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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 Dec. 29, 1888

No. 46

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NOTES.

It is somewhat singular that in the Queen's Speech read at the prorogation of Parliament the other day, there was not the slightest allusion to Ireland. And yet that land and its questions are uppermost in the minds of the British Ministers to-day.

Despite the absurdity and utter improbability of many of the despatches which come from Rome, we can not too frequently or too earnestly warn our readers against secular reports coming from there, and professing to give authentic information concerning the Holy Father and the affairs of the Church. The fact is, the Pope is surrounded by enemies in his own city, and among the most malicious of these enemies are correspondents of the secular journals.

Another step towards the success of Cardinal Lavigerie's crusade against African slavery has been taken in the reorganization of the Tunisian episcopate. The Pope has revived the ancient See of St. Cyprian. In two years the Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage has erected nine parishes, and in his metropolitan city the Sacrifice of the Mass is daily offered in six different churches. Cardinal Lavigerie's work has the most ardent sympathy of the Holy Father; what England failed to do by material force he will do by the spiritual power of the Church.

We understand that two of the candidates for positions on the Separate School Board of Toronto are in the whiskey business. It is a pity we have not a temperance organization in our midst strong enough to make the election of saloon men impossible, but in the absence of such a body individual Catholic electors will only do their simple duty by shutting out from any position of trust men engaged in that business. It is bad enough to see the names of Irish Catholics over the doors of most saloons, but we can hardly afford to commit to such men the educational interests of Catholic children. Catholics would do well to keep before them the words of Archbishop Ireland—the Saloon is the ante-chamber of Hell and the masterpiece of Satan.

The progress Cardinal Newman is making towards recovery is most satisfactory, yet when a short time ago Mr.

Gladstone was in Birmingham it was deemed advisable by his doctors that he should be spared the excitement of a personal interview with the ex-Premier. But the Cardinal wrote him a tiny note, in a feeble trembling hand, telling him that he was ill, and sending him his blessing. Mr. Gladstone was so impressed with this touching mark of attention that he insisted on calling himself at the Cardinal's residence and handing in his reply. Another pathetic little incident of the Cardinal's illness was his wish when he found himself recovering to see his old manservant who was his attendant many years ago in Ireland, and who is now in business in Birmingham.

The German Evangelical clergymen of New York, "representing 16,500 church members," are to celebrate this Holy Christmas season by issuing an address calling upon non-Catholics "to oppose the political power of the Pope, which threatens the civil and religious liberty of America." The full text of Catholic offending will be made clear in the course of a week, as will also the *modus operandi* by which the grand object of the Alliance is to be attained. The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting on this, says: "When Protestant was hanging and quartering Protestant in the other colonies of America, Catholic Maryland was opening wide its arms to the persecuted of every denomination, and setting the example of charity and brotherly love taught above all things by the Eternal Church of God. That is all the vindication that Catholics need in this or any other land."

Sister Mary Francis Cusack, or rather until lately Sister Mary Francis Cusack, better known perhaps as the Nun of Kenmare, who a short time ago resigned her charge of some charitable sisterhood, has published a book giving the story of her life and wanderings, in which, it appears, she poses before the world as a heroine who has been hounded almost to death by the "Roman Hierarchy." Many of her woes are apparently fancied. "Evidently," we quote from an American exchange, "Miss Cusack never had a vocation to the religious life, or if she had she certainly lost it through a continued disregard of its spirit and requirements. From the very first she seemed to be possessed of the spirit of unrest and cherished the delusion that she was divinely appointed to reform the world with her pen. Had the foolish woman studied more the hidden life of our Lord, written less and prayed more, her soul would now enjoy more of peace and she would not find herself in advancing years a floating bubble of conceit upon the world's rough sea. We have had no time to examine the advanced sheets of this book which we have just received, but a momentary glance at the chapter headings gives the keynote of her wretched howl. The former friends of this unhappy woman should pray for her." It has been stated that she has ceased to be a Catholic, but we gather that this has no foundation further than is to be found in the fact that the lady has ceased to be connected with the conventual life, for which it would appear she had little vocation. Her autobiography, lately published, is a 500 page volume, full of egotism, we are told, and silly twaddle.

A NOBLE PROTEST.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON MAKES "AN APPEAL TO LIBERAL-UNIONISTS" AND BLOQUENTLY STATES AN UNANSWERABLE CASE AGAINST THEM.

The leading feature of the December number of the *Contemporary Review* is a noble appeal by Mr. Frederic Harrison to Liberal Unionists, who, as he says, maintain that the cause of morality, justice, and honour rests with them, but who are linked irretrievably with immorality, injustice and dishonour. After a brilliant sketch of Irish history in the past, Mr. Harrison thus powerfully sums up the features of coercion in the present:—

"Almost every abomination of the old landlord tyranny in full play. Wholesale evictions carried out by a body of 500 police. Seventy five young men of good character committed for trial for resisting the officers of the law (?), and herded with criminals for many weeks before trial; the old packing of juries with men exclusively in the interest of landlords; the conviction of men to six and eighteen months of hard labour, for the offence of resisting the execution of an infamous abuse of law—an abuse of law which an Irish judge declared, on the bench, had aroused the indignation of the Empire, and which drew from a Chief Secretary for Ireland a pointed rebuke. Here is a case from the same estate. A farm is reclaimed from bog, fenced, and drained by the tenant, who builds on it good stone houses with slate roofs. The landlord had not expended one penny, but he had raised the rent of 20 acres, originally worth 6d. per acre, to £15. The fall in value makes the tenant unable to pay. His landlord evicts him, saddles him with £17 in costs, confiscates the tenant's interest, worth £200-300, unroofs the house, which goes to ruin, and leaves the farm to return to bog. Such is landlordism in 1888, after years of legislation.

"At bottom nothing essential is changed. As of old, the mass of wretched peasants have wrung from them their hard gains in distant labour, and even the wages earned by their children in America, to be paid to absentee creditors under a system of legalised extortion and statutory plunder. As of old, the labour of their hands, the homesteads they have created, and the houses they have built, are still confiscated as before, though by an indirect process, which is called by mockery law. As of old, resistance to extortion is a crime to be punished with savage cruelty. The men who counsel them are thrust into felons' cells, and brutally outraged. The men who defend their cause are assailed with malignant passion and organized calumny.

"In the meantime, by the Act of 1887, law is practically and permanently abolished in one of the three kingdoms. What is really martial law is from henceforth virtually the common law of Ireland. Magistrates, who are virtually nothing but police officials, carry out the orders of the Castle Government with as little regard for anything that can be called law as a Turkish cadi. What the Act of last year practically accomplished was this. It threw the whole power of England, armed with the arbitrary machinery which on the Continent is called 'the state of siege,' into the hands of one party in an economical struggle. It armed the rich and Protestant Englishmen, already equipped with all the legal machinery which chicanery could invent, with what is practically martial law, to enable him to crush the wretched Catholic peasantry, and wring from them the last sixpence which organized force can screw out of abject weakness.

