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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.

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NOTES.

The contract for the stonework and brickwork of the new Cathedral university at Washington, D. C., has been awarded. The work of excavating the cellar is nearly completed, and the building will commence the first week in April. The building will be of Potomac blue-stone, with Ohio sandstone trimmings.

Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, son of the late Sir John Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and a distinguished member of the Irish parliamentary party, died in Dublin on Tuesday of heart disease. Mr. Gray was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1880, and was chairman of the Dublin Mansion House Committee, which in that year collected £180,000 for the relief of the distress in Ireland. At the time of his death he represented the St. Stephen's Green division of Dublin in parliament. He represented Tipperary for several years, and afterwards sat for Carlow County. His death will be a great loss to the Irish parliamentary party.

An important item of news is sent to the *Pilot* by its Rome correspondent in these words: The Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, and the Bishop of Cork, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, remain here by the Pope's desire. He wishes to have other conversations with them, in which he will learn the condition and the wants of the Irish people. The Archbishop of Dublin is about to prepare a memorial, setting forth, with the brevity and clearness which distinguish his writings, a summary of the Irish question, the great interests involved in it and the possible methods of its complete solution. In order that he shall have that peace and quiet necessary for the due fulfilment of such an undertaking, he repairs to the Augustinian House of San Pio, in the immediate vicinity of Gennazzano. Here, under the shadow, as it were, of Our Lady of Good Council, he will draw up the plain tale of his country's claims, and suggest the means by which they may be righted. The document will be presented to the Holy Father, and will

form a most valuable contribution to the knowledge of Ireland which he has already acquired. The Duke of Norfolk may use all his efforts to bring about diplomatic relations with England and the Vatican, and to have the Irish bishops admonished. Those who know the feeling which prevails at the Vatican, know how futile are his efforts.

The *Pilot's* correspondent is correct. His statement is confirmed by information from Rome which we know to be absolutely reliable. THE REVIEW'S information is that the visit of the Duke of Norfolk, in so far as it was meant to promote any political projects, received no encouragement. That, at least, is the belief of those in a position to best know.

The *Pilot's* correspondent also says that it is reported in Rome that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has written a letter to Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, proprietor of the *Tablet* newspaper, requiring him to moderate the language of that journal, which, in its anti-Irish expression, has outraged Christian propriety.

Mr. Wilfred Blunt, who charged Chief Secretary Balfour, a few months ago, with having stated to him that he contemplated the death of certain leading Home Rulers as a consequence of their then prospective imprisonment, has written a letter to the *Times*, renewing his charge circumstantially. Mr. Balfour, he repeats, declared to him that "the Home Rule movement was supported by half-a-dozen men, whom he named, and would collapse if, as he expected, they, through fear of imprisonment, fled the country. If they were imprisoned he said they would get such severe hard labour that those without strong health would be unable to stand it. Mr. Balfour said he was sorry for Mr. Dillon, as there was some good about him, but he would get six months' hard labour, and as he was in bad health the punishment would kill him." Mr. Blunt again challenges Mr. Balfour to say whether this statement is correct, and declares that if he denies the language attributed to him he will bring testimony to corroborate it. While he was in prison, Mr. Blunt adds, heavy obstacles were placed in the way of his giving a correct version of his conversation with the Chief Secretary, obstacles, he supposes, which were placed there at the instigation of the latter.

Mr. Mercier and the members of the Quebec Cabinet had an interview with Cardinal Taschereau on Tuesday in reference to the Jesuit estate property in Quebec, authority to sell which Mr. Mercier, the Quebec Premier, obtained from the Holy Father, it is said, during his recent visit to Rome. The site of the old Jesuit barracks is to be turned into two grand and interesting avenues, one of which is to be called after the Cardinal, and on which statues of Mgr. Laval and Champlain will be erected. His Eminence is said to have coincided with these arrangements on condition that the lots facing on both avenues are to be sold, and the price obtained to be paid over to the object to be designated by the Holy Father.

SCATTERING THE SEEDS.

Phœnicia consisted of a narrow strip of territory, which lay between Mount Libanus and the Mediterranean Sea. It boasted of two principal cities, Sidon towards the north and Tyre in the south. They were peopled by a shrewd, money-making class of mariners and manufacturers, whose dexterity in maritime matters, and in various arts, made them masters alike of the ocean and the markets. They were restless, intrepid, adventurous, ever ready to risk life and limb on land or sea for gain. By land they would journey eastwards, and meet, upon the confines of the Bactrian Desert, the camels that brought gold dust from the unexplored wilds of the north, or silk from distant Cathay. Like many travellers of modern times, and probably with more reason, they would have strange stories to tell when they returned to their own people, weird tales, "blest with that charm, the certainty to please." They would relate, for instance, startling tales of the griffins that guarded, without using, the gold, and the swarms of ants that pursued the robbers of their metallic treasure. Taking advantage of the periodic monsoons, the merchants would visit Arabia, Guzerat, the coast of Coromandel, and the island of Ceylon. They would sell, in Syria and Egypt, spices of various kinds, ivory, their famous purple dye, glass, wood of the almug-tree, and gaudy coloured birds and little gibbering monkeys, as pets for the multitudinous inhabitants of royal harems.

What a rich freight of "yarns" those hardy mariners carried home! Marvellous stories regarding perfume burdened breezes, happy islands, prodigious monsters, strange men, and strange gods. We can imagine one of those ancient "toilers of the sea," seated on a wharf at Sidon or Tyre, relating to wondering men and women, who never "went down to the sea in ships," tales so surprising and interesting that his listeners never once grew weary, although the shadow on the dial made great strides, and the sun sent down his beams in a blaze of light and heat. Nor was the barter in which those men engaged restricted to the bales of merchandise that weighed down their white-winged galleys. Some tales of Tyre or of Sidon, some morsel of news or home-gossip, we may be sure, was exchanged while the bargain was advancing, in the noisy mart, or the more secluded bazaars, from the period of cautious speculation to that of exchange.

The enterprising Syrians, pent up in a narrow territory, look beyond their contracted borders for a suitable stage for their commercial abilities. They thread with their galleys the reticulated waters of the Archipelago. They coast those famous Isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sang." They explore the dangerous and inhospitable Black Sea, hugging the shores closely at night; for the overcast sky renders the guiding stars invisible and they must steer their arduous way by land-marks. They circumnavigate Sicily, express some surprise at its extent, pass slowly along the coast of Italy, cross the bay of Genoa, descend by the east of Spain, and finally pass through the Straits of Hercules into unknown and illimitable seas.

The rowers in the vessels of our Sidonian wanderers will be chiefly kidnapped slaves of Hellas, or the Islands, or Italy, or Sicily. From these the merchants will pick up scraps of non-Semitic dialects, and they will hear for the first time strange and poetically exaggerated stories of whirl-pools, and sirens, and spouting sea-monsters, and Tritons that blow echoing horns. They will learn much about dragons that guard orchards of golden-rinded fruit, noisome, bat-like creatures that pounce down upon prepared feasts, rocks that clash together, and happy islands far away in the western seas, that may not be approached, but from which there breathe gales of perfume, and may be heard faintly the sounds of music and sweet singing voices. Subsequently, when these stories came to be related again, each story-teller tinged them with his own idiosyncrasy, which generally tended towards exaggeration; for it is the nature of such accounts to grow like a snow-ball while being rolled about.

