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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. I.

Toronto, Saturday, June 11, 1887.

No. 17.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Cardinal Rampolla has entered upon his duties as Pontifical Secretary of State.

The Pope has finally decided that Cardinal Dirende shall represent the Vatican during the Queen's Jubilee celebration in London.

King Humbert has decorated the Archbishop of Milan. This is regarded as a further indication that he is in favour of effecting a reconciliation with the Vatican.

The Berlin *Germania* admits the truth of the report that Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schiverin has returned to the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Algemeine Zeitung*, of Vienna, mentions a project which has been hinted, to make the Pope King of Palestine under a guarantee of protection of his throne by all the Catholic powers.

Mgr. Galimberti, the newly-appointed Papal Nuncio, was consecrated on Sunday by Cardinal Gaulbauer, of Vienna, in the presence of the highest Court officials and Church dignitaries. A dinner was given in his honour by Cardinal Gaulbauer.

Mgr. Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, had an audience with the Pope on Monday. The Pope urged Mons. Rampolla to give his attention to the question of the Pope's temporal power over the city of Rome. Some of the powers, it is said, are willing to assist the Holy See in effecting a settlement of the question with the Italian Government.

The Pope has, entirely of his own accord, and without any hint from Cardinal Manning, issued a rescript which ordains that on Jubilee day, the 21st of June, high mass and a *Te Deum* shall be performed in all Roman Catholic churches in England. The Catholic clergy are said to be

gratified by this command, although somewhat astonished. It is said that his Holiness could not, according to the ecclesiastical etiquette governing such things, have done more in the case of the most faithful Catholic sovereign. The English clergy might return the compliment on the occasion of his Holiness's approaching Jubilee.

A circular was sent to 1,000 representative members of the Wesleyan Church, asking their opinion on the Government's Irish Crimes Bill. Sixty-nine per cent. of those who received the circular condemned the measure. Of the minority a large number condemn the proposed law, but refuse to sign petitions against it on the ground that they do not approve, as members of the Church, of meddling with politics.

Mr. Parnell's conference with Mr. Morley and Sir Charles Russell resulted in the adoption by the Irish leader of the Gladstonian tactics of opposition. The Gladstonian leaders will meet to-day (Thursday) and go carefully over the amendments to the Crimes bill, and expunge all that are redundant. Mr. Parnell, who is in much better health, appeared in the House of Commons on Monday. Lord Churchill is said to be privately urging the Government not to abandon the venue changing clauses of the bill, to which there has been so much opposition.

Mr. Gladstone, who has been visiting Wales, has been everywhere accorded magnificent greetings. He addressed a meeting of one hundred thousand Welshmen on Saturday, and spoke for four hours. Lord Salisbury's complaint of obstruction was unmanly and effeminate, he said, and his coercion programme wanting in justification. He warned him that it would be impossible to permanently govern Ireland coercively in the light of day and an atmosphere of freedom. The Irish, he asked the Welshmen to believe, were human beings, full of noble qualities, and were deserving their sympathy in the arduous contest.

In respect to the present condition of affairs in Ireland, Mr. Gill, M.P., who is particularly well informed, cables that the situation in Ireland, at this moment, is one which calls for self-restraint and self-control in a peculiar degree. Everywhere the customary evidences of coming coercion are apparent. The work of eviction has set in in deadly earnest. The scenes at Bodyke and Mitchelstown are only the beginning of general operations, and it will require all the patience of which the people are capable to avert a calamitous outbreak of crime. Michael Davitt's speech at Bodyke, in which he counselled resistance by every possible means to evictions, is on everybody's lips. It was very extreme, and was regarded somewhat unfavourably, but it must be remembered that Mr. Davitt spoke under most exasperating circumstances. One of the scenes he had witnessed was identical with one which is the earliest recollection of his life, and which gave that bent to his mind which has made him the man he is. The Irish leaders, however, will implore the tenants not to allow anything, sorely exasperated as they are, to drive them to violence, which would be only to play into the enemy's hands.

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.

Prior to the Bishop's departure for England, a farewell dinner was given him by the Celtic Society of Upper Canada, at Carmino's Hotel, Kingston. There was a large attendance of the Bishop's friends, including nearly all the prominent residents of the city, and the officers of the garrison. The chair was taken by the Sheriff of the district, supported on either side by the Bishop and his coadjutor. The toasts and speeches usual on such occasions were given and made, and the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all present. A few weeks afterwards the Bishop commenced his journey, and was accompanied to the steamboat "Dolphin," sometime known by her American name, "Blackhawk," lying at the foot of Princess Street, by a large number of his personal friends; the old bell of St. Joseph's Church pealing forth a parting salute. This bell was one of the institutions of Kingston; for a long time the only thing of the kind, and always the best thing of the kind that the town could boast—like the bells of most Catholic Churches, it was on the go almost continually from morning till night, and its fine, clear tones were well known to every Kingstonian. It was cast by the widely-known firm of Mears, London, the same establishment which many years subsequently furnished the chimes for the church of Notre Dame, Montreal. The belfry in which it was suspended being of rather slight construction, shook from base to apex whenever the bell was rung. On one occasion Mr. W. P. Macdonald, the Vicar-General, happening to notice this agitation, exclaimed: "Dear me, how that spire shakes; I am afraid the Cross will fall." Old Mr. Walter McCuniffe, a well-known wag of those days, who stood by, was ready with a rejoinder, "Many a cow shakes her tail, but it does not fall off for all that."

When the big bell, now in St. Mary's Cathedral, was procured, the services of the faithful old monitor were dispensed with. It was sent into exile, being, as some say, given or disposed of to the mission at Smith's Falls; of this the writer knows nothing. But he may be allowed to state that from early youth he was a curious investigator of the mysteries of steeples, bells, and clocks; there was scarcely a steeple, bell, or clock, in the city of Boston—where most of his school days were spent—that he had not fully explored, and with the history of which he was not perfectly familiar. Some fifty years ago the revolutionary government of Spain, pressed for money, and animated with the true spirit of reform, confiscated a great number of church bells, and sent them to New York to be disposed of to the best advantage. The bells were arranged in rows on the sidewalks of Broadway; some few were restored to their legitimate use, but the greater number were scattered abroad among schools, factories, railways, and steamboats; employed, in fact, every way in which a bell can be employed, excepting always the purpose for which it was originally intended. It was reported that one of these bells had strayed as far as Kingston and was actually hanging in the belfry of St. Andrew's Church, Princess Street. Wishing to ascertain the true state of the case, the writer, who happened, in company with a young friend, to be passing the church one Sunday afternoon, thought he would look in and see for himself whether or no the thing was as affirmed. The door leading to the belfry was locked, and upon applying for admission to the proper functionary, that worthy answered: "Na! na! mon, ye canna gang there the day." Venturing to ask a reason for this unexpected rebuke, the writer was informed that it was the Sabbath day, on which no person was allowed to see the bell; that act being considered by the worthy sexton a serious breach of the moral law. The writer then en-

quired if the bell was rung on Sunday, as in his estimation that operation required hard labour, and as such might be considered a greater breach of the Sabbath than the mere looking at an inanimate piece of metal.