"And this is the gigantic, permanent, systematic wickedness which you cover with the name of morality, justice, and honour. To you the money interests of Englishmen, or rather of a few rich Englishmen, are paramount. For the sake of this, you and they fight as the West India slaveholders fought for the accursed system of slavery, vilifying all who condemned it, and filling the air with outcries about the crimes and indolence of the negro. And now again they are filling the air with outcries about the crimes and follies of Irish tenants. One smiles at their crocodile tears over the wrongs of poor boycotted peasants; peasants whom they and their forefathers unto

the third and the fourth generation—nay, unto the tenth and the twentieth generation—have persecuted, starved, and plundered. It is a bitter mockery to hear them dilate upon the atrocity of this and that outrage, when the history of the English in Ireland is one weary story of organized outrage. For every life that has been cruelly taken by a few brutalised peasants in their despair, the English land laws, and the system of extortion they maintain, have as cruelly taken a thousand lives. To us it is as cruel in the name of law to thrust dying men and helpless women and children out of their homes on to the frozen hillside, as it is to shoot a rival in the legs. Our eyes are fixed, not on the scattered instances of wild revenge which you parade as if you really cared for them, and mouth over with professional iteration, but on the three million souls who are lost to their country, on the life-long misery of at least a million souls who remain—misery which you and your friends are now bent on making permanent. Our eyes are strained to watch the tens of thousands of wanton, savage, cowardly evictions, the thousands of brave men whom you persist in treating as felons, and the Russian terrorism which you have permanently substituted for the common law of a kingdom.

"The ascendancy party will die hard, as the West Indian slaveholders' interest died, fighting to the last. They are a fighting order, sprung from fight, nursed in fight for centuries, with every gift and every vice of a dominant class. Trained to regard themselves as the born superiors of the subject class, in race, in religion, in habits, in wealth, in privilege, they are ready to plunge the three kingdoms into confusion for the sake of the old domination. The descendants of conquerors, grantees, adventures, and soldiers of fortune, they combine the rapacity of a conquering race with the arrogance of an aristocratic order. For centuries they have thrust themselves into the family connections and money interests of powerful classes of Englishmen. They are keen, able, and unscrupulous, ready at any moment to shoot down savages in any corner of the Empire, or to work martial law in their dear native country. At the first signal of danger to their privileges, they storm society, the Press, the Church, and Parliament, filling the minds of the official classes and the uneasy ear of wealth with dreadful visions of ruin and chaos.

"We know these shrieks, protestations, and prophecies to be what were those of West Indian slave-holders—a sordid affair of money. All this raving about Empire, and the Sun of England, and the Union Jack, means merely that an order of rich men are trembling to think the days of exhortion are all but ended. Law and Order are very fine words; but they sound strangely in the mouths of men who have organized a system of martial law in order to maintain a system of extortion. All this new-born pity for the poor Irish victim of the League comes ill from those to fill whose pockets tens of thousands of victims have been slowly wrung to their end. Pity first the families from whose heads the roof they built themselves has been torn to glut a millionaire's self-will. Feel something for the stainless and courageous men who were wasting their youth in your cells and suffering your unworthy insults. These are the victims, unnumbered, continual, historic, to whose suffering you are blind and deaf, though in comparison with theirs the sufferings of men, whom you choose to make a stage-show, are but a drop in an ocean of misery.

"This whole contest between us is not really a political question, nor even a social question, in essence it is a question of money. For centuries rich men in England have found in Ireland an unlimited field where the strong might wring wealth out of the weak. There for centuries they have built up a scheme of speculation which they please to call law, maintained by a system of terrorism which they nicknamed Government, and consecrated by a system of religious injustice which they pretend to be a Church. But the end of it all was pecuniary, not political. Boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and the whole of the resources of the weaker class are precisely what we have known in our own industrial struggles. As in them, the stress of the conflict has often resulted in melancholy acts of outrage and crime. As in them, boycotting, the Plan-

of Campaign, and other expedients are right or wrong, justifiable or culpable, according to circumstances, in the measure of wrong they are to prevent, or the spirit in which they are used. *Per se*, I know no reason why boycotting, or Plan of Campaign, are necessarily evil. They may vary in their character from wanton oppression to the noblest acts of public devotion. It is easy to conceive cases where boycotting (which we all of us practise in turn) and Plan of Campaign might become the first and most sacred duty of a patriot. But in this, as in every other economic struggle, the blind and spasmodic crimes of the weak and the poor are not to be weighed by the same measures as the systematic and legalized crimes of the strong and the rich.

"In the long struggle of trade unionism against the infamous laws that repressed combinations of workmen, we have had the same outcry about rattening and oppression, outrage and crime. This is at bottom the same struggle for trade unionism again, but it is the trade unionism of an entire nation which you seek to crush by an apparatus of class legislation, for which Europe can show few parallels. Talk to us no more of your superior morality and your wounded feelings. If ever there was a sordid cause it is yours; if ever a struggle was a mere affair of pocket it is this; if ever the wolf railed at the lamb it is when Irish landlordism calls Heaven to witness the tyranny of the Irish peasantry. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for 40 years there has been no show of attack on the forces of Government as such. And yet it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law.

"If you have chosen to go over to the side of the oppressor, it must be so. If you choose to reverse the labours of a lifetime, you must do so. If you must revile the leader, under whom your whole political life has been passed; now that that leader has taken up the most glorious task of his noble life, in a spirit of moral grandeur and self-sacrifice to which even he never equally reached till now, we cannot hinder you. But you shall not persuade us that we have abandoned the old belief in morality and justice between nations and classes. Whilst you are receiving the compliments and caresses of the rich and the great, whose wealth you are struggling to protect, we will think on the millions of the evicted and the exiled, the roofless cabins, and the deserted farms from which it is your glory to have driven whole families of workers. And whilst you are still resolute to rivet on a noble nation the most prolonged and most cruel system of oppression in the history of Western Europe, we will stand beside your victims and bid them not to despair."

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

At last a plan for the Ice Palace has been settled upon. It promises to be a very noble castle indeed. The latest idea is to introduce a billiard room in which tables, balls and cues shall be of ice—this would certainly be a new feature—but the games played therein would be apt to induce a penalty of rheumatism.

Another proposed novelty is that of a "Representation of the Ruins of Pompeii in Ice." It is really a beautiful design, and if carried out as suggested will make Phillip's Square one of the centres of attraction of the Carnival.