At Cadiz, in Spain, those fearless mariners open up a splendid trade, and barter toys and glass ornaments for the silver and lead of inexhaustible mines. But they seldom care to make permanent settlements, always preferring to turn their weather-beaten prows towards home, when their assortment of goods was exhausted. The unsettled life they led,

and incessant wandering, with the constant contact with strangers which it caused, makes it certain that they will scatter broadcast immemorial traditions of the great Semitic races. These accounts will be taken up by local bards, to be incorporated into existing myths, and names and geography will ere long become so confused as to render thereafter disentangling very difficult or impossible.

Some adventurers will push westward or southward to the Canary Islands, or along the coast of North Africa, and scatter everywhere, as opportunity offers, not only their merchandise, but odd morsels of their superior civilization as well. Those early missionaries of intelligence will leave here and there a magic and memorable token of their visit. It may be some mystic sign, hieroglyphs of a cow's head, a camel's back, or a sea wave,—signs gifted, by the prevailing superstition, with an eternal vitality and miraculous properties. Such were the means whereby speech was arrested, thought stereotyped, the once flying words of beauty and power caught and impressed with immortality, and the first step taken towards the invention of a phonetic alphabet.

Others will, at rare intervals, sail over a stormy stretch of ocean till they reach the southern coast of Cornwall, and will carry back a freight of invaluable tin and a number of more or less outlandish accounts of the inhabitants and of the country. In return for the rich wools, the tin, and the silver which they receive, they will give corn from Egyptian storehouses, or ornaments and "flash" jewellery; for the latter is not a modern invention. Occasionally, to conciliate a great chief, mayhap, they will leave behind them bright scarlet robes, swords of fine temper, and helmets, and shields, and cuirasses, curiously inlaid and embossed with emblems unintelligible to the new wearers. These precious articles of costume will pass as heirlooms from father to son, and elaborate descriptions of them will be adroitly inserted into war ballads, and chanted to lute music by the national minstrels.

When a swallow prepares for migration at the approach of cold weather, the cautious and economic little creature packs the interstices of his feathers tight and fast with tiny, close compressed bales of insects. Pigeons, in their voyages, carry in their crops precious cargoes of undigested seeds. These feathery wanderers bless unconsciously with their visits islands far distant from any mainland, and are the founders of mighty forests, and the scatterers of generations in myriads of insect life. So was it of old with the merchants or mariners who left commonwealths that possessed a comparatively advanced native civilization to visit nations lower down on the scale of culture. Wherever they went they sowed beyond their knowledge or intention, as men so often do, and without knowing it planted germs which matured in the warm sun of progress into new states, new politics, and new civilizations.

M. W. CASEY.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The last number of the REVIEW contains an allusion to religious "Combines"; rather a curious one is in operation on the north shore of the Island of Montreal. Driving from the railway station to the village of Sault-au-Récollet recently, I observed a characterless looking structure, painted drab, and evidently of mushroom growth.

"What building is that?" I asked the small boy who drove the *carriole* containing Her Majesty's mails.

"*Ce n'est qu'une Suisse*," was the half indifferent and wholly contemptuous answer. Not being very clear as to what a *Suisse* might be, I demanded a further explanation. "*C'est la mitaine Anglaise, et le Professeur va la bruler!*" Now the Professor in question is a most worthy and peace-loving person, who would not harm a fly, who is even afraid to subscribe to the REVIEW for fear of hurting the feelings of the editors of less favoured papers—and, bad as the "meeting" may be—I feel confident that the idea of his allowing it to tempt him to the crime of arson arose in the brain of that mail driver.

Enquiry in the city elicited the information that the little conventicle at the Back River was put up by the combined efforts and subscriptions of the various Protestants of the place—chiefly Anglicans and Presbyterians—and that a parson of each sect in turn conducts the service therein. My informant, a zealous English lady, who is going out to spend Easter at Sault-au-Récollet in order to organize a Temperance Associa-

tion in this many-sided congregation, said to me with a sigh, "Have you any idea how many Masses they will have at the Convent on Easter Sunday, *will there be one in the evening?* Just think of us in our little church, we shall have no one but a horrid Presbyterian clergyman to conduct the service on that Festival!"

A little ignorance of Catholic customs sometimes saves a man from a good deal of mortification. A pretty and pious Quebec girl, visiting in Montreal, dined on Palm Sunday with some friends who, among their intimates, counted a young Jewish gentleman. This son of Israel happened to drop in to tea, and was much struck with *la belle Québécoise*. Ten o'clock came, she rose to leave, and the gallant Hebrew begged permission to accompany her. That was all right, but what was to be done with the huge tropical palm, which she had received that morning at Mass? Her hostess called for wrapping paper and twine. The palm was up-raised, tied into a neat parcel and handed without apology to the *cavalier*, who trotted off with it in his hand, and the lady's dainty fingers resting on his arm. Surely the first Jew since the days of the Hebrew children who proudly bore aloft a blessed palm on Palm Sunday!

"*Voulez vous des Rameaux, monsieur? Trois pour deux cents.*" said the poor little shivering urchins yesterday, all along the line of the church-goers' various routes. The morning was bitterly cold, and there was much competition. So much that I fear very few of the poor little chaps earned enough to pay for the bottle of liniment that they were pretty sure to have stood in need of last night.

"Please buy mine," said one bright little *bonhomme*, whose clothes were clean, though patched, and whose blue woollen toque was pulled well down over his ears. "I went so far into the country to get them, and *maman* said if I sold them I could get my picture taken on tin, to send to my good papa in the North-west." Who could resist such a plea? We purchased freely from him, and left him with our best wishes for the success of his portrait.

How beautiful is the service of Palm Sunday! "How good is God to Israel, to them that are of a right heart!" Even in poor little village churches there is a solemn grandeur about the somewhat rustic multitude that "goeth out to meet the Redeemer with flowers and palms, and payeth the homage due to a triumphant conqueror." How much is that grandeur enhanced by the rich accessories and high class music of our great city sanctuaries! The graceful and feathery palms from the tropics, which are now distributed to the clergy and choir boys in Montreal churches, add much to the effect of the Palm Sunday procession.

Religious services, auctions and cheap sales take up the time of the "devout female sex" this week. "Startling bargains," "Immense sacrifices," "Wonderful reductions," etc., etc., are placarded in the windows of all the second-rate shops, while upon various Japanese and high art cards, more pretentious houses advise you of their "Spring openings." "Spring openings" might be all very well were spring to open, but with the thermometer at zero, with snowflakes in the air, and snow banks in our streets, and the chill of winter making our old bones ache, it is not very difficult to withstand the temptations offered by fairy costumes, lacy fabrics, and pale-coloured tweeds.

Next week there will be gay doings in all directions. A very *recherché* affair will be an afternoon tea to be held in Hall and Scott's Rooms, on the 4th April, by the ladies of the congregation of the Gesu. Mr. Jehin Prume has promised sweet strains from his violin on that occasion, and Mr. Wiallard is going to sing. Lovers of music in Toronto would do well to come down to this tea by way of a little Easter excursion. They would not be likely to regret having done so.

