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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, Thursday, Mar. 3, 1887,

No. 3.

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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 good or evil, 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.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The Pope has sent \$2,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquake.

The death of Cardinal Jacobini may necessitate a further postponement of the approaching consistory beyond March.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Rome cables that he is authorized to state that the American Bishops take a favourable view of the organization known as the Knights of Labour, that it is not a secret society in the sense condemned by the Church, and is consequently exempt from canonical censure.

The rumour that the Cabinet had decided to prosecute Archbishop Croke for advocating the non payment of taxes, which is said to have caused a temporary sensation, is disbelieved in official circles. On being asked by Mr. William Johnston, the Orange leader, in the English House of Commons on Monday, what the Government intended to do regarding the Archbishop, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach declined to say more than that the question was engaging the attention of the Government.

A number of Conservative members of Parliament, who are impatient over the delay in adopting coercive measures for Ireland, met on Tuesday to take concerted action with the object of inducing Conservatives to combine in exerting pressure upon the Government. The times, indeed, look dark in Ireland. The forced retirement of Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., and Mr. Sheehy, M.P., from their offices as Sheriffs, and the action of the executive in authoriz-

ing the employment of the military and police for the proclamation of the Plan of Campaign, and practically to aid in the eviction of the people, are certain to prove fertile and further causes of trouble. Mr. Gill, M.P., wires that there are not wanting evidences of the intention of the Government to co operate with reactionary landlords in the wholesale eviction of the Irish peasantry.

Cardinal Ludovico Jacobini, late Pontifical Secretary of State, died on Saturday, the 26th ult., at one o'clock. This distinguished ecclesiastic was born at Albano, Italy, on May 6, 1832. He filled several important offices under the Papal Government while comparatively a young man. In 1862 Pius IX. made him a domestic prelate and one of the referendaries of the signatura. When, in 1874, the Nuncio at Vienna, Falcenelli Antoniacei, was created cardinal and withdrew from his post, Mgr. Jacobini was chosen by Pius IX. to succeed to the vacancy. On September 19, 1879, he was created cardinal, but it was judged desirable that he should continue at the Austrian capital in order to carry on the negotiations commenced some time previously with Germany and Russia, and also to regulate the new ecclesiastical arrangements for Bosnia and Herzegovina. In October, 1880, he was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to succeed Cardinal Nina as Papal Secretary of State, and for over six years he conducted the complicated and delicate affairs of that high office with rare tact. His last important official act was the letter addressed to the Papal Nuncio at Munich, in which the Pope's position and wishes in reference to the Army Bill were formulated. The Cardinal died a few minutes after midday, and will be buried to day in Santa Maria Church. Messages of condolence were sent by Emperor William and Prince Bismarck to the Pope, who made frequent and anxious enquiries as to the dying Cardinal's condition.

The Church in Canada.

EARLY RECORDS.

The interesting contributions furnished by Mr. Macdonell, on the Life and Times of the first Bishop of Kingston, will, we hope, be continued in the REVIEW for a long time to come. In the meantime, as well to vary this department as to give the industrious chevalier leisure to collect all his material, it may be well to advert to some early matters in the history of the Church that must necessarily come in for consideration. It is desirable that historical accounts of every parish in every diocese in Canada should be published, and if this paper "gather up the fragments lest they be lost," it will have done good service for the Church. Perhaps we can all proceed the more intelligently by understanding what has been the past history of the Church; and perhaps also our Protestant neighbours will not object to have some popular misconceptions removed. After a bird's-eye view of the early history of the Church in Canada, I will discuss in as popular a way as is possible, the much-talked-of Treaty of Paris, the Quebec Act, the so-called Establishment, and some other things not so obviously legal, and, therefore, not presumably dry and uninteresting.

Bishop Macdonell, the first Bishop of Kingston, was the Vicar, and subsequently episcopal auxiliary to Bishop Plessis, of Quebec. From the year 1819 to the year 1826, he was an auxiliary bishop, and in this latter year the Diocese of Kingston was erected. It is said to be the first Diocese established in a British colony since that movement in England called the Reformation. From 1826 to 1870, the Church in Upper Canada, or Ontario, was part of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec. In 1870 Ontario was formed into an independent province under the Archbishop of Toronto. It is with the Diocese of Quebec, however, that we are at present concerned. In its original integrity it extended in point of time from Bishop Laval's day to Bishop Plessis. When the United States achieved their independence, or within a few years afterwards, Quebec diocese lost a large portion of territory. Before 1785 the Diocese of Quebec was, perhaps, the largest to be found in the history of the Church. It extended from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Rocky Mountains, and from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, along the Mississippi. The English provinces along the Atlantic seaboard, were, however, under English episcopal jurisdiction.

In 1763 Canada was ceded to England by the Treaty of Paris. There are six Bishops, counting from this date back to Mgr. Laval, and six counting forward to Mgr. Plessis. Bishop Laval was consecrated in 1659, but not as Bishop of Quebec. Quebec was erected into a Diocese in 1674; from 1659 to that date Mgr. Laval was Vicar Apostolic for Canada, with the title of Bishop of Petra in *partibus infidelium*. Before 1659 (or rather 1658 as the better date), Canada was neither a vicariate nor a Bishopric, but was an outlying portion of a French Arch-Diocese. It was under the protection of the Archbishop of Rouen. The first priest came over in 1610 or 1611, and, indeed, so far as any ecclesiastical authority over them is concerned, all, except about a dozen, belonged to the Jesuit or Franciscan orders. I have an authentic list of the secular and regular priests of the Diocese of Quebec extending over 200 years, and from it we can glean some information. Two Jesuits, Fathers Pierre Billard and Ennemond, Masse, arrived on the 12th of June, 1611. The former of these returned to old France two years afterwards; the latter labored in New France for upwards of thirty-five years, and died here on the 18th of January, 1646. Within that time over

sixty priests had been sent to Canada, and out of their number we have nearly all the illustrious martyrs one hears of. Four Recollets or Franciscans came in April, 1615. Two others of the same order came in succeeding voyages. In 1625 two Jesuits and one Franciscan came in the same vessel. One of the Jesuits is the First Martyr on the list. Opposite the tenth name, JEAN DE BREBŒUF, is the entry "murdered 17th March, 1649." Occasionally one of the priests is reported "drowned," or "frozen," or "lost." Two Jesuits, Jacques Butteux and Charles Garnier, who arrived in 1632, were martyred after nearly twenty years of missionary work; Paul Lebrun, Charles Dumarches and Antoine Daniel are the next three. Then we have two well-known names, Isaac Jogues and Claude Menard. Gabriel Lallemand suffered martyrdom with Brebœuf on the same day, in 1649, though the former was a missionary only a few months before his death.

