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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Thursday, Apr. 7, 1887.

No. 8.

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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.

LORD Selborne has made a fierce attack upon the Irish priesthood in the *Liberal Unionist*.

A REQUIEM mass composed by Abbe Liszt was sung for him in the Church of Della Anima on Saturday. Zambati was the conductor. The Church was filled with foreign and native amateurs.

M^R. Galimberti, on his return from Berlin, had a long audience with the Pope. The latter expressed himself as gratified with Prince Bismark's attitude toward the Vatican. The Italian Government and the Holy See are still estranged.

THE Pope's brief to Bishop Ireland on the temperance question has been issued. In it the Pope praises the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, comments on the deplorable nature of the evils caused by intemperance, and urges pastors to increase their efforts to extirpate the plague of drunkenness.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Taschereau arrived in Quebec from Rome on Tuesday, and was accorded a public welcome. The ceremonies at the Basilica were very imposing, the Cardinal conveying the Apostolic blessing to the people, and proclaiming the Court of Honour which the Holy Father has granted him.

A SECOND audience was given to Americans at the Vatican on Saturday. Cardinal Gibbons presented the visitors to the Pope, who said a kindly word to each, and expressed his delight at again seeing so many of the American faithful. Cardinal Gibbons had a private audience with the Pope previous to the public reception.

IN the House of Lords on Thursday night, the Earl of Cadogan introduced an Irish Land Bill, providing for the purchase of Irish holdings, or the abolition of the system of dual ownership, created by the Act of 1881. The Bill, which is intended to reduce the number of evictions, proposes that landlords must issue notice when writs of ejectment are obtained from Court, and serve the tenant with it, on receiving which, the tenant becomes *ipso facto*, caretaker for a period of six months. The Bill, which passed its first reading, is held by the Liberal press to convict the Ministry of great inconsistency, since it formally admits the eviction of tenants for non payment of impossible rents.

THE debate on the Crimes Bill was resumed by Mr. Parnell on Friday evening in a speech, Mr. Gladstone said, as grinding, pulverizing, and destructive as any he had ever heard. The Government having refused to carry out the recommendation of the Land Commission, the Land Bill but revealed the gravity of the conspiracy by which the tenants in Ireland were intended to be coerced into the payment of impossible rents, and the purchase of landlord interests at exorbitant rates. In spite of the protests of Mr. Gladstone and Parliament, a motion to adjourn the debate was defeated, and a motion for cloture carried by a vote of 361 to 263. On announcement of the result, Mr. Gladstone and the body of the Liberal party left the House, deeming its privileges to have been overruled, the centre of its authority displaced, and an outrage upon its procedure perpetrated, the first reading of the bill being received without division. It is thought that as a result of this incident, the Government will not dare to hurry the second reading of the Coercion measure, as to attempt to crush debate would produce too great indignation throughout the country.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

V.

COLONEL W. L. Stone, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, who visited Montreal in 1836 to investigate and expose the monstrous fabrications of the notorious Maria Monk, tells us in his report that he "was introduced at the Seminary to many of the clergy and some of the dignitaries of the Church, among whom were the Lord Bishop Macdonell of Upper Canada, and the Bishop of Red River (Provencher). Bishop Macdonell is a Scotch gentleman of the old school, affable, intelligent, and, for a Catholic, not intolerant. He allows his people to read the Bible, and gives away all that he can obtain for that object. In passing down the St. Lawrence with him to Quebec I found him to be a most agreeable travelling companion." This trip to Quebec is one of the writer's *memorabilia* as may appear from the sequel. As regards the Bishop's Bible distributing proclivities the writer cannot speak decisively, but so long ago as 1790, there being then a great demand among the Scottish people for an English version of the Holy Scriptures, Bishop Hay caused a large edition to be printed, several copies of which were brought to Canada by Bishop Macdonell. This edition was contained in four volumes, and comprised the Old Testament only, ending with the second book of Maccabees, the intention being to print the New Testament at some subsequent time. Sets of this edition are now very rare; the writer's copy was printed at Edinburgh in 1805. Colonel Stone says that "for a Catholic, Bishop Macdonell was not intolerant." The writer was one Sunday evening sitting with the Bishop in the old house in Kingston built years ago by "Priest Fraser," and subsequently occupied as a convent. Being summer time the window was open. Just across the street a meeting was being held by some religionists who were evidently believers in the coloured brother's version of the Lord's Prayer "Holler'd be Thy Name," singing, praying, shouting and preaching, going on at the same time. The Bishop sat with his hands clasped and eyes closed, apparently in a doze; presently turning to the writer "Mr. William," said he, "perhaps those people have some merit." "Can't say, my Lord, perhaps they have," was the wise remark. "Ah," replied he, "your friend the Vicar-General would 'nt say that." Mr. William P. Macdonald, the Vicar-General, was, as has been remarked, a thorough scholar and polished gentleman, and in all social relations the pink of courtesy, but in controversial matters he was a tartar, a living embodiment of the national motto, *nemo me impune lacessit*. In 1834 the Hon. John Emsley became a convert to the Catholic Church, and published a little book giving his reasons. His former pastor, the Ven. Archdeacon Strachan, came out on the other side with a pamphlet and sermon, and with questionable taste sent a nicely bound copy of his production to his old friend the Bishop. The Vicar-General flared up at once, and in spite of the Bishop's remonstrances published "Remarks on the Eucharist," effectually disposing of his old school-fellow, the Rev. Dr. in fact "overthrowing him as completely as a pebble from a catapult dislodges a sparrow from the wall on which he is hopping about unconscious of his danger." The worthy ex-domine is said to have exclaimed, "It's all right, diamond cut diamond, Scotchman against Scotchman." The controversy went no further.