OLD MORTALITY.

Montreal, 26 March, 1888.

No hope is now entertained of the recovery of Cardinal Howard, who lies in a critical condition at Rome.

HOLY WEEK.

(Continued.)

[NOTE.—In my article on Lent and Passion-Tide, I made a mistake, to be accounted for easily by my having written when suffering in health. There are seven Fridays in Lent. On the fifth is celebrated the Feast of the Precious Blood, on the sixth the compassion of the B. V. M., and the seventh is Good Friday.

G. M. WARD.]

During the afternoons (in some places the evenings) of the three last days of Holy Week are sung the *Tenebræ*, a name applied to an office ending with *Matins* and *Lauds*, which office was formerly sung during the night. All signs of rejoicing are now banished, still more strictly than during the earlier days of Lent. The usual invocations and prayers are omitted at the commencement and end of the offices, and after each Canonical Hour the psalm *Miserere* is sung or recited, and mention is made of the Cross and Death of the Redeemer.

The name of *Tenebræ* may also have been given on account of an imposing and mysterious rite which is peculiar to this office. In the sanctuary, near the altar, is placed a large triangular stand for candles, on which fifteen tapers of yellow wax, like that used at funerals, are placed, seven on each side of the triangle and one at the apex. At the end of each psalm one of these tapers is extinguished, on alternate sides, till at length there only remains the centre one. During the singing of the *Benedictus* at *Lauds*, the six candles on the altar, likewise of yellow wax, are similarly extinguished, as are any lamps or candles in the Church.* A priest then takes the only remaining lighted taper and holds it on the altar during the singing of a sentence, and then hides it behind the altar during the reciting of the *Miserere* and concluding *Orations*, after which a noise is made by striking the books and benches and the light reappears. All this is symbolical. We are celebrating the days when our Saviour is being eclipsed by the ignominies of His Passion, and the gradual extinction of the tapers represents how, one after another, all fell away from Him, Peter even denying that he had ever known Him. He who is the "light of the world" mounts to Calvary to suffer and die, and this is symbolized by the temporal placing of the light on the altar. Hiding this light behind the altar symbolizes His burial, and the bringing it forth again (it had not been extinguished, only hidden), after a tumultuous noise has been made (which noise signifies the convulsions of nature at the time of the crucifixion), symbolizes His conquest over death. The *Matins* and *Lauds*, recited or sung, are composed of psalms and lessons taken from Holy Writ, the Lamentations of Jeremiah bearing a large part in them; there are also commentaries by St. Augustine on the Psalms foretelling the Passion.

On Holy Thursday but one Mass is celebrated usually, though in populous cities a Low Mass is permitted in the early morning in order to enable the faithful to approach the Holy Table on this, the great day of the Institution of the Divine Eucharist. In olden times, however, there were three masses on this day. Before the first Mass took place the "Reconciliation of Penitents," and these penitents were afterwards admitted to be present at the Mass. At the second Mass took place the "Blessing of the Holy Oils." It would lead us too far to treat of these two masses. In the present day the ceremony of the Holy Oils takes place during the one Grand Mass that is celebrated, and this only at cathedral churches. The ceremony is both interesting and symbolical, and, on some future occasion, I may perhaps give particulars of it.

As we have already said, the Church, in order to enhance the majesty of this commemoration of the Last Supper, ordains that low masses shall not be celebrated, and that the priests, wearing their stoles, the insignia of their priestly office, shall receive Holy Communion from the hand of the celebrant, who is usually the principal dignitary of the church where he celebrates. The vestments are of white, as on Christmas day and Easter, and

* This is the rule but it is now rarely complied with. At the most the lights are lowered. A panic would probably ensue were they extinguished.

there are no penitential signs or robes. Care, however, is taken to show that this suspension of mourning is but temporary. During the *Gloria* the bells, both in church and the large church bells outside, are rung loud and joyously, but from that moment they are silent throughout the whole city till the appointed time on Holy Saturday. Not even at the Elevation is there the usual bell to call the faithful to adore their Saviour present on the altar.

At this mass two Hosts are consecrated, one of which is consumed by the celebrant and the other reserved to be carried afterwards to the Altar of Repose, and consumed on the morrow at the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. At the close of the mass a procession is formed, and in solemn pomp and with lighted tapers the reserved Host is borne to the Altar of Repose, which has been specially prepared and beautified in some other part of the church, and there it is deposited in the temporary tabernacle, and the procession returns silent and with extinguished tapers to the high altar. Vespers are intoned at once, and all the altars are stripped of their ornaments and linen, while the unveiled tabernacle doors left open show that He is there no longer. After the stripping of the altars comes the ceremony of the washing of the feet, called "Mandatum" * from the first words of the Antiphon sung during the ceremony. The principal priest or prelate of the church, assisted by the deacon and sub-deacon, washes and kisses the feet of twelve poor men. In the case of the Holy Father, he similarly washes the feet of thirteen priests, all of different nations. There are various reasons given for this number thirteen, but the number twelve is universally believed to typify the Twelve Apostles.

In the afternoon of this day the *Tenebræ* are again sung. Each day there are different psalms and lessons at this office, but the triangular candlestick bearing lighted tapers and the ceremonies connected with it are always the same. In the afternoon it is customary for the faithful to make seven visits either to different churches or to the same where there is but one. While visiting the Blessed Host reposing on the Altar of Repose, commemoration is made of the *Seven Stations* (or principal circumstances) of the Passion, viz.: 1. Jesus in the Garden of Olives, 2. Jesus Christ at the houses of Anas and Caiaphas, 3. Jesus before Pilate and before Herod; 4. Jesus being scourged at the Prætorium; 5. Jesus going up to Calvary; 6. Jesus on the Cross; 7. Jesus in the Sepulchre. In some countries these Stations are not customary. On Good Friday the morning office is divided into four parts: the reading of the Prophecies and Passion according to St. John, the prayers; the Adoration of the Cross, the Mass of the Pre-sanctified.

The altar remains bare, the crucifix is still veiled, and the clergy are vested in black. Before the reading of the Prophecies and lessons one simple white cloth is spread on the altar, and at their termination the Passion is read. Next, the Church prays solemnly for all conditions of men, even for the Jews, but for these latter the faithful are not invited to kneel or genuflect, since the Jews had knelt in mockery to our Divine Lord.

When the prayers are ended the Adoration of the Cross takes place. This ceremony is of very ancient date, having commenced at Jerusalem shortly after the discovery of the True Cross by the Empress St. Helena. This True Cross was exposed for public veneration in Jerusalem every Good Friday, and drew together an immense concourse of pilgrims. It being impossible, however, for every one to go to Jerusalem, the custom was established in the seventh century of Adoring the Cross though not the True Cross, in all the churches on Good Friday. During this ceremony the Cross is gradually unveiled, piece by piece, and at each removal of the veil the people kneel and adore, till, at length, the whole Crucifix being freed from the covering, it is offered to the clergy and faithful, that they may press their lips to the feet of Him who this day died for them on Mount Calvary. During the Adoration of the Cross the choir sing the *Improperia*.

*The English popular name for Holy Thursday is Maunday Thursday, and the general opinion is that Maunday is a corruption of the word *Mandatum*.

