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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 5, 1889.

No. 47

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NOTES.

The following letter, from His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, has appeared in the *Dublin Evening Mail*.

Sir,—My attention was very naturally attracted by the following paragraph, published in the *Dublin Evening Mail* of last Wednesday:—

Rome, Tuesday.

A deep impression has been caused in clerical circles here by the pointed refusal of His Holiness to pronounce a blessing upon certain medals and reliquaries tendered him for that purpose by an Irish priest, who was presented to him at the Vatican by Monsignor Kirby, Rector of the Irish College. The Pope inquired whether these objects were for distribution in Ireland alone, and upon being assured that they were, he said sternly, "Then I cannot bless them. The people of Ireland are disobedient, and seem to prefer the gospel of Dillon and O'Brien to the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

I lost no time in sending a copy of the paragraph to the venerable Prelate whom it so distinctly names.

I have to-day received from His Grace the following emphatic telegram in contradiction of the story:—

"Enclosure false; impudent fabrication."

I know that you will make no difficulty in publishing this contradiction.—I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

†WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

4, Rutland Square East, Dublin.
December 17, 1888.

The Archbishop of Dublin's prompt action in regard to this lie has had a very satisfactory result. It has brought the story before the highest authorities at Rome and secured an official contradiction in the *Osservatore Romano*. The Roman authorities are now aware of the industrious efforts that are being made to sow discord between Rome and Ireland.

Mr. H. F. McIntosh writes to the *Week* of the 4th inst. as follows: "In Prof. Goldwin Smith's article on 'Polemical and Propagandist Novels,' which you reproduce from

the *Independent* in last week's issue, the statement is made that 'it certainly is difficult to find a copy of "Loss and Gain." I certainly had no difficulty in obtaining my copy. It is published by Burns & Oates in the new and uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works, and may be had of any Catholic bookseller. What is more, it is still widely read and admired, though the phases of Anglican life therein depicted are rapidly passing away."

In one of the Catholic churches of this city there was a fair held last week. Among other contests there was one "for the most popular liquor dealer." Shame! Shame! How can Catholic journalists be expected to repel insults to the Church when Catholic priests give ammunition to the enemy.—*Catholic News*. (N.Y.)

As the *Milwaukee Citizen* suggests, a contest between the "most popular free-masons" would bring in money too. Either kind of contest indicates a similar kind of Catholicity and morality.

A fact has come to light lately which should lead the Tory-Catholic *Tablet* to look with less horror and dread upon Mr. Patrick Ford, of New York, and his family. That fact is that the Messrs. Ford and the *Tablet* get their Roman news from the same correspondent, Miss Eades. Some of our contemporaries are suggesting that the visiting card presented by this lady to Roman Cardinals and English Catholic dukes, should bear the inscription: "Miss Eades, Correspondent of the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*, *Irish World*, and *London Tablet*," which would remove the fear that the *Irish World* is a package of dynamite.

The special correspondent of the *Pilot* in Rome, a careful and conservative Catholic writer it is said, one of twenty years' intimate knowledge of Vatican proceedings, writing on December 3rd says:—"There is a feeling prevalent amongst many ecclesiastics here that Mgr. Persico failed egregiously in his mission to Ireland. The proof they cite is the very secondary place to which he has just been nominated—Vicar of St. Peter's, or substitute to the arch-priest of that basilica. I have been told by a prelate here that the salary attached to the position is only \$30 a month. Anyhow, he is placed out of the current that might lead him to the Cardinalate, as his friends anticipated for him." Is this, one is tempted to ask, an intimation of the methods and morals of Christian diplomacy?

An announcement will be found elsewhere of the reception into the Catholic Church at Ottawa, a few days ago, of a gentleman for many years actively identified with Anglican Church movements. A paragraph in the *Mail* of the 29th, announcing the circumstance, concludes with this peculiar admission. "He has long been known as a student of the points of divergence between the two Churches, and his conversion was not altogether unexpected by his friends." That is to say, when a man begins to look into these matters, the worst, from the Protestant point of view, may be expected.

MEMOIRS OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.*

No man's character was ever more slandered, blackened, vilified, than that of Daniel O'Connell. No man was ever, in his day, more remorselessly assailed by enmity and bigotry, ridiculed, execrated, foully bespattered by those who could not ignore him as a great force in the world (the little world of these three islands), who were not able to deny the weight of his counsels, the power of his influence, the truth of his judgments, the magnetism of his wit. Nowadays it is a fashion among certain of our enemies to give him a kind of praise, and yet these persons will scarcely be pleased to see what a really great figure O'Connell makes through the medium of his own letters—a medium which has of late years discovered the hypocrisy, treachery, or at least the regrettable folly and weakness of many famous individuals. It has been said that the real greatness of a man cannot be truly estimated till he has been long dead, and certainly the large and manly figure of O'Connell grows more heroic with the passing of the years, and his words and acts tell in the story of Ireland with a vigour and meaning which increase as often as the story is told. It is useless to compare one patriotic worker with another, and to quarrel over which is the greater, to be dissatisfied if star differeth from star in glory. A man is raised up for his own time, and it is idle to speculate as to how the exigencies of another time would have moulded him. Where a new country is to be inhabited there is needed a pioneer of ways, a clearer of woods, and blaster of rocks. O'Connell was the pioneer of Irish liberty, the champion of mere slaves, the man who had to fight single-handed a whole army of seeming impossibilities. Until Catholic Emancipation was won no right could be striven for, no wrong attacked, except by the ways of despairing and fruitless bloodshed. The voice of the Irish nation could only be heard in moans of anguish or cries of execration until O'Connor secured for it a hearing among the nations; and let us never forget this when we hear the voice of Erin, our mother, speaking no longer with passionate wailing, but in clear, calm, articulate tones that convey the words of reason, persuading by their reasonableness, to the ear of the civilized world.

The writer of this book was occupied twenty years in gathering together the letters which reveal Daniel O'Connell's heart and soul to the reader. Not less admirable than the warmest admirer of the great Tribune of the people believed him to be in his own day does Dan stand forth at this moment, as confessed under his own hand by the fugitive expressions of his thoughts, his faith, his affections, his loves and hatreds which he scattered about to friend, foe, acquaintance, wife, and child, during the fifty years or so of his political and domestic career. The slanders that followed such a man, in spite of his virtues, prove how he was hated by unscrupulous enemies; while the love and tenderness with which he inspired those who were most intimately connected with him throw a charm around the strong and rugged personality which sneers cannot dispel. We get even a new picture of him as he appeared personally at the outset of his career, full of hope, strength, and good-will, as sketched by an Irish Protestant, Mr. W. H. Curran. The editor says:

After describing his tall expanded frame, such as befits a man of the people, Curran adds:—"In his face he has been equally fortunate; it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in outline and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or wile—if there were the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation." "Dr. R. R. Madden," adds the editor, "described W. H. Curran as 'a man who would freeze you.' The impression which

O'Connell left on this keen student of character is therefore to be prized.