Talking of Phillip's Square, that well known locality is about to undergo a very decided metamorphosis. The goddess of trade, as represented by Messrs. Henry Morgan & Company, has marked it for her own, and upon its northern side there will soon arise the finest dry goods establishment ever seen in Canada. The area contained in this lot is twenty-two thousand square feet, and the price paid for it is one hundred thousand dollars. The transfer of the business of the Messrs. Morgan from the city to "up town" marks an era in the destinies of St. Catherine Street—other like establishments will follow the

example set and the display of "ducks of bonnets" on St. James Street will soon be a thing of the past.

Regarding the old block, it will be missed, it is almost historical, and contained an admirable combination of attractions. You could board in one of the houses, send your daughters to school in another, have your leg amputated in a third, and your teeth "filled without pain" in the fourth. I have heard that it was built with the stone of the old Montreal House of Parliament, but that I rather think is a mistake.

There is a "little rift within the lute" in the matter of unity of thought among the Anglicans of Montreal just now. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans has been guilty of attending a meeting of an alliance formed for and by dissenting ministers, whereat one of his own communion takes umbrage and writes an excited letter to the *Gazette*, in which he complains that "Mr. Evans does not seem to recognize the difference between a duly ordained clergyman and a self-made minister of the gospel." Everything is relative, could the writer of the letter, "A Loyal Churchman" as he signs himself, satisfactorily explain the difference?

There is no knowing what one may meet in the advertising columns. Here is one of Carsley's latest ideas for the recommendation of his goods, which to many cannot fail to bring sad reflections.

"CROCHET TIDIES, HALF PRICE.

"The Crochet Tidies sold as above stated at half-price, are genuine hand-made Irish Tidies, beautiful patterns, made in the mud huts of Ireland."

There rises the vision of the poor young lace-maker, her bright, lovely Irish eyes dimmed with hunger and fatigue, bending over her pillow at work on the fragile "tidy," which has been farmed out to her by some money-making English-manned warehouse, and the ultimate destiny of which is to be sold at half-price and to drape the brass festooned table that supports the family Bible in some suburban cross street, for—"white lace has gone out, you know!"

Talking of Irish lace suggests the Nun of Kenmare, who appears ambitious of becoming a sort of feminine edition of Father McGlynn. She is a strange woman—one who has in her day done much good.

An appeal has been made to the Catholics of this archdiocese asking each one of them to contribute a cent a month for twenty-five months towards the completion of St. Peter's Cathedral. This is a good idea—the sum is so small individually that no one will miss it, and yet the aggregate will be a large amount of money. Montreal certainly needs a Cathedral, and her Catholic population ought to decide to complete St. Peter's.

On the second of December the Rev. Father Isidore Kavanagh was ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Scholasticate—the Immaculate Conception—on Rachel Street.

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh were at Home to their friends in their residence on Ontario Street, on which occasion the guests had the privilege of kissing the hands and receiving the blessing of the newly anointed priest of God.

The second of December was also a day of rejoicing in the parish of St. Louis Du Mile End, it being the feast of the respected *curé*, the Rev. F. X. Birtz. The reverend gentleman was the recipient of many floral offerings and compliments from his devoted flock. It will be remembered that this worthy priest was recently personified by a shameless swindler who, taking himself to the districts of the upper Ottawa, assumed a soutane and attempted to perform the functions of a priest, never forgetting to tuck up a collection. He was fortunately discovered and identified as an east end barber.

DEATH OF FATHER HECKER.

By the lamented death of Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, C. S. P., the Church in the United States loses one of her ablest and most influential sons, and Catholic Literature one of its most illustrious promoters. His death occurred on Saturday at the Paulist Monastery, Fifty-ninth St. and Ninth Ave., New York. It was not unexpected, as the disease (*angina pectoria*) from which he suffered for the last sixteen years of his life, had within the past few weeks taken a serious turn, leaving little or no prospect of his recovery. Realizing this fact, on Friday morning he called all the members of his community to his bedside to receive his blessing. He was in full possession of all his faculties up to within a few hours of his death. When the end came all the Paulist Fathers who were not engaged giving missions were present. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from the Church of St. Paul the Apostle.

The N. Y. *Catholic News* says: Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker was born in New York City in 1819. He belonged to a respectable and wealthy Protestant family, and was educated with the purpose of devoting himself to the mercantile pursuits in which his brothers have earned an honourable fame and a princely fortune. He had learned, however, to appreciate the value of the poet's philosophy—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierean spring."—

and he devoted his life to study for the betterment of his fellow men, beginning by preparing for the ministry. American in every aim, and endowed with native push and brilliancy, he rapidly forged ahead in every undertaking.

In no self-boasting mood, but in the course of an interesting article on the times of Dr. Brownson, Father Hecker gave a glimpse of his early life. "I remember when eleven years of age," said he, "a year or two older, being tall for my years, proposing and carrying through a series of resolutions on the currency question at our ward meeting. . . . I was too young to vote, but I remember my brother George and I posting political handbills at three o'clock in the morning; this hour was not so inconvenient for us, for we were bakers. We also worked hard on election day, keeping up and supplying the ticket-booths, especially in our own ward, the old Seventh."

At that time his political faith was ardent and active. "But if we had been tested on our religious faith," said Father Hecker, "we should not have come off creditably; many of us had not any religion at all. I remember saying once to my brother John that the only difference between a believer and an infidel is a few ounces of brains. What a wonderful triumph of the truth! The man who said those words not only became a most firm believer in the mysteries of the Christian religion, but a priest and a religious, and hopes thus to die." And his hope was realized as fully as he wished.

In the summer of 1843, led, as many American thinkers were, to embrace the new social ideas promulgated in France, he joined the Association for Agriculture and Education at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass., and at a later date took part in a similar organization at Worcester, Mass. His mind was too clear not to perceive, in a very brief trial, that these systems furnished only husks for the cravings of the human mind, and gave it no substantial aliment. On his return to New York, his examination of Catholic doctrines and principles led him to accept them, and in 1845 he was received into the Church. Isaac I. Hecker was an Episcopal seminarian at the time of the Tractarian Movement. The papers of the great English Tractarians—who, starting out to write against the Catholic religion, wrote themselves into it—led him into an examination of the truths of Catholicity with the result stated.

To the writings of Cardinal Newman, then the shining light of the University of Oxford; and, as is well known, the life and soul of the Tractarian Movement, he was especially indebted for his rapid advance towards the Truth.

Shortly after his reception he went to Europe, and was received as a novice at St. Trond, in Belgium, in 1847. After passing his novitiate and a course of theological study, he was sent by his superiors to England, where, in 1849, he was raised to the priesthood by the late Cardinal Wiseman. Two years were then spent in missionary duty in England, but in 1851 he returned to this country with several other American members of the congregation, and took his place among the Redemptorist Fathers labouring in the United States, but hitherto almost exclusively among the German element.