Nothing can be more beautiful and touching than these reproaches addressed to the Jews by the Messiah. Each *Improperium* is followed by the *Trisagion* in Greek and in *Improperia* are followed by an anthem and a hymn composed in the sixth century in honour of the Sacred Tree of our Redemption.

At the termination of the Adoration the celebrant re-assumes the vestment which he had laid aside (as well as his shoes) to adore the Cross, and proceeds with his clergy and attendants to the Altar of Repose, and the tapers, which they all carry, being lighted, the Host, which had been borne there the previous day, is now borne back to the principal altar, on which the candles have been Latin. If the Adoration last a sufficiently long time these lighted, the hymn, *Vexilla Regis* (Forth comes the Standard of the Cross), being sung. The priest continues the office by celebrating the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, an abridgement of the ordinary Mass, during which the Sacred Host is elevated and adored, but the celebrant alone communicates. Formerly the faithful were allowed to receive Holy Communion on Good Friday, but the Church only allows it now in case of sickness. Immediately after Mass Vespers are recited. Again, in the afternoon, the office of *Tenebræ* is sung. It is usual for the Passion to be preached during the day, or some other devotional public exercise performed.

From all antiquity the day of Holy Saturday has passed without any Mass being offered, since it was not becoming that the divine mysteries should be renewed and celebrated whilst our Saviour's Body was reposing in the sepulchre and no Mass was celebrated till towards morning on the Sunday. The words now used during the Mass bear witness to this. Time has, however, modified these laws and regulations of the Church, and already in the forenoon of Holy Saturday we anticipate our Easter joys. At present the ceremonies begin early in the morning with the blessing of the new fire struck from the flint. A special blessing is imparted to this mysterious fire which is to be applied to the Paschal candle and to the tapers on the altar. In the church all lights have been extinguished and formerly the Faithful extinguished all fire in their houses before taking their way to the church, and throughout the city there was no fire or light till the newly blessed fire should be obtained. The Bishop or celebrant blesses this new fire (which is struck from a flint) and also blesses incense, outside the church, where an acolyte lights a taper from the new fire. On re-entering the church a three-stemmed candle is lighted, one stem at a time, and carried up the aisle to where the Paschal candle has been prepared. This Paschal candle is of unusual size and beauty and five grains of incense are imbedded in it, by the priest, in the form of a cross, and after a solemn blessing it is lighted from the new fire, and all the lamps in the church are then relighted, likewise with the new fire.

After this ceremony a series of twelve prophecies are read, and then the priest goes in procession to bless the baptismal font and the water. During his blessing the water is scattered towards the four quarters of the world, to indicate the universality and catholicity of the Church. The priest also breathes on the water in the form of a cross and plunges the Paschal candle into it thrice, for the Spirit of God is to hallow it, and the power of Christ to descend upon it. Lastly, a few drops of the oil of Catechumens and a few drops of Chrism are added, to signify the union of Christ our anointed King with His people. The procession then returns to the High Altar, the Litany of the Saints being sung. The celebrant and sacred ministers lie on their faces prostrate on the altar till this Litany is ended, when the Mass of the day is begun in white vestments, the altar having been decked with flowers and lights. The Mass proceeds as far as the *Gloria*, when again burst forth the thrilling sounds of the organ and the bells which have been silenced since Holy Thursday. After the Epistle sounds forth once more the glorious "Alleluia," that we have not heard since Septuagesima, and then all the pictures and statues that have been veiled since Passion-Tide commenced are again revealed to view. The crucifixes had all been unveiled during the Adoration of the Cross.

The Mass has several parts omitted, such as the Offertory, Agnus Dei, &c., and is immediately followed by Vespers. The rule concerning the faithful receiving Holy Communion on Holy Saturday is different in different countries, but more frequently they are denied this privilege.

On the afternoon of Holy Saturday are sung the Paschal Matins and Lauds, but we will speak of them in our article on Paschal-Tide.

G. M. WARD.

MORS JANNA VITÆ.

AN EASTER SONNET

Written by His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

Into the mellow soil was cast a seed,
And soon was covered with the fertile earth ;
A watching cynic asked, with ill-timed mirth,
The farmer's reason for this simple deed :
"Hath, then, thy God, poor worm of thee this heed ?
"Or is there in thy heaven of power a dearth ?
"Will God, or clay, give to thy plant its birth ?
"Death is its lot, and death cannot life breed."
The farmer paused, then westward turned his eyes :
"See in yon silent home my dead sires sleep,
"Stretched in lifes' furrows with the hope to rise ;
"Around their tombs God's angels vigils keep :
"Their dust, one day, His power will fertilize ;
"We sow the seed ; He quickens ; then we reap."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIBUTE TO IRISH VIRTUE.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has made a special study of the causes and extent of social depravity, has been lecturing on this topic in Edinburgh, and in the course of his observations he made some statements which we commend to the attention of those who credit Irish Catholics with a double dose of original sin. "He himself was a Protestant, and he presumed most of those present were Protestants ; but there was no blinking the fact that if they took a Protestant family and a Catholic family, and put them in a London slum, they would find that three or four years afterward half the Protestant family had gone to the bad, while every member of the Catholic family had retained his or her virtue." This is the conclusion to which Mr. Stead has come after making constant investigations in the Metropolis.

The experience which Mr. Stead gained during his visits to Ireland confirmed the opinion he had previously formed in London. "He had," he said, "been astonished to see in Ireland, people living in miserable hovels who, whatever else they might be, were most virtuous. This he attributed to the teaching by the priests, in the confessional and in the family, of the duties of parents to children and the children towards each other. The result was a moral miracle, at which they, as Protestants, Presbyterians, or whatever they might be, had reason to bow their heads in shame." Mr. Stead's advice to Protestants is to go and do likewise—to realize in their own homes their great responsibility to their children and to impress upon them the sacredness of the duty they owe to themselves and to their God to keep themselves pure and unspotted in the world.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Bishop Cleary, in a letter from Rome to a friend in Kingston, Canada, describing the characteristics of the Holy Father, says that he speaks with wonderful vigour. The contrast between the Pope's emaciated frame and his activity and brilliancy of mind, when his face lights up and his eyes emit beams of spiritual radiance, as he warms to his subject, is wont to produce in the soul of the listener a sense of awe and reverence, and a voluntary or involuntary recognition of his divine authority to speak and teach as Christ's Vicar on earth.

Rev. Father Labelle, the pioneer of the colonization movement, has been in Ottawa, promoting a plan for the settling of the northern cantons of Quebec.

BISHOP RYAN, OF BUFFALO, IN THE HOLY LAND.

Through the kindness of the Very Rev. Administrator, Father Gleason, we are again enabled to place before our anxious readers another letter from our Rt. Rev. Bishop. His letter this time especially breathes forth the tender piety which his soul experienced in treading the sacred scenes of our Saviour's life and death. Its perusal will surely afford edifying reading during these days of sacred grief ; nor will that grief be the less tender because of the thought that he whom this diocese so loves is thinking and praying the while for all its priests and people.

"JERUSALEM, Feb. 16, 1888.

"VERY REV. DEAR SIR,—The above heading will tell you that we have at length reached the Holy City of Jerusalem, and we can truly say, *adoravimus in loco ubi steterunt*.