O'Connell began life by marrying his Mary, whom he so faithfully and truly loved, in preference to an heiress recommended to him by a rich uncle who was deeply and lastingly offended by such wilfulness. The editor rather unkindly records of the rejected lady that she had a strangely and unpleasantly long nose, and we cannot but remember this fact every time we read O'Connell's playful reiterated raptures over his wife, in his letters to her, as the dearest, sweetest, sauciest little *cock-nosed* woman in the whole world. To her a very large proportion of the letters are addressed, containing pleasant news of his active life abroad, interspersed with tender thoughts and jests and playful messages for the dear fireside group at home. I know of no other man who appears in so amiable a light through his correspondence with his wife and children except Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Everyone knows that the darkest shadow on O'Connell's life was cast by the fatal termination of his duel with D'Esterre. Forced in a manner against his conscience to fight the duel, he was overwhelmed with horror when the unscrupulous aggressor and practised duellist fell by his hand to die a few days later of the wound. Many have never learned that O'Connell offered to share his income with the widow of the man he had so unwillingly sent to the grave, an offer which was refused. Neither has it everywhere been recorded of him that he found and seized an opportunity for seriously benefiting the family of the man whose death had been to his slayer a lasting agony. Learning that a lawsuit of great importance to Mrs. D'Esterre and her children was about to be tried at Cork Assizes, he threw up weighty briefs which he held at the moment in Dublin, returned the fees, and, posting down to Cork, pleaded the cause and won the verdict.

A good sketch of O'Connell in the prime of his working power is taken from the *New Monthly Magazine* of the period. A reveller returning home between five and six on a winter's morning, observes him through the window of his house in Merrion Square. A tall able-bodied man is seen through the half-opened parlour shutter, behind which a light is burning. He stands at a desk immersed in solitary occupation. A crucifix hangs on the wall in front of him. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain "monastic rotundity" about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his Matin devotions. However, the bookcases stocked with tomes in plain calf-skin binding, the blue-covered octavos strewn tables and floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape, show this person to be thinking far more of the law than of the prophets. Later in the day, the severe recluse of the morning is transformed into one of the most busy and bustling personages in the Four Courts; and later still you might find the counsellor the presiding spirit at some of the public meetings then held daily in Dublin, riding the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate as if he had that moment started fresh for the labours of the day. There he remains till he has carried every point, after which he makes several speeches at a public dinner, before snatching a little hard-earned repose—to be found again in his study in advance of the dawn.

(To be continued.)

Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., in a paper in *Little Snow Flakes*, says that in his young days a clergyman always wore a swallow-tailed black coat with a rolling collar reaching to the back of the head, and a voluminous white cravat got twice around the neck, furnished with a three-inch wide "stiffener" made of horse-hair and tied in a flat bow about four inches in length. The collars were so wide that the points reached the cheek bones, and in the summer the clergyman always wore white trousers. Mr. Wood is afraid that if a clergyman were now to appear publicly in the costume of 1830, he would be followed and derided by the small boys, and would cause much merriment among the elders.

* Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. Edited, with notes of his life and times, by D. T. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A., author of "The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle," etc. (John Murray).

MIDNIGHT MASS AT THE ORATORY.

"'Tis Christmas Eve, and none must fail
To tell their beads at the Midnight Mass."
—*Ruadh.*

England can boast of more stately monuments than the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, which nestles modestly among the stately trees of Edgbaston, at Birmingham, but of none that contains more interest for the Catholic and the scholar of to-day, associated as it is so closely with the name of one who is a light in religion as well as in literature, and whose writings will always stand as models of pure Anglo-Saxon. It is at the Oratory that the saintly John Henry Newman has put forth his best powers for Catholicity and enriched with his thought and work the literature of the religion which he combated so fiercely in his younger days, before the answer came to his beautiful petition, "Lead, Kindly Light," whose sobbing monosyllables proclaim with all the strong, earnest, passionate yearning of a soul at sea:

"The night is dark, and I am far from home."

The Oratory has been a home indeed—a haven of real rest, where the weary heart might find repose, free from the jarring discords of the busy, unsympathetic world. I shall not presume, in this fugitive sketch, to review the life of John Henry Newman or the history of the Oratory, but rather to reproduce, in the form of a reminiscence, the impression made upon me "twenty golden years ago" as an attendant at the great Cardinal's place of worship, before he became Cardinal. It is an impression that lasts like the fragrance of some imperishable perfume and that becomes intensified always at this solemn season.

The Oratory is far enough removed from the throbbing activity and the bustle of busy Birmingham to be undisturbed by the noise of the great town, but not so far away that it cannot be reached easily by residents of the borough desiring to attend divine worship there, particularly if the worshippers be young, active, vigorous, and in the mood to enjoy a brisk walk. The wide, well-kept road, with its handsome homes and venerable shade-trees, that leads to the famous church is suggestive of quiet and comfort, not to say ease and elegance. Here the aristocracy of Birmingham, for the most part, have their residences, and to live in Edgbaston is almost as good as a patent of nobility, since it is an evidence of one's social status. The Oratory is an unpretentious building, or rather cluster of buildings of simple and almost severe exterior. It stands a short distance from the road on the right, and at the time of which I speak the walk leading from the main thoroughfare to the door of the church was prettily embowered with evergreens. Pious Catholics and a great many persons who were not Catholics went there every Sunday to witness the solemn ceremony of the Mass and to hear the exquisite singing of the boys' choir, whose beautiful treble voices, trained by a competent preceptor, rang out gloriously in the striking passages of the sacred music. The modest exterior of the Oratory does not prepare one for the ample and elaborate interior upon which the eyes rest upon entering the sacred edifice. The main altar, fronting the principal entrance, rises up white and beautiful and symmetrical in full view of all, and is approached by a series of steps leading to a wide platform, around which priests, choristers and attendants are seated. It is much higher than the main body of the auditorium, and it is impossible for anybody in any part of the church to be deprived of a view of the altar. Then there are side altars, at some one of which a Father of the Oratory is celebrating Mass during the early hours of morning. Priests and attendants move about noiselessly and an atmosphere of hushed devotion pervades the place like rising incense. One feels the solemnity of the scene, but it is a solemnity that is elevating, restful and heart-stirring. Presently the stillness, which it was almost profanity to break, yields gently to the soft melody of the organ, as it begins its lofty strain in a sacred whisper, which increases in volumes until it reaches its full tone as it heralds the procession which enters from the little side chapel, full-robed for the Mass.