In 1836 the writer was in the office of his brother-in-law, the late Henry Jones, of Brockville, and being granted a holiday, availed himself of the opportunity of making his first visit to Quebec. Passing down the river from Montreal, in the steamer "Canadian Eagle," he noticed an elderly gentleman in the garb of a bishop, sitting on the starboard side of the promenade deck, and whom he re-

cognized as the prelate who had that morning said mass in the parish church of Notre Dame, on which occasion the six big candles on the high altar were lighted, much to the writer's wonderment, he having never before seen such a thing done at low mass. At no time remarkable for politeness or suavity of manner, the writer walked up and abruptly asked, "Are you Bishop Macdonell?" "My name is Macdonell," was the reply. "Who are you?" The Bishop being well acquainted with the writer's family the introduction was soon effected, and a friendship commenced which lasted during the remainder of our brief acquaintance.

The Bishop was a thorough Highlander, and did not relish remarks which seemed to reflect on the manners and customs of his countrymen. The writer one day gave his unasked opinion that oatmeal was not wholesome, inasmuch as he had known several young fellows brought up on that diet whose skins were very rough. The Bishop replied rather curtly, "You don't know what you are talking about." On another occasion the writer was reading from Bercastel's "History of the Church," an account of the hardships undergone by the missionaries, sent by St. Vincent de Paul to keep alive the faith in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The historian states that the missionaries frequently passed several days without food, and at the end of that time their only refectory was oatmeal cakes or barley bread with cheese or salt butter. "Under the circumstances," remarked the Bishop, "I think they fared very well." Although the Bishop "had no voice," he was fond of the national music. A grand dinner was given at the old British American Hotel, Kingston, to Sir James Macdonell, the "hero of Hougoumont." The whole town attended. The Bishop was chairman. A regimental piper in the "garb of old Gaul," with his pibroch in full blast, marched round the table. The Vicar-General who, though every inch a Scotchman, was a bit of a wag, declared that every time the piper passed behind the bishop, the latter inclined his head to one side, that his ears might be tickled by the strings and tassels of the passing pipes.

W. J. MACDONELL.

THE JESUIT OF FICTION.

III.

In Portugal the Jesuits had incurred the hatred of the Marquis of Pombal, Prime Minister of that country, for various good reasons. He had endeavoured to import Protestantism into Portugal, and the Jesuits had stopped him. They had exposed his philosophical pamphlets and caused them to be publicly burnt in Spain and repudiated by even the Paris philosophers. Checked in the new world in their work of self-sacrifice and devotion, and pillaged and outraged in every manner, at home they yet retained, between the years 1750 and 1758, not only the high favour of the Court and Portuguese nobility, but enough of power and influence to defeat at times his sinister political designs.

