with the words of the Wise Man, applied by the Church to Confessor Potliff:—"Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God,—therefore did the Lord make him great among His people."

W. J. MACDONELL.

SACRED LEGENDS.

Seventh Paper.

HOLY PLACES.

We have now gone over a good many of the legends connected with the life of Our Lord. We have seen those that refer to His Birth, to His Infancy, to His Public Life, and to His Passion and Death. Many others remain to be told; but some of these are not to be made general reading without very careful selection and supervision; some others will be referred to in the subsequent papers. Whether one writes of the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, the Martyrs, the Saints or the Angels, the central interest is always in Our Lord. He is the Vine, they are the branches. Whatever is beautiful, or holy or marvellous in their lives is because of Him. When His sublime life is completely narrated, it includes their brief record. The glory that surrounds their names, whether it comes from unquestioned history or doubtful legend, is the borrowed ray of His Divine Light. The legends, like the events in the history of Our Lord, are the legends of all places and all time. He fills the heavens and the earth. He it was to whom the rebel angels objected, He is the Redeemer of the rebel men. When the earth passes away as a scroll, He, with His children of thanksgiving will offer their meed of praise to His Heavenly Father. He reaps this harvest in time that endures through all eternity. Whatever hymns of praise the Eternal Father may have lost by the fall of the angels, the anthems of the Redeemed Saints fill their place in heaven. When we say "Our" Father, or "Our" Lord, we exclude the angels, even with their superior intelligences they became jealous and fell. After the creation and fall of Adam and the lapse of expected time, the Redeemer came, and now the children of thanksgiving are preparing themselves. The harvest is at hand.

The fall of man was brought about by our first mother, Eve, but it was part of the scheme of Redemption that man should be raised up by a second Eve. The Redeemer was to be God and man. As man He was to have the one unblemished descendant of Eve for His mother; His Father to be from heaven. This second Eve, the Virgin Mother of God, was the one person necessary to the completion of the scheme. No one else of the human family could ever occupy her supereminent position in this respect. She was indispensable. The whole human race become interesting by reason of the exalted, the supreme, place accorded to her. The Redeemer, the Messiah, the Expected of Nations, was to have as mother one of the race of Eve, and this alone would have made Eve's descendant and object of the deepest interest to the inhabitants of heaven and earth. Who these descendants were, and where they lived, and what was their history must always be an absorbing part of Christian research: the line, and race, and house, that was honoured by numbering among its women the chosen Mother of God, have fame enough for time and eternity.

The reader of these papers may not see the relevancy of all this to the professed subject in hand, but we hope to make it apparent as we proceed.

Our Lord was of Jewish descent, born in Bethlehem, a little town five miles south of Jerusalem, in Judea. Judea is a country in Turkey in Asia, washed by the east shore

of the Mediterranean sea, It is called Palestine or Canaan or the Holy Land; its chief city is Jerusalem, sixteen miles from the coast. Judea is said by some to be so named from Judas Maccabeus, one of its kings; but it is more likely traceable to Judah, the chief son of Jacob, the patriarch. Jerusalem, the Holy City, is in many respects the most interesting city in the world, but before referring to it or the other places hallowed by the presence of Our Lord, a word or two may be said on the Jews themselves.

The Jews were the chosen people of God in olden times, and He shewed His solicitude for them in a great number of ways; but they were a stiff-necked and ungrateful people, and their history is a series of the most wonderful favours, and the most extraordinary misfortunes and punishments. Bad as the world is now, the infant world was possibly a great deal worse. In the first family one brother slew the other. After the lapse of a thousand years, there appeared to be only one good man, Enoch, and he was taken bodily into heaven from the company of sinful men. About five hundred years later, one righteous family of eight persons was found; all others were swept off the face of the earth by the flood. Midway between the creation and the coming of our Lord, Abraham, a man of perfect faith in God, was summoned to leave his native country and come to dwell in a strange land and among a strange people. He was the chief and the father of the chosen people, the Jews. He took up his abode at a place called Beersheba, a dozen miles or so south of what was afterwards the city of Jerusalem. This stretch of country eastward to the Dead Sea, was called the Vale of Mamre, and some times the Vale of Tears. Here it is said Adam and Eve lived and were buried, and here Adam wept for one hundred years for the death of his son Abel. Abraham had two sons, Isaac, the second Jewish patriarch, and Ishmael, the ancestor of the Arabs, the Mahomedan people. Many of the chief Scripture stories of the Old Testament are connected with the two sons of Abraham, and the two sons of Isaac. These latter were Jacob and Esau; and to Jacob was reserved the honor of continuing the favoured lineage. Jacob's name was changed to Israel, and that accounts for the term Israelites so commonly bestowed on the Jews. He had twelve sons of whom the successor was Judah, but the particular favourite was Joseph. The reader must not expect to find here any mention of the beautiful stories regarding Joseph and his brethren, or his adventures in Egypt, or how Isaac and all his descendants came to live in the land of the Pharaohs. He will find these, of course, with the Bible stories of Abraham's faith, the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca, the service to Laban for Rachael, and the extraordinary device by which Esau was deprived of his birthright for a mess of pottage. The great lawgiver Moses is the next personage in the chain of events. He it was that led the children of Israel out of Egypt, across the divided waters of the Red Sea, through the deserts of Arabia, and northward towards Canaan or Palestine, within sight of the Promised Land. Then we have the Jewish monarchy victorious, magnificent; then divided, defeated, enslaved. The empire of the Cæsars extended out beyond the confines of Asia Minor, and Palestine was divided into four little dependencies with Herod as the Imperial representative. Then when "the sceptre passed out away from Judah" the Messiah, the Expected of Nations, was born in Bethlehem of Judah. Bethlehem is the only place south of the Holy City that is of importance in the life of Our Lord. It is rich in some of the most beautiful idyls of the Old Testament; it is redolent with the legends of the Talmud. Here was the scene of the death of Rachel; here the story of Ruth the Moabitish damsel, here too the place where Samuel found the young shepherd David the first King of Israel. Here also it was that Abraham received the angels unawares; it was of the clay of this vale that Adam was formed; and here he dwelt after the angel of Paradise with flaming sword drove him forth from the garden of Eden. Here the Jewish spies, Joshua and Caleb, viewed the land of Promise and reported on their return to Moses and the terrified Israelites, what manner of men dwelt in