For some years he was engaged in various parts of the country among English-speaking Catholics. Certain obstacles he encountered gave him the idea of a new order, whose rules would permit him to perform missionary work, which he conceived as of paramount importance. He visited Rome in 1857, laid his plans before the Holy Father, and was commissioned to found the new order—the Congregation of St. Paul. He gathered around him several of his Redemptorist co-workers on the English missions, and, with the approbation of Archbishop Hughes, began a church and convent at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The original church no longer exists, it having comprised the two lower stories of the building now occupied by the Fathers as a convent, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes on June 19, 1859, and formally opened and blessed for divine worship by the Very Rev. William Starrs, on the first Sunday of Advent, Nov. 27, of the same year. This building was twice enlarged to accommodate the rapidly increasing parishioners, the first addition being made in 1861, and the second in 1865.

In the ecclesiastical affairs of the country, Father Hecker has appeared prominently. He attended the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore as Superior of the Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle, and was made Vicegerent of the Second Congregation on the Hierarchy and Government of the Church, and the Education and Pious Training of Youth. He delivered a sermon before the Fathers of the Council on the "Future Triumphs of the Church." He was also present at the Third Plenary Council in 1884. He was in attendance at the famous Vatican Council and the papers he wrote in relation thereto are among the choicest gems of Catholic literature.

Father Hecker was a voluminous writer. In 1855 he published "Questions of the Soul," and in 1857 "The Aspirations of Nature"—two books especially addressed to the large number of Americans who have cut themselves loose from all the systems engendered by the Protestant Reformation and reached the plane of naturalism. In 1863 he established the *Catholic World* and later organized the Catholic Publication Society. Both of these schemes aimed at disseminating a knowledge of Catholic doctrine in popular literary form. His illness, which first attacked him in 1872, compelled him to give up public speaking, and this restraint on a man with an active mind was a cause of personal grief as well as of public sorrow. In 1873, at the urgent request of friends, he made a journey to the Old World and returned in 1874 much benefitted, especially by his trip through Egypt. On the voyage to the other side he wrote several essays on the Church in the United States, giving what he called "an exposition of the Church with relation to different nationalities." These essays were translated into several languages and were widely commented on by the greatest European thinkers of every school.

On his return he assumed the supervision of the *Catholic World*. The physicians would not permit him to overtax his physical strength by enunciating from the pulpit, as he so much loved to, the truths of the faith which had brought him so much consolation. But his mind was ever active, and his article—his last, we believe—on "Two Prophets of the Age," in the August *Catholic World*, shows that his perceptive faculties and reasoning powers were as strong in the last months of his life as they were in earlier years when his strength of logic made captive every mind that came within its spell. His death will be universally regretted. R. I. P.

AT A READING.

The spare Professor, grave and bald,
 Began his paper. It was called,
 I think, "A Brief Historic Glance
 At Russia, Germany and France."
 A glance, but to my best belief
 'Twas almost anything but brief—
 A wide survey, in which the earth
 Was seen before mankind had birth;
 Strange monsters basked them in the sun,
 Behemoth, armored glyptodon,
 And in the dawn's unpractised ray
 The transient dodo winged its way;
 Then, by degrees, through silt and slough,
 We reached Berlin—I don't know how.
 The good Professor's monotone
 Had turned me into senseless stone
 Instantly, but that near me sat
 Hypatia in her new fall hat,
 Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom
 Lighted the heavy-curtained room.
 Hypatia—ah, what lovely things
 Are fashioned out of eighteen springs—
 At first, in sums of this amount,
 The eighteen winters do not count.
 Just as my eyes were growing dim
 With heaviness, I saw that slim,
 Erect, elastic figure there,
 Like a pond lily taking air,
 She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat,
 So altogether crisp and sweet,
 I quite forgot what Bismark said,
 And why the Emperor shook his head,
 And how it was Von Moltke's frown
 Cost France another frontier town.
 The only facts I took away
 From the Professor's theme that day
 Were these: a forehead broad and low,
 Such as the antique sculptures show;
 A chin to Greek perfection true;
 Eyes of Astarte's tender blue;
 A high complexion without fleck
 Or flaw, and curls about her neck.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *Harper's*.

MEN AND THINGS.

A French-Canadian traveller, who is travelling through France, says that Mr. Curran, M.P. for Centre Montreal, looks like the Prime Minister of France. This is no doubt a result of Mr. Curran's habit of addressing French-Canadian audiences in their own language. There is still the question whether M. Floquet can sing old King Cole.—*"Observer" in Toronto Globe.*

Miss Mary Anderson has had many suitors, but none so persistent as James M'Dougherty, whose attentions have compelled the famous actress to place the matter in the hands of the New York police. "I know that Miss Anderson loves me," said James M'Dougherty to Inspector Byrnes. "I first saw her," he continued, when she appeared as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," at Elmira, over five years ago, and it was a case of love at first sight. It was in the third act that I discovered her passion for me. She had just finished that beautiful piece of acting, where she angrily upbraided Claude Melnotte for deceiving her, and she put her whole soul into her acting. She looked out over the audience from the humble cottage by Lake Como, to which Claude had brought her. So deeply was she impressed by her lines that she actually lived the part she was playing, and it was then she discovered me sitting just beneath her in the first row of orchestra chairs. She could not control her face when her gaze met mine. Her cheeks reddened, her eyes danced, and her voice grew husky. I wanted to get up and rush to her, but I knew it would spoil the scene and injure the woman who so deeply loved me. I kept my seat. It was a mistake, for conspirators have kept us apart ever since, and although I have travelled thousands of miles to be near her I have never exchanged a word with her. Had I followed love's impulse that night we might have been happily married years ago," M'Dougherty, who was arrested

while attempting to gain admission to Miss Anderson's dressing-room at Palmer's Theatre, has followed America's favourite across the Atlantic three times; has sent her hundreds of passionate love letters and tons of flowers; has followed her from London to the Continent and back to America again, earning a living as he went by peddling books. "After seeing Miss Anderson five years ago and realizing that she loved me, I knew it was my duty to be near her. I sold my store and I followed her. I sent her my photograph and wrote that I would come to her. I crossed the ocean, but when I got there I found that dukes and earls were pleading for her hand, but she would accept none of them because she loved me. I went to the theatre every night, but they would not let me meet her. When I at last came back to America without having seen the lady I went to work as an electrician in Philadelphia and saved my earnings. Then I followed Miss Anderson again through the south and west, but wherever we went the conspirators were about to keep us apart. Last November I had money enough to go to Europe again, and as Miss Anderson was there I determined to go. When I got to the Lyceum Theatre in London I found that the conspirators were stronger than ever. One day a lady came down the aisle of the theatre. She was disguised. She tripped and fell just as she got in front of me. I believed this was a trick of the enemy to get me to catch the lady and have Miss Anderson discover her in my arms, so I stepped aside and let the lady fall to the floor. That evening when the curtain went up on the second act I saw that I had made a dreadful mistake. The lady who fell before me was Miss Anderson, and she had fallen to get into my arms."