On the evening of the 3rd September, 1758, at a time singularly free from any political disturbance which could incite to such an act, the King, returning from the Palace Tavora was fired at by some unknown person and wounded in the arm. It is not capable of proof, as some suppose, that Pombal instigated this attempt himself. All that is known of the events of the period refutes this theory, as well as a second which attributed the attack to a mistake, and as intended for another. The truth, briefly, is that Joseph of Braganca had insulted the wife of the eldest son of the Marquis Tavora, and according to the savage law of Portuguese honour his life was forfeit. As a Christian, Tavora was obliged to pardon; as an Hidalgo, and in accordance with the ancient code of the Hidalgos, he was obliged to strike even at his King. Everything points to the probability that he did strike. Detesting, as in turn he was detested by, the great body of the Portuguese nobility nearly as much as he hated the Society of Jesus, it was for Pombal a rare occasion on

which to exterminate all his enemies at once. From the calm which followed this proceeding, in which the Jesuits could have had no part, there was a rude awakening. One night a stupor of terror settled upon Lisbon, mounted guards patrolled the city, none but military were in the streets. A squad entering the Palace Tavora made captive every inmate from the master to the in-firmest servitor, and conducted them to prison. Elenora, Marchioness of Tavora, the other women servants and mistresses, were plunged into dungeons; the masters and male domestics disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them.

The same night saw also the imprisonment of a number of other noblemen, among them the Duke of Aveiro, and the commencement of that judicial carnage and torture, which accomplished the extermination of the Jesuits in Portugal. Pombal, in whose hands the king was but a tool, enacted the farce of an examination. Refusing them the privilege of being judged by their peers, to which Tavora and Aveiro, as the first noblemen in Portugal, were entitled, denying them even the ordinary tribunals of justice, he created a court composed of his own creatures, and presided himself, in spite of the remonstrances of the most eminent jurists in the kingdom. Otherwise, and without false evidence and torture, he could not have trusted to obtain convictions. Under the torture, the family of Tavora and the others accused remained mute, all but one. The Duke of Aveiro was a great nobleman, but he was vanquished by torments. Accusing his fellow prisoners of all that was desired, more dead than alive, he implicated the Jesuits also. When he recovered his senses he retracted this accusation, but Pombal would not relinquish his testimony, and sentence of death was passed on all the relatives and friends of Tavora. Fearing the popular indignation, Pombal raised the scaffold during the night outside the city. Further than to say, however, that not even the in-firmest servitor escaped the flames, and that the shrieks of the victims were heard even in Lisbon, the details of what followed are too shocking to be mentioned. The awful carnage is described by Voltaire as "the excess of horror," and by Feval as "the masterpiece of a demon." Of the two objects of his hate, however, Pombal had as yet attained only the first; the massacre of the nobility was but a means unto an end, to crush the heart of the Society of Jesus.

Between the time of Aveiro's confession and the hour when restored to consciousness he supplicated his persecutors to receive his retraction, Pombal had caused the arrest of ten Jesuits, among whom was the Portuguese Provincial. These were held in prison until the morning of the 16th February, a few days later, when every Jesuit in the kingdom awoke to find himself a prisoner. Collectively, and without distinction, they were accused of complicity in the regicide plot, and as showing the utter helplessness of the King, neither he nor the Queen could obtain permission to see Father Moreira, their confessor, for whom they entertained the sincerest affection. Besides this general accusation, the greater number of the Fathers were inculpated as having been the counselors and friends of the conspirators, and as having fomented their hatred either in the tribunal of penance or the privacy of social life. In vain did the Pope protest and the Queen supplicate for their release. Pombal was absolute master. Those who were not summarily executed spent the months that intervened between their arrest and general proscription in hideous dungeons, their sufferings ending usually in insanity or death. To crown all, they were offered their liberty if they would abjure their institute. None, it need not be said, took advantage of the offer. Of the nearly six thousand victims these dungeons enclosed, eight hundred unfortunates alone, it is said, survived. Why was it, may we not ask, that these Jesuits, the traditional assassins of kings who protected and loved them, had not a dagger for the bosom of Pombal? Why, while directing the pistol shots towards their penitent King Joseph, they should have desired in his minister to maintain for so long life?

The beautiful letter of Father Laurent Kaulen (quoted at length in the Journal de Murr) from whom seven years of awful captivity could not extort the least expression of

bitterness, and the execution of the illustrious and saintly Gabriel Malagrida, awakened a deep and sorrowful interest throughout Europe. The story of their sufferings is a story of the superhuman grandeur of the soul, the heroism of the martyrs, and the miraculous charity of the saints.