"We can hardly realize it. The morning after our arrival we offered the Holy Mass on Mount Calvary, on the very spot where His blessed Mother received Him on her lap, when taken down from the cross, and within a few feet from where the Lamb without spot offered the bloody sacrifice on the altar of the cross. You may imagine we cannot describe our feelings on that spot, and in offering the tremendous mysteries renewing the same sacrifice, in obedience to His own command, in an unbloody manner, on the very spot, we may say, where the work of redemption was accomplished, and where Jesus offered Himself to His Heavenly Father a victim for the sins of the world.

"This morning on another altar, quite close to the same, I offered the Holy Mass on the very spot where Jesus was nailed to the Cross ; and, after Mass, kissed the place where the Cross was raised on which Jesus hung for three hours for our redemption.

"There is an altar also here, but it is in possession of the Greek schismatics, and the Mass in the Latin rite cannot be said there. The crypt of the Holy Sepulchre, over the very tomb of our Lord, is common to the Greeks, Armenians and Catholics, and the hours are fixed for each. In order to be able to say Mass there I had to go the evening before to sleep in a room adjoining the Sacred Basilica, as we can only say Mass at an early hour before the doors are opened for outsiders. The Greeks begin their services about 11.30 p.m., and the Armenians follow them, and then our altar is free until about 8 a.m.

"It seems utterly impossible for me to say what were my feelings of devotion or how fervently I prayed for all the dear friends at home amid all these hallowed surroundings.

"Then in visiting all the places sanctified by the presence and the very footprints of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, I cannot even enumerate them—the Cenacle where the Last Supper and the descent of the Holy Ghost took place, the Garden of Gethsemane, the spot where our Lord prayed and the Apostles slept, the spot on which St. Stephen was stoned to death, the house of Annas and Caiaphas, the *via dolorosa* to Calvary, the place where St. Veronica offered Him a handkerchief and where He met his Blessed Mother.

"Yesterday, on donkeys, we visited all the surroundings of the city, the valley of Gihon and the caverns of the lepers, the tombs of Absalom, Mount Sion, Mount Olivet, went down into the grave of Lazarus, and the Pool of Siloe, the house of Joachim and Anna where the Blessed Virgin was born, and the grotto, where tradition says she was buried ; Bethany, where Martha and Mary lived ; Bethphage, to which our Lord sent His two disciples, and rode along the very road by which our Lord returned in triumph into the ungrateful city, pausing at the point where He wept over the city, and many other different places hallowed by some event in our Saviour's life.

"To-morrow, Friday, we will make the Stations of the Cross solemnly through the city from Pilate's house, where He was condemned to death, to Calvary's Mount where He expired on the cross, through the hard, rough, dirty, narrow streets of Jerusalem, through which our Lord bore His heavy cross for our sins and for our salvation, and to-morrow morning, by invitation of the good religious in charge of the chapel known as the 'Ecce Homo,' I go to Mass where Pilate presented Jesus to the people with the exclamation, *Eccce Homo*."—*Catholic Union and Times*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying Godspeed 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 LYNECH,
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 of style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNIKY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 31, 1888.

Our Easter article, from the pen of our esteemed contributor, G. M. Ward, will appear next week. We would call the attention of our readers to the concluding portion of the article on Holy Week, published in this issue, which will be found both interesting and conducive to a better understanding of the sublime ceremonies in which the Church clothes her reverent commemoration of the Passion and Death of our Divine Redeemer.

"Robert Emmet," said *United Ireland* on Emmet's day, "is the most beloved of Ireland's martyrs. In the future when the national mind is relieved from the strain of the combat, Emmet's day (March 4) will not be indifferently passed over by the people in whose hearts his name is a pious and immortal memory."

"Indignation"—that is the word—has been caused in Montreal Protestant circles by a proposition to erect a statue of the Blessed Virgin in Mount Royal Park. Lists bearing the signatures of his Grace Mgr. Fabre, of several judges, and other persons of important position, were signed on Tuesday by the faithful of the parish of the Sacred Heart, of St. Jean Baptiste, and of St. Brigid, asking the Montreal city council to grant the land necessary on the mountain for the erection of a statue there of the Blessed Virgin, the holy patroness of the city, which formerly bore the name of Ville Marie. The *Montreal Witness*, which claims to express Montreal Protestant sentiment, says that the proposal is "the greatest outrage ever proposed in Canada against our religious liberties."

The erection of such a statue on the old Mont Royal of Ville Marie, "would be a standing insult," the *Toronto Mail* says, "to the intelligence and religious instinct of the non-Catholic ratepayers." What an edifying aspect of Protestantism! A statue of a nymph or a Venus! Certainly! A statue of the Blessed Mother of God! Horrors!! Where our French Canadian friends are blameworthy, it is maintained, is in "compelling" the Protestants of Montreal to join in the erection of the monument. Where they would be blameworthy, on the other hand, would be in their allowing them.

Our attention has been called, not we find without reason, to the new public school geographies, and the non-sensical stuff they contain, to be taught Catholic children. It is innocuous enough as a volume, for the most part, in all conscience, but wherever the author undertakes to treat upon Catholic countries, and especially Italy, expurgation, we venture to suggest would be wholesome. Of Italy it says that, until lately, "the people, those who were rich and powerful—the so-called upper classes—cared only for themselves; and though refined and highly educated, they were notoriously immoral. As a consequence the national character greatly deteriorated; immorality became general among all ranks, and the lower classes were indolent, unambitious, and exceedingly ignorant. But this sad state of things is being gradually improved. The present Government is energetic, and very solicitous for the real welfare of the nation, even its poorest members, and the improvement in the moral, material, social and intellectual status of the people since 1870, when the present Kingdom of Italy was established, has been marvellous." "The Roman Catholic religion is that professed by nearly all the people, and it is maintained almost entirely at the expense of the state!!"

Spain, too, has been in a bad way; but of late years Spain has much improved; "a good form of government has been established, and religious worship has been made free to everyone according to his own conscience; and as a result the people have become more enterprising—but much yet remains to be done." And so on. Is a country Protestant?—it is progressive and prosperous. Is a country Catholic?—then are its people and prosperity fallen.

We beg to suggest to the Department of Education by whom the use of this book has been authorized in the public and high schools of Ontario, that the old idea of a geography was a book that taught geography, and not an enthusiastic admiration of the late infidel and socialistic revolutions in Europe.

The time never was when gratitude ceased to be a quality in the Irish character. A few months ago a very noble man, an Englishman, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, went among them. He found great numbers of them homeless, and without shelter, and his heart was touched at their misery, a friend of humanity, he saw oppression, and hating it, he denounced it in Ireland as he had elsewhere. Mr. Balfour put him in prison. Two weeks ago he was released from Kilmainham. The Lord Mayor and leading citizens of Dublin, a large number, were present to welcome him. After his release the Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, and Most Rev. Archbishop Duggan visited him, the houses in Dublin were illuminated, and the hills around Woodford, in behalf of whose evicted people he had spoken, were ablaze with bonfires.

The Irish are a grateful, God-loving, God-fearing people. Poor and oppressed, their lives are lit up with a simple trust in Heaven. How different it might all have been had English governments sent, instead of dragoons, men like Mr. Blunt of peace and good-will among them.