And the young man who had spent six years of his life following the actress about went back to his cell firm in the belief that he had not made a mistake, but that some powerful influence or strong conspiracy had injured his case, and had ruined the hopes of his heart.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Cardinal Newman's last public appearance in the dignity of his office was at the festival of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Order of the Oratory. The Cardinal has written of the Saint in words of sweet affection, and he always preached the sermon at the Saint's festival. On the last occasion he was very weak—so weak that he could not ascend the pulpit step, and had to be supported from the throne to the altar rails, where, in a voice that was only audible to those immediately near to him, he delivered his discourse. But as he preached he seemed to gain strength, and when he had finished, and turned to go away, he motioned away with a wave of his hand the two priests who came forward to support him, and walked firmly and unaided to his place. But the accession of strength did not last long; a reaction came, and he had to be almost carried to his own room.

An Irish Munchausen turned up at a Boston restaurant in the humble capacity of a waiter. The guest had just been served with a small lobster. "Do you call that a lobster, Mike?" "Faix, I believe they do be callin' them lobsters here, sur. We call them crabs at home." "Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland." "Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creek is full of 'em. Many a time I've seen 'em when I lepped over the strames." "How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?" "Well," says Mike, thoughtfully, "to spake within bounds, sur, I'd say a matter of five or six feet." "What! five or six feet! How do they grow around the creeks?" "Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide," said the imperturbable Mike. "But," said the guest, "you say you have seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea." "Shure I did, sur, we're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, sur, I've seen it red with 'em." "But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered Mike at last, "lobsters are not red till they are boiled." "Don't I know that?" said Mike, "but there are bilin' springs in the old country and they swim through 'em and come out all ready for ye to crack open and eat 'em."

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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 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 LYNCII,
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. CARBERRY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1888.

The publication of the Nun of Kenmare's autobiography has led to a number of comments from American Catholic papers, some of them unfeeling and coarse, others good natured and facetious. In one place the writer states that she was taught veracity in a Church of England boarding school, on which the *St. Louis Watchman* observes that she should compute the full amount paid for the tuition, as it is a clear case of restitution.

There is a true ring of admiration in the letter which we print elsewhere from Archbishop Croke to Mgr. Moore, forwarding a contribution of £50 to the Cardinal Manning Jubilee Fund, and that there is need not surprise anyone. There are few who can even estimate what has been done for the Church by his Eminence. It is a mighty work which lays all English-speaking Catholics under an obligation. Thousands of Catholic laymen, as the *Weekly Register* justly observes, will feel grateful for the Archbishop of Cashel's testimony to the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, "a friend to Ireland long before it was a party's policy to be so, and one whose long love has cost him dear at the hands of misrepresentation and prejudice."

AMERICAN CATHOLIC PAPERS ON ANNEXATION.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, an ally of Mr. Wiman's in the press, is quarrelling with that gentleman because of his admission of what is obviously a truth, namely, that the annexation movement finds no favour with the Catholics of Canada. Mr. Wiman, the *Freeman's Journal* thinks, is not in a position to speak the sentiments of Canadian Catholics. If we may do so without disrespect, we beg leave to add that the *Freeman's Journal* is not one whit more competent to speak for them either. With its exploits in that direction we have already made

our readers familiar. The position which this journal assumes is a peculiar one; briefly, it is this: Professor Goldwin Smith and the *Mail*, the head and front of the Canadian wing of Mr. Wiman's movement, make no attempt to conceal their belief that annexation with the States would prove an effectual plan whereby to arrest the progress and destroy the power of the Church in this country, and, knowing their men, Canadian Catholics have taken them at their word. They know that they would abolish our school system, repudiate the rights guaranteed to the Church under treaty, appropriate her revenues, and confiscate her estates. They know that, if they could, they would enter *con amore* on a grand plan of confiscation, and, that being so, they have been content to stand apart and watch with what success the agitation meets.

This, apparently, has not been all that its promoters could have wished for. At all events Mr. Wiman has felt himself compelled to explain, on more than one occasion lately, to an American audience, and, through the press, to the American public, by way, we presume, of accounting for the laboured progress of the movement, that a most potent factor against annexation is the Catholic Church in Canada. At first the *Freeman's Journal*, a Catholic paper, by the way, and one which affects to be well informed on Canadian affairs, sought to show that Mr. Wiman was mistaken. By some astonishing processes in arithmetic it figured out that one-half of the whole population of Canada was already favourable to annexation, while the remainder was a much divided one and represented no fixed or considerable opinion. "It is evident," it argued, "that the connection with Britain cannot last, and that annexation will come in the fulness of time." "When it does come," it said, "the French Canadian element will flourish more than ever, and as citizens of the Union, their language, their religion and their laws will be safe."

It is obvious that Mr. Wiman's view of the situation is less optimistic. At all events the *Freeman's Journal* is plainly impatient to muzzle him. Mr. Wiman, it now thinks, is "not in a position" to speak for the Catholics of the Dominion; "would it not be well for him to let them speak for themselves?" this and much more, and all, forsooth, because Mr. Wiman is frank enough to acknowledge that we Catholics in Canada are not attracted by his movement, by his allies, or their ends.

While we are on the subject, and since Mr. Butterworth has introduced in Congress a measure authorizing the President to enter into negotiations for the annexation of Canada, it is worth while to observe what another American Catholic paper, the *Milwaukee Citizen*, has to say of the probable effect of annexation upon the French Canadian, whose language, religion, and law, the *Freeman's Journal* was of opinion, would flourish more than ever. "French Canadian Catholics possess," says this journal, "certain privileges which seem to be incompatible with the American system. Clerical control of education is chief among these." This matter could perhaps be safeguarded, it is good enough to say though, by treaty. "The undoubted opposition," it continues, "that does exist among the French Canadians of Montreal and Quebec arises from an Old World fear of 'Americanization.' The good shepherds of the flock really exaggerate the danger. No Catholic is better than the thoroughly American Catholic. Hot-house Catholicity, religion in a glass case, conventual innocence, cannot be

expected in these times. We live in the world; and the United States is the best part of it."

This of course is Spread-eagleism. It counts for nothing with these journals that we in Canada think we have the best of the position, and that, neither as Catholics nor as Canadians, have we anything to gain but everything to lose by becoming a state of the American Union, because these journals seem to be agreed that they must have Canada sooner or later, and that, as the Milwaukee paper naively observes, "it will save trouble to get her while she is young and tractable."