Pombal, however, lived long enough to feel, even in this world, the weight of God's avenging hand. Some years later the King expired, and immediately a clamor of reprobation arose against his atrocious minister. Pombal was obliged to flee, the prisons rendered up the unfortunates from those dungeons where so many had languished in agony, a decree of the Grand Cortes declared all his victims reinstated, and Pombal himself by the same instrument was proclaimed criminal. Living in such power, dying in such obscurity, so great was the hatred he aroused that his remains were refused interment by the inhabitants of his native town, as well as by the authorities of Lisbon. The body, enclosed simply in a coffin, and deposited in the Franciscan Convent at Pombal, remained fifty years above the earth literally without burial. In 1829, the date of the official return of the Jesuits into Portugal, Father Delvaux, charged with their reinstatement, relates in his report of his journey throughout the kingdom, as follows:—

"At Pombal we were obliged to run away from the ovation in order to gain the convent of the Franciscans. I ran thither and celebrated mass. I will not describe what I experienced in offering the victim of propitiation, the Lamb who prays on the cross for his executioners, in offering. I repeat, the holy sacrifice for the repose of the soul of Don Sebastian de Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, *corpore præsente*," in presence of the body. For fifty years his body had waited here the return of the Society from the exile to which his cruelty had condemned them. We make no comment upon this fact; it is easy enough to pardon the dead. What was sublime, was the prayer of the dying Malagrida for his triumphant persecutor.

SACRED LEGENDS.

II.—LEGENDS OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.

THIRD PAPER.

We have already given the chief legends of the Birth and Holy Infancy of our Lord; this paper will be devoted to the few that are connected with His public life before the commencement of His passion and crucifixion. The legends surrounding the closing scenes of His life will be reserved for a future number.

The writer is conscious that very great discretion should be used in taking note of stories and traditions that concern the Sacred Person or Life of our Lord, and he hopes not to offend in that direction. Some people would not read a religious book if a novel were at hand—just as some good people who are fond of music go to High Mass because there is singing by the choir. It occurred to the writer that perhaps many persons would read legends about our Lord and the Saints, though they may be persons who would not care to read a professedly religious book. If these were beguiled into reading of that sort, perhaps they might acquire the habit of reading something better than they are reading now. It was no doubt a good thought that inspired Lambilotte to write the musical Masses that attracted the people of Paris away from the theatre and into the Church. Some one possibly who came to listen or scoff remained to pray. Some one who reads this may take up some of the books out of which it is compiled and learn how much more satisfaction there is in the reading of a good book than there is in the reading of a poor novel.

The public life of our Lord may be said to commence with His baptism in the River Jordan. After the return from Egypt there is the one incident of the dispute in the Temple when He was twelve years old. This has been interpreted as the first manifestation of His high character as a teacher of men; those who are young, to listen to the voice of age and experience; those who have grown old, to learn wisdom from the innocence of childhood. "He sat in the midst of the doctors hearing them and asking

them questions." The subject of His return to Nazareth with the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph was painted by Rubens for the Jesuit College at Antwerp, and underneath were placed the words of the text: "And He was subject to them." St. Joseph is supposed to have died before the public life of our Lord commenced. After leaving the Temple there is no further mention made of him, and it is thought by some that he died before the marriage feast of Cana. He is, however, sometimes represented as present at the feast.

The person intimately connected with the public life of our Lord on His first appearance is St. John the Baptist. The Baptist is the last of the Prophets of the Old Testament, and the first of the Saints of the New; the link between the two Dispensations. He was greater than all the Saints of the Old Law—he was the greatest of all that had been born of woman: he was greater than all the Prophets of old, for he did not merely foretell the Messiah, he pointed Him out—he baptized Him. He was a doctor, a virgin, a martyr. To his mother, St. Elizabeth, was accorded the honor of a visit from the Mother of God before either of their children was born. He escaped the massacre of the Innocents, the rock opening to receive him and his mother when they were pursued by Herod's soldiers.

But the legends of the Holy Innocents and of the Baptist will be referred to later on. The tradition of the Baptism of Our Lord is our present subject. The Baptism took place in the river Jordan when Our Lord was about thirty years of age. The Baptist had previously been preaching the penance of baptism for about six months, and amongst others Our Lord presented Himself to be baptized by him. There is a tradition that it took place at the junction of the rivers Dan and Jordan, and the waters are sometimes represented as standing in a heap and covering Christ to the shoulders though His feet were on a level with those of the Baptist. Butler says: "St. Austin and St. Thomas Aquinas think He then instituted the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, which He soon after administered by His disciples, whom, doubtless, He had first baptized Himself." An old writer cited by Orsini mentions the baptism of St. Peter by our Lord. Baptism is associated in our minds with the bestowal of a name on the person in question, but in the case of our Lord this had previously been done. On the eighth day after His birth He received the holy name of Jesus.