It is time to return to Bishop Macdonell, whom we left standing on the deck of the old steamer "Dolphin," taking leave of his friends. Easily moved on such occasions, the writer could not conceal his emotions. The Bishop held out his hand: "Wait till I return, William." These were his parting words; he never again saw his episcopal city.

During the writer's residence at Brockville he received one letter from the Bishop; it has been kept as a relic. The signature of the Bishop given with his portrait some numbers back, was taken from this letter, which reads as follows:—

Kingston, 5th March, 1839.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—This will be handed to you by the Rev. Philip O'Reily, who is appointed your parish priest until you shall have made up your mind to become priest yourself; by that time if Mr. O'Reily does not give full and ample satisfaction you may have a chance, and in the mean time I hope that you will give every aid and assistance to Mr. O'Reily, as he is very lately ordained, and has little or no experience, nor any acquaintance whatever with his parishioners. Your knowledge of the characters he has to deal with, may be of great use to him as well as your assistance in arranging the necessaries about the church and altar. If your time permit your accompanying him to Kitley, it would be of great service to him. I dare say James Macdonell and his wife would come from Bastard to meet you at Kitley, if they are made acquainted when you are there. Compliments to both your sisters and their husbands, and believe me, my dear William, to be yours affectionately,

(Signed),

†ALEX. MACDONELL.

Mr. James Macdonell, mentioned above, was the father of Rev. Mother Antoinette, the present Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; his wife, Amelia, was the writer's cousin, daughter of Captain Miles Macdonell, and widow of Mr. William Jones, of Brockville.

W. J. MACDONELL.

"MEDITATIONS OF A PARISH PRIEST."

Among the vast number of publications constantly issuing from the press of an entire world, there appears, now and then, a book, the work of some genius, which draws forth not merely a passing cry of praise and wonder, but gives birth to the conviction that this is a book destined to live for ages, perhaps forever. It is to be one of the "eternities," as Carlyle would have bombastically declared.

One feels a strange sensation in looking at the first copies of such a book. Here is the title, there is the author's name; both the title and the author's name are to go down together to all succeeding ages. Out of all the millions now toiling and suffering, succeeding and failing, upon this busy, mysterious world, his name will be one of the few well known when the present has become the past. Among the thousands striving and longing for fame, this man, unknown a few years ago, has quietly and suddenly stepped from a position of obscurity into the foremost ranks of the world's present writers and thinkers, and has already been recognized as worthy to join earth's children of immortality.

Contemporary opinion is often woefully wrong in its estimation of merit and prophecy of future renown. Each succeeding age often laughs with scorn at the dogmas of its predecessor; but if this be the rule, Abbé Joseph Roux will be the exception.

"Meditations of a Parish Priest," and from France! Infidel-ridden France produces a great author, and this great author is a priest! It seems too strange to be true, that a simple Abbé should be acknowledged as a master-mind by the leading lights of continental literature, but being true, what a superlative excellence must his works possess. Could a mediocre production withstand the sneers and criticisms of a swarm of critics, hostile to the

thoughts and belief and profession of the simple Abbé? Poor Abbés, who have taught superstition and nonsense for so long that you almost believe the fables you narrate, what can we think of you; how can we reconcile all this imputed ignorance and superstition with the clearness, the depth, the truth, the comprehension, the genius, and the religious spirit of your *Thoughts*? Can it be that your opponents are mere calumniators, and that to them belong the ignorance and superstition? If this be true what a shallowness of understanding, of study, of philosophy, of observation it reveals; what a blindness arising from a too close attention to scientific amusements, and from neglect of common sense.

From the preface prefixed to the meditations by Mrs. Paul Mariéton, we learn that Abbé Roux was born in 1834, at Tulle, and finished his clerical studies in the Seminary of Brive. He tried teaching, but gave it up and became Vicar of Varetz, the cradle of the Grand Master Pierre d'Aubusson. Saint-Silvain was next his home for twelve years, and finally he obtained the benefice of Saint Hilaire le Peyron, a large market town of Covréze, where he still resides. His life has been lonely and monotonous. Engaged in the discharge of his pastoral duties, occupying his leisure time in his literary pursuits, he has lived twenty-five years unnoticed. Those years and his obscurity are things of the past.

The discovery of this great genius was accidental, and approaches the romantic. M. Mariéton, having read in the *Review of the Romance Languages* several little *chansons de geste* (heroic songs) by a Limousin poet unknown to him, wrote to the author, a correspondence sprang up; a visit to the Abbé followed, and the discovery was made. There was the poet and philologist and philosopher, and there was "a voluminous pile of manuscripts all covered with an astonishing lapidary writing which would delight graphologists." His philosophical works are now being edited by the learned men of Germany, and his others are to be given to the public by his discoverer in four volumes; the *Thoughts*, the *Chanson Limouzina*, his *Studies*, and his *Poems*, a Franco-Limousin collection.

"I wished to view for myself the isolation of my friend, and one fine day he received a visit from me in his exile's nest. He appeared to me like the Limousin giant of his *Geste of Charlemagne*, with his strong, square-built form and his deep bass voice. I found him with a face large and lofty, gentle and rugged,—like those English lords of Henry VIII., colossi of the North, painted by Holbein,—and reflecting a fund of almost feminine sensibility, like the accents of his words. With the gentleness of a child and a poet, he exhibited to me the simplicity of his life, and I departed more affected than I can express."

In the preface, which is a little difficult to read quickly, special attention is directed to the Abbé's thoughts concerning the peasants. Truly their portrait and their characteristics as sketched here, are very remarkable in their severity, in their harshness, in their melancholy. They are described by the keen, unflattering observer, not by the gentle, patient priest. To those accustomed to consider the French peasant as superior to most of his class, the Abbé's reflections will appear somewhat startling; but we are assured that these sketches are only faithful representations of the Bas-Limousin and not of other French peasants, who are witty and poetical.

A few gems selected here and there may serve to give some idea of the richness and brilliancy of the entire collection. I have taken the liberty of suspending them so that they may be better observed.

To poets,—"The desert attracts the nomad, the ocean, the sailor, the infinite, the poet."

To commentators,—"Monuments should not be built about; Homer should not be built about."

To this age,—"The sentimental is dangerous in piety, in morality, in literature, in everything."

To be forgotten if possible,—"Shakespeare is an ocean; Addison is an aquarium."

To many favorite authors,—"Every woman that writes immodestly lives in the same way."

To disputants over an old saying,—"A man becomes an orator, he is born eloquent."

To admirers of George Sand,—"Like Circe the enchantress, she transforms those whom she admires into beasts."

To Complainers,—"I look at what I have and think myself unhappy; others look at what I have and think me happy."

To certain critics and newspapers,—"Who resists the pleasure of preaching to a priest?"

To public men,—"A man who is not in his place is like a dislocated bone; he suffers and he causes suffering."

To constructors of new bases for morality,—"Morality is the fruit of religion; to desire the former without the latter, is to desire an orange without an orange-tree."

To Spencerians,—"Philosophers call God 'the great unknown.' 'The great mis-known' would be more correct."