The New York *Catholic Review*, in a late issue, draws attention to an ugly phase of what are called "the great newspapers;" that is, the hunting up and gloating over the details of horrors and social scandals, more especially if the latter affect persons of some prominence in society or public life. "No sooner," says the *Review*, "is a hint given of any such case in or out of the courts of law than the great newspapers send out their harpies and their vampires to batten on the horrors, the crimes, the sins, the shames, the scandals, returning to disgorge all the loathsome stuff into the columns of the great newspapers for the edification and moral education of the public generally. For a great newspaper is nothing if not a claimant for the high character of being a great public educator and guardian of public morals."

The *Review* does not exaggerate. The evil it deplures, which had its origin in the American newspapers, has crept into the press of this country, and especially into the daily press of Toronto, and the result is a perennial epidemic of nastiness. It has often been wondered that the editors and conductors of journals so able, dignified, and so creditable to us otherwise,—such journals, for example, as the *Mail* of Toronto—should permit their columns to be sullied by police reports and kindred matter, reading as repugnant and nauseous to a person of decent instincts as in its effects upon the public mind it is demoralizing and degrading. Much that they publish in fact and in presentation is utterly vile. Matters which a respectable journal would ignore, or dismiss in a line, are set forth with sensational headings and sub-headings. In fact they appear to employ one or two men for the special purpose of "slumming," and of catering to the tastes of the thieves and thief-catchers.

"WHY DO NOT MORE PEOPLE ATTEND CHURCH?"

From time to time articles appear in the Protestant and non-religious press on the above subject and it is amusing to note the number and variety of solutions they draw forth. One concludes that it is because the meeting-house is not comfortably upholstered, or (in the winter-time) because the heating apparatus is defective; another, that the ushers and other officials lack the quality of civility; and a third suggests that the sermons are dry and prosy, and that it is vain to expect the enlightened people of this nineteenth century to go to church Sunday after Sunday and listen to the "same old story." What is wanted, they say, is bright sparkling comments on the events of the day, or sensational discourses on the sins and follies of society. And there can be little doubt but that, from a Protestant point of view, this last solution is in most cases the correct one. It is certain, judging from newspaper reports, that the most sensational pulpit is the most popular, and that those churches (we call them

"churches" by courtesy) are most crowded where the utterances of the preacher contain the least theology and the most "spice."

But it is not every man who has the gift of attracting and holding for any length of time a crowd of admirers by mere sensation. Human nature is shallow enough, but most people sicken, in time, of the sensational mouthings of many so-called pulpit orators, and, as a natural consequence, we continually hear the complaint from Protestant ministers that their churches are poorly attended, and that in their efforts to reach the masses they have signally and entirely failed. Discussions as to "why people do not attend church," or "how best to reach the masses," etc., are, therefore, as we said, of frequent occurrence in the press and "conference," without, it seems, thus far having arrived at any satisfactory solution. The true solution they have quite overlooked, a solution, however, which is quite foreign to the very spirit of Protestantism, which has long since been banished from its creeds—the doctrine of hell. A discussion of this kind has recently been going on in the public press of Auburn, N. Y., and the pithy-remarks of a correspondent, who was evidently neither a grammarian nor a rhetorician, gave to Father Mulhern of that city a text for a very pointed sermon. "Some say," said the correspondent, "that the Catholics have a church full every meeting." "If the American people were brought up to believe that if they did not go to church they would go to hell, then you would have a full church every Sunday, and there would not be half churches enough." "That," said Father Mulhern, "is the pith of the answer to this important enquiry. Tell people that if they do not go to church they will go to hell, and you propound a truth which has God for its author and which is the most salutary doctrine that you can preach to the world."

"It is not, I know," he continued, "to our highest credit that the fear of hell should be such a potent incentive to virtue and to church-going; but stripped of all its decorations, and standing out in plain, unvarnished truth, this is the fact, and the sooner we admit it and the oftener we assert it the better every way for all. We must serve God or be lost to God. But to serve God means external and internal worship, or church-going, and to be lost to God means deprivation of God or hell, and consequently one or the other horn of the dilemma is the solution of our question. I know, I say, it is not the highest motive of duty to God, but, all things considered, it is the most necessary and perhaps the most useful for the masses. The doctrine of a hell is the great, the ultimate sanction of God's law, and if a man be convinced of its truth, if he believe—and when I say believe I do not use the word as it is commonly accepted, but as excluding all doubt—if he believe he must serve God or go to hell, that is, deprived forever of God and suffer punishment away from Him, he possesses an incentive to virtue and therefore to the practice of religion, which is the most potential motive that can influence his nature."

This is the truth which has long since been lost sight of by Protestants, with what result we know. It is unfashionable to preach hell, and the man amongst them, who ventures to do so, is held up to general ridicule. The belief has not, we venture to assert, gone from them, but being an "uncomfortable" truth it must be placed out of sight, and not obtruded upon this "enlightened generation." And with this truth have been buried others until Christianity has become, outside of the Catholic Church,

little more than a name. The men who in the last three hundred years have dug away at the sacred edifice of Christianity and cast out from it, or tried to cast out from it, one or the other revealed truth from time to time, have done no greater harm to mankind than by their deformation of the doctrine of hell. Who has done this? The Universalists and the Unitarians? These sects have the courage of their convictions, but what one of all the others has not feared to preach this doctrine boldly and to uphold it consistently?

"The late Henry Ward Beecher," Father Mulhern went on to say, "was the type of his age. He was certainly no better than his age, and as a leader, always voiced its religious sentiments. He was a great light. He was perhaps a great man. But Mr. Beecher's theology, like his philosophy, was of the soft kind—made to order—and it said there was no hell. He was a typical reformer as those of the sixteenth century, exemplifying in their lives and teaching in their methods the corruptions and errors of their time. The doctrine which Christ preached was a hard doctrine. These men would improve on it. Luther began the work and Beecher finished the job. 'He knocked the bottom out of hell,' some one said, and so the Christian sects outside of Catholicity from that day, at least, carry around a broken vessel."

"Now in speaking thus," said Father Mulhern, in conclusion, "I would not be uncharitable or facetious. I speak rather in sorrow, grieved to see the souls that Christ came to save led astray, and the merciful doctrine that He would have preached to men tortured to please the corrupt of heart. The fool says in his heart there is no God, says Holy Scripture, and the corrupt say in the same place there is no hell; but if the people would save themselves and benefit society, if we would have our churches filled and the Gospel of Christ preached in its entirety, then must we repudiate one and other of these innovations and stick to the old-fashioned truth. Consequently I am of the opinion, with our friend, that to believe in hell will greatly influence men to good, and since this is the fact, it is well worth while to look at the foundations upon which the doctrine rests."