Our Lord has two names—a personal or ordinary, and an official name. His personal name, Jesus, was announced to the Blessed Virgin by the angel and actually given to Him at the circumcision. Though we have all been taught that this Holy Name signifies "Saviour," recent writers say that it means "the Lord is help or salvation." It is a shortened form of the name Josue. Christ means "anointed," and is an interpretation of the Hebrew word for Messiah—the King who was to come. In the old law the high priest and the king were anointed for their office. "Christ" is therefore a translation of "Messias," and Messias is the expected deliverer, and so the official name for our Lord.

There are many traditions about our Lord's personal appearance, but it is safer to say with St. Augustine that there was no sure tradition in the Church concerning the bodily appearance of Christ. There is an unlikely tradition that attributes portraits of Him to St. Luke. Then there are portraits spoken of as impressed upon cloth, other than the sacred impression on the veil of Veronica. St. John Damascene has a description of our Lord's personal appearance, and similar accounts are to be found in many other writers.

In very early times, during the persecutions, the belief was common that our Lord assumed a body without comeliness or beauty; after the triumphs of the Church a different view was taken by many writers. St. Bridget in her revelations has this: "He was so beautiful of countenance that no one looked Him in the face without being consoled by His aspect, even if heart-broken with grief. The just were consoled with spiritual consolation; and even the bad were relieved from worldly sadness as long as they gazed on Him. Hence those in

grief were wont to say: 'Let us go and see Mary's son; we shall be relieved for that time.'"

After our Lord began his public life by preaching and healing and other acts of goodness, it is related in the Gospel that the Jews said on one occasion to Him: "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" He was then in His thirty-second year, and one may well think that the sins of humanity had made Him appear older than He really was.

There are not many legends in the Sacred Life up to the time of the Passion. The mercy not accorded by the Jewish Law to the frail, guilty woman was bestowed on her by the merciful Redeemer. He stooped down and wrote with his finger on the ground. St. Bonaventure mentions a tradition as from the older commentators that our Lord noted down the sins of her accusers, and that of such power was that writing that each of them knew it to contain his own sins. Rubens has a picture of this incident in which one of the accusers is of "horribly vulgar expression," and another a "meagre-looking Pharisee, with cunning, malicious eyes," and there is a tradition that the painter intended these for Luther and Calvin.

Of the marriage at Cana of Galilee there is a Greek tradition that Mary Magdalene was the bride, and that after the marriage she and her spouse devoted themselves to an austere and religious life, following Christ and ministering unto Him. An Eastern tradition hands down that St. John the Evangelist was the bridegroom, but that after witnessing the miracle, he immediately left his bride and followed Christ. This is given by Orsini.†

Mary, the sister of Lazarus, is identified in popular legend with the penitent Magdalen. Of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead, it is related that he was the first Bishop of Marseilles. Martha, the sister of Mary and Lazarus, is honoured in that country by a magnificent chapel at Tarascon. The Magdalen listened to the words of the Saviour, while Martha was "cumbered with much serving"; she followed Him afterwards to the house of Simon the Pharisee and anointed His feet; she attended Him on Calvary, and wept at the foot of the cross; she watched at the tomb.

The entry to Jerusalem, though attended with acclamations and regarded as one of two triumphs of our Lord's life, is also looked upon, in fact, as His first stage to Calvary. The most interesting and beautiful legends are clustered around the Passion, and these will be considered in the next paper.

FIRESIDE.

THE CLAIMS OF ANGLICANISM.

IV.

37TH ARTICLE, CONTINUED.