that fertile valley. They were giants, they said, before whom the toilers for Pharaoh would be no more than grasshoppers. This is no legend, but Bible history, and the cowardice of the Jews on that occasion cost them a wandering of forty years in the desert. Those who came out of Egypt all perished, save only the two referred to; the promised land was for their descendants.

On the road between Bethlehem and Judea, and half a mile from the Holy City, the Star appeared to the three Kings; and half a mile from Bethlehem, on the same road, is the spot where the angels announced to the Shepherds the birth of Christ. From Bethlehem on the south to Nazareth on the north is probably not one hundred miles, and it is not a little extraordinary that the whole missionary labours of Our Lord should be confined within these limits. From the sea coast to the Jordan is not one-third of this distance; the whole Three Years was spent as in a parish.

We hope to interest the reader by a reference to Jerusalem and the places north of it in the next paper, and to keep more strictly within our subject.

FIRESIDE.

OLD LAMPS AND NEW.

A REVIEW OF MR. MORISON'S "SERVICE OF MAN."

III.

In the last two issues of this journal we have considered the reasons presented to us by Mr. Morison for extinguishing the "old lamps," wherein, as we believe, is the light of life. I venture to think that we have found those reasons singularly insufficient to justify us in following his counsels. The late Mr. Charles Kingsley was once guilty of a work which he denominated, not unhappily, *Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*. It would be a far more suitable title than *The Service of Man* for Mr. Colter Morison's recent book. But the greatest blot of Mr. Morison's volume is not the non-sequacious character of its thought nor the hollowness of its ratiocination. To me, what Mr. Carlyle would have called its "utter damnability," lies in this, that the author has summed up his anti-Christian, his anti-theistic sophisms, duly spiced for the popular palate, without, apparently, any adequate sense of the transcendent gravity of the issue he has raised. Let me repeat I do not question his good faith. But I more than question his fitness to deal with this momentous problem. And here I should like to quote some pregnant words of the Dean of St. Paul's addressed to the University of Oxford long before Mr. Morison's book appeared, but singularly applicable to him and it: "I do not think at any rate that the majority of those who follow this momentous debate reflect or in any degree realize what is involved in victory or defeat. It is not victory or defeat for a mere philosophical theory or criticism. It is not a question of something future and at a distance, something to be developed in time, something which raises the possibility of a future policy, which retards or brings near a future change in institutions. It is a present instant result. If the opponents of Christianity are right, if the victory lies with them, it is much more than that Christians are mistaken, as men have been mistaken, and have corrected in time their mistakes about science, about principles of government, about the policy or the economy of a State. It means that now as regards religion, as widely as men are living and acting, all that is now is false, rotten, wrong. Our present hopes are utterly extinguished. Our present motives are as unsubstantial as bubbles on water. We are living in a dream. We are wasting on an idol the best love, the highest affections, the purest tenderness which can dwell in human hearts. This is no matter to trifle about or to play with. These speculations, if we must enter on them, which pass above the heads of tens of thousands of our fellow creatures who know nothing of what so deeply concerns their fate, are at least not to be ventured on, according to the saying now become proverbial, 'with a light heart.' . . . It is indeed a grave thing for any

thinking man, if over the whole moral world—and surely I am not exaggerating even in the judgment of those who cannot accept Christianity—a shadow has fallen which was not there before; if in the firmament of heaven the sun has gone out for ever without hope of return, if it is to be agreed that for the facts of sin, of unhappiness, of pain, of death, there is no longer any remedy but what nature—and we know what that is by the experience of centuries—can give us; if the Saviour of the world, the Redeemer of mankind, has not appeared, if the Comforter has not come, if Christ has no church on earth, it is a thing to make us look aghast at conclusions which, if true, are the most terrible announcements ever made to man." I am glad to have the opportunity of citing these most weighty words. "Consequences," it may be answered; "do you scare us with consequences? Surely you might have learned from Butler that 'things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we desire to be deceived?' Yes, things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. But assuredly consequences do deserve our attention. A feeling of the overwhelming importance of the issue may well sharpen our sense of the actual value of evidence; of the real cogency of arguments. Let us follow truth wherever it leads. Let us, however, be quite sure that that which we are following is truth, before we exchange what we have believed to be the light of life for the exterior darkness of those who are 'without hope, having no God in the world.'"

But Mr. Morison tells us, no. Not darkness, he would have us believe, but clearer light is what he sets before us. He offers us new lamps for our old; a new object for worship; a new motive for right action; a new rule of life; in short, a new religion. Let us consider, before we put aside his book, what this new religion is. He is, indeed, a little coy in unfolding its mysteries. Thus he tells us in one place, when we are asked what religion we propose to substitute in the place of the old one, the answer is that no such pretension is entertained for a moment, and in another, he protests that "there can be no pretension for making and offering a new religion to the world at the present juncture." But notwithstanding these modest disclaimers, the real nature of his substitute for Christianity and Theism is manifest enough. The title of his book, *The Service of Man*, not obscurely intimates it. And, as we have seen, in his first chapter he urges that "we should put off belief in God and put on belief in humanity;" should "admit that the *Civitas Dei* is a dream of the past, and strive to realize the *Regnum Hominis*;" while in his penultimate character he tells us that he would have us adopt Anthropolatry in the place of Theolatry. It is clear, then, that in the new religion of which Mr. Morison is an Apostle, Man is to be the God. "The religious sentiment" Mr. Morison discerns "is indestructible." Nor does he doubt that in Man, if spelt with a capital "M," we shall find a sufficient object for the religious sentiment, and a sufficient incentive for that self-sacrifice which he pronounces has been "the essence of practical religion." This, of course, is Positivism, although Mr. Morison does not use the name, I think. The *Grand Etre* of Comte is the Deity who is to take the place of the Infinite and Eternal, and the well-known precept of that philosopher, "Let us do what we can towards the improvement of the new God," is an all-embracing compendium of human duty.