To unbelievers,—"Incredulity takes its rise in excess of vice rather than in excess of ignorance."

About peasants,—"The peasant loves nothing and nobody except for the use he can make of him."

"The peasant who does not come to us from necessity, believes himself to be necessary, and assumes importance as soon as we go to him out of charity."

"A monster has lately come into existence: the infidel peasant."

To Professors of Philosophy,—"The philosopher of the colleges is unsolid food which loads the stomach without nourishing the body."

A model,—"St. Thomas Aquinas verifies as though he could not believe, and believes as though he ought not to verify."

To worshippers of the Renaissance,—"Before the Renaissance religion possessed an interest even by the family fireside, even in the public square. One was not a Christian in church only. In order to understand one's self, in order to make one's self understood by others, the poet thought and spoke as a Christian. The Renaissance, which again put to question what the Gospel had settled, came; it shook the old man who was not dead but only sleeping; it stirred up that profane, corrupt, untractable, and mocking depth which exists in every man, and under the pretence of liberty and art, abandoned itself, soul and body, to harmonious falsehoods, to elegant vice, to erudite perversity. All sorts of shameful complicities were established in broad daylight or in the dark, between the mind which was weary of thinking well, and the heart which was tired of wishing well; a mirage appeared across the way, which was taken for Paradise; love decreased; faith diminished; hope fell lower than the heart. That new sense which Jesus Christ had given to man as restored and completed by baptism, made way for the depraved sense of which the Apostle speaks. Once again, all was God except himself; the Prince of this world, after a disgrace of many centuries, mounted his throne and pagan civilization flourished once more."

It is difficult to select where all is good. There is nothing to be rejected. Every sentence invites to reflection. Every sentence is a crystallization of a thought born of deep meditation, calm observation and deep and varied study. Let those who wish to buy a book worth buying, to read a book worth reading, to digest a book worth digesting, buy, read, and digest the *Meditations of a Parish Priest*, by the good Abbé Joseph Roux.

EDWARD P. GRAHAM.

THE SPIRITUAL IN ART

A RAY of eternal beauty is seen in all the works of nature leading us from nature up to nature's God. The soul filled with longings for the enjoyment of all heavenly beauty and happiness—the manifestation of God in the full plenitude of eternal beauty—finds fit expression of this longing in the spiritual majesty of the Christian Cathedral, with its tower, turret, spire and cross melting away into immortal light. Is not the Christian Cathedral a beautiful symbol of the soul? A type of man, placed upon the earth, linked to heaven by immortality. Nor is there any form of Christian art more beautiful than the altar. The Grecian and Roman temples were of the earth, and could be seen by the bodily eye; but the Christian temple points to a life beyond—to an existence far above the earth, and its spiritual beauty can only be

seen through the temple of the soul. Yes, it is true, as Maurice F. Egan writes, "Art is true art when art to God is true." The highest ideal of art in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, is that which gives the soul glimpses of the infinite beauty of God—through the genius of a Michael Angelo or a Mozart.

True poetry is not a creation of the intellect—it is a spark from the soul; nor can the swelling lines of passion be they never so harmonious and correct, be regarded as true poetry. What is that in music which thrills us, refines our affections, elevates our mind, purifies our life? Is it not the chord of spirituality? Who has ever attended midnight mass at Christmas-tide and heard the beautiful hymn "*Adeste Fideles*" float through the dimly-lit aisles, each note laden with the sacred memories of Bethlehem, and not felt the presence of new life within him lit up with the star of faith, and consecrated by the sweet odor and frankincense of prayer. The little manger may be but a rude type of the one in which was born the Saviour of the world, but its mystic spirituality links the soul of the devout Christian with that first morn when shepherds knelt in wonder and adoration around the lowly shrine of Bethlehem. While our feet touch the earth, our hearts pulse in heaven. The rainbow is beautiful to the eye in its blending colours, but more beautiful to the soul as a covenant of God's promise. All true art is a manifestation of Divine Truth—a pearl from the Throne of the Most High—a gem from the Crown of Eternity!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

TICK-TACK.

From the French of Louis Veillot—For the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

Listen to the tick-tack of your watch; it is the noise of a machine which is hurrying you on more rapidly than the fastest of locomotives. Tick-tack, tick-tack, and not miles, but years are devoured. Tick-tack, you are no longer a child; tick-tack, you are no longer young; tick-tack, life is passing; tick-tack, life is passed.

Our route thus far has been bordered by a succession of graveyards; I have, I think, counted nearly a dozen.

Must not all those dead people smile in their graves when they see us, the so-called living, hurrying by with anxious mien, seeming to know so well where we are going, and knowing in truth so little about it! For, after all, we are simply going to death and judgment—two things as to which most of us take no thought.

I must out with it, for my mind and heart are full of the subject: we Christians, ourselves, give the dead but too much ground for their mockers. That they should look pityingly upon your philosophers, or pagans, the living blind-men playing at blindman's buff, with their hands stretched out grasping at everything their hearts crave for, is natural enough! But our case is very different; for, by the grace of God, we know all that the dead know; let us then, for our own sakes, adopt a little of their enforced wisdom; let us try to look on unmoved at the passing show, in place of running with the crowd.

Over the entrance to a grave yard I read the words: "*Opera illorum sequuntur illos*" (Their works follow them); not their gains, not their sorrows, not their glory, but their works. That is to say, the good or the evil they have done. What can be more apt than the oft repeated exhortation of every preacher, telling us to pack up what we need for our last great journey, when no man takes away with him anything but what he has himself given.

To give, that is the work.

F. B. H.

AFTERWARD.

Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
And stars shine most in deepest tint of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

THE MODERN SAVONAROLA.

A SERMON TO WORKINGMEN.

The accounts which reach us of the great preacher who, day after day has held vast audiences in the Duomo of Florence spellbound by the magic of his sacred eloquence, recall the days of the gifted, but unfortunate Savonarola. From seven in the morning until eleven, says the *St. James Gazette*, the Duomo has presented a striking spectacle. For hours men and women have sat on chairs and benches to keep a place. Long before eleven the whole dark area has been crowded thick with human beings, and the crowd has swelled and spread till it has filled the isles and all the westward parts of the vast building. At eleven o'clock men carrying a sedan-chair have made their way to the pulpit steps; their living freight has passed with an effort into the pulpit, to pour forth for a whole hour a torrent of impassioned words, addressed to the working classes by a preacher who has stirred them as no one has since Fra Girolamo—Padre Agostino da Montefeltro. It is computed that an audience of 7,000, chiefly of the working classes, has steadily attended his course of thirty-two sermons. The phenomenon is so remarkable that it seems worth while to give a *precis* of one of these addresses—the thirty-first, preached last Easter Monday, one day after the anniversary of the last sermon ever preached by Savonarola, his sad farewell to San Marco four hundred and ten years ago. This is something of what Padre Agostino said:—

There is a class of men which has gone through remarkable phases; now held in esteem, now despised; now regarded with affection, now hatred; at one time the pledge of safety to their country, at another time a grave peril; a principle of life, and an element of disorganization. It is a class whose wants, tendencies, aspirations, pre-occupy at the present moment the attention of the economist, the philosopher, the politician, and of all true lovers of their country, and of human society. That class is the working-man.