The central figure, upon which every eye is immediately

riveted, is that of Dr. Newman. He is not yet a Cardinal, but as a man he claims and holds public attention. He moves slowly. His face is thin, and he seems to feel the weight of years, although he lacks two years of seventy at the time. The Fathers surrounding him are very attentive. When the Gospel of the day is read he comes slowly down the centre aisle until he reaches the raised pulpit which stands about the middle of the church in view of the congregation. His step is feeble as he ascends the stairs, and when he begins to read his voice trembles. Now we have an opportunity to study the great but unostentatious divine. His prominent nose, with its aquiline tendency, tells of force of character; his cheeks are wrinkled and sunken; his eyes large and expressive, and as he grows earnest at some particular point in his sermon the face which at first seems that of an ascetic becomes illumined with intelligence, warmth and inspiration, and the speaker is young again. Ordinarily he speaks with deliberation. His language is clear and simple, but sublime in its vivid portrayal of the truth he wishes to teach, and the scholar shines out between his words rather than in them.

As Dr. Newman stands there he reminds one of an animated picture of one of the saints. I could not help thinking of his eventful life, as I heard the words of hope from his lips. Here indeed was a searcher for truth, a scholar, a modern Saul of Tarsus, who began by persecuting the Church of Christ, and whose mature judgment led him to be its most devoted servant. The appearance of the man and all that he represented in his great personality, his discourse, the music, the church, made upon my mind a life-long impression, and the entire scene comes back to me with an agreeable distinctness, even now, as I write these hurried lines.

One other picture witnessed at the Oratory is remembered more vividly, and that is the celebration of a midnight Mass. At most of the churches in the principal cities of England this beautiful service, that seems to bring men and angels nearer, is observed regularly every Christmas, but nowhere, it seems to me, is it more divinely impressive than at the Oratory, where the inspiring music and the exquisite voices of the boys' choir, voicing the "Adeste Fideles" like a song of silver, turn the night into a dream of Paradise, while the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth are rehearsed once more as they were nearly two thousand years ago on the Judean hills.

While this solemn and beautiful scene is in progress at the Oratory, the streets of the great town in the distance are echoing with the music of the "waits" and the "carols" of the belated worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, who have no thought for the sacred things that are touching the hearts of the men and women of Dr. Newman's devout congregation. The trodden snow on the side of the street leading to the Oratory tells that many feet have pressed it at that unseasonable hour, and the worldly wonder what power can so stir the Catholic heart as to attract a large congregation at such a time. At last the benediction is given, and hundreds who seem loath to leave, and whose thoughts are with the Christ-Child, cradled in the manger nearly two thousand years ago, linger behind and spend some little time in devotion. All the Christmas Services at the Oratory are sublime, and those who have the privilege of attending divine worship there always look forward to them with pleasure and feel a tinge of regret when the advancing seasons carry them forward to other ceremonies.

The present Duke of Norfolk, who stands next in rank to royalty, was a student at the Oratory school at the time of which I write, and, trained under such influences, it is not to be wondered at that he remains true to the faith of his fathers, who were loyal to the Church in the darkest days of England's persecution of Catholicity. The Oratory since then has become celebrated as the home of a Cardinal, and John Henry Newman has become a prince of the Church; but no honours that could be conferred upon him could add to the sublime sense of beauty with which it impressed me twenty years ago while attending Midnight Mass.—*Erigena, in Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

THE LITTLE LORD.

"*Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis.*"—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

Within the chapter of a cloister old,
Torre d'Amalfi is its name so fair,
A curious tapestry, on the wall unrolled,
Related in devices quaint and rare,
How that the Saviour in a manger lay,
Naked and lorn, upon wisps of hay.

Mary, the Mother, knelt upon the right,
Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye;
And helpers twain, one russet and one white,
Poured warmth from their pink nostrils, standing by;
While, through the open roof, upon a cloud,
Were troops of Angels seen, that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on one Christmas night,
Saint Francis and his monks were come to pray,
When, sudden, quickened by an inner light,
The holy man besought each one to say
What was the burden of the Angel's song
Sounding the ilex and fox-grapes among.

Smiling, the choir of hooded Cordeliers
In full accord intoned the canticle,
Which now, for hard on twice one thousand years,
The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well;
"Glory to God unto the Highest, and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land!"

Francesco's eyes with heavenly light were fired,
An aureole beamed above his sainted head;
And, turning to the crib, like one inspired,
In sweetest accents, to his monks he said:
"Not so. To me 'tis this the Angels tell:
'O Little Lord, exceeding loveable!"

I oft bethought me, dwelling on this scene,
As even sinners will, in happier mood,
'Tis best to pass the glory and the seen,
And set our hearts upon the simple good;
Believing that Saint Francis found the key
To all the grace of the Nativity!

So on this Christmas eve, when from above,
Strange loads of care are bearing on my soul,
Severed from mine, and seeking for a love
That shall bestead me through the days of dole,
I bow my head and whisper only this:
Parvus Dominus et amabilis.

—JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE, in *Dominion Illustrated.*

MR. CURRAN, M.P., ON THE TRUE INTERESTS OF CANADIAN WORKING MEN.

Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., contributes to the Christmas number of the *Canadian Workman* a paper of much interest and instruction to workingmen. The writer describes the working of our legislation, and shows that in a country like ours, where all are workers, the interests of labour and capital are bound together. We quote the concluding portion of Mr. Curran's article, which may be read by all classes with equal profit:—

Our amended laws relative to trades unions relieving organized labour from the penalties to which it was formerly subjected, giving freedom of combination to the toilers, enabling them thereby to secure a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, have proved most efficacious and prevented capital from tyrannizing over labour. Indeed, owing to the generally judicious action of these organizations in confining their demands to the strict limits of justice and fair play, it may be said that never were the interests of labour and capital in our midst so firmly bound together, and the graceful way in which the organs of labour acknowledged their obligations to employers in the recent election of a workingman's candidate for Montreal East, shows that we may hope for a more generous *entente cordiale* in the future.

Workingmen's associations are the natural outgrowth of the present state of society, and thoughtful workers will join them, not only to promote their avowed objects, but, through their healthy influence, to keep the organizations in the right path, and prevent their being made

stepping stones to place and power for unscrupulous manipulators and boodling wire pullers. The election of a labour representative to the House of Commons must result in good, and on all subjects within the competence of that body, self-preservation, not to speak of higher notions, will engage political parties to incline a willing ear to every reasonable proposition. In the early future, spokesmen of the labour interest will find their way to a seat in every local legislature in the Dominion, where not less may be accomplished in the way of needed reforms. All these things may be accomplished by labour well organized and honestly directed. Whilst membership in such bodies is to be commended, the prudent worker, with the responsibility of a family upon him, will not fail to belong to another class of organization which has recently taken, we trust, deep root in our midst. Formerly life insurance was the privilege, if not solely of the rich, at all events, did not extend beyond those enjoying large salaries or revenues, from which the premiums could be spared. Christian philanthropy has brought into life such associations for Catholics as the C. M. B. A., and kindred societies amongst our Protestant fellow citizens, by which, at small cost, a good round sum may be provided for the family of the bread-winner at his decease, for whom in turn death is thus shorn of half its terrors.