"The Religion of Humanity!" what shall we say of it? Well, in the first place, I would say that Positivism appears to me simply the negation of the religious sentiment, and the religion of Humanity a contradiction in terms. What do we mean by religion? I will go for a definition of it not to St. Thomas, nor to Leibnetz, nor to Kant, nor to Cardinal Newman. These authorities, one and all, would be a "suspect" to Mr. Morison. I will go to M. d'Alviella, the Professor of the History of Religion at the non-Christian University of Brussels, who is tainted by no suspicion of Christianity or theism. "Religion," this *avant* tells us, "means the manner in which man realizes

his relations with the *superhuman* and *mysterious* powers on whom he believes himself to be dependent." But Man, though spelt with the largest of capitals, is neither superhuman, or mysterious, nor can any one out of a lunatic asylum believe himself to be dependent upon this abstraction. How can Humanity possibly be an object of love, reverence or devotion? It is a mere abstract idea taken from some men, or—as would seem to be the case in Mr. Morison's pages—from men generally. We must turn to the concrete if we want to see what this new Deity is really like. Consider man, then, not as transfigured by the celestial radiance shed upon him by Christianity; a little lower than the angels; created in the image of God; redeemed by the Passion of Christ; the temple of the Holy Ghost, a partaker of the Divine Nature; but "apart from theological determinations," and merely the most highly specialized of mammals. Contemplate the ordinary Englishman, Frenchman, German, Italian, the ordinary Hindoo, Tartar or Yankee, as he lives and moves and has his being upon the face of this planet, spending his time in sleeping, eating, in yawning, working like an ass, and amusing himself like an ape, the slave of his nerves, his blood and his instincts, except for a few happy moments. Was there ever a more curious object proposed for our adoration? Surely Edgar Quinet was well warranted when he protested "That is not the cult for me. What should I do with such a God as that? Singular fetish! I know him too well. Ask me rather to adore the serpents and ibises of the Nile." And is this the Deity who is to supply us with a curb on the passions, with an incentive to right action and self-sacrifice? "It must be evident to any one," wrote the Greek philosopher two thousand years ago, "that no one ever abstained out of fear of the Æther, or the Air, or the Universe from doing the slightest injustice, still less from those things to which he is incited by the strongest desires, any more than he would regard a heap of sand, or the down on the feather of a thistle which he clearly perceives to be insensible." What student of human nature can believe that in Man, even when spelt with a capital letter, we shall find a stronger sanction of the moral law than in the Air, the Æther, or the Universe? And can Mr. Morison for one moment suppose that his new religion will supply the same incentive to self-sacrifice which the faith of Christians offers? "The love of Christ constraineth us," wrote one who counted not his life dear for his brethren for whom Christ died. That has been the motive power of Christian charity from the first until now. Sister Agnes Jones, Mother Margaret Hallahan, Sister Dora Pattison, would have been just what they were without Christianity, Mr. Morison thinks. The greatest of living poets has judged more truly. "All very well," says the vivisection surgeon in the Children's Hospital, "All very well, but the good Lord Jesus has had His day." And the Sister replies to herself:

Had? Has it come? It has only dawned; it will come by-and-by.

O how could I serve in the wards, if the hope of the world were a lie,

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,

But that He said, ye do it to me, when you do it to one of these.

What does Positivism give us in the place of these ministering angels, surely the noblest and most pathetic figures that light up this world of sin and sorrow? It gives us the sort of women—let us not speak of them, but glance and pass by—who have taken the place of the Sisters in the laicised hospitals of France. And there is a sufficient measure of the practical difference between the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of Mr. J. Cotter Morison.—*W. S. Lilly, in the Tablet.*

Teacher—Johnnie, tell me the name of the largest known diamond. Johnnie—The ace.

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?—*George Eliot.*

A JUBILEE ODE.

MODIFIED BY IRISH CIRCUMSTANCES.

Dedicated to—

"Our Race—the Celtic race remains
Limbs of a life once so gigantic,
Proscribed upon their native plains,
Far parted by the deep Atlantic."

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too,
And full of love and kindly part,
Our tears have trickled to the ground
When famine reigned in Erin's heart;
We know the age and watch its plans,
Its deeds of fame, its brilliant glory—
And love you true—as *England's Queen,*
But not in Erin's tear-clad story.

On every field, where valour led,
Our swords have leapt, our hearts have panted,
To smite the foe with deadly blow,
To rout the foe with hearts undaunted;
On Africa's coast, through burning sands,
The Arab fled in wild commotion,
Nor dared to meet the waves so wild
That heaved 'round Ireland's brave devotion.

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
And faithful to the land that bore us—
Through weal and woe, through smiles and tears,
Our hearts have sung an Irish chorus:
Across the years that bind your reign
We catch a glimpse of England's glory,
And love you true—as *England's Queen—*
But not through Erin's tear-clad story.

The arts have flourished in your reign—
(What art so dear as Irish freedom?)
Than wealth of Ind, a little love
Will better cheer our hearts and LEAD THEM.
In every land we build a cairn
With pebbles stained with heart-bleed sorrow—
That you, our Queen, we hail to-day—
And hail not Ireland's peace to-morrow!