Then after rapidly sketching the promises of prosperity and consolation held out to the workingman by the man of letters, the economist, the philosopher, the politician, and the socialist, all of which are miserably insufficient to effect what they promise, he proceeds:

Then the workingman turns upon me and says, "Where is my consolation, my dignity?" And I reply, You have seen the working-man curse his lot, the working man without religion. Your consolation, your dignity, is in and from religion. Religion comes to you and says, "Workingman, you are great, and this is why you are great: because God hath given to no other class of men to resemble Him as closely as you do." If you doubt what religion says, look at the work of God—first in creation and then in redemption. Was not God a workman when He spread forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and sowed the soil with seed, and took clay to form the body of man? That is the beginning of your dignity. You have but to raise your eyes from your work to the heavens, and there you see your prototype; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman, like God, but a workman with God. He has left it to you to work with Him, to complete his work. God has placed in the earth the germ of life, it is left to you to bring it to perfection in the fruits of the earth. He has buried the metals deep; it is left to you to bring them forth and melt them and mould them. He has laid the seams of coal; it is left to you to draw them out, to kindle them to further your industries. The working-man may hear, if he will, the voice divine: "Thou art a fellow-worker with Me. I create, thou transformest. I begin, thou completest." Or look at God in redemption. You curse your lot that you are born to labour. How did the Redeemer begin the work of redemption? By a life of labour for thirty years. And when He would enter upon His special work, how did He equip Himself? His first worshippers had been shepherds; His first associates in the work of redemption were working-men. Those are the sources of your dignity. And ask yourselves, What was labour before Christianity? It was slavery, it was dishonour. There were cases where, for special reasons, its dignity was recognized; witness Cincinnatus and his plough. But Plato called it illiberal, Aristotle called it illiberal; Cicero called working-men barbarians. What is labour without Christianity? The Brahmin would think himself contaminated if he laboured; the North American Indian despises labour, leaves it to his women, whom he treats as slaves. Religion, then, is your true friend, for it reveals to you your dignity.

But what, then, you ask, gives consolation? Again, religion. Religion comes to you and says, "You may so labour for the meat that perishes as to gain that which lasts forever." You sit at night counting your few pence, the fruit of your hard labour. Religion

comes to you and tells you, "Those few pence are your wages; they are small and few, but remember, beyond and above them, you are gaining heaven." There is your true consolation. Religion then, reveals to you your dignity, and shows to you your consolation. Religion, therefore, is your true friend. How often has the working-man raised his banner, inscribed with the one word, "Labour!" Labour is not enough. Man must have fellowship, must have something that is not for his body only, but for his heart. Add, therefore, on your banner the word, "Union!" But that is not enough. Man must have some solid base on which he may safely rest everything. Add, then, on your banner the word, "Religion!" When the working-man goes forth under that banner, "Labour, Union, Religion," he will not indeed become a rich man, but he will never again be a miserable wretch.

There the sermon ends. Amid applause which sounds strange to an English ear, but is full of that self-restrained emphasis which saves it from being irreverential, the preacher is placed in his sedan-chair and carried forth. Then the thousands disperse, sadly, for the next day's sermon is the last of the course, and it is said that the preacher is dying.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS AND STORIES OF THE SAINTS, by Clara Erskine Clement. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. Boston, Ticknor & Co.

This book seems to be a reduced version of Mrs. Jamieson's writings on Art, and whether or not it is so, the reader will find in it, in a small space, a great deal of information on legendary subjects connected with religion and the saints. It is dedicated by permission to His Grace the Archbishop of Boston.

SERIOUS HOURS OF A YOUNG LADY, by Charles Sainte Foi. Translated by Philaletes. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 115 Church St., Toronto.

This book, translated apparently by a Canadian too modest to give us any name but the Greek one, Philaletes, is rather of a devotional turn, but has some chapters not necessarily so. There is one on Toile; and one on Curiosity and some excellent advice in the chapter on reading. "God's minister in the pulpit of truth has no weight with those souls fascinated by the deceitful charms of a bad book which addresses itself to their prejudices and passions." The author gives two rules worth remembering. The first is, that a book is, if not bad, at least dangerous when its tendencies are to render interesting and agreeable such deeds or language as one would neither look at nor listen to, and the other one is, generally speaking, that all books that draw too much on the imagination may be considered as dangerous. There are some cutting things in it about dress, and a shaft or two on feminine weaknesses here and there. If it had the imprimatur of some one in authority in its English dress, it would be, if we may be permitted to offer an opinion, an excellent book to be read in sodalities of young women. The price of the book is fifty cents.

LETTERS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press.

The author, the Professor of Physical Science in Notre Dame University, claims for these letters, now reprinted in pamphlet form, that they are merely souvenirs of a vacation pleasantly spent, and nothing more.

But they tell us none the less very much that is of interest and of value concerning the physical character of the country, the language and customs of the people, the trade, products, missions, and educational system, etc., of the Islands. There is one letter of especial interest, descriptive of a visit to the leper settlement of Kalawao, from which we learn something of the noble devotion of the Sisters of Charity of St. Francis, who volunteered their services as nurses in the wards of the leper hospitals; and of that great Christian hero, Father Damien, who for thirteen years has been the priest of the lepers, and whose deeds have only recently become known to the world. Ministering day and night to the sick and dying, he mingled until last year among the lepers with impunity, Providence seeming

to shield him from the infection about him. But the disease has at last touched him, and his days are now numbered. Writing to a friend, a few months ago, he said,—“Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction, I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua.*” Although weak, and daily growing more feeble, Father Damien has not yet ceased his missionary work.

“A GATE OF FLOWERS,” and other poems, by Thomas O'Hagan, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

This volume of poems announced some time ago, has now appeared. We have more than once had occasion to speak in acknowledgement of Mr. O'Hagan's services in the cause of Catholic literature in Canada, and the little volume before us is one which will meet, we trust, with that cordial reception which, apart from the intrinsic merits of his verses, the author's services are entitled to at the hands of his fellow-Catholics in this country. Of some of the poems in the collection (we think it does not contain all Mr. O'Hagan has written) we are able to express a sincere appreciation. One in particular, “Ripened Fruit,” we deem well worth reproducing. The lines breathe a true and pure spirit of poetry, and it is a genuine pleasure, in our judgment, to read them.

RIPENED FRUIT.

I know not what my heart hath lost,
I cannot strike the cords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life,
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains,
That ripened through the summer ray,
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But Faith that sheds its amber light,
Will lend our heaven a purer blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
O Faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit,
Give to our morns an evening star.

There are several other poems possessing great merit, and we regret that space forbids their extended quotation. One, however, “A Dream of Erin,” we hope subsequently to give place to. It has in it the spirit and ring of the late D'Arcy McGee. Of the volume as a whole, Mr. O'Hagan would not claim, we are sure, very extravagant praise. His verses have many of them been written as college commemorations, and as such are of no interest whatever to other than his own class-mates. If we mention this matter, it is in no spirit of cynicism, but rather in the belief that in such earlier writings Mr. O'Hagan can scarcely be said to have done himself justice. But Mr. O'Hagan, we think, may be content to be judged by such stanzas above quoted, and in a few years we hope to have from him a volume of later and more mature efforts, excluding those of the nature we have designated. The volume is neatly printed and bound, and we only regret that it does not bear on its title page the name of a Catholic publishing company. We bespeak for “The Gate of Flowers” a very cordial reception.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday.