No true hearted workingman will fail to enroll himself in some such association. At this season when peace to men of good-will is the angels' song, all that tends to that peace and makes it permanent is of deep interest. In our present social condition in this Province not only will the cause of peace be promoted, but that of labour advanced, if workingmen are alive to the fact that all their energies must be combined and race division effaced. For that the cultivation of both official languages must not be neglected in our schools. The language line is a serious one in our community; it cannot be overcome in a day, but wise men will look beyond the present, and our children will be taught not only in their daily lesson, but by social intercourse, the speech of their neighbours. Thus shall they acquire another tongue, but, what is better, realize the noble traits of character and manly virtues of their brother Canadians, side by side with whom Providence has cast their lot, in this happy land. Peace is likely to reign in a country where the people are satisfied with and cling to their institutions, where a policy productive of plenty prevails, where good men of all classes agree to differ on political questions and discuss them with intelligence and moderation, where the rights of capital are respected and those of labour recognized and enforced, and, above all, where honesty and sobriety reign, and the golden rule of doing unto others as we would wish others to do unto us, is put into constant practice.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The opening of the new C. P. R. Station on Windsor Street is a boon and a blessing. Montreal has been so long devoid of a decent railway station that she will scarcely know herself now with two that are decidedly above mediocrity. When the new Bonaventure Station was given to us, we were duly thankful, for the memories of the old one were hideous. Such of us as have spent a frosty morning within those now illustrious precincts, waiting for a train, say the Vermont Central—usually one hour late—have as a rule some lasting souvenir of that same frosty morning—an often recurring twinge of rheumatism, an ear, tender to the least touch of cold, owing to its having been badly frozen, or a winter spent in enforced seclusion owing to bronchitis with its asthmatic accompaniments. Was there not a waiting room? you ask. Well, there was a sort of apology for that luxury—with a stove in the centre, and a few seats quite at the other end. If you wanted to warm your feet you were obliged to treat one at a time, standing at a respectful distance from the stove in the attitude generally ascribed to a stork upon a sofa cushion.

I once committed the indiscretion of asking one of the

officials who patrolled the platform, if he could tell me to which part of the station the train in question would come. "Really," said he, "I'ven't the ghost of a hidea." However, those miseries are merely fireside tales to-day—*nous avons changes tous cela.*

The new C.P.R. station is really, in every sense, an ornament to the city, as it well may be, considering that it has cost \$575,000. There is something classic in its style—or rather something monastic.

On Friday afternoon a party of eminent American railway men visited this western seat of the great Canadian enterprise, and expressed their fervent admiration of it while viewing it from every standpoint. One of them is reported to have said that "If the architects of the Roman Coliseum or the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens designed their work to last as it has done, through the ages down to our day, the architect of the Canadian Pacific Station has designed his with a like intent, but with this difference, that it is to last, if possible, a few centuries longer." Whereupon an officer of the Company replied, "True, sir; this station was designed to last as long as the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Railway is designed to out last through the ages of western continent civilization,—ten Jupiter's temples, if you will, or fifty Colisseums."

Quite a feature is the lowness of the ceilings, thereby lessening the draughts for which railway stations are so unpleasantly noted. The ladies waiting room is really an elegant apartment—one might almost read "The Mystery of Martha Warne" therein and be comfortable. The staff accommodated within the 103,000 square feet of the building, numbers 350 clerks. The building was begun on the 23rd August, 1887, and the shortness of time employed in its construction, as well as its beauty and fitness, reflect fresh lustre on the name of the princely contractor, Davis, of Ottawa.

And while the C.P.R. clerks are deftly and quietly moving into their new quarters, and as it were expanding, the poor post-office people are suffering from congestion. The letter-carriers on Christmas day were a sight to be remembered. Their bags were bulging with missives, they had packs on their backs, and huge bundles under each arm; they trudged incessantly, and let us hope they got many a Christmas box—so daintily solicited on the delicately printed cards which they had taken the precaution to leave at each house on their beat the day before. And all the while the scarlet waggons flew literally "from pillar to post," and an English mail arrived by the "Servia" and another by the "Oregon," and the clerks in the office toiled wearily through the Holy Season, and most certainly, as far as outward appearances go, had not a "Merry Christmas," poor fellows.

The Services of the Nativity were grand, according to custom. The music at the Gesu has never been surpassed. The choir consisted of one hundred and seventy-five trained voices. The mass was Gounod's "Messe Solenne." The church was crammed to the doors, both at midnight and at the ten o'clock service on Christmas Day.

I saw in a recent number of the *Ave Maria* a reflection and a regret that the beautiful belief in the Kriss Kringle or Christ-child of olden Catholic times, who descended from heaven laden with Christmas gifts for good children, had degenerated into an expectancy of a vulgar old man who came from the frozen regions of the north, driving a sled drawn by reindeer. This may be, nay is, true of Protestant communities, but I doubt if the writer knows of the sweet faith alive in the nurseries of the Catholic Province of Quebec, a faith which attributes to the Infant Jesus all the cherished and long-coveted offerings of the *jour de l'an*, the glad first day of the new year. Only tonight I overheard a little man at his prayers. His name is Marie Joseph Edmund Francois Xavier, and his age is

four. After the usual supplications had been offered he joined his little hands together and said:—"O Petit Jésus, apportez moi un traîneau, et puis un fouet, et puis une montre, et cher petit Jésus, n'oubliez pas les bon-bons!"

Death has been busy with our judges of late, and again one, who was in his time most distinguished, has been called away. In the gloom of a December evening, just as the silence of the wondrous night of Christmas was settling over all the earth, the spirit of the Honourable Judge Badgley passed away. Judge Badgley was born in 1807 and admitted to the bar in 1833. As a politician and as a judge he leaves an admirable record. He was at one time president of the Natural History and of the St. George's Societies, and had received the degree of LL.D. from McGill and Lennoxville Universities. He was always much interested in works of charity and of mercy. The papers are full of eulogistic summaries of his career, but I have seen no notice of an occasion on which the name of Judge Badgley went out affixed to a judgment or a report which conclusively settled a vexed question, in which he, strict Protestant though he was, was certainly not influenced by any partizan feeling. I refer to the affair of the Oka Indians and the gentlemen of the Seminary. These are the concluding words of Judge Badgley's report on the matter:

"Under these circumstances it seems undeniable that as professing Protestants the Oka Indians, though residents of the mission, have no right whatever to claim from the Seminary the only charge appointed by the confirmatory statute—namely, the instruction and spiritual charge of the Roman Catholic Mission—and that any such allotments which the Indians may occupy for residence or cultivation in or near the mission, are not missionary rights but seigniorial and proprietary, and subject to be governed by the terms of the location, permission being granted to them by the owners of the property occupied by the Indian tenants."