In 1659 there arrived Francis de Laval de Montmorency, as Vicar Apostolic. His arrival was, in effect, the placing of Canada under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope. This was a stormy period, but the contest between the Vicar of the Archbishop of Rouen and the Vicar of the Pope ended in favour of the latter. In this connection what the student of history must bear in mind is, that for the first fifty years of Canadian History the Church was under the care of the Archbishop of Rouen; that subsequently it was in charge of a Vicar Apostolic, and then, in 1674 erected into a diocese. Mgr. Laval was the first bishop, and he and each of his successors down to the time of Bishop Plessis, had a Coadjutor Bishop named in his life-time, so that the See was never vacant. During this time, after the fall of Quebec, in 1759, Canada passed out of the hands of the French under the terms of the Treaty of Paris, and has since been part of the British Empire. The Society of Jesus has the early field of missionary labour largely to itself; and in the twenty-four martyrs given in the list referred to, 15 are Jesuits, four Franciscans, and the others secular clergy. The last martyr suffered in the year that Quebec fell.

This outline will form a sufficient foundation for considering the historico-legal questions in our Church History. The first in importance, though not the first in point of time, is the extent of the guarantees in the Treaty of Paris. This will form the subject of the next paper.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

(To be Continued.)

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The new and uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works is now, with one exception, complete. Thirty-four volumes, given originally to the world at various intervals, and upon occasions very widely differing, from the year 1828 to the year 1875, the record of the thought, the action, the sufferings, the joys, the failures, the successes of a long and eventful life. These volumes entitle their author to no mean place among the classics of our country. There is no living writer who has attained to such supreme mastery over the English tongue. It is to him an instrument of which he knows all the mysterious capabilities, all the hidden sweetness, all the latent power; and it responds with marvellous precision to his every touch, the boldest or the slightest. Persuasive winningness, scathing denunciation, vivid irony, closest logic, soul-subduing pathos, graceful fancies,—all are at his command, and come forth to do his bidding. His is a high creative faculty united to great ratiocinative power, and matured and chastened by that supreme art which leaves no trace of workmanship. Where in the whole range of our literature shall we find passages of loftier eloquence and purer religious feeling than in his sermons? Where are exacter apprehension and a clearer statement

of gravest philosophical problems—whatever our views as to his solution of them—than in the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Essay on Development*, the *Lectures on the Ideal of a University*? Where sweeter and more delicate flowers of poesy than in such verses as "Lead, Kindly Light," or the "Dream of Gerontius"? Who has displayed greater descriptive force, or more consummate power of word-painting, than he who has made ancient Athens live before us? Whose holy enchantment has called up in the midst of the nineteenth century, with its feverish strivings and incessant movement and restless endeavor, the venerable shades of St. Benedict and his companions, in the unbroken calm and untroubled peace of the early monastic institute? Who has "sorted and numbered the weapons of controversy" with such scientific precision, and employed them with such consummate skill, as the author of the *Treatise on the Prophetical Office*, the *Tract on Creed and Canon*, the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, and the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*? While, still higher glory, in a life full of polemical strife, he has never taken an unfair advantage, or won a dishonest victory.

These are some of the titles upon which Cardinal Newman's claim rests to a high place in the literature of his country. It is not, however, my present purpose to consider him from a merely literary stand-point. Cardinal Newman has played a notable part in a most important, perhaps the most important, department of the annals of our century. He is the especial representative of a great spiritual and intellectual movement, and a conspicuous leader of religious thought. It is in this character that I propose now to regard him. My object is to sketch the main outlines of his life, and in such rough way as may be possible to form an estimate of his work. And in executing this task, my chief materials will be derived from his books, one special note of which is their strong individuality. They are instinct with that egotism which, to use a happy expression of his own, is, in some provinces, the truest modesty. Each in its different way and its varying degree, has, for us, its revelation about the writer. Thus the *Grammar of Assent* does for us objectively what the *Apologia* does subjectively. The *Essay on Development* is confessedly a chapter—the last—in the workings of the author's mind which issued in his submission to Rome. There is perhaps not one of his *Oxford Sermons*, which, as he told us of the famous discourse on Wisdom and Innocence, was not written with a secret reference to himself. His verses are the expressions of personal feelings, the greater part of them, to give his own account, growing out of that religious movement which he followed so faithfully from first to last. And further, we have his present criticism upon his former self, his ultimate judgments upon his early views in the prefaces and notes with which he has enriched the new editions of his old works. Then we possess in his volumes not only the story of his life, but, in some degree, his comment thereon.

Cardinal Newman's life runs with the century. It is to the age of Pitt and Fox, of Napoleon and Pius VII., of Scott and Byron, of Coleridge and Kant, that we must go back to survey the moral, political and religious surroundings of his early years—surroundings which largely influence every man, and the more largely in proportion to the receptivity and retentiveness of his intellectual constitution. To form some element in which Cardinal Newman lived and moved during the time when his character was matured and his first principles were formed, is a necessary condition precedent to any true understanding of what he is and what he has wrought. Let us therefore glance at the condition of English religious thought at that period.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that never during its course of well nigh two thousand years in the world, has Christianity presented less of the character of a spiritual religion than during the last half of the eighteenth century. Not in England only, but throughout Europe, the general aim of its accredited teachers seems to have been to explain away its mysteries, to extenuate its supernatural character, to reduce it to a system of morality, little differing from that of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. The dogmas of Christianity were almost openly admitted to be

nonsense. Religious emotion was stigmatized as enthusiasm. Theology, from being "the science of things divine," had sunk into apologies, opposing weak answers to strong objections, and into evidences, endeavouring with the smallest result to establish the existence of a vague possible deity. The prevailing religion of the day may be accurately judged of from the most widely popular of its homiletic works, those thrice-famous sermons of Blair's, which were at one time to be found in well-nigh every family of the upper and middle classes of this country, and which probably may still be discovered in the remoter shelves of the libraries in most country houses. No one can look into these discourses without admitting the truth of Mr. Stephen's trenchant criticism that "they represent the last stage of theological decay." For unction there is mere mouthing, for the solid common sense of earlier writers, an infinite capacity for repeating the feeblest platitudes; the morality can scarcely be dignified by the name of prudential, unless all prudence be summed up in the command, "Be respectable;" the pages are full of solemn trifling—prosings about adversity and prosperity, eulogies upon the most excellent of virtues, moderation, and proofs that religion is upon the whole productive of pleasure. As Mr. Mill accurately sums the matter up,—

"The age seemed smitten with an incapacity of producing deep or strong feeling, such at least as could ally itself with meditative habits. There were few poets, and none of a high order; and philosophy had fallen into the hands of men of a dry prosaic nature, who had not enough of the materials of human feeling in them to imagine any of its more complex and mysterious manifestations."