Office: Bon Accord Building, 37 1/2 Church-street, Toronto.

Gerald Fitzgerald, - - - Editor.

H. F. McIntosh and A. C. Macdonell, - - - Associates.

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

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

Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the 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 Eudocia; W. J. MALDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O SULLIVAN, M.A., LL.D., (Laval); JOHN A. MACCARR, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. AENEAS McDONNELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th 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, hails 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.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

We should be particularly obliged if those of our subscribers to whom accounts have been rendered would remit to us promptly the amount of their indebtedness. The publication of a paper entails a considerable outlay; and publishers have, at times, to depend very largely on the prompt payment of dues, individually so trifling, but amounting in the aggregate to rather formidable proportions. We regret that we are forced to at all mention the matter.

The date of the annual retreat of the priests of the Archdiocese has been changed to the 4th proximo, from the 27th of Jun., the date previously given. The Retreat will be conducted by the Rev. Father McGill, C.M., of Niagara Falls.

The literary offering which the Catholics of England are to make to the Holy Father on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee will be alike precious and unique. It is to consist of a library of all works written by English Catholics within the last fifty years, including a collection of the many valuable pamphlets on religious subjects of which the last half-century has been so prolific. All are to be bound in white vellum, with the Papal arms stamped on the back, and the collection will receive a conspicuous place in the Vatican. A committee, consisting of the Bishops of England and Scotland and many of the best known of the clergy and laity, with

the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at their head, have the matter in hand, and it is sure to be a great success.

A priest in Ireland, in a letter to a friend in this city, writes as follows of Irish affairs: "I regret exceedingly that there should be any opposition in Toronto to our true and tried friend, Mr. Wm. O'Brien. May God spare and preserve him from the rabid Orangemen. The Orangemen here are the curse of the country, but their power for evil is gone. They were, no doubt, in the North oppressive and intolerant for a long time, but the Land League was the first means to take away their bitterness, and now they are joining the National movement in hundreds. And what is hastening the union of all classes here is the step the Orange magistrates are taking in prohibiting public meetings, even though these meetings are convoked by Protestant Home Rulers. I sincerely hope the people of Canada will call Lansdowne to account for the terrible evil he is committing against the poor tenants of this country, for the rack-renting landlords are using him as a butt whereby to inflict unnumbered sufferings on the Irish people. Whether coercion passes or not, we are determined, with God's help, to obtain Home Rule, and put landlordism where it will have no hope of resurrection. If institutions, as well as men, were judged on the last accounting day, the blackest record in the angels' books would be found to be the deeds of Irish landlordism."

By a happy coincidence this issue of the REVIEW appears on the great feast of CORPUS CHRISTI, a "day of days" in the Roman calendar. The commemoration of the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament has, from the very earliest ages of the Church, been an object of special regard and veneration to the faithful. And it is fitting that it should be so. On this great feast, the celebration of which is usually transferred to the Sunday within the octave, the Church puts on the garb of triumph, and raises her voice in songs of jubilation, as the Most High is borne in solemn procession, here, in our Churches, but in Catholic lauds, through the streets and highways, that all may draw near and adore. Thus is the fact of the Real Presence proclaimed, not to Catholics alone, but to the whole world. It is the motive cause of all the profound and solemn ceremonies of the Church, the point as it were to which all the parts of her sublime ritual converge. It is, besides, a perpetual and visible protest against the coldness and indifference of mankind to spiritual things.

Although, owing to our surroundings, the Church in this Province is unable to commemorate this great feast with the grandeur and publicity characteristic of Catholic countries, yet nothing is left undone in order to worthily honour our Blessed Lord. The procession at St. Basil's on Sunday morning, and at the Cathedral in the afternoon, will be carried out this year with unusual magnificence. Catholics should show by their devotion their love of Him who dwells constantly upon our altars, that He may the more effectually "draw all men unto Himself."

It is with very great reluctance indeed that we bring ourselves to take any further notice of the shocking language and conduct of the pastor on Bond Street. But some portions of the now infamous harangue, delivered during the late period of excitement in this city, and since reported in full in the *London Advertiser*, are so villainous, and so horrible, that we are led to give place to one or two extracts, in order that our readers may, to some extent, estimate the character of the man, and the sort of thing that goes with some people for spiritual instruction. Incredible as it may appear, the following words were addressed to a presumably Christian audience in this city:

"Give me a Catholic Land Leaguer, and he will beat all creation for cheek. Why, take Mr. Billy O'Brien. He will come over here and perhaps bring with him a couple of friends as examples of evicted tenants . . . wearing plug hats, diamond rings, etc., and when they arrive in New York they will give a man \$100 for a suit of clothes patched up like a crazy quilt in order that they may appear like evicted tenants. (Laughter.)

. . . It is not the cause of Ireland these fellows are after; it is boodle. (Laughter.) And Mr. Billy O'Brien had better look out or he will get his eye knocked out. (Loud applause.)"

And this was supplemented by the shameful words following:

"I say the Orangemen are too quiet. I say to you Orangemen who may be here here to-night to rise up. Rise up, I say, and keep them in their place, and on the night when Billy O'Brien comes, see that he keeps his place, and if he exceeds here, then mob him, I say, and I will be there to help you. (Intense excitement and great applause.) I will meet O'Brien face to face, and prove that he tells what is false. (Loud applause.)"

As was to be expected, such language has been commented on largely in the press of the country, and has met with only the most marked reprobation.

It was on public grounds only that the *London Advertiser* and other influential papers at all referred to the matter. In apologizing for giving any place to the words of a man whom it classed as a "demagogue," the *Advertiser*, in a recent editorial, said:

We know that he has an itching for notoriety which has become a passion, and in most instances it is not to the advantage of the public to gratify Dr. Wild's weakness. There are reasons, however, for departing from our ordinary rule in this instance. Toronto has been recently disgraced by an exhibition of lawlessness and intolerance, and we want Dr. Wild to share in public estimation his fair proportion of responsibility for the rowdiness which he assisted to unchain for a season. There are two things which, though unworthy of one calling himself a Christian minister, are markedly prominent in this so-called sermon—the matter and spirit. Dr. Wild is singularly ignorant of everything that a public speaker should know about Ireland before venturing to discuss the Irish question. The spirit he exhibits is not less objectionable than his ignorance. To say that his ignorance was tempered by malevolence would fall far short of being an adequate presentation of Dr. Wild's demerits. The spirit which he has invoked, and which accompanied him into the pulpit, was not called down, but up. It breathes not of peace and good-will, but of lawlessness and personal violence. It has not upon it the fragrance of the elysian fields, but the smell of brimstone. The fruits of the spirit which should accompany the clergyman into the pulpit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering and like qualities. But Dr. Wild

prefers wrath, strife, intolerance and misrepresentation. There were certainly many questions concerning the rule of Roman governors in the days of the apostles quite as important as the Irish question is to a Christian congregation in Canada. Yet we have nothing in the acts of the apostles corresponding to Dr. Wild's attack upon "Billy O'Brien." The Doctor calls Archbishop Lynch and the Home Rulers generally traitors. Some such language is found in the gospels, but it is not ascribed to the founders of the Christian religion but to its enemies—to those who, like Dr. Wild, claimed to be Cæsar's friends.