AFTER having given a few, from the numerous testimonies of the early Fathers, on the primacy of Peter and his successors, in the See of Rome, I shall now refer to the action of some of the great Councils of the Church on the same subject, as opposed to the doctrine of the Church of England, in this 37th article. It is a plain and evident fact that no Council of the Church can add to, or take from, the deposit of Faith, once delivered to the saints. The Christian law was a perfect law when it came from the hands of our Blessed Lord. When the Church has ever, in Council, or otherwise, made a more explicit declaration of what is contained in the deposit of faith, she has by no means added anything new to what was first delivered. No more than a judge on the bench can be said to make a new law each time he gives judgment on a new case coming under the same statute. The Council of Nice, A.D. 325, in which was defined the full and consubstantial divinity of the Son of God against the great Arian Heresy, made no formal decree on the

† Three persons are mentioned as nearest to our Lord, and these are prominent by reason of their virginal purity—His Blessed Mother, His Precursor, St. John the Baptist, and His Beloved Disciple, St. John the Evangelist.

primacy of the See of Rome, for the simple reason that the universal belief of the Church thereon had not as yet been seriously assailed. It, however, sufficiently defined that primacy, according to the wants then existing, by the very fact of the approval it gave to Pope Sylvester, then reigning, of his bestowing and preserving *by virtue of his own proper authority* the rights and privileges of the other patriarchs, namely, those of Alexander and Antioch. It likewise sufficiently defined that primacy by the fact that the Fathers assisting thereat sent to the same Pope Sylvester an epistle asking His Holiness to kindly ratify and approve of the canons they had enacted. (Tom. 1 Conciliorum, epist. ad Sylvest.). The Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, in which the Eutychian Heresy, maintaining but one nature in Christ, was condemned, in a more explicit and decided manner, as was then requisite, affirmed the primacy of Peter in his successor Pope Leo. In the first session of this Council the Vicars of Pope Leo declared in more precise terms the power of the Roman See. Paschasinus, the Vicar of His Holiness, said before the assembled Fathers, "We hold in our hands the precepts of that most holy and apostolic man, the Pope of Rome, who is the head of all the churches whereby his apostleship hath deigned to command, that Dioscorus, Archbishop of Alexandria, shall not sit in the Council; but be suffered to come in that he may obtain a hearing. This precept we must observe. If, then, Your Highness so direct, let him retire, otherwise we withdraw." A little after it may also be read: "Lucentius, a Vicar of the apostolic chair, said, "he, (Dioscorus), must account for the judgment he pronounced; for when he possessed not the office of judge, he surreptitiously crept into it, and had the audacity to hold a synod without the authority of the apostolic chair, a thing that never has been and never could be lawfully done." The third act of this Council, containing the sentence passed against Dioscorus, reads thus:—"Wherefore, the most holy and blessed Leo, Archbishop of great and ancient Rome, hath through us, and the present holy synod, together with the thrice blessed and all praise-deserving Apostle Peter, who is the rock and pillar of the Catholic Church, and the foundation of the true faith, stript him (Dioscorus) of his Episcopal dignity, and also removed him from the discharge of all sacerdotal duty." Immediately after, it is said in this third article of the Council, Anatolius, Archbishop of Royal Constantinople, delivered himself thus: "Knowing all the particulars of the acts of the Apostolic chair, I willingly agree to the sentence of condemnation passed upon Dioscorus, formerly Bishop of the great City of Alexandria." After the other fathers had subscribed to the sentence, then Paschasinus, Vicar of Pope Leo, thus concludes: "I, Paschasinus, Bishop of the Church of Lilybocum, presiding over this holy synod, in the stead of the Most Holy and Apostolic Leo, of the City of Rome, Pope of the Universal Church, have subscribed to the condemnation of Dioscorus, with the consent of the Universal Council." (Tom. Conciliorum, Concil. Chalced. Act 3). The Council of Florence, A.D. 1438, with still greater precision and clearness, defined the Primacy of the See of Rome. In the last session of this Council it was thus decreed: "We, moreover, define the Holy and Apostolic See, and the Roman Pontiff, to be possessed of the primacy over the entire world; that he is the successor of the Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, that he is the true Vicar of Christ, head of the entire Church, and father and teacher of all Christians; that to him, in the person of the Blessed Peter, was committed by our Lord Jesus Christ the full power of feeding, directing and governing the Universal Church, even as it is contained in acts of the Occumenical Councils and the Sacred Canons. (Tom. Conciliorum, Concil. Flor. Sess. 8). The Council of Constance, A.D. 1414, condemned as heretical the doctrine of Wickliff which was comprised in some forty-five articles, or propositions, of which the forty-first was this: "It is not necessary unto salvation to believe that the Roman Church is supreme among the other churches." Were one to give a title of the testimonies on the primacy as well from the Fathers as the Councils of the Church, both general and national, a large volume

would be required to contain them. Sufficient proof has been given to convince every candid mind that when the Church of England denied, by this 37th article, the Primacy of Peter and his successors in the See of Rome, it thereby made itself a more heretical and schismatical human institution. It denied what was plainly the doctrine of the Catholic Apostolic Church from the beginning, and by that denial separated itself from the Mystical Body of Christ, the real and vital union with which is absolutely necessary to secure from Christ the benefits annexed to the Christian dispensation.