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
But not to power that strikes our kinsmen;
For justice loves a kindly deed
And through the heart she always wins men:
Look to the land of ivied tower,
Of ruined castle, old and hoary,
And say, great Queen of Britain's realm,
Have you a pride in Ireland's story?

O mighty voices of the past,
Long hushed in death in Ireland's pleading,
O'Connell, Davis, Mitchell, Butt,
Join hearts with those who now are leading;
And tell us what have FIFTY YEARS
Brought to a land 'neath cruel oppression?
From every mound and patriot grave
Come forth in one heaven-swept procession!

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
In cabin, cot, and stately mansion,
And love you true—as *England's Queen,*
Your wealth of power and cash expansion,
But blame us not if in our cot
We mourn because the crowbar stings us,
And crying for bread you reach a stone—
The gift each tyrant landlord brings us.

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
And faithful to the land that bore us,
Though darkest hour beset our way,
Our hearts will sing an Irish chorus;
For ten-fold FIFTY YEARS have we
Knelt at the shrine of Ireland's glory.
We love you true—As *England's Queen,*
But not through Erin's tear-clad story!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Queen's Jubilee, June 21, 1887.

Dr. Gladstone, the distinguished English musician, has been received into the Catholic Church. The ceremony took place at the Oratory, Brompton,

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Endouca; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., D.C.L., (Laval); JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Ottawa, Rev. F. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School, Rev. Dr. JENAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 25th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, finds with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attacking them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LANSI,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

The annual picnic in aid of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, will be held on Dominion Day, Friday, in the premises of the institution.

The appointment of the Rev. Father Sigl, Superior of the Redemptorists in this city, to the rectorship of St. Peter's, Philadelphia, will be regretted by the many to whom he has endeared himself during his stay in Toronto. His labours at St. Patrick's are too well known to need mention, and the fine convent of the order on McCaul Street remains to testify to his industry. Father Sigl is succeeded at St. Patrick's by Rev. Father Henning, who has some reputation as a preacher. Other appointments in the order which will be heard of with interest here, are those of the Rev. Father Hayden to the rectorship of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; Rev. Eugene Grimm as rector at Ilchester, Md.; and the removal of Rev. Father Krein from Buffalo to St. John, N.B.

Mr. Labouchere's advice was especially appropriate as to the fitting celebration of the jubilee year. In a late number of his paper, *Truth*, he said: "Since so many different ways have been suggested for keeping the jubilee, it may not be out of place to refer to the Levitical instructions on jubilee keeping. I commend them to the careful consideration of those who are so anxious to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee by passing a Coercion Bill for Ireland. They are as follows. 'Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year,

and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto the people thereof. . . . Ye shall not, therefore, oppress one another. . . . And if thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxing poor, . . . thou shalt not rule over him with rigour, but thou shalt fear thy God."

The following portion of the address delivered by the Rev. Father Phelan, of St. Louis, before the students of the Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, are of application to all students during the Commencement season:—"Have some definite end in life. Every man should have an ideal as well as an actual self. Aimless living, even in the case of the most industrious men, results in the exploiting of a number of little things, not any great, unique symmetrical whole. By aiming at the realization of an ideal, a man becomes one of the energies that move the world, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*. God has made no two men alike, and no two men's destinies are the same. The work that God has given me to do was never done before and will never be given to another. This brings me to the front rank of beings, individualizes me as a sharer in the great sovereignty of God. It matters not what that work is, or how insignificant it is in the eyes of men; it is enough that God wants it done and has chosen me to do it. This is the corner-stone of Christian democracy. Young men be thorough. The world is full of mamms and half-men and its industries are ruined by false weights and measures. We complain of the crowded avenues of trade and thronged walks of the professions. There is always in all of them room for the thorough man. Perfect yourselves in your different callings. Make yourselves a necessity, and the world will compete for your productions. Be thorough in your work and perfect in your line, and a king is not more independent than you; and you will never be disturbed by the presence of a rival near your throne."

Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, recently finished a course of lectures which he had been invited to deliver before the faculty and students of Yale University. In one of these lectures he referred to England, describing the trade policy which she has pursued towards every country under her control, and its effects in Ireland, in India, and in America during its colonial days. No nation, the lecturer held, is fit to govern another nation. Every nation, he argued, should govern itself, its people working upward step by step each day towards more perfect methods and ideals; learning by their experiences, gaining by their mistakes. And of all countries England was the least fit to govern another. Englishmen loved fair play, but always British fair play, that is, fair play according to the British idea.

"When England," he said, "obtains power over a country, she immediately knifes all its existing industries and dooms its people to the single occupation of agriculture. Such was her policy toward the American colonies, and such has been her policy towards Ireland and India. Mr. Slater, who first set up machinery in Rhode Island, was searched on leaving England to deter him from bringing models of English machinery to this country. He brought the models in his head. All emigrants from England in those times were subjected to the same experience. England exerted all her power to strangle the infant industries of her American colonies. She repressed their industries by legal enactment; she forbade the exportation of machinery to America; she forbade Americans trading with any country except England, and permitted them to send to England only such goods as were designated by the home Government. She bent her energies upon

America to force Americans to confine themselves to agriculture. She believed that America was destined to be a market for English manufactures and nothing more; and she clung to this idea long after the Americans had won independence. She sent over ship-loads of fabrics that had become unfashionable and unsalable in England, and sold them so cheaply that American manufacturers were driven from the market. But she eventually failed in America, and America prospered, and is now the richest land in the world; she succeeded in India, and India is ruined, her industries long since banished, her people impoverished and at heart rebellious, waiting anxiously the day when the tramp of the Cossack shall be heard crossing the Himalayas.