OLD MORTALITY.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The following announcement is taken from the Ottawa *Journal* of Friday last:—"Last evening, in the private chapel of the Basilica, Mr. Arthur J. Horan, of the Department of Justice, was admitted into the Catholic Church. Mr. Horan, since his arrival in Ottawa a few years ago, has been attending St. Alban's Church, where he was for some time lay reader assisting Rev. J. J. Bogart. Mr. Horan has also conducted services in Anglican churches at Archville, Billings' Bridge, Pakenham, Arnprior and Aylmer. The ceremony was impressive. It was conducted by Father McGovern, secretary to Archbishop Duhamel. Hon. Sir John Thompson acted as sponsor for Mr. Horan. Among those present were Vicar-General Routhier, Father Boullion and a few intimate friends of the convert. The Declaration being read by Father McGovern and repeated by the convert, a few selections were sung by the choir and interesting prayers offered up. This declaration is a solemn pledge to observe all the regulations and formulas of the Roman Catholic Church and to abjure the Protestant faith. Following this the convert was baptized by Rev. Father McGovern and pronounced a Roman Catholic. Mr. Horan is son of Rev. J. Horan, vicar of Bapchild, Kent, Eng. Mr. Horan was not brought up as an extreme high churchman, as is generally supposed. He belonged to what is known as the old Anglican school. Other receptions into the Church, the *Journal* states, are spoken of as about to take place shortly.

Cardinal Newman could be very severe when he liked. When that distinguished literary product of Birmingham, Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, published *John Inglesant*, in a small private edition, a copy was sent to the Cardinal, asking his opinion upon it. Cardinal Newman replied that he had read the book with much interest; "but," he added, in gratification of the request for an opinion, "I observe that it lacks an index."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intimated journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hath 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 attributing 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 LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1888.

The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia deals ably in a late paper with the "foreign potentate" argument of the anti-Catholic papers. We in Canada are familiar with it in its most specious phases; every day the charge that Catholics cannot be loyal to their own country is flung by the *Mail* in their faces. When the *Mail* and the rest of the No-Popery agitators wish to cap their diatribes with a fine climax they allege against their Catholic fellow-citizens that they are bound, under pain of spiritual punishments, to obey the will of "a foreign potentate,"—a fine, telling sonorous phrase, which is accepted by the ignorant and unthinking as a conclusive answer to all that may be said in favour of Catholics and as one which bars the door against all further argument. If an apologist for Catholics suggests that after all they are not bad citizens; that they are not as ignorant and superstitious as their opponents allege them to be, that they do not believe that they may violate the Ten Commandments and yet buy their way into heaven by paying money to a priest; that they are not linked together in a conspiracy to overturn Governments, and destroy all free institutions, the only answer of the bigots is this.

"What you say may all be so, but it is not to the point. All Catholics are bound to obey the orders of a foreign potentate, and we don't know what he may, or may not, some day, order them to do."

"Of course," says the *Standard*, "this, to unthinking persons anxious to have a reason for their prejudices against Catholics, is a clincher, and to fair-minded persons also it would furnish a quite sufficient reason for opposing Catholics, were it true. Were it true, it would be an all-sufficient reason for excluding Catholics from all offices of trust and honour, and not only for excluding them from such offices, but also for depriving them of the right to vote. For it needs no argument to prove that

persons who are subjects of a foreign political government, have no right, moral or civil, and should not be permitted to take any part, either as voters or as officers, in the government of this country."

The trouble with the argument is that it is entirely untrue. "Catholics," these journals say, "are bound to obey their priests." Unquestionably, answers the *Standard*, every Catholic acknowledges that, but there is a limit and qualification to this obedience.

"Catholics," it says, "are under obedience to ecclesiastical authority and under obedience to 'the Pope' as exercising supreme ecclesiastical authority; but in what respect and to what extent? As regards all subjects of faith and morals and of ecclesiastical decision. There is no doubt or question as to this. But this obedience to the Pope or to subordinate ecclesiastical authority does not interfere with the relations of Catholics as good citizens to the Government of our country or to our civil institutions and civil officers. Protestants all promise obedience to the rules of their respective sects. Do they believe that this promise interferes in any way with their civil or political relations and duties as good citizens? and why not? Because, as one and all of them will say, the rules of their various sects refer to matters of religious belief and practice and of good morals, which religion necessarily includes. Just so it is with the obedience of Catholics to ecclesiastical authority and to the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church. His authority refers to matters of religion, and not to matters that are purely and solely political or secular."

There are some people, however, whose minds are so clouded by prejudice that in speaking of the Catholic Church they lay aside their common-sense. These people reply to such representations after this sort: "Suppose the Pope, under the pretext of exercising ecclesiastical authority, were to order all the Catholics in the United States to conspire together to destroy our free institutions and establish a monarchy, or to elect the Pope himself President of the United States? What, then? Would not Catholics be bound to obey the order?"

The *Standard* answers this absurd proposition by making an equally absurd one with regard to the Methodists and Presbyterians or the member of other sects.

"Suppose," it says, "that the Presbyterian General Assembly or the Methodist General Conference were to order Presbyterians or Methodists to poison the Baptists and Episcopalians, what then? Would Presbyterians or Methodists feel bound to obey the order? What would Presbyterians or Methodists say in reply? Simply that the proposition was preposterous and too absurd to require a serious answer. Yet we will answer the question seriously, unworthy though it is of serious consideration. In such an impossible, un-supposable case, Catholics would believe that the Pope had become demented and had gone entirely beyond the limits of his office and authority."

With respect to the objection urged at times by reasonable-minded men that religion and politics sometimes touch each other, and that a Pontiff might pronounce upon a question partly political in its nature and partly religious, our contemporary answers, as Catholic publicists have repeatedly answered, that in such a case Catholics would be governed by the same principle by which Presbyterians and Methodists are professedly governed. That is to say, so far as the question was religious they would feel bound to regard the religious aspect of the question as of supreme importance. Nor is there in this anything of contradiction. The moral law is the basis of civil law. All alike, whether Protestant or Catholic, must "obey God rather than man." The claims of the Pope to our obedience as Catholics do not at all enter into the limits of practical politics. "The circumferences of Papal and State jurisdiction are," Cardinal Newman wrote in his famous reply to Mr. Glad-

stone, "for the most part quite apart from each other; there are just some few degrees out of the 360 in which they could intersect." All this has been time and again shown in these columns, on the testimony of the most eminent theologians.