Such was the dominant tone of English thought about the time when Cardinal Newman was born. But besides it there was another school which exercised a strong influence over a not inconsiderable number of adherents, and which potently affected the growth of his character and the formation of his opinions. Among the figures conspicuous in the history of England in the last century, there is perhaps none more worthy of careful study than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and middle ages. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, of Sienna, with St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola, than any religious teachers whom Protestantism has ever produced. Nor is the rise of the sect which has adopted his name—the "people called Methodists" was his way of designating his followers—by any means the most important of the results of his life and labours. It is not too much to say that he and those whom he formed and influenced, chiefly kept alive in England the idea of supernatural order during the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century. To him is undoubtedly due the Evangelical party. It is as easy now as it ever was to ridicule the grotesque phraseology of the Evangelical school, to make merry over their sour superstitions, their ignorant fanaticism; to detect and pillory their intellectual littleness. It is not easy to estimate adequately the work which they did by reviving the idea of grace in the Established Church. They were not theologians, they were not philosophers, they were not scholars. Possibly only two of them, Cecil and Scott, can be said to rise above a very low level of mental mediocrity. But they were men who felt the powers of the world to come in an age when that world had become to most, little more than an unmeaning phrase; who spoke of a God to pray to, in a generation which knew chiefly of one to swear by; who made full proof of their ministry by signs and wonders parallel to those of the prophetic vision. It was in truth a valley of dry bones in which the Evangelical clergyman of the opening nineteenth century was set; and as he prophesied there was a noise, and behold, a shaking, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceedingly great army.

In this army John Henry Newman was led to enrol himself in early youth.—W. S. LULLY in the *Fortnightly Review*.

(To be continued.)

THE DECADENCE OF FAITH.

"There is a very general feeling among thoughtful Catholics," wrote Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in the *Dublin Review*, not long ago, "that infidelity is making rapid and fatal strides in our country; that the Anglican establishment, so long a servicable 'break-water' against 'errors more fundamental than its own,' is going to pieces, and that eventually the struggle must be between dogma and negation; between that which claims to know with a certitude derived from a superhuman principle, and that which denies the possibility of any absolute knowledge whatever—in a word, between the Catholic Church and that ever growing phase of infidelity which is commonly called Agnosticism or Know-nothingism." And since this feeling is not confined to us, but may be said to exist in a general way among the various bodies calling themselves Christian, the profound endeavours of Mr. W. S. Lilly, and Professor St. George Stewart, to divert the movement of modern science, in so far as its direction and its tend is anti-Christian; to develop and cultivate a sound philosophy as an antidote to the agnostic philosophy which is daily gaining ground; and the not less painstaking efforts of Dr. Barry to create and apply to our treatment of modern literature a spirit of more salutary criticism, to that much of it especially as is known as "liberating," will evoke, we are convinced, the ready sympathy of other than those of our own, the Catholic communion, of which they all three are such brilliant apologists. For, if the tastes, and thoughts, and mind of a nation may be traced in its literature, in its science, and in its art, it may be doubted if we of the present, have fallen on a religious age. The Christian faith, the foundation as we believe of every virtue, is so attacked that the increasing violence of the encounter has ceased almost exciting observation, and however comforting it may be to be told that the denial of all the heart clings to as its solace in this life, and its hope in death, is confined to a noisy few, while the great heart of humanity cherishes yet the spark of Faith which is its divine depositum, it is not so to reflect that the poets, novelists, and reviewers who discuss the sacred truths of Christianity with a freedom and a flippancy which would be unpardonable in the treatment of a scientific speculation, and whose sentiments, professed and promulgated, outrage, many of them, all fundamental notions of religion and morality, provoke no indignant protest from the press, and hardly an unanimous censure from the public. We are bidden to regard them as the great thinkers of an enlightened age, and as the exponents of a truer and loftier conception of humanity.

The unaided reason, theologians, we think, agree, leads us intuitively to know God, tells us of His existence and His perfections, and enables us by its light to read His law as it is written on our conscience, and to love the God who has written it there. But religion, while it lifts the soul from earth to heaven, and our thoughts from the things of the flesh to the things of the spirit, deals with the supernatural, and the supernatural is known only by faith. The Atheism of the age requires us to believe that it were better to reject what comes not within the grasp of our finite intelligences, than to submit to the authority of the Infinite revealing. It traces over the grave that Death is an eternal sleep, over the grave on which He has written, whose children sleep there, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

If modern science is to a large extent anti-Christian as we cannot help knowing, is it not true of modern literature, considering modern literature to have started with Voltaire, that to be anti-Christian is its very mark? Could there be more striking proof of the connection between religion, or anti-religion, and literature than is furnished by that obscene and debasing company of writers, who reflect at this day the Atheism of France,

the Zola-Flaubert propaganda of putridity, whose method is the application of an unbelieving and brutish philosophy to explain or arrange the incidents of human action in which a world from which God is absent and in which moral laws have ceased to exist? Dealing with this subject in a recent number of the *Dublin Review*, and with that other description of literature which has its type in the "Confessions" of Rousseau, and the "Pucelle" and "Candide" of Voltaire. Dr. Barry concludes:—"Words cannot express the greatness of the crime which modern men of genius have committed, or the cunning and unmatched evil that lurks within their pages. It would seem as though a malignant demon had whispered to them how they should best defile the noblest gifts, and make wisdom itself a snare, and beauty an argument against God." And he includes as equally to be reprobated with these and as differing in degree rather than in kind, "the unwomanly boldness" of George Sand, "and want of shame in her earlier romances;" "Theophile Gautier's deification of physical loveliness and revolt from all that has been held decent;" the "austere atheism" of Mr. Matthew Arnold when he writes poetry, and "disparagement of Christian and Theistic beliefs" when he resumes prose; Mr. Swinburne's "ravings against Providence, and accounting purity a disease or superstition;" and the claim of Heine to be the modern Aristophanes "in that he had outdone that almost unreadable of heathen comedians."

That which in France is brutish and unbelieving, in England puts Shelley and Mr. Swinburne on a level with Mr. Browning and Lord Tennyson—Shelley, who derided the sanctities as shams; and Swinburne, the Apostle of the Flesh—and points, as to a gospel of the greatest sweetness, to the works of that celebrated woman who declared it her conviction that the soul is not immortal, and who reduced the ideal of God to that of a goodness entirely human.

Need we ask, Has the painter risen higher than the poet; is his art untainted by the animalism of the age? Do the pictures of to-day, as did the prize productions of the past, introduce us to saints and angels, and to faces such as Michael Angelo thought "must have been seen in heaven before being painted upon earth?" Inspired by Catholicity, Art scattered profusely those wondrous works in which were presented to the eye and the imagination the most elevated mysteries; by which in this life a presentiment was made felt of the felicity of the future. And Art, too; it was supposed, was not badly employed in works which "wrought by human hands were not of human thought;" in which

—"were expres't

All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood.
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Star-like, around, until they gathered to a God."

But Art is no longer infused with a love of the supernatural; the devotees of the day have declared it to be a law unto itself, and in their hands it has become rather a refinement of paganism than a spiritual instrument.

Art has, like literature, a religious worth and unworth. Either it may minister as the slave to sense, or guide our wandering imaginations from earth towards heaven. It should carry us nearer to God, and that it can only do when its aim is to purify and exalt our sentiments; if it speak to us of Nature, it should also speak to us of Nature's God. Modern literature, it must be said, has in it very much that is ennobling and humanizing, but the gold must be separated from the dross, and the rose of purity be plucked as from the flame. Living in a diseased age, bearing in mind that the definitions and first principles on which the fabric of our faith is built, which are accepted without question by a mind in the natural and normal state—for the mind is naturally Christian—are rejected and discredited by

those whose spirit is the spirit of the times in which we live; recognizing Literature, and Poetry, and Art, to guide our thoughts and to influence our characters; and possessing a creed which we believe to be from God, the question is whether we shall not so deal with them as that they may not tend to the decay of faith.