P. D.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE PRESS.

To any one who has an opportunity of reading that portion of the press edited or compiled by Protestants—by the press, I mean, newspapers of all kinds, whether "newspapers," "journals" or magazines—there is but too plain evidence of the inbred disrespect and discourtesy of Protestant writers when referring to Catholics or to matters concerning Catholics, of the scarcely concealed sneer which is the leaven of even the most innocent of their articles.

The terms which these writers use in their impotent rage against every thing Catholic shows the petty meanness of their spirit. In their vocabulary the Catholic religion is "Popery;" the Catholic Church is the "Romish" Church; its Archbishops, Bishops and priests are "Romish" ecclesiastics; its children are "Romanists" or "Papists." Writers who use these terms cannot but know that, to Catholics, they are most offensive; and cannot but know that to call a church names or to call a man names is very poor argument against the doctrine of the Church or the faith of the man.

I dare say, however, it is but natural that the Protestant "religious" press should adopt this style of argument. In days long gone by the greater part of the arguments used against Christ himself and his doctrines, was that of calling Him names. And it is but natural that such papers as the *Mail and Week*, the one crazed with hatred of the French, the other crazed with hatred of the Irish, should follow in the wake of the "religious" papers.

But even in papers which it might be expected would have the decency to follow out the course for which they were organized, and maintain a becoming silence on religious matters, except in so far as our common Christianity may demand, the cloven foot of bigotry sometimes appears. It may be in a sentence quietly let fall like a drop of poison into an editorial, or it may be in an article quietly selected from another paper to give us "current thought," save the mark!

It certainly might be expected from "*The Educational Weekly*" published in this city, that it, at least, would follow out its alleged mission—that of an educational journal for all classes—without giving offence to the Catholics of this Province, some of whom, I presume, are among its subscribers. But in last week's issue of that paper there is a short article copied from the "*Evangelical Churchman*" against the publication of which in a journal which is supposed to be purely educational and not *sectarian*, I most strongly protest. In this article most of the offensive terms above referred to are used; and it winds up with the following delightful morsel:—"There is one part of the Cardinal's lengthy argument which, the Propaganda will, without fail, appreciate, namely, that the opposition of Rome to the Knights 'would be ruinous to the financial support of the Church at home, and to the raising of Peter's Pence.'" Catholic readers of the "*Weekly*" how do you like this? And this is not a first offence on the part of that journal.

It is time to put a stop to this sort of thing, and Catholics who show unmistakably that they resent such bigotry will respect themselves and their faith, and will be respected by the very journals which now delight in language so offensive.

M. A.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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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. MACCAHE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa.

T. J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Ottawa.

Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara.

T O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School.

Rev. Dr. ÆNEAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., Ottawa.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1887.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is announced as having recently disposed of his interest in the *Week*. It was somewhat more than a year ago, we believe we are correct in saying, that Mr. Smith disposed of, or rather relinquished, any interest in that journal, since which time it has steadily deteriorated, although made the medium of very many of Mr. Smith's exacerbations.

WE trust it is true, as has been stated, that the Marquis of Lansdowne has not approved of a movement to effect the general ejection of his Irish tenants. Reductions in rent have been refused and evictions resorted to, in the case only, it is claimed, of certain of the richer of his tenants who were not deemed entitled to the concessions reserved, as it seems, for the more impoverished among them, although it was never generally known that many of the Governor-General's tenants in Kerry luxuriated in any considerable opulence.

THE Rev. Father Hamel, President of the Royal Society of Canada, Mr. J. G. Bourinot, Secretary, and the members of the council who waited upon the Premier recently to ask for a continuance of the Parliamentary grant to enable them to publish the proceedings of the society, urged also the desirability of erecting a national museum in Ottawa to serve the purpose of a Science and Art repository for Canada, and in which the fine geological and natural history specimens and art works from the National Gallery would find a fitting abode.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* believes the Pope to be "a great power in this world," and asks "how much longer England is to remain outside a centre of influence which seems destined to effect great things for humanity and civilization?" by being deprived of a Papal Nuncio to the Court of St. James. Thus, in spite of their assumed

distrust of the Holy See, even Protestant Englishmen are being brought to conviction of the truth that if their country is to remain an important factor in the world's affairs, they cannot afford either to ignore or despise the Apostolic See.