Those who attended (what, for want of a better word, we must call) the delightful series of sermons preached by Rev. Father Kenny, S. J., at St. Michael's Cathedral last week, must have been struck with the stress with which this great preacher—truly, the Bossuet of Canada, reflecting in himself all that cultivation and learning we associate with the Schools—dwelt upon the sinister influence of the *non serviam*, that principle of revolt and of unbelief which is in the very air of the epoch. Particularly severe was he on the *sarants*, the rationalists, the writers in the great reviews, who lead us away from faith and unto reason, that is, unto the reason that knows no faith, unto the reason where, for our souls, there is no pasture, and where the wolves of unbelief congregate to devour them. The principle of revolt penetrates all alike, the educated and uneducated. The Rationalist eliminates God from the universe, and Hodge sits in judgment on the Angel of the Schools. The position taken by Father Kenny is that which has been maintained by the greatest scholars and thinkers. Protestants, we believe, term it priestcraft. It is that great evil has been wrought to truth, religion, and social order, by the discussion before undisciplined minds of questions which should be treated only in the Schools, by and to those who are to be the teachers of the people; and by the levelling down to the vulgar understanding great questions in theology and in science that transcend them.

In the old Ages of Faith it was otherwise—in those old ages of monkish ignorance and superstition as the nineteenth century mob is pleased to refer to them—when science and learning flourished in the Schools, when the people were devoted and docile, and when they were well taught who were to teach and to govern. The times change and we change with them. The old times passed away, and questions that once absorbed the attention of the Schools are brought out in our day, to be wrestled with by the multitude.

A week ago THE REVIEW referred, with not a little repugnance, to an unsavoury slander-monger roaming about, and assailing our Holy Religion. A week to think it over in, confirms us in the conviction that Catholics ought not to be kept employed in repelling such creatures. They ought not to be kept so employed, but, unfortunately, they too frequently are, though. The fault is, in a manner, our own. We allow ourselves to be put, by every Jim, Jack and Judy, on the defensive; we do not assume the offensive. Read any of our robust Catholic writers and it will be found that they do not treat Protestantism with any indulgence. For the individual Protestant,—for such at least as be of good faith—they tell us, let us have charity; they are our friends and our neighbours, but for Protestantism, for their system, it is the enemy of God and men, the reviler of God's church, and our duty forbids that we show it any favour. Catholics have no right to stand simply on the defensive. There is nothing about Holy Church to put them on the defensive. "Divine in her origin, perfect in her constitution, immutable in her principles, immaculate in her life," she has Almighty God for her defender. He that heareth her heareth Him; and he that despiseth her

despiseth Him. Whatever she teaches as the word of God is the word of God, and whatever discipline she approves must be holy and salutary. Neither her doctrine nor discipline need any human defence. Though the world rage, she is proof again: the malice of men and of devils. "Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, because great is your reward in heaven." We, as Catholics, may turn a deaf ear to all these revilings; our business should be with Protestantism. It is Protestantism that has been treated too tenderly. The Church is of Christ. Protestantism is of anti-Christ. It is she, not the Church, that is on the defensive. Brownson called Protestants the North American Indians of controversy. Their method of warfare is their own. Having no principles of their own "it consists in making false charges and *ignoring* their refutation." They know their charges are false, but by making them they screen themselves behind prejudices of their own creating. "Protestantism," said that master intelligence, "is strong only when she is suffered to attack and keep Catholics on their defence. Attacked herself she is as tow at the touch of fire. We must demand of her by what right she pretends to be a religion, by what right she assumes the name of Christ to take away her reproach, and by what right she dares to seduce souls from their allegiance to God, and peril their salvation. She must be made to stand forth and show cause why judgment shall not be executed against her. We must drag her from her covert, force her into the light, and compel her to stand and make her defence. Strip her of her disguises, tear off her meretricious ornaments, and show her to her deluded followers for what she is. What is she? What has she? What can she give these millions of famishing souls trying in vain to draw nourishment from her dry and withered breasts? Answer, thou who art no mother. O the cry, the shriek of the souls thou hast damned! We have thy answer; that we hear, and with that ringing in our ears, and rending our hearts, we care not for thy revilings, thy calumnies; we have but one thought, one wish, one firm resolve, which is to do what man may do with the help of God, to save the precious souls, for whom God has died, from thy delusions. . . . What we ask of our controversialists is that they carry the war into her camp, and employ against her every spiritual weapon Almighty God has furnished us. Heed not her clamours, heed not her revilings, heed not her calumnies—they are harmless—but press home upon her with the sword of truth, and her days are soon over, and the places which have known her shall know her no more."

SILK RIBBONS!

Those of our lady readers who would like to have an elegant, large package of extra fine, Assorted Ribbons (by mail), in different widths and all the latest fashionable shades; adapted for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Scarfs, Trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Fancy Work, &c., can get an astonishing big bargain, owing to the recent failure of a large wholesale Ribbon Manufacturing Co., by sending only 25 cents (stamps), to the address we give below.

As a *special offer*, this house will give *double* the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P. O. address of ten *newly* married ladies when ordering and mention the name of this paper. No pieces less than one yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Current Catholic Thought.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

It was recently stated by an English daily newspaper that "The Duke of Norfolk has had another audience with the Pope and has shown His Holiness the reasons that require him to admonish the Irish bishops not to foster agitation in their dioceses."

The report having been sent to *The Pilot's* correspondent in Rome he writes:—"The fact that such audience occurred is not known here, and no one believes that it did take place. One of the sorrows of the Duke of Norfolk was, a few days ago, that he had not had an audience of the Pope since the day when the English pilgrims were received. The Pope is not at all disposed to interfere in one way or another in the question now occupying the minds of the English Cabinet, and certainly he would not listen to any proposal which would cast a shadow of reproach on the bishops of Ireland, whom he holds in the highest esteem as worthy pastors of Christ's flock. That Cardinal Rampolla has intimated to Norfolk that 'if the British Government would by some act or concession grant a privilege to Irish Catholics, this would form a pretext upon which to build a letter to the bishops' is very like a fabricated story. No concession that it is in the power of the English Government to make would ever 'form a pretext upon which to build a letter' of blame or admonition from the Pope to the Irish bishops. This is one of the malevolent lies, told with purpose, by the journalist. 'The Catholic University Charter' is mentioned as the possible means of inducing the Pope to scold the Irish bishops. This bribe is valueless as set against a nation's liberties, and the Pope knows that and feels it most keenly. Leo XIII. will never write or speak a word against the legitimate aspirations of the Irish nation. Those who have the best right to know his mind from their frequent hearing of what he says, are quite confident of this. The Irish bishops have also had in their audiences with him sufficient assurance of his good will and affection towards the Irish people, and they have not the slightest misgiving."—*The Pilot*.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

The *Catholic Mirror*, the *Freeman's Journal* and other Catholic papers which admit liquor and saloon advertisements are not assailed in these columns as hostile or apathetic towards the cause of temperance. On the contrary, remark is here made—and our contention loses nothing by a cheerful concession of the fact—that the above named journals have given liberal use of their columns to the encouragement of both temperance and total abstinence. Neither is issue made for the present over the sinfulness *per se* of liquor, or over the lawfulness of the liquor traffic or over the possible danger to morals arising from asceticism and fanaticism. But the question in a nutshell is this: If the prelates of the Catholic Church discourage the liquor traffic, is it right for Catholic papers to encourage the liquor traffic? If the prelates of the Catholic Church say that liquor selling is an unbecoming business, is it right for Catholic papers to dignify that business by giving it places of honour in their advertising columns and sending saloonkeepers' cards into "the bosom of the Catholic family?" The Council of Baltimore disapproves the liquor traffic, not merely for the sake of the saloonkeeper's soul but also for the sake of his customers' souls.