F. W. G. F.

SACRED LEGENDS.

In our last article there was mentioned a legend of the children of St. Joseph accompanying the Holy Family in Egypt, and a note was added intending to explain what seemed to be the weight of authority in regard to St. Joseph himself. Orsini says that a "great many fathers are of the opinion that Saint Joseph had been a widower when he married the Blessed Virgin. The first epistle of Saint James and the Gospel recounting the birth of the Virgin assure us that he was a widower." The first glance of this would lead one, at least a layman, to believe it meant the inspired Epistle of Saint James as contained in the canon of the New Testament, but the writer meant the Apocryphal Epistle ascribed to Saint James and called the *Protevangelion*. Alban Butler says "it is an evident mistake of some writers that by a former wife he (Saint Joseph) was the father of Saint James the Less, and of the rest who are styled in the Gospels the brothers of Our Lord." Half a dozen or so of Latin writers follow the opinion that he was a widower, but St. Jerome holds that there is no evidence of any other wife. The language of the note was unfortunately ambiguous; but the intention was to say that "Even though Saint Joseph was a widower," &c.

The mention of the Apocryphal Gospels and other such writings leads us to say a word or two in regard to what is contained in them. The councils of Florence and Trent decided what books were or were not part of the New Testament, and these Apocryphal writings are omitted. An approved writer says "A number of Apocryphal Gospels treat of the infancy and youth of Our Lord, and of the history of His Blessed Mother and Foster-father. Among these the *Protevangelion* of Saint James holds the first place. It describes the early history of Mary, Our Lord's birth at Bethlehem, and the history of the wise men from the East. This Gospel was much used by the Greek fathers, portions of it were read publicly in the Eastern Church, and it was translated into Arabic and Coptic.* It was prohibited for a time among the Latins, but even in the West it was much used during the Middle Ages. These Gospels, such as the Arabic Gospel of the Infant Saviour, contain legendary miracles of our Lord's Infancy. We have a second class of Apocryphal Gospels which treat of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ. Of this class is the Gospel of Nicodemus. It is probably of very late origin, but it was a favorite book in the Middle Ages."

The reader understanding the position of these writings may desire to hear some of the legends recorded in them concerning our Lord, His Blessed Mother or Saint Joseph. Some of these legends are beautiful, but many of them are trivial, and a number of others such as do not accord with our notions of these Blessed Personages:

The Gospel of the Holy Infancy narrates many wonderful cures by the Infant Lord; the sick are healed by lying in his bed, or by bathing in the water in which he has washed. He is made King by his play-fellows, and he cures children and others that are bitten by serpents. One legend frequently told, is that "Joseph and Mary were passing through a country infested with robbers, and as they were going along behold they saw two robbers asleep on the road, and with them a great number of robbers, who were their confederates, also asleep. The names of these two were Titus and Dumachus, and Titus said to Dumachus, "I beseech thee let these persons go along quietly that our company may not perceive anything of them." But Dumachus refusing, Titus again said, "I will give thee forty groats and as a pledge take my girdle," which he gave to him before he had done speaking, that he might not open his mouth or make a noise. When the Lady Saint Mary saw the kindness which this robber did show them, she said to him, "The Lord will receive thee

to his right hand, and grant thee the pardon of thy sins." Then the Lord Jesus answered and said to his Mother, "When thirty years are expired, O Mother, the Jews will crucify me at Jerusalem; and these two thieves shall be with me at the same time upon the cross, Titus on my right hand and Dumachus on my left, and from that time Titus shall go before me into Paradise."

There is a legend also narrated in the fourteenth chapter in regard to Judas, who, as a boy, was possessed by Satan, and was brought by his mother to Jesus to be cured. And when "acting under his usual impulse to bite all that were present, he went about to bite the Lord Jesus, and because he could not do it, he struck Him on the right side so that He cried out, and in the same moment Satan went out from the boy and ran away like a mad dog. And this was Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Him to the Jews."

There is a pretty legend also of our Lord being sent to school to Zaccheus to learn His letters. And Zaccheus wrote down the alphabet for Him "and bade Him to say 'Aleph.' When He said 'Aleph' the master bade Him pronounce 'Beth.' Then the Lord Jesus said to him, "Tell me first the meaning of Aleph and then I will pronounce Beth." And when the master threatened to whip Him, the Lord Jesus explained to him the meaning of the letters Aleph and Beth. And the Divine Scholar went on to explain the shapes of the letters and many other things which the master himself had never heard or read of in any book, and the latter was so surprised that he said, "I believe this boy was born before Noah," and intimated that he had no need of any learning. A more learned but less judicious master, not following the docility of Zaccheus, lifted up his hand to whip our Lord, but "his hand presently withered and he died."

It is very frequent in writings on the Holy Infancy to describe our Lord as wonderfully attractive; so much so that those in grief were wont to say, "Let us go and see Mary's son, we shall be relieved after that time." In the revelations to St. Bridget this is several times mentioned. The Blessed Virgin, speaking to the Saint, says: "He was subject to his parents, and he acted like other children till he reached his majority. Nor were wonders wanting in his youth: how the idols were silenced and fell in Egypt at his coming; how the ministering angels appeared. . . . But when we were in poverty and difficulty He did not make for us gold and silver, but exhorted us to patience, and we were wonderfully preserved from the envious."

Some other legends of the Holy Infancy are to be met with. There is one, that in the flight to Egypt a gipsy woman crossed the palm of our Lord and foretold all the wonderful and terrible things which he was destined to prove and endure upon earth; how he would be baptized, tempted, scourged and crucified. It is related also that the Holy Family rested after their long journey in the village of Matarea, and took up their residence in a grove of sycamores. Here a fountain miraculously sprang up for their refreshment, and it is still pointed out to travelers as The Fountain of Mary. Here also they were ministered to by angels, and the painters have drawn from this repose the most charming pictures of the life of the Holy Family. Sometimes the angels pitched their tents for them; sometimes they held down the branches of the trees and offered them the fruit; again they are surrounding the foster-father at work at his trade. It is at this place, also, that the sycamore tree is described as bowing down to our Lord. Its leaves performed cures.

One other legend will close for the present. It will be remembered by classical students that the Senate of Rome decreed divine honours to Augustus Cæsar. An antique tradition both Pagan and Christian, gives it that he consulted a Sibyl whether he would consent to be so worshipped. The Sibyl showed the Emperor an altar, and in a glory of light above it, a beautiful Virgin holding an Infant in her arms, and at the same time a voice said, "This is the altar of the Son of the living God." The Emperor caused an altar to be erected upon the Capitoline Hill, and the present Church of the Ara-Cœli is on this spot.

FIRESIDE.

*The word "legend," which means something to be read, is traced to the circumstance of these Gospels being directed to be used in the churches.

(To be continued).

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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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 Right Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia.

W. J. MACDONELL, Knight St. Gregory and of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., LL.D

JOHN A. MACCABE, 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.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1887.