Aside from all this the adherents of the sects are not happy in their allusions to the Pope as a *foreigner*. The reason is simple. The Christian religion recognizes no limitations of race or of region, and the Head of the Church cannot, any more than our Lord whose Vicar the Pope is, be regarded as a foreigner in any country in Christendom.

An Anglican journal published in London makes some complimentary remarks on the "upward career" which has been the good fortune of the headmaster of Harrow, who preached a few Sundays ago before the Queen at Windsor. This "distinct step" in the progress of the clergyman who delivered his first sermon under the dome of St. Paul's is one to make "his friends confidently expect that his ministerial career, so impressively begun, will end in the highest places in the Church." It permits us to see its reasons for so concluding;—

Mr. Welldon has an admirable voice and manner, and *his theology is that colourless compound* of Broad and Low which is most acceptable to the Queen. The task of preaching to the Head of the Church is a delicate and difficult one, as Dr. Liddon and the Bishop of Truro found to their cost. The former offended by addressing the Queen directly with an appeal in the style of the old French preacher—"and to you, madame;" and the latter by denouncing certain sins which, if they are committed in Courts, are never mentioned there. Both the Canon and the Bishop have been rigidly excluded from the Royal pulpits ever since these fatal errors were committed.

Fortunate Mr. Welldon! thinks the *Weekly Register*, who lives up to his name. The "broad" way seems the safe way for the parsons at present. Two others before him tried a narrower and more coloured one, and they came to destruction. But the Canon and Bishop may at least console themselves, the *Register* observes, for their former mishaps, by remembering that they live under her present gracious Majesty, and not under her predecessor Elizabeth. "That 'Head of the Church' had a troublesome fashion of mulcting her subjects of theirs. The privileges of the pulpit afforded no protection. She would have sent to the Canon or the Bishop, or she would have muttered to her ladies, that if he continued that argument, 'she would fit him for Heaven.' Queen Victoria is not stated to have sent any such message. Perhaps she mercifully considered that the preachers were not quite ready to go."

"In perusing the pages of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of Toronto, I am of opinion that its editor, to suit his own interests ought to be less pugnacious with Bishop McQuaid, and less censorious with the clergy of Toronto."

The words are those of a Maritime Province prelate written in the course of a private letter to a friend of the REVIEW, who, solely through kindly interest, has communicated them to us, in order that we may know what is being said, and not run blindfold into trouble. The letter, as we have said, was a private one,—one between friends,—and there is nothing about it to show that his Lordship's words were other than kindly meant. His Lordship refers to two articles in our issue of the 8th ultimo, one with respect to the estrangement between Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, and the well-known Father

Lambert; another to the indifference, with certain honourable exceptions, of the clergy in these parts, to the monster evil, the besetting sin, of intemperance. As regards the first matter, we are not conscious of having adventured anything in the way of an opinion further than to say that it seemed clear, from all accounts of the causes which led to the estrangement, that Father Lambert had at all events not been the aggressor. With regard to the second, we did hold an opinion, and, unfortunately, we continue to do so. That opinion is that the counsel—the command—of the Sovereign Pontiff to "every priest" to do "his best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation," is not being acted upon, but rather has been, with amazing indifference, ignored. We are sorry that to anyone, especially that to any prelate, the REVIEW has seemed to be censorious. Certainly what we wrote was not written rashly, nor was there thought of writing arrogantly. We have simply felt it to be our duty, as Catholic journalists, to give prominence to the commands of the Sovereign Pontiff, to remind the spiritual guides of the Catholic people of the duty solemnly imposed upon them by Pope and by Council, the duty of urging their people without ceasing, as they loved immortal souls, and themselves hoped for heaven, to abstain from intoxicating drinks, and to shun the saloon as the chief stronghold of Satan; and thereby to do what was mainly in our power to promote that holy movement in which are bound up the spiritual and temporal interests of so many of our Catholic people.

We cannot say that, on principle, the attitude assumed by his Lordship, which is a familiar one among churchmen, much commends itself to us. It is a position which our best Catholic publicists have combated. "We are told on every side" Dr. Brownson wrote, "that it is our duty as Catholic publicists to defend things as we find them; to raise no question which may excite controversy among ourselves." Not that any Catholic, cleric or lay, would perhaps expressly maintain this, but the man none the less who refused to conform to the rule thus laid down Brownson truly said would soon find himself involved in severer controversies with his own brethren, than with the avowed enemies of the Church. The rule adopted, it seemed to him, was not that laid down by the Apostle—"Follow after the things that *make* for peace," but follow after peace or seek peace at any price. He stated the case against such men thus strongly:—

"The only men who have a prescriptive right to find fault with their brethren without having their orthodoxy, their zeal, or their charity questioned, are the *oscuranti*, the men who praise the past, *laudatores temporis acti*, who stoutly maintain all antiquated formulas, hold fast to old abuses, repress all generous aspirations, and anathematize all efforts for progress. They may, without censure, alienate half the world from the Church, or throw insurmountable obstacles in the way of the return of those who are already alienated, pursue a policy which renders the Church in her actions on the world offensive to the purest and noblest instincts of human nature, without doing anything for which any Catholic shall have the right to censure them, or to find the least fault with them. The public opinion of the Catholic world sustains them, lauds their wisdom and virtue, and condemns only those rash or froward spirits who venture to question the wisdom of their action, or to deny its salutary influence. Here is the

great difficulty under which labour all men who understand their age and would do something, however little, for the promotion of the Catholic cause. They are at once cried down as the disturbers of Catholic peace. This is a great discouragement; it takes the life out of a man, deprives him of all strength, energy, zeal, or heart to attempt anything in the cause of God or our neighbour."

This is strong language, and we quote it as illustrating the condition of mind which Brownson long ago saw was common among Catholics. A man's life-blood was frozen, he held, in its current by these constant admonitions to be "wise" and "politic." His soul revolted at the admonition. To be wise and prudent in that sense, was to his mind to be timid and selfish. We hope that in quoting these words we will not be thought guilty of any implied disrespect to our critic, the Bishop. But we are firmly of the conviction that the interests of our people and our religion will not be best served either by silence, or by refusing to look facts in the face, or by sacrificing principles to popularity.

HON. MR. MERCIER ON QUEBEC.