Other reasons for empty churches might be pointed out to Protestants, but this will suffice, and as they especially disclaim anything but human authority for their religious belief it is not easy to see how they are to find a way out of the dilemma. To restore the doctrine of hell amongst them would be to take one step towards that Unity of Faith from which the so-called Reformation cruelly severed them.

CONCERNING OUR SCHOOL ELECTIONS.

The election of Separate School Trustees will take place throughout the Province early in January, and we again urge upon our people the duty and the necessity of their choosing for school trustees, as for any position of greater prominence amongst them, only such men as will, by their personal characters, and their fitness to discharge the duties devolving upon them, reflect credit upon the body whom they have been chosen to represent.

In writing thus we make no special reference to any particular place. We seek only to call the attention of our readers to a duty, which it is essential for their best interests that they studiously endeavour to fulfil. No Catholic vote should ever be recorded for any Catholic man who is not calculated nor capable of maintaining

creditably the position, no matter how humble it be, which he may seek as their representative.

It would be idle to say that in the past this fact has been sufficiently borne in mind in respect to the government of our Separate Schools, either in Toronto or in many of the outside municipalities. And until it is borne in mind our schools will not receive their full and much-needed development. In the past it has been our privilege to be represented in great part on these Boards by the most ignorant and uncultivated classes amongst us, whose proceedings have more than once taken the form of a huge public pantomime.

So long as this sort of thing is permitted it goes without saying that there will be no improvement in the tone of the Catholic community, nor will it take any better, or broader, or higher direction. That will only be effected in time, and by intelligent action. Meanwhile, we again remind our readers of what, as it seems to us, is their absolute duty in the matter. To quote from an Old Country contemporary, "Any franchise, no matter of what description it may be, is a solemn trust confided to men, in these days of popular government, that they may discharge a conscientious duty towards their fellows and their country. To our mind, it is little less than a sin to appoint, to any position of public importance, an unworthy or unsuitable representative. To select for such a place an ignorant or incompetent delegate is heinous. Let us see that whenever we select men to represent us in any capacity they are such as we can trust to do so creditably and with integrity in moral, political, and executive matters." These are matters which we have every day more and more need to bear in mind, and which for the sake of Catholic interests we are bound to heed.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES.

The celebration of the great Feast of the Nativity in all the city churches was this year carried out as usual with becoming solemnity. The attendance at all the Masses was large, and the number of those who approached Holy Communion indicated that Catholic devotion has in no wise lessened of late years, but that our people are, as a whole, mindful of their duty to God, and to their own souls. This fact, which a visit to any of the churches from early morning until noon could not fail to testify to even the least observant, must be a source of great consolation to the zealous clergy who have laboured unceasingly to this end.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

The first Mass at St. Michael's cathedral was celebrated at six o'clock by Rev. Father Hand. There was a large congregation. The music was of the usual impressive character, and the choir sang selections appropriate to the Christmas festival. Adam's "Noel" and "Adeste Fideles" were grandly rendered. At seven o'clock Mass Rev. Father Hand was again the celebrant. Very Rev. Father Laurent, Administrator, celebrated Mass at eight and nine o'clock. On the latter occasion the school-children, numbering about eighty, formed part of the congregation and sang several Christmas hymns. High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Laurent, when the church was crowded. Father Hand was deacon and Mr. Carbery, sub-deacon. Haydn's Royal Mass was sung by a full choir, composed of about sixty people, and the effect was superb. The choir was under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Campbell. The soloists were: Mrs. Meyers, Miss Agar, Miss Fletcher, Miss Jordan, Miss A. Murphy, and Miss Ward, sopranos and altos; Messrs. Ward and McNamara, tenors, and Messrs. O'Connor, Anglin, Stack and Caron, basses. Prof. Lemaitre was the organist.

Rev. Father Hand preached the sermon, the Nativity of Christ being his subject. He took for his text the words of St. Luke: "She brought forth her first born Son and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Rich visitors and wealthy travellers were sought after and welcomed, the libertine and criminal could find shelter and accommodation at the inn, but for Mary, and Joseph, and Christ there was no room. The earth had witnessed many wonderful pictures. The constantly interesting fortunes of men had elaborated tragedies. The waters of the deluge and the thunders of Sinai were the evidences of the Almighty's disapproval of men's recklessness and folly. At other times God, with marvellous condescension, had mingled among His creatures, and imparted His benediction in the tents of the patriarch. But earth had never witnessed such a scene as Mary, Joseph, and Christ on the streets of Bethlehem at night-fall. The cold, hard world retained a spark of hospitality. To every creature, whether man or beast, it offered a birth-place and a grave. But it took exception to Jesus, and it was not permitted that he should be born within the town-line of Bethlehem, nor was it allowed to crucify Him within the walls of Jerusalem. The Bethlehem He sought to-day was in the hearts of men.

At Vespers a fair sized congregation attended. The church was brilliantly illuminated, innumerable candles placing the altar behind a sheet of light. The music was Gregorian with several selections specially arranged for the Christmas festival. Very Rev. Father Laurent gave the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The cathedral was elaborately decorated, the crib and altars being adorned with remarkable taste and very pretty results. Festoons of evergreens were wound around the pillars and were suspended from the walls.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

This church was crowded from early morning until the conclusion of High Mass, which was celebrated at 11 o'clock. The familiar figure of Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony was missed by the parishioners, he being in Southern California for the benefit of his health. In his absence Father Morris presided, and under his supervision everything passed off with the greatest credit to priest and people. The music of the day was of a character in keeping with the great Feast of Christmas, and was efficiently rendered by a strong choir.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The beautiful new church which Very Rev. Father Rooney, Administrator, has erected on Bathurst Street, being not yet quite ready for occupation, the Christmas services were held in the temporary premises adjoining which has been used for Divine service since the demolition of the old church. The first Mass began at 6 o'clock, and Masses were said almost every half-hour until the High Mass at half-past ten, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Cruise. At the eight o'clock Mass, which was said by the Very Rev. Father Rooney, the band of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union was present and rendered several selections of sacred music. The edifice was tastefully decorated, and the choir sang Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Father Rooney delivered a short address but there was no sermon.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.

The first Mass at the Church of the Basilian Fathers, was said at 5.30 a.m. by Rev. Father Guinane, C.S.B., at which several hymns appropriate to the Feast of the day were sung by the Young Men's Sodality under the direction of Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B. Masses continued to be said every half hour until 10.30, when the High Mass began. At the 8 o'clock Mass the music was rendered by the children of the Catechism classes. The High Mass was sung by the Provincial, Very Rev. C. Vincent, C.S.B., Rev. Father Buckley, C.S.B., being deacon and Mr. Lorgan, sub-deacon. Rev. D. Cushing, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, preached. The music, which was J. W. Kaltiwoda's Mass, quite new in Toronto, was efficiently rendered by a choir of 50 voices under the supervision of Rev. P. Chalandard, C.S.B.