The Right Rev. A. M. Banchet, Bishop of Nesqually, died at Vancouver, Wyoming Territory, aged 90 years.

The Basilian Fathers are preaching a series of sermons on the Ten Commandments to large congregations at St. Basil's Church, Clover Hill.

The Lenten regrettations accompanying the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Toronto are the same as those in force in the Archdiocese in previous years.

The reading room of the Public Library in this city is really an unspeakable boon—to tramps. These omnivorous and omnilegent readers have become the proverbial possessors of the place. The average citizen whose time is limited, and whose business calls him there, has either to await arrests or for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to assert itself a soporific.

It would have been not a little interesting had Professor Goldwin Smith accepted, as he seems seriously to have debated doing, the nomination for Lisgar, and entered upon the contest for the Commons. For one who has been nothing, if not an universal instructor, and who has addressed himself heretofore to none but peculiarly superior intelligences, to have obtained in the end a hearing from a constituency of Half Breeds, would have been strangely ironical to say the least.

A Sodality of young men has just been established in

St. Basil's Parish, and large numbers have given in their names as members. At the second inaugural meeting, held in one of the new chapels on Sunday evening last, when upwards of sixty attended, officers were elected, and, what must be very gratifying to the worthy pastor, it was almost unanimously decided to approach the Sacraments monthly. This is, we believe, the only Sodality of young men in the city, and if the enthusiasm already exhibited may be taken as a criterion it is likely to be permanent.

A cablegram to the *Mail* of Tuesday states that the Church, fully alive to the importance of the labour question, is studying it, if not with an altogether scientific mind, at least with sincere and earnest impartiality. It would be a mistake, the despatch says, to suppose that even the question of the organization of the Knights of Labour has been prejudged in Rome. All the prelates have shown a wish to give it the fairest consideration, and if the Church has any bias at all it is in favour of the workingman. An eminent prelate, who has made a study of the labour question, admits that American workmen had much cause to rebel against their present position. He does not marvel at their drifting into socialism, but thinks they do not fully grasp all sides of the problem, and are ever prone to listen to the teachings of demagogues. The presence of Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau in Rome may be taken to mean that the Church is anxious to examine and probe the facts. It is doing so very conscientiously, it is said, and the authorities, we may be sure, will arrive at no unjust or precipitate conclusion. The relations of capital and labour, like all other great social questions, will be viewed in the cold light of charity and Christian teaching.

On February 21st Cardinal Newman entered upon his 87th year in the full enjoyment of his mental faculties, and according to a recent statement of the Oratorian Fathers, "totally free from even the beginnings of disease." This illustrious Prince of the Church, the oldest in point of years in the Sacred College, has outlived almost all his contemporaries. Of those who were associated with him in the early days of the Tractarian Movement not one survives, unless it be William Palmer of Worcester College, whose death we do not remember to have seen recorded. At Cardinal Newman's great age we cannot expect that in the course of nature he will be spared to the Church Militant many years longer, but we are sure we but re-echo the voice, not of Catholics alone, but of all who prize holiness and truth the world over, when we pray that his days among us may be further lengthened. No man of his time has exerted a more lasting or more beneficial influence on the human race, or done more for the advancement of religion in an unbelieving generation than he, who, in spite of his great dignity as a Prince of the Sacred College, has never ceased to be at heart a plain Father of the Oratory. Yet, while he must pay the universal debt of nature, his name and his work will live after him, and when perhaps in succeeding generations he has taken his legitimate place as one of the great Fathers of the Church, the faithful will turn back an envious glance to

the generation that possessed him. We publish elsewhere a loving estimate of his career by one who has made it a life study.

The Lenten pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, in which reference is made to those great questions now pressing forward so prominently for solution—the question of strikes, socialism, and the ownership of land—is a document of especial interest and importance. “The nations of the earth,” the Archbishop says:

“Are much disturbed by wars and rumors of wars. Society seems to be disintegrating, the poor against the rich and the rich against the poor. Hence strikes and evictions, disturbance of trade and business, increase of poverty and crime, the highest so-called civilization with all the realities of the most squalid poverty and detestable outrages, murders and suicides, abandonment of off-spring and all the vices of the most pagan times.”

“Our modern civilization, the outcome of discoveries in the arts and sciences, has resulted in procuring for the rich and the well-to-do every worldly comfort at a minimum of cost. Whence the poor and the working people are too often imposed on and treated as slaves to supply these comforts to the rich. We hear of strikes of the working men for better wages, and these strikes are nearly always attended by great injury to the poor themselves, and great disturbance of public order. They may, in the end, obtain fairer wages to the workingman, but they should never be necessitated.”

The remedy for strikes and their attendant evils, his Grace thinks will be found in a more cordial understanding between employers and employed, and the payment of fairer wages, even if the cost of articles be, in consequence, increased, and he adds,

“There would not be so much poverty were there less vicious indulgence in intoxication and debauchery on the one hand, and were there more thoughtfulness and less luxury on the other.”

The pastoral continues:—“There is another grievous evil which, if fostered and put in practice, would be the occasion of a universal upheaval of society, of civil war, plunder, massacre and devastation, in fact, the ruin of all order. It is called socialism, the levelling down of all classes of society, the reduction of the good and hard-working to the level of the vicious and lazy. According to its principles all the property accumulated by talent and hard labor should be equally distributed among the multitude. The poor, however shiftless, would thus become rich but would soon again become poor through their extravagance and want of foresight, and would be ready and clamorous as ever for a new division, which the hard-working would scarcely like. Such a state of things would be the paradise of the wicked for a while, but it could not last. This socialism has been condemned by the church as well as by the civil authorities.

“Another serious question at the present time regards the ownership of land. This matter has been settled from the beginning of the world. God, the Creator of this earth, gave it to the children of men, and after the fall they were condemned to labor and work it for their subsistence. God, therefore, has the sovereign dominion over it, and the children of men possess it from him, as an inheritance.”

After citing the original tribal inheritance of land as an instance of Divine sanction to ownership for the common good, his Grace refers to the introduction of the feudal system as being primarily, usurpation. “But as it has taken root for so many centuries it would be against the common good and peace of society to disturb

it. Circumstances may change an injustice into a justice.” His argument is: “The land therefore is for children of men, but once an individual gets possession of it by first allotment from the patriarch or head of the community, or by purchase or inheritance, then the land is his and it would be robbery to take it from him without fair compensation.”

“We view with immense regret,” the archbishop concludes, “this upheaving of society, and we earnestly beseech you to pray God fervently that He may be pleased to soften the hearts of men of capital so that they may act, not justly alone, but with charity towards their employees, and that on the other hand employees may be ready to do an honest day’s work for a fair day’s wages and to avoid all combinations or societies which are hurtful to the just rights of their fellow men or to religion or society.”

THE LEGEND OF BABE JESUS AND THE WEEDERS.

I.

As the weeders went trimming the corn young and green,
Babe Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph were seen ;

Southward to Egypt, from Herod the King,
Lightly they fled like a dove on the wing.

The weeders looked up from their work unaware :—
“What Lady is this with the sun in her hair ?