Dr. Wild labours under the delusion that those who are not of his way of thinking have no rights, that the law was not intended for their protection, but only for his and those who agree with him; and that it is no violation of the law to gag and beat and even kill those who do not respect his superior rights by abstaining from all expressions of dissent from any opinion of his. The calling of Dr. Wild is a sacred calling, and what is of even greater importance to bear in mind is that the Doctor is its infallible oracle, and can rightfully embrace within his commission not only exhortations to the repentance of sinners, but to the slaughter of Irishmen.

We have said that Dr. Wild is singularly ignorant of the whole subject. What he says of the law shows that he knows nothing about it. When he says the Irish Land Act fixed the annual rental of land at \$2.61 an acre he states what is not true. Every sentence bristles with mis-statements and errors. It would be a waste of time to correct the errors of a man whose ignorance of the whole subject is like a wall of brass around him, and who maintained that a people to whom this country donated \$100,000 to relieve them from famine have no grievance. Does Dr. Wild not know that this money was diverted from those for whom it was intended? Does he not know that it was not given to those who were starving, but to those who had an abundance? Few men, whether Christian or sceptic, can be found in this country to avow the atrocious sentiments found in this sermon. We rejoice that our Canadian people have too much human sympathy to harbor sentiments which make war on every generous impulse of the human heart and on feeling which makes a man superior and more to be trusted than a wolf or tiger. We regret that such sentiments should be proclaimed from the pulpit by one who claims to be commissioned to preach the Gospel of peace, but who, forgetting his vocation, has deserted to the enemy.

For ourselves we are content to make no further comment on the subject. We believe Mr. Wild's words will excite among all classes of people, save the instinctively vicious, only a sentiment of very thorough indignation and disgust. Our own opinion of the man is unchanged. We look upon him as a sort of *lusus nature*, whether viewed morally, or in his professional capacity. It would be hard to say of what civilization he is a product, but we believe ours is the only large town possessing a specimen of him. Animated by the sole desire, as it seems to us, of having himself talked about, his favourite plan is to rail against the Roman Catholic religion, of which he knows absolutely nothing, and of which he gives accounts that would be deemed absurd and calumnious had he undertaken a description of Buddhism or Mormonism instead. Criminal as we believe the use of such language to have been, a congregation who could be got to accord him applause were singularly worthy of so saintly a pastor. Judged in the light only of a sensational clergyman, we should have accounted him one of the prime nuisances of the day; but as a man openly inciting ignorant minds to deeds of lawlessness and criminality, public safety and public order require his prompt and vigorous suppression. That is our only excuse for permitting his name to be mentioned in these columns.

When Mr. Goldwin Smith points, as the proof of Mr.

Gladstone's political insincerity and dishonesty, to the fact of his having traversed the entire distance between stern and unbending Toryism and advanced Liberalism, Mr. Smith should remember that his own political opinions have a past history too, rather different from their present. There was a time when Mr. Goldwin Smith did not apologize for coercion, and when he had other terms in his vocabulary than "cut-throats," and "Thugs" for the that very same "Irishry" in the study of whose history he once declared himself "to have found the explanation of the seeming paradox that a people with so many gifts, so amiable, naturally so submissive to rulers, and everywhere but in their own country industrious, should have become in their own land by words of lawlessness, idleness, disaffection and agrarian crime." Indeed, it may be doubted if anywhere a more vivid description is to be found of the series of brutal and diabolical outrages by which the Act of Union was effected than in the essay on Pitt in his "Three English Statesmen." Two or three extracts which we append are curious and instructive at a time when we find Mr. Goldwin Smith's political views are changed as to run concurrently with those of "County Orange Grand Masters," and at a time when Mr. Smith has been known to not infrequently address himself at Orange "soirees," to the pious memories of King William, in terms of the loftiest and most unexceptionable Orange patriotism. The passages following are from the essays just mentioned; they once embodied his views on the conditions and system he now strives to perpetuate:

"At this time the relations between Ireland and England were such as could not be endured. The Protestant Republicans of the North of Ireland—they, mind—not the Catholics—taking advantage of the weakness of England after her reverses in the American War, and catching the infection of the American Revolution, had risen in arms, and under pretence of forming a volunteer army for the defence of the Kingdom, extorted legislative independence.

Meantime, famine, with pestilence in its train, stalked among the Irish people, who were reduced to the level of beasts, in everything except that they had the capacity of suffering as men. Does history afford a parallel to that agony of seven centuries which has not yet reached its close? But England is the favourite of Heaven, and when she commits oppression, it will not recoil on the oppressor."

Having given up for the moment, in view of the present grave crisis in Imperial affairs, the idea of physioing the entire universe with his political pills, Mr. Smith, whom we should judge to have been one of the first and most intellectual Irish emigrants in this colony, has been elevated to the presidency of that potential organization in this city, known to the world as the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union of Toronto. We have singular pleasure in subjoining Mr. Smith's views on Irish loyalty:—

"There is nothing in this revolting history more revolting than the cant about loyalty. Loyalty is not due from the conquered and oppressed. Nothing is due but submission, which the conqueror and oppressor must enforce as best he can."

Current Catholic Thought.

A PROTESTANT "CATHEDRAL."

So the English Church in New York is to have a "Cathedral"! It is to cost six millions of dollars, to cover two blocks, and to be—this seems the most important aim of the project—four times the size of St. Patrick's! We hear much of cathedrals and cathedral systems, their failure to take root in America, and so forth. Certainly Protestantism has not yet built a Cathedral on either side of the Atlantic, and we do not think that it will now. It is not size, nor two blocks, nor even six millions, that make a Cathedral. A tabernacle of skins in an African desert, or a bamboo shelter in a Japanese village, may be what New York can never have outside St. Patrick's, that is, a Cathedral. It is the chair that makes the Cathedral, and it is the authority that makes the chair. That can never be found by our Protestant and English brethren in New York, save as did that young priest, once one of their own, who knelt at Archbishop Corrigan's chair last Ember day, to receive priestly orders. A Cathedral means Apostolic authority, Apostolic orders, the Sacrifice, the sacraments of the Apostolic age. Without priest, or Sacrifice, or altar, or link of life, our non-Catholic brethren may build a grand Gothic structure, rivalling in size not merely St. Patrick's, but even the Pyramids, but if ever completed it can at best be only a monument of their wealth and their unfruitfulness. They may build, but they can never fill it, nor can it be aught else than another Tower of the confusion of tongues and beliefs. It will be not a Bethel, but a Babel.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn.*

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

As a rule it is the people who do not read who complain of the darkness of Catholic books and the poorness of Catholic newspapers. As a matter of fact, never were Catholic books cheaper or better, more abundant, adapted to every taste, from the child to the sage, than they are to-day. Distinctively Catholic literature has claimed and created a proud place of its own in the wide realm of English letters. English letters were born in Catholic times and under Catholic inspiration. We, "the heirs of all the ages," are to-day claiming our noble inheritance, of which we were despoiled in our ancestors' time, and it is a positive duty on the part of Catholics to do what they can in order to further this great and necessary work, as necessary to Protestants as to Catholics, for the spread of truth and light and the counteracting against the pernicious literature that floods the world. And never were Catholic newspapers, properly so called, more active, enterprising, energetic and cheap. The people who find Catholic books too dear and Catholic newspapers too poor to suit the æsthetic senses simply confess that they do not care at all for Catholic literature, but prefer the free-and-easy and vile trash that is current. They have lost, if they ever possessed it, that most precious of gifts and graces, a Catholic spirit and mental robustness.—*Exchange.*

OBITUARY.