In spite of his numerous other occupations Premier Mercier has found time to write an able article on the present standing and future of the Province of Quebec for the New Year's issue of *L'Electeur* of Quebec. The article covers nearly 30 columns of the issue, and is replete with statistics and information of all kinds. The writer opens by saying that the Province of Quebec has been the cradle of French colonization in America. On the subject of Public Instruction, after describing the machinery of education, Mr. Mercier says:—

"This organization assures the most absolute respect for all religious beliefs, as to education, and the most perfect harmony between the populations of the different denominations, which can have no conflict on this matter. Besides, history is there to attest that, for education as for all other questions affecting race and religion, the French Canadians never attempted the least encroachment on other nationalities or other religious denominations." Then come statistics relating to universities, colleges, convents, academies and elementary schools, etc., showing that the number of pupils in all schools was as follows: Catholics, 219,403; Protestants, 37,484; total, 256,607, a proportion of 65 Catholic pupils to 1 Protestant. During the last 21 years the Provincial Government has paid about \$7,000,000 for public instruction. The writer pays a eulogy to the classical colleges which have produced so many distinguished men, and has an eloquent chapter on our benevolent institutions which do credit to all nationalities. The religious communities also come in for a good word.

On the subject of Public Worship he says:—

"There is no country in the world where freedom of worship is as complete as in our province. After some hesitation, England granted us the full exercise of the rights resulting from the articles of the capitulation at Montreal and the Treaty of Paris. In our country, the Catholic clergy is absolutely independent, in all that relates to religious worship, and is controlled only by the authorities of Rome, the civil power interferes only in its business of lending its support when that is necessary or useful. Our parochial organization is still governed by the French laws of the seventeenth century, the changes which those laws have undergone have only tended to still further strengthen religious authority. The same liberty exists in favour of Protestants and all other religions; even Judaism is practised without let or hindrance from the civil authorities. Thanks to this organization the best *entente*, as well as the greatest harmony, reigns among the adepts of the different beliefs, and the leaders of the different religious denominations. Moreover, the French and Catholic majority make it a duty to scrupulously respect the religious belief of the minority, and never thought of encroaching in the least on the rights of Protestants, from a religious or any other standpoint."

Mr. Mercier's article concludes with this reference to the future of the province and people: "Incomplete as this sketch may be, it shows clearly the brilliant future in store for our province and the French race—a race which constitutes more than three-quarters of the population. The extent and richness of our territory; its natural resources, as inexhaustible as varied; its incomparable geographical position, which permits it to command the commerce of the richest portion of Canada and the western states of the American Republic; its great waterway of the St. Lawrence, the most important route of interior and oceanic navigation which exists in the world; its magnificent system of railways, which is rapidly increasing; its universities, colleges, convents, and its thousands of public schools, which procure to the people education and instruction in all branches and degrees; its numerous benevolent institutions, for succoring of all miseries and infirmities; its political institutions which guarantee liberty to all citizens, and the most absolute protection to all race and religious interests; the perfect harmony which reigns among the different groups of its population, finally, the result of all these benefits and advantages will be, that in the near future it will offer the spectacle of a great people, rich, happy, prosperous, and, as all these things shall have been accomplished in a large measure by that Franco-Canadian population, which Providence seems to have selected as the special instrument of its inscrutable destinies, the historian of future generations, who will relate these great things, will be enabled with reason to give for epigraph to his book:

"*Gesta Dei per Francos.*"

WHAT BOOKS TO BUY.

This fable teaches (as the Latin reader says) that to be useful advice should be specific. There are many people who, though engaged in mercantile pursuits, are not wholly absorbed by them, who have a few dollars to spend in books, and some time to devote to reading. They would, perhaps, prefer to make a study of one general subject, rather than browse in a dozen different pastures. Such persons would value the opinion of a specialist as to what books it would be best to read in order to form something like a comprehensive grasp of a certain subject. With a view to obtaining specific information of this kind concerning English literature, an appeal was made to Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale, for advice as to how a man who wished to obtain a little library upon English literature could lay out \$15 to the best advantage. The reply was as follows:

First for a brief introduction to the whole subject:	
Stopford Brooke's whole "Primer of English Literature".....	\$0.40
For a critical review of the whole body of English literature by an accomplished writer: Taine's "History of English Literature".....	3.50
For histories of special periods:	
Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature".....	1.00
Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of England in the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Century".....	2.40
Stedman's "Victorian Poets".....	1.80
For a thorough statistical guide or handbook (for consultation rather than continuous reading):	
Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature".....	1.60
For a good anthology, Ward's "English Poets".....	4.00
Total.....	\$14.70

The above list is made on the understanding that the purchaser wants to read about English literature. But if he wishes a small library of the most important books, so that he can read the authors themselves, at first hand, he might lay out his \$15 as follows:

First (as before) Stopford Brooke's "Primer".....	\$.40
Second (as before), Ward's "Poets".....	4.00

These will give a good outline of the history of our literature and a good anthology of our (undramatic) verse. Then for prose, plays, etc.:

Shakespeare (Globe edition).....	\$1.00
Bacon's Essays (in Morley's Universal Library).....	38
Selections from Ben Jonson, do.....	38
De Foe's "Journal of the Great Plague," do.....	38
Goldsmith's Works, do.....	38
Burke's Speeches and Letters, do.....	38

Sheridan's Plays, do.....	38
De Quincey: "Opium Eater," do.....	38
Lamb: "Essays of Elia," do.....	38
Swift's Works (published by Nimmo; Edinburgh).....	2.00
Boswell's Life of Johnson (condensed somewhat, Henry Holt).....	1.60
Selections from the <i>Spectator</i> , edited by Richard Green (in the Golden Treasury Series).....	1.00
"Paradise Lost" (any good Cheap edition can be bought for).....	1.00

Total.....\$14.04

These editions are all in cloth and are fairly good in print, etc. The remaining dollar could be spent in getting a few novels of Walter Scott, Thackeray and George Elliot, which are obtainable in cheap paper shape in the Sea Side, Cassell's and Lovell's popular libraries, or Harper's Franklin Square—varying from 15 cents to 30 cents each in price. I would recommend "Vanity Fair," "The Antiquary," "Bride of Lammermoor," "Adam Bede," "Silas Warner," "Pendennis," or as many of them as can be bought for a dollar. Some of Ruskin's writings are also procurable in these cheap paper libraries at 10 cents to 15 cents, and might be substituted for two or three of the novels. I would recommend, say, the "Queen of the Air," and "Sesame and Lilies."

All the books on the regular list are worth keeping. These cheap paper editions could be read through and thrown away, or read a second time. They are not worth keeping, on account of their wretched print and paper, but they are worth a dollar for a single reading, and some idea of our best nineteenth century novelists ought to be got by every reader.—*Mail and Express*.

MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, was received by the Pope on Monday, the 17th ult.

The Duke of Norfolk paid a visit last week to Cardinal Newman at the Oratory, Edgbaston. His Eminence was sufficiently recovered in health to receive his Grace, and they conversed together for some time.

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, the Rector of the American Catholic University, announces that the institution will be dedicated next October.

A brilliant reception was held on the afternoon of New Year's Day at the Bishop's palace, Montreal, from one till five o'clock. It was attended by many of the clergy and many leading members of the laity. Grand Vicar Marechal, Rev. Canon Leblanc and other clergymen of the palace received the guests.