“What Infant is this with seven stars on his brow ?”
Our Lady she spake to those weeder men now :—

“When horsemen come spurring from Herod again,
And ask if an infant passed over your plain,

“Ye shall answer and say to those men from the town,
No babe hath passed by since the wheat-field was brown.”

II.

Then on came those soldiers from Herod the King,
And the men in the field hear the hoofs as they ring :—

“Now tell us, ye people who stand in the corn,
Have you seen riding southward a babe newly born ?

“Bethink you and tell us, and see ye speak true,
Or by Herod the King, ye right dearly shall rue.”

Then the weeders bethought of that Baby so fair,
With the stars, and the Lady with light on her hair ;

And boldly they spake to those men from the King :—
“We will answer aright to the message ye bring .

“Since the wheat-field was brown, ye to Herod shall say,
Of a surety no infant hath passed by this way.”

And lo, as they spake, they cast eyes on the wheat,
And saw a new wonder, most sudden and sweet ;

For all unawares, as those horsemen drew nigh,
In search of the Babe that the king would have die ;

While those weeders stood mazed, as the hoof-beats they heard
The wheat was turned brown by the Lord and His word.

And never a harvest fell short in that land,
Because of the answer that Mary had planned,

And by grace of the Lord sitting up in the sky,
And for love of the Baby that never shall die.

The Holy Father has been pleased to number Cardinal Mazzella amongst the members of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Roman Universal Inquisition.

AN IRISH PRIEST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Some of the pleasantest recollections of my early childhood centre in the kindly figure of the old parish priest, whose death only a couple of years ago was mourned with unfeigned regret by peasantry and gentry alike, for he was beloved by all, irrespective of creed or rank. Father Thomas French—or Father Tom, to speak of him by his familiar title—was an admirable specimen of the pre-Maynooth epoch. He was, if not actually of gentle birth, one of Nature's gentlemen to start with, who never harboured an unkind thought towards man or beast, and had gained that ease of manner and knowledge of the world which comes of travel and a liberal education. He had been educated abroad, and had fully profited by his opportunities, speaking and reading French fluently, and added to his theological acquirements a very pretty turn for scholarship. It must not be supposed from this, however, that Father Tom was a bookworm. On the contrary, I have seldom come across a more ardent sportsman. In his earlier days he kept a small pack of beagles, lineal descendants, some of them, of Daniel O'Connell's own dogs; he rode to hounds, he shot, and he coursed. At last his Bishop, who, as shall be shown later on, was greatly attached to Father Tom, deemed it advisable that his sporting proclivities should be somewhat restrained, and accordingly gave him his choice between hunting, shooting, and coursing. Father Tom chose the last, and many a hare eaten at our table had been coursed by his grey hounds. Once—but this was before the decision mentioned above debarred him from the use of his gun—a rather amusing incident occurred in connection with a hare sent by him as a present to a gentleman living at a distance. The animal had been entrusted to a faithful "dummy," or deaf and dumb retainer, who delivered it safely in the proper quarter, but the label having been lost in the transit, he found it hard to make his interlocutors understand who was the donor. At last, as by an inspiration, he crossed himself, linked his extended hands at the level of his eyes, and snapping his fingers, made it irresistibly plain that it was the shooting priest who had sent the game. But this anecdote should be told in pantomime, not on paper. Just above the village there is a hillock with a commanding view of the valley, and here Father Tom might often be seen in the closing years of his life, leaning on his patriarchal staff and watching his beloved hounds coursing on the adjoining slopes. His Bishop, a man of rare kindness of heart, gave signal proof of this quality by humouring Father Tom's ruling passion when the latter was an invalid in his house. He had fallen ill in the neighbourhood, and the Bishop at once sent for and kept him for a couple of months, until he was restored to health. One day, as his recovery seemed to be progressing very slowly, the Bishop exclaimed, "Ah! I see what it is, Father Tom; we shall never have you well until you have the hounds here with you." Father Tom smiled; but the Bishop was as good as his word, fetching half-a-dozen of the priest's favourite dogs from the kennels, some thirty miles distant. That Father Tom was evidently of the same opinion as the poet who wrote,—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both bird and man and beast,"

will be gathered from the advice on the choice of a wife which he once gave to his neighbour, which was to the effect that he should boldly enter with his dogs into the drawing-room of the young lady whom he fancied, and if she turned them out, should have nothing more to say to her. This was indeed a forcible application of the maxim, "Love me, love my dogs." Father Tom, who was a welcome guest at the houses of all the resident gentry—who were without exception Protestants, and in one case a Protestant clergyman—never forgot his friends' children, but invariably brought cakes and sweets for them in his pockets. But it was not merely as a genial friend and sociable neighbour that this good old man deserves to be remembered. While in thorough sympathy with the peasantry, he was fully alive to their faults, and the wholesome admonition which he was held by his flock may best be

illustrated by the method which we invariably employed at his suggestion for the detection of petty larcenies. If an orchard was robbed, a net relieved of its haul, or a lobster pot of its lobsters, Father Tom was communicated with forthwith, and the next Sunday the offenders were solemnly adjured from the altar, on pain of excommunication, to surrender themselves. Such offences were comparatively rare, I am bound to say, and Father Tom's threats proved of infallible efficacy. The offenders would present themselves at the front door in a day or two, expressing their contrition—grown men, as they often were—with tears, on their knees, and in language so grotesquely abject as sorely to test the gravity of their judge.

Such, then, was Father Tom French, whom I believe I am correct in stating to be the prototype of Father O'Flynn.—*From the London Spectator.*

A LOVER OF THE CROSS.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SELF-MORTIFICATION.

The following letter which appeared in a recent number of the *Weekly Register*, eloquently witnesses that even in this corrupt and unbelieving generation there are not wanting great examples of heroic penance and love of suffering for the cause of Christ:—

SIR,—I have seen no notice in any of our English papers of the death of the saintly Bishop of Perth in Western Australia, the Right Rev. Mr. Griver, and yet there are circumstances in connection with it so edifying, and so well calculated to spur on our weakness to nobler efforts, that I cannot forbear mentioning them.

According to the accounts which reached me a week or ten days ago, the accuracy of which I have no reason to doubt, his death occurred early on the morning of All Souls. He had been far from well for some weeks, and unable even to say Mass, but on All Saints he appeared somewhat better, and summoning up his remaining strength he offered up with unwonted fervour and devotion the Immaculate Lamb of God for the last time; for the following day he was called away to receive his eternal reward.

His body was then in due course prepared for burial, but great was the astonishment of those engaged in this work of corporal mercy, when they found that it was not merely marked with the scourge, but that fixed to the back, and partly imbedded in it, was a stout wooden cross, about a foot long, from which five large iron spikes penetrated nearly half an inch into the flesh. This cruel instrument of torture must have been his companion for many years, for the flesh was healed around the wounds, and the skin beneath the cross had become hard and dry. The cross was apparently kept in position, not only by the spikes, but also by a painful knotted cord, which starting from its summit, was drawn up over the shoulders and then tied tightly around the waist. By this ingenious contrivance this holy man mortified himself and "chastised his body and kept it in subjection" like another St. Paul, and won no doubt wonderful graces from above.