The position of the Catholic paper admitting liquor advertisements is only removed by some degrees from the position of the roper-in for the saloon-keeper. The Catholic editor does not walk down the crowded streets with a saloon-keeper's sign on his breast, but he hangs a beer sign out in his columns, and he sends the advertisement broadcast where it may be seen by as many eyes as if he made himself a sign on the public streets.

Here are some of the lesser consequences of liquor advertisements in Catholic papers: The Catholic child loses the proper antipathy to a business which he sees admitted to a place in the columns of the Catholic papers as if it were an honourable and worthy business. The Catholic public observe in one column of their Catholic paper Bishop Ireland, or Father Cleary, or Father Elliott, or Bishop Keane saying, "Avoid the saloon," in another column and in larger type is an advertisement which says, "Go to the saloon." The Catholic prelates

in council assembled say, "We discourage the saloon business." The Catholic papers admitting liquor advertisements virtually say, "We don't. And to show our respect for your judgment look at our columns and see how we dignify this traffic. See the barrels and demijohns on one page and your episcopal approbation on the other."

If this is following the spirit and teachings of the Catholic hierarchy we want to know it.

So far as Catholic public opinion is concerned, the affair seems a small matter only to those who deem the action of the Catholic prelates, in discouraging the liquor traffic, a small matter.—*Milwaukee Citizen*

CANTATA ON THE PASSION.

Translated for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW by G. M. Ward.

(The original Italian text of this cantata was discovered in London in the year 1859, the words and music being by St. Alphonsus, who, we are assured, composed them in 1760, with corrections made with his own hand).

THE SOUL AND THE REDEEMER.

The Soul.

Tell me, thou judge iniquitous, ah! tell me why
Thou didst so oft my Saviour's innocence proclaim,
And yet, at length, condemn Him to a death of shame,
Like vilest criminal upon a cross to die?
Of what avail the barb'rous scourges' cruel blows,
If, in my heart, thou didst His future death decree?
Why not at once have doomed Him to the bitter tree
When the first cry of hate from surging crowds arose?
Since well thou knewest thou wouldst sende Him to die,
Why not at once make known His cruel destiny?
But what do I behold? an angry crowd draws near,
Confused cries are heard, and threatening groans resound;
Nearer still and nearer there comes a thrilling sound.
What is this clam'rous music breaking on mine ear?
Oh! it is the trumpet, whose shrill discordant breath,
Proclaims aloud the sentence of my Saviour's death
Now, alas! I see Him; along the rugged road
Painfully He's toiling with tottering step and slow,
Wounded, sore and bleeding He bears the heavy load,
Laid upon HIS shoulders by His relentless foe.
At ev'ry painful step He makes
Fresh blood-drops mark the way; He takes
A cross of wood
Upon His wounded shoulder rests,
His bruised flesh is staining it with blood:
His venerable head a mocking crown adorns;
His aching brows are pierced with long and cruel thorns.
'Tis thy unfathom'd love, my dearest Lord,
That makes Thee wear this crown of mockery,
Where goest Thou, my God ador'd?

The Redeemer.

I go to die for thee.

The Soul.

Dear Lord, it is for me
Thou goest forth to die?
How gladly then, would I
Lay down my life for Thee!

The Redeemer.

Peace! till thy dying breath
Think on My love for thee;
After My bitter death
For ever love thou Me.
Remain my turtle dove!
For My Heart give me thine;
My faithful one! be Mine
And pledge n. s. all thy love.

The Soul.

My Lord I Thee adore,
To Thee my heart I bring,
I'm Thine, my treasure's King,
I'm Thine for evermore.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Sylvester Malone, a "Catholic" lawyer of New York, who has courted notoriety by presiding at McGlynn Anti-Poverty meetings and officiously attempting to instruct Archbishop Corrigan in his ecclesiastical duties, has been expelled from the New York Catholic Club by the unanimous vote of the board of direction.

PANCAKES IN VARIETY.

On cold winter mornings pan cakes of all kinds hold an important place at the breakfast table; the buckwheat cake the most cherished of all. When properly made, this is the most delicious of all the griddle cakes, but it has been against it when made from yeast or risen over night that it was difficult to make light and sweet, and that disagreeable effects frequently followed its eating. It is found that by the use of the Royal Baking Powder to raise the batter these objections have been entirely overcome, and that buckwheat cakes are made a most delicious food, light, sweet, tender and perfectly wholesome, that can be eaten by anyone without the slightest digestive inconvenience. Once tested from the following receipt no other will be used: Two cups of buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

The purest and richest syrup is made by dissolving sugar in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to one pint of water. Many persons prefer the flavor of syrup made of Orleans sugar to that made of the white.

Rice griddle cakes are very delicious. The rice is cooked until perfectly soft, drained dry, mashed with a spoon until the grains are well broken up. For each cupful of rice take two eggs, one pint of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of Royal Baking Powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a thin batter.

For hominy cakes take two cupfuls of cooked hominy, and crush it with a potato-masher until it is a smooth mass. Add one level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder, and one cupful of flour. Stir together; then add by degrees one quart of milk, and lastly three well-beaten eggs. Bake in thin cakes.

Very delicate and delicious cakes are made by allowing two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt to one quart of milk, and sufficient corn meal, mixing all into a smooth, thin batter; no eggs or butter are used for these. The cakes bake quickly to a rich deep brown, and are extremely tender and light.

A very delicious, sweet pancake is made by taking one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of Royal Baking Powder, and flour enough to make a moderately thin batter. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, until well frothed, stir the butter, sugar, and one cupful of flour, into which the baking-powder has been mixed, into the yolks, then add the milk. If needed, add more flour. Bake in small cakes, butter each one as it comes from the fire, place four in a pile, with very thin layers of any kind of sweet jelly between, and powdered sugar over the top. They should be baked very thin and four served to each person.

REV. FATHER KENNY, S. J., AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT.

The mission conducted by the Rev. Fathers Kenny and Jones of the Society of Jesus at St. Michael's Cathedral was brought to a close on Saturday morning. The last sermon of the series was preached on Friday evening by Father Kenny to a large congregation of young and middle-aged men. The *Mail's* report of the sermon is as follows:

Taking for his text: "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment," Heb. 9: 27, he said:—A moment will come to each one of us for which all other moments should be a preparation; it is of no use asking when it will come; the only thing we know is that it is nearer to us all to-night than it was last night. A moment will come to each of us when another day will be the lease of another life; nearer, perhaps, than any one of us knows, when we shall take back our talents to the Master.