The story goes that Lady Herbert of Lea lately encountered in New York, in the garb of Little Sister of the Poor, a young lady who was a few years ago one of the wealthiest and most sought after belles of London.

Bishop Lorraine, of Pembroke, returned home on Tuesday evening of last week after his visit to Rome. There was no public reception at Pembroke, his Lordship preferring to come home quietly without an ovation. In an interesting pastoral His Lordship gives a full description of his late visit to Rome, and among other pleasant paragraphs, is that in which Pope Leo told the bishops, clergy and students in audience before him, that of all the gifts made him on the occasion of his priestly jubilee, the most valuable and the dearest to his heart was that of the establishment of the Canadian Seminary at Rome.

"Owen Sound has established a Philharmonic Society which numbers one hundred voices. The work in hand is Mozart's 12th Mass. Such are the words of an Ontario paper, whose name I forgot to take down. Now, it will be a surprise to the new society and its conductor, as well as to the musical people of Owen Sound, that Mozart never wrote the 12th Mass. Nor is he the authenticated author of more than six or seven of the thirty odd masses attributed to him. Furthermore, with perhaps the exception of the 'Qui Tollis Peccata Nostra,'

there is nothing in the whole so-called 12th Mass that is church music at all."—"*Lalade*," in *Montreal Gazette*.

Lord William Neill is about to marry the only daughter of J. M. Murietta of Wadhurst and Carlton House Terrace. The lady will inherit her father's vast fortune. Lord William, when he was received into the church a few years ago, was "cut off with a shilling" by his father, Lord Abergavenny, a Protestant of the old school. He immediately went into a wine merchant's office in the city, and is now a partner in the firm of Hatch and Neill.

Railway facilities in the northern portion of the Province of New Brunswick are multiplying rapidly. Quite recently the Temiscouata "short line," a feeder to the Intercolonial, between Edmundston, N.B., and Riviere du Loup, Que., was opened to traffic. The Tobique Valley Railway, opening up a valuable mineral region, is being constructed; and now the contract for the construction of the St. Francis branch of the Temiscouata Railway has been signed, and the Temiscouata Railway Company will push the work to completion at once. These three roads are all situated in the united Counties of Victoria and Madawaska, and their construction, we learn from the *Ottawa Citizen*, is mainly due to the untiring exertions of their representative in the House of Commons, the Hon. Mr. Costigan.

Mary Queen of Scots has been the subject of many romantic tales, but none of them are more strange or capable of sensational development than the latest report from Holyrood. The story is that whilst some repairs were being made in the Queen of Scots' room a mason struck a jutting-out stone, which rang hollow. He turned it up, and discovered the remains of a baby, wrapped in cloth of gold, and marked "J." The high personage in London whose business it is to control Holyrood Palace, on being telegraphed to for instructions, ordered that the baby should be replaced under the stone, and that no fuss should be made about the matter. Now, Mary gave birth in the adjoining room to the child supposed to have been James I. of England, and history records that immediately after its birth the child was removed and brought up elsewhere. What, conjectures the newspaper chronicler, whose suspicions are aroused, and who is not deficient in imagination, if Mary's child should be the baby in the cloth of gold?—and if so, who was James I.? The idea would suggest immense possibilities for the novelist if it were original, but alas! says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, it has only been borrowed.

CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT.

SOME CATHOLIC PAPERS.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?" is a question which goes far to determine character. Is the Catholic and the Irish-American public so vain and gullible that it must demand in place of newspapers bound to tell the truth, circulars full of hebdomadal flattery, soothing versions and rooster headings?

Of that character, certainly, is the make-up of some "intelligent contemporaries." They are gotten up on the plan that no mistake can be made by indiscriminate praise; that the bearer of good news is always welcome, even if the news is misleading. Witness some specimens selected at random:

"The Poor Old Tories. They are Beaten Again."

"The Unhappy Tories."

"The Tories Baffled," etc.

(Meanwhile the Tories are having everything their own way.)

"Protestant Failure."

"The Divorce Evil Destroying New England."

"Panic Stricken Ministers. They Fear their Occupation is gone."

"Catholic Progress—Remarkable Growth of the Church," etc."

"Catholic Rome. The Faithful People who are misrepresented by Free-Mason Politicians."

Thus on, *ad nauseam*.

Then there are certain hackneyed phrases. No clergyman ever speaks but his remarks are "eloquent," his logic "is cogent" and his manner "most impressive." "The good Sisters" have their motives extolled beyond recognition. His Grace and His Lordship are both annoyed and amused at the expletives of goodness showered upon them. Pious, unctuous optimism, seraphic self-satisfaction and a state of beatified glorification run through column after column. It is good, of course, but it is good for nothing.

"There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth," says a great writer. And we imagine that if that were a governing consideration with many of the circulars above referred to they would soon become live papers.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*.

CLUB-HOUSE CHURCHES.

The Protestant churches are becoming mere club-houses. They all have their kitchens and reunion nights, and as club houses, we must say, they are very orderly.

There is too much courting and coquetting at their meetings; but they are otherwise models of decorum. A reporter of a New York paper the other day described the cuisine of a new Methodist church as having "a thoroughly equipped kitchen, which is said to rival that of many a New York club-house in the completeness of its appointments."—*St. Louis Watchman*.

THE ACCUSERS.

The different sects are having a hard time with their "reformed" priests and nuns. Edith O'Gorman recently appeared on the stage in a reeling state of intoxication. The "ladies" all fled the hall. Widows, the "reformed monk," has been sent to the penitentiary. The Baptists of Pittsburg have just expelled Scully, who said he was a priest of the St. Joseph diocese, for lying and immorality. Doutney, an anti-popery declaimer of the Fulton stripe, had to be taken off the stage a few nights ago. The doctor had given him something that made him dizzy.—*St. Louis Watchman*.

The Sultan of Turkey is learning to use a type-setter.—*Boston Pilot*.



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O. EUG. PANET,

Colonel,
Deputy Min. of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, 5th December, 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon debentures or other securities; to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation.

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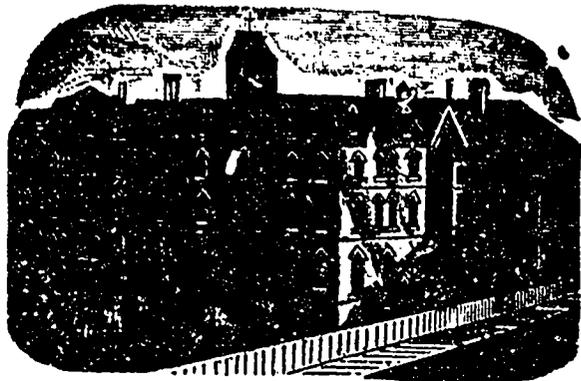
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