"India was once the great manufacturer of the world. She exported largely to Greece and Rome in classic times. Her cotton fabric was so exquisitely fine that a lady's dress made of that material could be passed through an ordinary finger ring. The Romans called this 'woven wind.' But India no longer produces such stuffs. Her industries have been strangled by the English policy. Her people are oppressed by taxation, and yet the revenues are insufficient to support the Government. And to make up the deficit the Government conducts large monopolies. It has a monopoly of the salt business. Any native caught procuring salt from any other source than the Government would be severely punished. When it was suggested to the officials that the natives were suffering for salt, they replied that according to their estimates each native was supplied with a quantity equal to that given the men at the military prisons. An after estimate of the population, however, demonstrated that the officials were over 200,000,000 short of the fact. There were 200,000,000 natives for whom there was no salt. Rice and fish constitute their chief articles of food. Of all the grains, rice contains the least salt, and for want of salt they were forced to eat rancid fish. Their sufferings must have been horrible. This was the normal condition of the country. But when the seasons were unfavourable, and the crops failed, the situation became infinitely worse. Agriculture was their only employment. England had destroyed every other industry, and when rice failed them famine stalked through the land, and the people lay down and died by millions, died by the most horrible of all deaths—starvation. Is it a wonder that the native looks longingly toward Russia? To him the brutal tyranny of the Czar was preferable to the deadly misrule of the hated English."

But of all countries, Professor Thompson continued, Ireland gives the most striking proofs of the effect of England's selfish and brutal trade policy.

"When the union was consummated England obtained absolute control over Ireland. It was a union of two races which are wholly unlike. The English are gruff and short of speech, the Irish are naturally courteous; the English are practical, the Irish sentimental; the English are prosaic, the Irish imaginative; the English are Teutonic at bottom and Protestant to the core, the Irish are Celtic and passionately Catholic. England has never attempted to understand the Irish nor to gain their confidence and respect. She is now resorting to coercion for the 87th time in 87 years. She pursues toward Ireland the same policy which she once tried in America, and which she now practises in India. The people are all pressed down upon the land. Agriculture is the only employment. The rich mineral deposits of the country lie untouched, its power in water courses unused, its commodious harbours devoid of shipping, while the people fly from the country or remain to starve. In 1881 there were out of a population of 5,000,000 only 330,000 persons employed at other industries than farming. There have been five local famines in Ireland during the century besides the great famine of 1846. In this latter period the people starved by thousands. Many of those who escaped starvation fell victims to intermittent fever, typhus, or perished by slow fever. During this time Ireland constantly exported food.

"Having destroyed Ireland's industries England now suggests emigration as a remedy. Salisbury says that Ireland's population should be reduced by 1,000,000. Why not say 5,000,000? Englishmen say that the Irish are

thrifless, but the Irishmen in America have demonstrated Irish skill and thrift and enterprise. There are thousands of prosperous Irishmen in America who would have starved had they remained in Ireland."

The criminal record of Ireland, ranking lower than any other country,—Ireland comparing favourably with Pennsylvania and Massachusetts in the matter even of agrarian crimes—her poverty was not, therefore, attributable to the lawlessness of her people. It was wholly due, he concluded to the deliberate policy which England had pursued towards her, that same policy by which the industries of the American colonies were repressed until the colonists shook off England's grasp, industrially and politically.

In our last issue we had a paragraph from the June *Antiquary*, stating that a certain scientist having made a list of all the certified relic of the Holy Cross in Europe and Asia, had found that the total amount would be 3,941,975 cubic millimetres, and we commented thereupon that the foolish assertion of infidels that there was too much Holy Cross in the world for the purposes of veracity, were thereby exploded. It has occurred to us that those 3,941,975 cubic millimetres of wood may to the unscientific (for unfortunately the metric system has yet remained a scientific luxury) have seemed a large amount. We have accordingly taken the trouble (and, in places, it was trouble ten figures thick) to turn these annoying millimetres into commonplace feet and inches. The total bulk of all the known and authenticated relics of the Holy Cross in Europe and Asia is 0.139217 of a cubic foot; otherwise 240.5672 cubic inches, which represents a piece of wood, say 4 x 4 x 15 inches, of which we might truly say, "A very small part, indeed, of what would be required to make a cross."

The unesteemed *Telegram* believes "that the movement to better the condition of the working classes is not religious but social, and that the Pope has no right to interfere with it as long as Catholics discharge their religious obligations," and forgets that what is not *religious* is frequently *irreligious*, and conveniently hurries out of sight the fact that if the Pope interferes in the McGlynn business it is precisely because some few Catholics are failing to discharge "their religious obligations," the foremost of which is obedience to Church authority, pertinacious failure to observe which, involves the forfeiture of their catholicity.

"But why do not the Irish Catholics set up a church of their own—an Irish church instead of an Italian one?" Because, simply, there is not, nor can there ever be, an *Irish Church* or an *Italian one*. There is a *Catholic Church*, and its adherents, whether in Ireland or in Italy, are bound to be in obedience to its teaching.

Again, "What sympathy can the people at Rome have with the Nationalist movement in Ireland?" Probably if the small-souled, temporizing, expedientist *Telegram's* idea of an *Irish Church* and an *Italian Church* and a—a—*Torontonian Church* were realized, there could be little. But precisely because, Irish and Italian, they are members of the *Catholic Church*, there is much. For, patriotism is a virtue as uncircumscribed as the God who blesses it.

And, further, "What interest can they have in the Henry George movement in America?" The interest which the Catholic Church has uniformly shown in the repression of any doctrine which threatens social order, however slightly. We say advisedly, "however slightly," for we are not of

those who imagine that George is a mighty prophet of any kind of social reform. He, might, however, pass for the illegitimate son of several of those who have gone before him.