We live to die. You are living to be rich. Perhaps you will succeed; but I will tell you in what you will succeed without a perhaps. You will succeed in dying very poor. You are living to fill a great place in the world? You may succeed; but you will not fail in this, you will fill a very small place one day, it will not take much to hold all that will be left of you. You are living to make yourself a great

name? Why, it will come to pass that men will forget where you are buried; two or three years and your name will have dropped out of man's memory.

We live to die! The world says of a man, he lives well. Does he? What does it mean? He keepeth a good cheer. "Poor soul," we say; "I was talking to him the other day; it all seems so sudden!" as if the unaccountable had happened to the dead man, instead of the only thing that is a certainty, the only thing that a man can take a pen and write down without a perhaps. All our moments should be spent in preparing for the decisive moment. The decisive moment comes to most of us in our worldly affairs, but the decisive moment that will surely come for all of us is the moment that will settle our eternity. Men kill time; there is no law against it, there is no penalty in the statute book for killing time. There is a law against the killing of birds and fishes at certain times, but no man can kill time with impunity. Oh! it is of no moment. Turn the glass and see the sands flow; stop one of these sands, one of these seconds and tell me what it is worth. The drowning man has sunk in ice, he has come to the surface for the last time; offer him the empire of the world, and he will go to the bottom; offer him a second of time, and the lifeboat will be there, and he will be saved. Offer the damned soul the whole world, it will profit him nothing; offer him a moment of time and it will unbar the gates of heaven.

Death is not the end of all. Why, if death were the end of us, death would not be the terrible thing it is. How few men's faces would blanch in the presence of death! Death would not be the King of Terrors; death's sceptre would fall from its grasp, and no man would acknowledge its reign. Death is in most cases the end of a longer or shorter period of intense physical pain. But after death is judgment. Death is not ceasing to be; death is only ceasing to be here; it is beginning to be happy or miserable for eternity. It is not all life to live, nor all death to die. After death comes judgment. If there can be anything like wonder in Heaven, do you not think we will wonder at the little place in our mind that was occupied by the great truths that no man controverts? We sometimes hear of the man with one idea; one idea may seem to you too little to occupy the mind of a man. Let us have a look at the man with one idea. Do you not see how different he is from other men? You see his head bent; he looks not to the right of him; he looks not to the left of him; he scarcely returns a word to the many greetings he meets as he passes by. He is all absorbed with what to him is the one great idea. Perhaps it is a judgment hanging over him, a judgment that is to settle whether his future be one of affluence or misery, whether these vast estates are to be his, or whether he is to continue in poverty; a judgment that will say whether hereafter he will be honoured and looked up to by all his neighbours or passed by like the beggar that sweeps the streets; a judgment that will affect that man's whole future. And that judgment depends upon himself whether he shall succeed to those estates, whether he shall be rejected from them; whether wealth shall be his or poverty shall be his, depends upon himself. Understand, it does not depend upon any influences that he may be able to bring to bear on the judge when the court opens. When the judge shall ascend the bench it will be too late, but up to that time, up to the moment of the proclamation that the court is open, up to the appearance of the judge upon the bench, it is for that man to determine what the judgment shall be, it is for him to shape it. Is he absurd to you now? Do you understand him now? Do you believe that he has only one idea? Why? Stop him on the crowded street and ask him what he is thinking about—the judgment! Wake him in the night and ask him what his dreams are—the judgment! You look him in the face and say that you understand him now, and that in his place you would do the same. He does not know the moment the court may open, and if he were to act otherwise he would be a fool and would deserve to lose his case.

Christians saved by the Son of God, men for whom Jesus died on the cross, we can understand how a man can fix his mind, centred as this man does, on a subject affecting his temporal affairs, and yet we intend to go on leading the heedless lives we do without thinking of the judgment. Since we were here last night a sinner has died in his sin. Last night he was alive, last night he could have shaped the judgment, last night the dreadful judgment depended upon him, but

that one idea was the one he would not admit into his mind; the last warning has been waved away, the last grace has been rejected, the last opportunity to pray to God.

And now the judgment! The sinner stands before the bar of God's justice, the sinner before the just Judge, the impure man before the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, the blasphemer before the Divinity that he has blasphemed; the drunkard, who died in the darkness, with the lamp out by his own act, comes out of darkness into light. The sinner stands with his sins at the bar of a just God, it is the only sight for all eternity that the sinner will have of the face of Jesus. He is before a just Judge. Oh, Lord, where is the mercy? Where the compassion? Where the tenderness? The day of mercy is gone, the day of tender compassion is past; this is the hour of justice. There is justice on earth, but then the justice of just judges here on earth may be mistaken, the judge may err, he may misjudge. But the infinite justice of God! The sinner stands before the all-searching, the all-seeing eye of God, to whom all things are open, as the features of the human face are open to those who look upon them. The soul stands alone; where are the men who promised to stand by him in all his troubles? Where are his advisers and wise counsellors? Where are those who led him into sin or confirmed him in it, and encouraged him in its commission? He stands at the judgment seat alone. God will search our hearts one by one.

He stands alone, yet there is something following him; look! the judge told him that something would follow him before the judgment seat—is it his wealth? no; his influence? no; his personal reputation? no; his works follow him. I shall render to each one according to his works, saith the Lord.

The preacher here drew a vivid picture of the sinner's trial at the terrible assize. Witness after witness testifying to his iniquitous career, Satan's appeal that the judgment be in accordance with the Lord's undertaking that he would render to each one according to his works. At last sentence is to be pronounced. "When the hour of the opening of the court comes, the Eternal Judge will find the sentence on the judgment seat written by our own hand, these hands of ours will write the sentence of our eternity. It is written now; yours is written, and yours, and yours. If God were to stop the beating of your heart now, and called you into His presence, what sentence is there? Oh! I will change the mode of my life before that happens. When is it going to happen? Go into the dungeon of the man who is going to lay down his life on the gallows to-morrow; perhaps you will see written over his head where he is sleeping, the sentence of death. But if we could see what is written over the head of the man who lays himself down to sleep in mortal sin, his own sentence, in his own handwriting? Damned! According to his works it will be rendered unto him. Oh! take it down; do not leave it over your head to-night; do not sleep in mortal sin! Be you, therefore, always ready, ready for the Judge.

The committee appointed at the meeting in the basement of the Basilica, Ottawa, on Sunday evening last, when the question of a new church for the English-speaking parishioners of Notre Dame and St. Anne's parishes was discussed, have since met Archbishop Duhamel and Father McGovern, and discussed the question of a proper site for the proposed new edifice. Many sites were proposed and discussed at length, but nothing definite was decided on.

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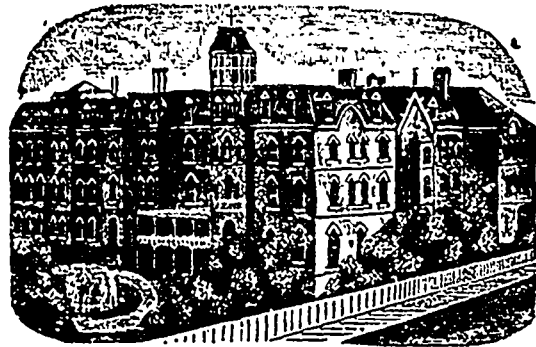


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