We greatly regret to hear of the death of Miss Blanche Flynn, which occurred very suddenly last week. The deceased young lady, who was a convert to the Faith, possessed talents of a high order, and her sudden demise will be greatly regretted by a large circle of friends. She was a niece of Thomas Flynn. A Requiem High Mass for the repose of her soul was sung at the Cathedral yesterday, Father Shea being the celebrant, Father Oliver, Deacon, and Father Morris, of St. Paul's, Sub-deacon. A large number of the clergy occupied seats in the sanctuary. R. I. P.

THE PRIESTLY DIGNITY.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.

To the stately imperial palace,
 To the Emperor's sumptuous feast,
 Came Martin, the model of Bishops,
 With a single attendant priest.
 But the place of the Saint at the banquet
 Was next to the Emperor's own ;
 For dear was the prelate, meek-hearted,
 To the lord of that mightiest throne.
 And when, as quaint custom demanded,
 The wine, clear as amber, was poured
 In the great golden tankard to circle
 From lip unto lip round the board ;
 The page to the monarch first proffered
 The draught, upon lowly bent knee ;
 But the King passed it on to the Bishop,
 Saying, " Bless thou the wine cup for me."
 The Saint took the glittering goblet,
 And moistened his lips at the brim,
 Then turned to his priestly companion,
 And offered it next unto him.
 And black grew the brows of the courtiers,
 And lightning flashed out from their eyes,
 While rose, like the gathering tempest,
 Their murmurs of wrathful surprise ;
 Will the Emperor suffer this insult ?
 Lo ! the privileged place at his feast
 He gave to this Bishop, who scorns him,
 Preferring a lowly born priest.
 " Nay !" the Saint said, " I offer no scorning
 To him whom as master I own ;
 But he is a temporal ruler,
 And reigns from a limited throne.
 But the priest of your Faith representeth
 The monarch all monarchs above ;
 His voice brings a God, and his hand gives
 That God in the Banquet of Love."
 Then the Emperor stepped from his dais,
 And kneeling in homage before
 The Saint and his priestly attendant
 He bent his proud head to the floor,
 And cried : " Thou art right, holy Bishop !
 Earth's greatest (tho' sprung from her least)
 Is the being whose brow is encircled
 With the mystical crown of the priest.
 I hold but a limited sceptre,
 He sways with an infinite rod ;
 I rule o'er a temporal kingdom,
 He reigns from the Throne of his God."

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, in *Ave Maria*.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites in the ordinary session of April 30th confirmed the validity of the Apostolic Process in the Cause of Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, Margaret Bourgeoys, Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Canada.

Mrs. Lacy, matron of the Catholic Childrens' Protection Society's Institution, London, has arrived in Montreal with 135 children. They will be taken to Kingston and from thence to the Convent of the Hotel Dieu to be distributed, or failing suitable engagements being found for them, maintained till they are settled.

A large number of important conversions to the Catholic Church have lately taken place in Germany. Fraulein von Hillern, a well known writer, has been received recently by the Archbishop of Friburg, and Baron von Lossberg, the nephew of a distinguished general, by the Bishop of Fulda. Moreover, two Protestant pastors have abjured their heresy at Mainz, and then entered the Seminary at Eichstätt, in order to prepare for the priesthood.

The present year being the Pope's jubilee, all the seminaries of the world, at the Pope's request, have decided to forward subscriptions to Rome for the immediate erection at the Vatican of a grand monument to St. Thomas Aquinas. The seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, forwarded to the Papal Secretary, on Monday, the sum of 1,200 francs as their subscription. The monument will be constructed by

the Italian artist Aureoli, and the work will be done under the personal supervision of the Pope, who has offered Signor Aureoli all the latitude required.

SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

EIGHT religious left this morning (21st May), the Monastery of the Precious Blood, at St. Hyacinthe, for the City of Ottawa, to establish there a house of this Order. The following compose the new foundation :—Sister of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Superior; Sister Aurélie of Jesus, Assistant; Mary Reparatrice, Mistress of Novices; Sister Mary Immaculate, Treasurer; Sister of the Divine Heart, Secretary; Sister St. Francis de Sales, Choir Sister; Sister of the Holy Name of Mary, Lay Sister; Sister Mary Bernadette, Tourière. They are accompanied by Mgr. Raymond, who, in spite of his great age, did not wish to resign to others the charge of guiding the steps of these pious young women to their new sanctuary of prayer and sacrifice. They will take possession on Monday next, the eve of the feast of our Lady Help of Christians, under whose auspices and protection His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa wishes to place this important diocesan work.

The foundation of the Convent of the Precious Blood at Ottawa is the third sent out from the Mother House at St. Hyacinthe since its establishment in 1861—the first having settled in Toronto and the second in Montreal. Vocations are flowing into the cradle of the Order in such numbers that it appears to be in the designs of Divine Providence that this community should soon establish other houses in different parts of our country, so as to spread more and more the devotion to the Precious Blood of our Lord, and to cause its salutary effects to operate on the souls of all, and especially of poor sinners.—*Le Courier de St. Hyacinthe*.

A GLANCE AT THE CATHOLIC LITERATURE OF CANADA.

"The literary history of Canada," says one of her most eminent writers, "is still to be written, and one cannot too much desire that it should be done, for there are many fine things to be said upon this still virgin subject. Canadian literature, the germ of which was laid in new soil, has nourished itself with new sap, it possesses its own life, its individual and original character. This young sprout, grafted upon the ancient tree of French literature, expanding beneath the genial sun of America, has already displayed both flowers and fruits, which France, sooner or later, will deign to cull."*

The writer here seizes upon the distinctive characteristic of Canadian literature,—its individuality. It possesses from the very circumstances of its growth a freshness and vigour which belong in the same degree to no other department of letters. It was, in its beginning, coeval with the liberty of the country. It had its share in her struggles, it found its gradual ascension in her upward growth, and its stimulus in her very trials. It is, therefore, it one may venture on the expression, an integral part of her. Canada, without the researches of her historians, and the verses of her song-writers, would be, indeed, a desert. Were Canada as rich in fiction as is Scotland or England, no country in the world would surpass her in historic interest. She has yet to find her Scott, but, meantime, her historians have garlanded her name with honour, and her sweet singers have sent her praises away into the pine forests, and over the broad rivers.