In these days of extreme delicacy and effeminacy, when people are so sensitive and fastidious, and so ready to faint away at the bare mention of austerities and mortifications, and when the world is ever striving more and more to remove every remaining thorn and briar from the path of life, and talent and genius are industriously occupied in providing for every want, and in satisfying every desire however corrupt and vicious, it is surely inspiring to hear of one like the Bishop of Perth, who, in the midst of this pleasure-seeking, comfort-loving generation, so cheerfully and so unostentatiously embraced the cross, and emulated the life of Christ.

Of course there is an immense amount of suffering, of one kind or another, even in this luxurious age; in fact, the continual study of comfort, ease, and pleasure in one section of the community must inevitably engender a corresponding degree of pain and penury in the other, but, what most persons will admit, is that there is very little

voluntary suffering; very little suffering willingly and cheerfully borne, very little real love of the cross as such. Perhaps then, Bishop Griver's example may help some of us to realize that suffering is not without its advantages. Did we know the value of suffering, as he did, we would certainly accept it with resignation, if not with joy, and were our love of the Crucified equal to his, perhaps we might even go out of our way to seek yet a larger share than that which naturally falls to our lot. In any case the example of the great Spanish Bishop of Perth, will not be without its good effect upon us Catholics, and thus, even though dead, may we not say that he still speaks to us, and more eloquently and persuasively than ever he did in life?—I am your obedient servant,

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

House of Expiation,
Jan. 13, 1887.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

In reply to an American friend, who called his attention to Mr. Arthur's declaration that he thought it a moral mystery how any friend of religious liberty could consent to "hand over Ireland to Parnellite rule," Cardinal Manning has written the following letter:

DEAR MR. HURLBERT—You ask me whether I share the fears expressed by Mr. Arthur as to the religious liberty of the Protestants in Ireland from the handing over of Ireland to the Parnellite rule. I have no such fear. First, because Mr. Parnell is himself a Protestant, and the other day declared his hope that he should live and die a Protestant. He is not the man, either by his American kindred, or his Cambridge education, or his Irish sympathies, or his English antecedents, to persecute Protestantism anywhere, least of all in Ireland. And, further, because the whole power wielded by Mr. Parnell is in the sympathy and trust of the Catholic people of Ireland, in whose behalf I have no hesitation in saying they never have persecuted their Protestant neighbours in the matter of religion, and have been always the conspicuous examples of respecting the liberty of conscience which has been so cruelly denied to them.

The children of martyrs are not persecutors. Mr. Fox, in his excellent pamphlet (page 61), "Why Ireland wants Home Rule," has quoted Leland and Taylor to show that when in the reign of Mary Protestants fled over to Dublin for safety from the Parliament of England, the Dublin merchants rented and furnished 74 houses to shelter those who fled from Bristol. They provided for them, and after the persecutions ceased conveyed them back to England. Taylor says that "on three occasions they (the Catholics) had the upper hand, and that they never either injured or killed any one for professing a religion different from their own. By suffering persecution they had learned to be merciful." Again, in 1689 the Catholic Parliament in Dublin "passed many laws in favor of liberty of conscience." At that moment, both in England and Scotland, Catholics were proscribed. It is both senseless and shallow to quote all texts written, when the great revolt of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the main subject in debate.

The unity of Christian Europe was an ancient and precious inheritance, and they who broke it were each one severally and personally guilty of the act. The preservation of religious unity for the peace of commonwealths, and for the inheritance of posterity, was the duty of States; but when unity is once broken, the generations born into the confusions and divisions of the past, are in a condition in which persecution is a crime and heresy. It is a crime because the millions are unconsciously born into a state of privation of which they are not the authors, and a heresy because faith is a moral act of human liberty in reason, heart and will. Force may make hypocrites—it can never generate faith. The pastors and the people of Catholic Ireland are too profoundly conscious of these truths to debase the divine tradition of their faith with the human cruelties of retaliation. It would level Ireland down to the massacres of Cromwell and to the penal laws of Ormonde.

But that I may not be suspected of only giving my private opinion, I will quote an authority before which even Mr. Arthur will, I hope, be silent. Leo XIII., on the 1st November last year, promulgated these words to the whole Catholic world: "The Church, it is true, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion. Still it does not, on that account, condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good or of preventing some great evil, allow by custom and usage each kind of religion to have its place in the State. Indeed, the Church is wont diligently to take care that no one shall be compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic faith, for as St. Augustine wisely reminds us, "man cannot believe otherwise than of his own free will."

The time is come when Ireland shall be handed over to itself. Its people have obtained their majority. Mr. Parnell has, indeed, done what no other man has attempted to do. He has filled the place he found vacant. He has known the needs, and interpreted the desire, of the Irish people. Therefore, he leads. But the transfer of self-government is not to Mr. Parnell, nor to Parnellites, but to Ireland, and to the Irish people.

What Mr. Parnell and his able lieutenants have accomplished will never be forgotten, but it is Ireland that, by self-culture, will order and unfold itself. Society which springs from the soil, and forms itself by tillage of the land, training its people to thrift and industry, and unfolding its steady growth in homes, hamlets, villages, towns, and cities, ripening by centuries of time, and binding all orders and inequalities of rich and poor, master and servant, together in mutual dependence, mutual justice, mutual charity, making the idle to be thrifty and the powerful to be compassionate—this growth of human happiness and social order, which was in England and Scotland so symmetrical and mature, in Ireland has been checked at the root. The centuries which have ripened England and Scotland with flower and fruit have swept over Ireland in withering and desolation. We are beginning in the nineteenth century to undo the miseries of the seventeenth and eighteenth.

If our Irish brethren have faults, they are, for the most part, what England has made them. Englishmen, with a like treatment, would have been the same. The root that has been checked is the possession and culture of the land on which the people have been born, and to which they will return with the love of children to a mother. It is the law of nature, which is the law of God, and they who fight against it must fail at last. It was violated by warfare. It must be revived by wise and peaceful legislation. It may cost much, but reparation must be made, and reparation always involves those who are innocent of the ancient wrongs.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY EDWARD.
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

(Signed)