We have already referred at some length to the record of the Victorian reign. The history of those years has yet to be written. Not all the magnificence with which manufactured enthusiasm can be invested will overshadow the simple fact that, whether judged in relation to Ireland and its famines, evictions and coercions; or in relation to India and the treatment of the native population; or in relation to Egypt, and the oppression of the fellahen in order that Mr. Goschen, along with other interested London Jews, might receive their full "per shent"; or in relation to China, and the forcing upon its people by bayonet of the infamous trade in opium, the Victorian reign, viewed in the cold light of historical criticism, will yet be pronounced to have been phenomenally infamous. The record is not one upon which a Christian people will be at all likely to look back in after years with any degree of pride or satisfaction. If, in respect to the Queen's connection with these events, the axiom is to be accepted that "the Queen reigns not rules," then the plaudits of the jubilee are to be taken as testifying to nothing more than her personal worth. Apart from a reputation for uncommon parsimony, no one will be disposed to deny her the credit due to a life of domestic virtue. It is only regrettable that as much cannot be said for her prospective successor either as king of the realm or as the spiritual head of the Church of England. This royal rake, who will in time be called upon to assume that place in Christian polity inaugurated by the Eighth Henry, gives promise of embodying at once the amiable virtues of that pious Reformer, with the historic qualities of the Four Georges.

DR. O'SULLIVAN AT LAVAL.

The Quebec papers of Tuesday contain accounts of the closing exercises of Laval University on Monday, and the conferring on Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, of this city, the degree and ring of a Doctor of Civil Law. There was a large audience present, and to the flattering address which was read by the Rector, Dr. O'Sullivan returned the following reply:—

MGR., RECTOR AND GENTLEMEN :

Although I have been accustomed at any time within the last twenty years to appear at the closing exercises of a University, I might be permitted to-day, if it were becoming in a lawyer, to exhibit a little of that nervousness one naturally feels in a new position. The ceremonies and surroundings of this day are indeed somewhat novel to any one trained in a University founded on English models, but with a number of new friends and a few old ones present, I do not feel as if I were a stranger in a strange land. I ought to feel ashamed in not replying in French or in any language that would indicate some degree of scholarship; but I appreciate the security that, to some of those present, is afforded me by speaking in what is, to them, a foreign tongue. I value the wall of separation of languages: that is one merciful inheritance of the tower of Babel.

It may be pardonable in me to say that I have been the recipient of a number of degrees and of some little distinction here and there in a well-known University—the University of Toronto. To say that I value these would be only to acknowledge the gratitude and loyalty of any student towards his Alma Mater: it will not detract from them or question my academic allegiance if I say that the gracious distinction accorded me by this renowned seat of learning has in a manner absorbed them all. I

will not say it is like that miraculous rod of old, that swallowed the other and inferior rods, because the comparison is not so felicitous in detail as comparisons should be, but I can say in sincerity and truth, that the signa distinction Laval University confers on me to-day is on to be valued above all others, and one that I hope to appreciate to the fullest extent, and not the less so because I feel there has been so little on my part to deserve it.

I regard the conferring of this degree as a step towards the more friendly recognition of us in the other province, and I hope, unworthy as the present recipient may be, that it will mark the beginning of a closer union between the two great families of the Canadian people.

If I had not the good fortune to be trained within the walls of this University, a University so highly favoured by the Holy See, a University of such brilliant graduates, of such historical interest, I am glad to think that your honourable body has not thought me unworthy of a place among its graduates. I trust I shall not be found unfaithful to the teaching and spirit of this house, that I will not fail to be grateful for the great honour it has bestowed on me. I am sure I will not be forgetful of the many kind things you have been good enough to say about me.

After the conferring of the degree, the company returned to the Basilica, where a *To Deum* was chanted. Dr. O'Sullivan was the recipient of the kindest attention from both the clergy and Bar in Quebec and Montreal, in which latter city, returning, he was the guest of Father Dowd and the priests at St. Patrick's.

Current Catholic Thought.

CATHOLIC JOURNALS.

The establishment of a Catholic journal is a great work, requiring much patience and demanding a great expenditure of mental and physical labour. It may be said to be a work of love—a work designed more to educate the masses than to repay those charged with its management. So that every Catholic should feel it to be his duty to sustain our church papers in every possible way.

We imagine that few readers estimate properly the work on a good newspaper, or have the slightest idea of the time devoted to each issue, and they will probably be surprised to know that it is a common thing for newspaper men to devote the entire day and more than half the night to their labours. We imagine if this fact were more generally known we would hear less complaint of the Catholic papers of the country, but on the contrary, a support more in proportion to the labours expended upon them would be more readily and cheerfully extended.—*U. S. News, Washington.*

PARNELL AS A LEADER.

Races have an evolution more appreciable than that of species. The struggle for existence finds in the Irish race a palpable example. Moral purity and physical strength have carried it through ages of resistance under which an immoral or feeble people would have disappeared. The race development shows its highest type in the character of Parnell. The intellectual traits which control him are those made inevitable by a persistent race struggling against superior physical odds. Composure, patience and wariness have succeeded impetuosity, vain daring and wasted valor. At the same time there is not a noble trait of the past of his people which is not preserved in him. Whoever saw his bared head accepting alms for his suffering country saw a man who would seize the sword with joy, were the sword the weapon to conquer his country's freedom. Nor has his long martyrdom failed to affect his blood. The famines, the massacres, the coercions, the exile of millions burning with a sense of wrong which can only expire with life, has made it impossible that all Irishmen shall possess his calmness. He will not depart a hair's breadth from the constitutional methods to which he is pledged. But as sublimely as ever martyr stood at the stake has he remained silent when England has de-

manded that he shall denounce her victims, whose extreme views are the natural result of her centuries of brutal oppression.