"O Canada, plus beau qu'un rayon de Paurore."

There is this passionate patriotism about them, this tender, profound veneration for the past, which material prosperity has not yet had the power to abate. Yet, closely as the literature of Canada is connected with her natural life, with her history, and large a share as that history has occupied, especially of late, in the attention of the various nations, her literature is not as widely known as it

* *L'Abbe Casgrain, Critique Littéraire.*

should be. And this is the case as well in the United States as in Europe. Comparatively few, even among reading people, are aware what a rich treat awaits them in this new domain of letters. I speak more particularly of French Canadian literature. The English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion have accomplished but little as yet. To this rule there are one or two brilliant exceptions. Of these, unquestionably, the first and foremost is Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who occupied so high a place likewise in Canadian political history. That is if he can properly be considered a Canadian at all, he whose love for Ireland inspired every song that he sang, every line that he penned. Yet no man has reflected more lustre on the land of his adoption than he upon the Dominion. Therefore it will not be out of place to consider him for a moment at the outset of our task. While McGee was still alive, the London *Athenæum* said, speaking of Canada, "It has one true poet within its borders,—that is Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In his younger days the principle of rebellion inspired him with stately verse; let us hope that the Conservative principles of his more mature years will yield many a noble song in his new country."

"All this," meaning his outward life (wrote the late Henry Giles, himself a writer of classical English, and no mean critic) "has beneath it an ever abiding, underlying principle, a well-spring, ever fresh and ever sweet, of glorious poetry, with its softest melody, its passion, indignant and strong; its wild and varied vehemence. How noble the strains in which he celebrates that beautiful land (Ireland) of much calamity and countless wrongs."

"Who," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "has served Ireland with such fascinating genius? His poetry and his essay's touch are like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream of 'Irish undefiled.' What other man has the subtle charm to invoke our past history and make it live before us? If he has not loved his

mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name anyone who has."

I might multiply the testimonies which were so abundantly rendered to him, more particularly at the time of his tragical death, which occurred on the 7th April, 1868. The bullet of an assassin ended a life which to Ireland and Irish interests was of great value, and to Canada a memorable boon. But in these brief limits I shall, instead, take a glance at what he has accomplished in the department of literature. As a poet we have already seen him crowned by the nations with the poet's bays. His historical poems are conceded on all hands to have been his best, and truly they are marked by a rich variety. "Sebastian Cabot to his Lady," "Hannibal's Vision of the Gods of Carthage" and "The Death of Hudson" are fine specimens of his verses on general history. "The Death of King Magnus Barefoot," "The Wisdom Sellers before Charlemagne," "The Death of Admiral M'Murrough," "The Praise of Margaret O'Leann of Offally," "Queen Mary's Mercy," "The Woeful Winter," may be mentioned as particularly noble and inspiring of those directly concerning his native land; while "Our Ladye of the Snow," "Verses in Honour of Marguerite Bourgeoys," and those to "Jacques Cartier" are consecrated, as it were, to the country of his adoption. However much I may say of Thomas D'Arcy McGee as a poet, I must yet leave much unsaid. The masculine strength and vigour of his poems, the fire and passion in them, mingle with a gentle grace of conception and a certain harmony of expression, not always equally sustained, but perceptible in nearly all of his finer efforts. He has the true poetic insight, the mind which beholds things other than they are in the common light of day. His "Requiem," written one month before his death, and thus, like Mozart's, becoming his own, is marked by a certain grandeur, softening into tenderness and pathos, a most sublime dirge for a departed soul.

(To be continued.)

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The new Roman Catholic weekly,
the *Catholic Review*, is a neatly got-up
paper, and its contents are well written
and interesting. The *Review* is en-
dorsed by Archbishop Lynch, but its
own merits commend it even more
forcibly. The first number contains an
elaborate reply to THE MAIL by Mr. D.
A. O'Sullivan.—THE MAIL, Toronto.

We have the pleasure of receiving the
first number of the *Catholic Weekly Re-
view*, published in Toronto. The
articles are creditable, and the mechan-
ical get up is in good style. We wel-
come our *confre* to the field of Catho-
lic journalism, and wish it every suc-
cess.—CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

THE PILOT gives cordial welcome
to the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a good-
looking and well-edited journal just
started at Toronto, Ont. It is devoted
to the interests of the Church in Ca-
nada, of which it promises to be a
most effective auxiliary. Irish affairs
will be prominently considered in its
pages; for, to quote from its Salutatory,
"especially have we at heart the pro-
gress of a cause essentially just and
sacred and invested, as it seems to us,
with something of the sanctity of religion
—the restoration to the Irish people of
their inalienable and natural political
rights." Among its contributors are
several well-known Catholic writers. It
sets out with hearty encouragement
from Archbishop Lynch, and many
prominent priests and laymen of the
Dominion.—THE BOSTON PILOT.

We have received a number of the
Catholic Weekly Review, a journal which
has recently been started at Toronto.
This paper is devoted to the defence
of the interests of the Catholic Church
in Canada, and has adopted as its
motto, those words of our Blessed Lord
which define so nicely the distinction
which should be made between the
religious and the civil order. *Reddita
quæ sunt Cæsaris; Cæsari; et quæ sunt
Dei Deo.* Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of
Toronto, has written a beautiful letter
of felicitation and encouragement to
the founders of the work. The num-
ber we have before us is well edited
and printed. We wish a long life and
prosperity to our new *confre*.—*La
Vérité*, Quebec.

We have received the first copy of a
new Catholic paper, entitled *The Catho-
lic Weekly Review*, published at To-
ronto, Canada. It is a very neat twelve
page little volume, laden with the gold-
en fruit of Catholic truths, bearing its
peaceful messages of literary researches
to all persons who may desire it as a
visitor to their homes. May our new
contemporary prosper, and live long and
happy.—WESTERN CATHOLIC, Chicago.

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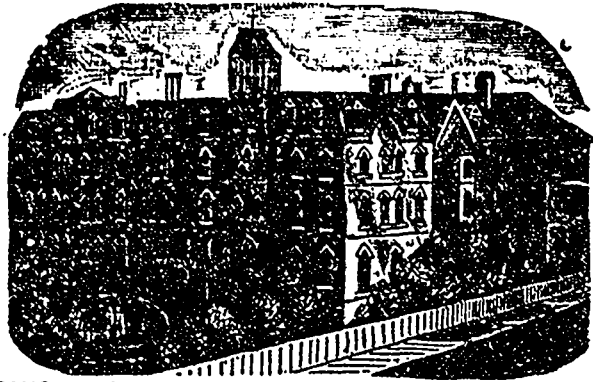
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, edited by Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, has been issued. The Review is neatly printed, and is full of interesting information for Catholics. His Grace the Archbishop has given the Review his entire endorsement, and it will undoubtedly succeed. — THE WORLD, Toronto.

We have received the first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a journal published in Toronto in the interests of the Church. The Review gives promise of brilliancy and usefulness. We gladly welcome our 'confrere' in the field. — KINGSTON FREEMAN.

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