Rev. Father Murray presided at the organ. The soloists were: Miss Bolster, soprano; Mrs. Goff, contralto; Mr. J. F. Kirk, tenor, and Father Chalandard, basso. Messrs. Boucher and Bayley, violinists, were greatly appreciated. At Vespers in the evening the high altar was lighted with two hundred tapers. The congregation was very large.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The services in St. Patrick's Church began at 5.30, when High Mass was sung by the Rector, Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., Father Rein, C.S.S.R., being deacon and Father Corduke, C.S.S.R., sub-deacon. The choir sang Haydn's 3rd Mass. Masses were celebrated every half-hour until 10.30, when a second High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Thumel, C.S.S.R. with Rev. Father Corduke, C.S.S.R., as deacon and Father Rein, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon, and the choir rendered Mozart's Twelfth Mass with fine effect. Rev. Father Henning, whose ability as a preacher is well-known, delivered an eloquent sermon on the Nativity. In the evening Grand Musical Vespers were sung, concluding with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The "crib" in this Church is one of the most beautiful in the city, and was surrounded by worshippers during the entire day.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The midnight Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes was, speaking purely in a musical sense, one of the most magnificent services that has ever been heard in Toronto. The church was not decorated, the rector, Father McBride, deeming it out of place where the interior of the building is itself a work of decorative art. Hummel's mass in D is a musical composition of what might be termed brilliant intricacy in the fugue style, where the most sudden and delightful transitions take place. M. J. R. Richardson, the musical director, had charge of a small orchestra, volunteered for the occasion. The members were Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. Napolitano, first violins; Mr. J. Campbell and Mr. Hamel, second violins; Mr. Parke, viola; Mr. Claxton, contra bass; Mr. Lindenberg, clarinet; Mr. Hurst, flute; Mr. Jacobs, horn; Mr. J. W. King, tuba; Mr. Reddy, tympano. The music was entirely choral in the most difficult style of the contrapuntal school. The offertory was the *Adeste Fideles*. The soloists were Mrs. Charles McGaun and Mrs. Murray Dickson, sopranos; Miss Dick, contralto; Mr. Lee, tenor. The choruses showed particularly good attack on the choral passages and were most manifestly under the control of the director.

The masses yesterday were largely attended. The usual Christmas crib was beautifully arranged on the Gospel side of the sanctuary.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND CARDINAL MANNING.

The following letter has been addressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel to Monsignor Moore, of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, covering the munificent subscription of £50 towards the "Cardinal Manning Jubilee Fund":

THE PALACE, Thurles, Dec. 8, 1888.

My Dear Monsignor Moore,—Like many of my countrymen, I have been anxiously looking out this long while back, for some sign of vitality and work done, on the part of the distinguished committee formed some time ago for the purpose of presenting a suitable testimonial to His Eminence Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his approaching Silver Jubilee.

My anxiety has been, at last, somewhat relieved by a paragraph in this day's *Weekly Register*, in which it is stated that the subscription list "swells apace," or, in other less poetic words, that a decent start has actually been made in the contemplated good work.

England will, as a matter of course, do its duty well, and right liberally, in this matter, and so, presumably, will Scotland also, in due proportion; and I shall be greatly surprised, indeed, but anticipate nothing of the sort, if Ireland, that owes the Cardinal so much for his outspoken sympathy and almost filial interest in every-

thing that concerns her, be not creditably to the front in this complimentary demonstration to His Eminence.

To me personally he has been a true and never failing friend. I wish him therefore, from my inmost heart, health and happiness and length of days to govern his diocese, as he has done for nearly a quarter of a century, with conspicuous prudence and ability; to edify his countrymen of all creeds by the example of his laborious life, and to illustrate, withal, the thorough devotedness of a great English ecclesiastic to the best interests of his Church and country.

Enclosed please find my cheque for £50, which you will kindly place to the credit of the Cardinal's Jubilee Fund.

I remain, my dear Monsignor Moore, your very faithful servant,

†T. W. CROKE.
Archbishop of Cashel.

A PROTESTANT VICAR AND THE JESUITS.

The Vicar of All Saints', Hatcham, has been lecturing at Lewes on "Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits;" and a very wonderful performance the lecture was. Jesuits, the

lecturer informed his audience, are allowed to confess only to members of their own order, or to Carthusians, "who have a vow of silence." "That is why so little is known about the Jesuits," explained the reverend lecturer; the inference being that if they would only make confession to secular priests we should soon know all about them. Notwithstanding this conspiracy of silence, the Vicar of All Saints', Hatcham, knew a good deal about the sons of Loyola. He knew that "Xavier went to Japan as a Buddhist monk," and that Jesuits can be anything, and even deny their religious profession. He further knew that their "chief ethical principle" is that "the end justifies the means;" whereby "the whole decalogue is set aside." As for the Jesuit mission in Asia, "the Jesuits had the half of the soldiers"—what soldiers the reverend gentleman apparently forgot to mention, and they made converts at the point of the bayonet, "but did not," he believed, "save a single soul." The authority for this latter statement was not quoted. But they planned the Gunpowder Plot and the Massacre of St. Bartholmew's Day. And, having listened to these interesting facts, the good Protestants of Lewes went home much pleased, and greatly refreshed in their minds.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*



ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, TORONTO.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Separate tenders (in duplicate) for supplies and services for the above corps, during the calendar year 1889, will be received by the Minister of Militia and Defence, at Ottawa, until Saturday, 22nd December.

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For particulars and forms of tenders, apply to Lieut-Col. Otter at the New Fort, Toronto.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque, for an amount equal to five per cent. of the total value of the contract. This cheque will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the services contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

C. 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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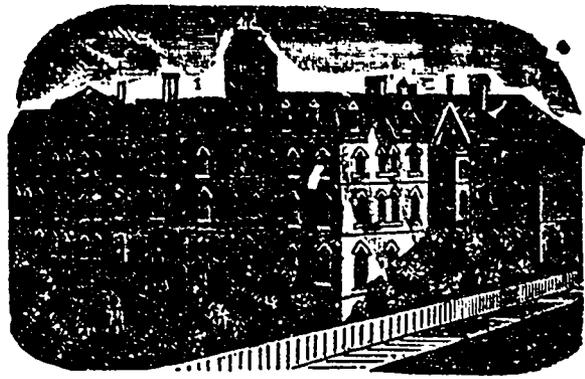


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