POLITICAL BOSSES AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

Members of labor organizations may find much food for thought in recent events both in the United States and Canada. There has been a great strike in New York and a general election in Canada. In the American city the strike failed, and in Canada the candidates put forward by labour organizations have been ignominiously defeated. And in both cases the "bosses" are blamed for the disastrous results. It goes without saying that the unsuccessful are, like the absent, always wrong, and whether the "bosses" of what is called the "labor movement" have been right or wrong in these particular instances may well be left to the judgment of those who placed them in a position of leadership. It may well be said, however, that those who so placed them could expect nothing else. In any movement it is only the active, energetic worker who can reach a commanding position. Where the grievance is an intangible one, it not unfrequently happens that the noisiest talker is the one who finds himself promoted to the leadership, with all that the position implies. Modest worth keeps in the background, and, as a rule, is rarely recognized when

there is a chance for division of either honors or spoils. Thus we are beginning to hear of the "professional workingman," the "political workingman," and the "labor vote." And why? The answer is not far to seek. Labor organizations founded on no higher principle than the acquisition of wealth must expect that those who seek high positions in them will study how best to apply the principle to their own advantage. If no higher ideal is proposed than temporal position and temporal advantage, it is impossible to look for a nice sense of honor or a high moral ideal among those who are, after all, but the embodiment of the ideal. Why look for disinterestedness in a body whose very reason of existence is self-interest? The tyranny of capital is a watchword of the labor demagogue. What does that mean? Surely that capital should be deprived of its power to tyrannise. And the picture is drawn of the luxuries and the power enjoyed by the possessors of wealth, and the poor, and the shiftless, and the unfortunate are told that they are robbed of all these enjoyments by a heartless class who "grind the faces of the poor." Who can blame these unfortunates, who give the business of their thinking into such hands, if they come to the belief that the possession of wealth is the possession of all things. These men believe it themselves, or come to believe it, and, seeing the chance to verify their theories, grasp at place, power and pelf, trampling under foot their unfortunate dupes as they approach the goal of their sordid ambition. The honest toiler, who unselfishly gives his time, talents and labor to the cause of his fellow-workers, generally starves, while the calculating, shrewd, selfish "working-man for revenue" gathers in the wealth and laughs in his sleeve at those whom he beguiles and betrays.

The newspapers are just now publishing a story which broadly illustrates what has just been written. Some years ago a gentleman, occupying a good post on one of the New York dailies, became an enthusiast in the "cause of labor." He worked for it, spoke for it, gave his time for it, and at last established a weekly journal the better to advocate what he believed to be for the rights of his fellow men. He gave up his position and wasted \$25,000 in hard cash in the promotion of the cause. But the "professional working-man" came along, established an opposition journal, seized upon an unfortunate episode of which he was himself the cause, floated into the haven of wealth and position, and the earnest toiler finds himself to-day the tenant of a top floor in a tenement house in Brooklyn, instead of the brown-stone mansion he occupied when he became an unselfish advocate of the "rights of labor."

The Catholic Church is the only true friend of both capital and labor. She strenuously upholds the just rights of both. She strenuously insists that each shall strictly perform its duties. She dotted Europe with free cities and free communities of merchants and artisans and threw around them the shield of her protection. She formed the workmen into guilds or trade unions, and upheld their rights as against the capitalists of the

day. She insisted that all these should be under the sanction of religion, and, while the material welfare of the member was advanced, his spiritual wants were not forgotten. Strict observance of contracts was the absolute rule, but care was taken that master and servant should contract on a perfectly equal footing. Usury was not permitted, nor was a strict enforcement of rights allowed on either side, for no one was to be compelled to do the impossible. The dry, bony skeletons of these workmen's guilds remain. Phantoms of the free cities of the middle ages still haunt the earth. But they have long ceased to show signs of active life, much less to carry out any part of the designs of their founder. They forgot in their prosperity to whom they were indebted for it, and wandered off after strange gods.

"'Twas self abasement paved the way,
For villain bonds and despot sway."

The free cities fell under the dominion of petty tyrants and gradually lost power and influence. The religious revolution of the sixteenth century dried up gradually the sap of life of the guilds; and a few social institutions, principally devoted to eating and drinking, alone remain to recall the memory of the once flourishing societies which had made labor laudable.

It is too much to expect, in this age of unfaith, that the guilds of the Middle Ages will be revived, but of one thing all men may rest assured. It is impossible that any association for any purpose will be successful whose aims are sordid and material. The principles of common honesty and common morality must prevail, and men must be taught to look above and beyond earthly power and earthly wealth. OUTIS.

TIGER LILLY VS. HUXLEY.

Lilly writes brightly
In the *Fortnightly*
Meaning sharp Huxley to settle;
Huxley looks silly,
Finding his Lilly
Turns out a stinging nettle.—*Punch*.

The pseudo "Italian Catholic Church," in Rome, has come to a sudden collapse from the secession of the principal members; besides the three schoolmasters employed there, who have followed the good example of Mgr. Savarese, and made their recantation, the ex-prelate Mgr. Antonio Renier, the last remaining pillar of that heretical conventiate, in a letter, prostrates himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, abjures and deploras his errors together with the scandal caused thereby, and humbly implores pardon and the Apostolic Absolution and Benediction, declaring himself ready to submit to whatsoever reparations and penance may be imposed. The church has been finally closed, the furniture sold and the sign removed.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will,—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT; LATINE REDDITUM.

Alma Luce, semper duce,
Adsis comes, fautor, Deus,
Nox rigrescit; via crescit;
Adsis tamen, fautor meus.

Pro amore Tuo rege pedes meas, Tua lege
Haud excelsior ad spiro: solum ducem Tu requiro.

Sicut olim esse nolim
Cum nec amor eras meus
Nunc casurus, sum dicturis,—
Adsis semper, fautor, Deus;

Tunc amabam mundi lumen, male timens Tuum numen,
Tu ne memor sis aetatis actae;—solvar a peccatis.

Semper Cruce, viae duce,
Sis per dura fautor, Deus;
Donec duce Tecum luce
Plena surgat dies meus

Qualis prebeat redemptas formas. Morte jam peremptas—
Caelitum subrisu gratas—olim, heu l desideratas.

J. M. P., *Blackwood's Magazine*.

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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 endorsed 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.

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.

We have the pleasure of receiving the first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, published in Toronto. The articles are creditable, and the mechanical get up is in good style. We welcome our 'confrere' to the field of Catholic journalism, and wish it every success.—CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

The first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a new journal "devoted to the interests of the Catholic church in Canada," is to hand. It is a twelve page quarto, printed on toned paper and its typography is on a par with the exceedingly creditable literary character of its contents. It is endorsed by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, and has a promising list of contributors, embracing the leading Roman Catholic *litterateurs* of the Dominion, among whom is Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., L. L. D., who contributes to the initial number a paper entitled, 'The Church not in Danger.'—PETERBORO' EXAMINER.

We have received the first copy of a new Catholic paper, entitled *The Catholic Weekly Review*, published at Toronto, Canada. It is a very neat twelve page little volume, laden with the golden 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.

We have received the first number of *The Catholic Weekly Review*. It contains several articles from able writers, prominent among them being the contributions of His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, and Mr. W. J. Macdonell, French Consul. The *Review* has a wide field, and we hope its conduct will be such as to merit the approbation and support of a large constituency—IRISH CANADIAN, Toronto.

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And notice is hereby further given that on and after the first day of April, 1887, the executors will distribute among the persons entitled thereto the assets of the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which they then shall have had notice.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN,
Solicitor for Executors.

Dated this 11th day of February, 1887.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the statutes in that behalf that all creditors or persons having claims against the estate of the late Daniel O'Sullivan, of the Village of Norway, in the County of York, Gentleman, are hereby notified to send in their claims to the undersigned solicitor, at his office, 18 and 20 Toronto St., Toronto, on or before the first day of April, 1887, with their full names and particulars of their claim and the amount thereof.

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