That man is the greatest who most sagaciously applies available means to desired ends. Parnell may not be a Napoleon, but he will never lead an army to Moscow in midwinter. He stands to-day the representative of a people resolved to recover national independence. The sympathy and admiration of all generous men and the love of his race surround and sustain him.—*Alexander Sullivan in North American Review.*

BROWNSON.

There is a proposal to erect a monument to Dr. Brownson in Central Park. Dr. Brownson has, as Father Hecker says in the May number of the *Catholic World*, and as others have said, built his own monument in his writings. Dr. Brownson was and ever will be an honour to his country, as well as to the Catholic faith that God gave him, that he grasped, and that, once grasped, he never relinquished. He was one of our truly great men, whether looked upon as a Catholic or as a son of this soil. His great mind, which the Almighty created, and his great heart, were always searching until they found what they honestly sought—anchorage; and they found anchorage at last by the Rock of the Fisherman. The name and fame of Dr. Brownson are a national pride and heirloom. This country has, under Providence, produced great and good men in every walk of life. But she has only produced one man of the grand simplicity and supreme intellectuality of Brownson. Why he was not so generally understood and appreciated as he should have been, Father Hecker shows in his article.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn.*

THE CHURCH'S POWER.

Religious restraint is the only safeguard against the growth and spread of dangerous anarchical doctrines among the masses, and the security of the State is dependent chiefly on the development of a healthful national sentiment fostered by the conservatism of the Church. Experience has shown the dangers which threaten the public body exposed through irreligion to the contagion of wild and revolutionary ideas. The current of modern thought has been forced into channels that endanger the foundations of stable government, and statesmen begin to realize that the power of the Church is the only influence that can resist it; hence the undisguised satisfaction with which her wise and prudent counsels are received and applauded by those who formerly exerted every effort to destroy that power. It is beginning to dawn upon those who clamored for her persecution that she offers the only barrier between public safety and the vagaries of materialistic progress.—*Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.*

TO ST. JOSEPH

FOR THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

Chosen of God! guide of the Holy One
By whom all creatures live—God's glorious Son!
What praise too great can mortals give to thee?
Model of Heaven-born, holy purity.

Helper of Mary! Mother of our Lord,
Who first with her that Infant God adored,
Most blessed—since to thee the boon was given
To watch with Mary—o'er the King of Heaven.

What happiness was thine? ordained to be
Head of that Noble Holy Family!
What palace with thy cottage-home could vie
Where dwelt conceal'd—the God of Majesty?

But still more blessed in thy life's decline
When o'er thy couch hovered that Form Divine!
To bless thy parting spirit on its way,
To the bright mansions of eternal day.

Father and patron! when our failing breath
Shall warn thy children of impending death,
With piteous prayers, of that dear Son obtain
That we He loved so well with Him may reign.

—M. M. P.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is visiting this week with Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis.

Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., President of St. John's College, Fordham, will preach a retract in London, Ont.

It is reported that New York Archdiocese will be divided, a new See erected at Poughkeepsie, and Mgr. Preston made auxiliary Bishop.

Father Auger, of Montreal, has been appointed Provincial of the Oblate order in Canada, his jurisdiction applying to Manitoba and the North-West.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the University of Ottawa, held on the 22nd inst., Principal MacCabe, M.A., was elected President of the Association for the year 1887-8.

Sir Charles Young, the author of "Jim, the Penman," was recently received into the Church at Witham, Essex, England. Sir Charles held the office of secretary to the English Church Union, but some years since he retired from the post.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Power, of Halifax, died suddenly in that city on the 21st inst. Mgr. Power on three occasions was charged with the administration of the diocese, and was greatly beloved. At the requiem services on Wednesday, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien preached the funeral sermon.

Rev. Father Lamarche, of Montreal, having been appointed by Archbishop Lynch to the pastoral oversight of the French Roman Catholics of the city, arrived on Saturday to enter upon his duties. A deputation of French residents met the rev. gentleman at the Union station and welcomed him to the city. The French people intend to erect a church, and a fund of \$3,000 has been subscribed for that purpose.

Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, has issued a pastoral letter to the secular and regular clergy, the religious communities, and the laity of the archdiocese, announcing the foundation in his metropolitan city of a monastery of the Nuns of the Precious Blood. The members of this Order, which was founded 25 years ago in St. Hyacinth, Canada, do not teach nor give themselves to active works of charity. They serve the Church by their prayers, fasts, and other austerities, after the example of many great saints in both the old and new dispensations. From the present monastery in St. Hyacinth, other monasteries have been founded in Toronto, Montreal, and now in Ottawa. Contemplative orders are thus far but scantily represented in North America. The Carmelites are established in Baltimore and St. Louis; the Nuns of the Second Order of St. Dominic, in whose monasteries is established the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, are in Albany, N. Y., and Newark, N. J.

At Longue Pointe, near Montreal, and right on the banks of the St. Lawrence, there is building a handsome stone structure to be known as the St. Benoit Joseph Home and Hospital, and to be devoted exclusively to the use of priests who, on account of old age, overwork, or any cause whatever, desire a season's rest and retirement. The Brothers of Charity who have charge of this institution are from Belgium, where their society was originally founded. They have charitable houses in Boston, Detroit, Montreal and other places. The plans of the new buildings make every reasonable provision for the personal comfort of the future inmates. A library will be organized as soon as practicable, and a sufficient number of altars to accommodate the priests for the celebration of Mass are now being built in Montreal. The grounds are some miles in extent, the air is pure and healthy, and

the view from the buildings and grounds are unsurpassed. There are many of the reverend clergy in the present quarters of the Brothers, but these will enter the new Home as soon as it is fit for occupancy.

The Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London, during his recent Episcopal tour through Essex for the purpose of administering the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, and attending the annual commencement exercises of Assumption College, Sandwich, and St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, took occasion to pay a visit to the Catholic Coloured Mission School of Windsor. It was a great event for the poor, good coloured children, none of whom had ever seen a Catholic Bishop or heard his voice. There was a nice little programme, which consisted chiefly of music and song, of which, everybody knows, the coloured race are very fond. One of the little boys, a bright and intelligent looking lad, presented the Bishop with an address, in which he told His Lordship how deeply grateful they were to him for this visit to their humble school, and expressed the hope that they would ever prove themselves worthy of the kind interest the good Catholic people were taking in their welfare. To which His Lordship replied that he was happy to find himself for the first time among his Catholic coloured children. He hoped they would profit so well by the opportunities that were being afforded them, that they would become as it were the corner-stone and foundation of a great Catholic parish, which would, undoubtedly, at no distant future, be organized in the good town of Windsor.

A young American lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig, resolved to convince the court that he was born to shine. Accordingly, he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium: "May it please the court and

gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood while classic Greece is struggling for her right and liberties, ar trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infidels to dust while America shines forth the brightest orb in the politic sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of th humble hog-thief."

Beneath the petals of the rose,
A thousand dewy breaths repose;
Whose sweetest fragrance, too, is born,
Where grows the ever present thorn.

And so our lives, though oft and keen
The thorns may press the bloom between,
May yield to earth a power sweet,
And make God's purpose more complete.

—N. A. Monfort.

Father Arthur O'Leary, the Cork Capuchin, and Curran were cracking jokes at a dinner party one evening, when the latter turned abruptly to the friar, saying that, "I wish, O'Leary that you had the keys of heaven." "Why, Curran?" asked the great divine. "Because you could let me in," said the facetious counsellor. "It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Mary—"The missus sez to me, 'Mary,' sez she, 'will you go to the seaside this year, or mind the house at home?' sez she. An' sez I, 'naythur, mam,' sez I, an' there we wor; an' wasn't I right?"

Judy—"Well, my ould dame comes to me last night and puts the self-same question to me; but she sez, sez she, 'I don't want ye to stop in the house alone at night, for I wouldn't do that meself,' sez she, 'but you can come and stop in the day-time.' And, indeed, I don't mind that; because I can put the key in my pocket, and stop out all day."

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 N.B.—All fees are to be paid strictly in advance, in these terms: At the beginning of September, 10th December, and 20th of March. Defaulters after one week from the first of the term will not be allowed to attend the college.

Address, D. CUSHING, President of the College



COAL AND WOOD CONTRACTORS—SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Public Works, will be received until noon on **MONDAY, JULY 4th, 1887,** for coal and wood for the undermentioned institutions:

TORONTO.	Herald Coal, tons of 2,000 pounds	Soft Coal, tons of 2,000 pounds	Herald Woods, cords of 128 cubic feet	Soft Woods, cords of 128 cubic feet
Government House, about.....	220	50	10	5
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Education Department, about.....	325	40	14	20
School of Practical Science, about.....	70	2
School of Science and Parliament Buildings, of soft wood charcoal, each about 15 bbls.
Osgoode Hall.....	450	70	30	6
Immigration Depot.....	20	5	20	2

OTTAWA.
 Normal School, about..... 18 10 25 15

The coal and wood must be delivered at the respective institutions in a manner satisfactory to the persons in charge, and at any time until the 20th of September next; except that for the Government House, Osgoode Hall and the Education Department, one-half the furnace coal is not to be delivered until after the 15th December. Coal for the Government House, Parliament Buildings, School of Practical Science, Osgoode Hall and Immigration Depot must be weighed at the Parliament Buildings or other recognized scales, and for the Education Department at the scales of that institution. The wood must be of good quality, the hardwood in the proportion of not less than one-half maple and the residue of beech or kiln-dried equal good. Persons tendering and other information can be had on application to the Commissioner. Tenders will be received for the supply of the whole or for the supply of coal and wood separately, and separately for Toronto and Ottawa. The usual signatures of two sufficient securities will be required for the fulfillment of the contract, or for each of the contracts.

W. EDWARDS, Secretary.
 Department of Public Works.
 Toronto, June 24th, 1887.

TWO CONTRACTORS—SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Public Works, will be received until noon on **Monday, July 4th proximo,** for the construction of a fence to the Government House grounds. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Department, where forms of tender can be procured. The usual signatures of two securities who are willing to become answerable for the due performance of the contract to be attached to each tender. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for \$200, payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon such tender when called upon to do so. Where the party's tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
 C. F. FRASER, Commissioner.
 Department of Public Works, Ont.
 Toronto, June 24, 1887.



CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.
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TENDERS FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undermentioned and endorsed "Tenders for Cape Breton Railway" will be received at this office up to noon on **Wednesday, the 6th day of July, 1887,** for certain work of construction.
 Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa and also at the Office of the Cape Breton Railway, at Port Hawkesbury, C.B., on and after the 6th day of June, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.
 No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.
 By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.
 Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 27th May, 1887.

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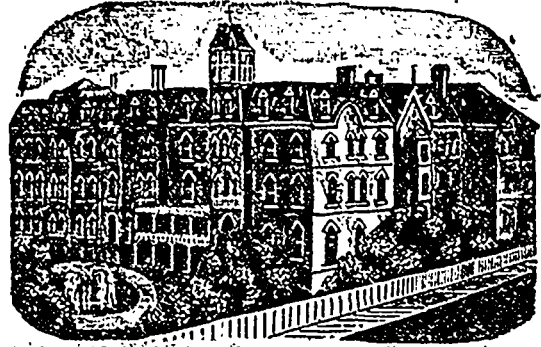
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