AMONG new books announced which will be of interest to historical scholars in this country, is "Mandements, Lettres, Pastorales et Circulaires des Evêques de Québec," to be published at Québec under the editorship of the Abbés Tetu and Gagnon. As Maine, New York, and every frontier State west to Minnesota, Missouri, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi were in early days under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Québec, these official acts become necessary to a study of the early ecclesiastical and social history of the country. The work is to be issued in seven or eight volumes, one or two to appear every year.

To take any notice whatever of the attack on his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, which appeared in the last number of the *Week* under cover of a criticism of the letter to Lord Churchill, is to give fictitious importance to both the article and its author. The writer who, without so much as a show of that courtesy which a gentleman would be careful to at least seem to accord to the occupant of so exalted an office, rebukes a prelate, venerated for great charity and kindness, for having appealed on behalf of an afflicted and long-suffering people, and who suggests with very suitable brutality that the appeal may be yet answered "by fixed bayonets and ball cartridge," lays himself open to the suspicion of being, if not wholly a blockhead, unpleasantly like to a blackguard.

THE *Globe* of Wednesday has an article of some significance on the Ministerial Association and public education. When the *Globe* says "We have no doubt that the Ontario Government are well satisfied with the design of the Ministerial Association to bring their case before the Minister of Education," we have in a round-about way an intimation of something that has "no doubt" been hatching for some months. It is a case of "hands all round" in a family party—the Association, the Minister and the newspaper all alike being of one stripe—though, indeed, as to the newspaper, we have not generally to complain. The *Globe* has fought for the Irish cause and for the Reform cause with some considerable zeal, and if many Catholics are found in these directions then the *Globe* has been with them. The Ministerial Association feel themselves alive in what they deem a good cause—not so much the advancement of religion as the repression of Rome and the Separate Schools. It is safe to say they will do whatever they can to repress both, and to secure to themselves that notoriety so valuable to gentlemen on the look out for a "call." The Minister will do, or perhaps be forced to do, what is most expedient and politic; and this can be worked out best, the *Globe* thinks, by way of a commission. Commissions are good things for accomplishing nothing. A couple of gentlemen sit for months and take evidence, return it to the Minister; then the Minister and the Government do usually as they please with it.

The *Globe*, in the same article, also says: "The Roman Catholic minority of Ontario should receive generous treatment." How very good. This apparently assumes the existence of an unseen Protestant power in the country, which gives to itself everything that may be wanted, and doles out to Catholics whatever it pleases. In truth that is the practice, very nearly, but the putting of the case as the *Globe* does is very offensive, to say the least. Whatever justice Catholics got about Separate Schools the Ministerial Association will wrest from them if they can whatever Catholics members of the Cabinet they tolerate, they tolerate cause things

can't exist without one. When the appointments are confined to caretakers, and two-dollar-a-day civil servants, all things are well and good, but beyond that Protestantism is in danger. The *Globe* also says, very indecently, "One would scarcely go to Roman Catholic clergymen for an impartial account of arrangements affecting Protestants and Roman Catholics." One scarcely would not so long as there was a Ministerial Association at hand; but not until the *Globe* can point to any Roman Catholic clergymen making such spectacles of themselves as is the custom of the McLeods, the Milligans, the Macdonells, and others of the Ministerial Association, will it be time to make so odious a comparison.

In a letter to a gentleman connected with this journal under date of March 6th, a young ecclesiastic belonging to Toronto, at present pursuing his studies in Genoa, gives the following graphic description of the recent earthquake in Italy :

The first shock came at twenty minutes past six on the morning of Ash Wednesday. I was in bed at the time, being indisposed, and lay there half asleep and half awake, but suddenly became wide awake, by the bed being violently shaken as though some one was trying to throw me out. I sat up, and as the shaking still continued I knew it was an earthquake. I thought that I could do no good, so simply made the sign of the Cross and lay down again. The shock lasted only fifteen minutes, though it seemed much longer, but in that short time it did millions of dollars worth of damage, and killed over a thousand people in and around Genoa. The other students, my companions, were at meditation in the Chapel. The subject for meditation was as suitable for an earthquake as could be: "Remember man that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." They were of course greatly startled, and one of them first said in English (he was an Irishman) "God keep us in His grace." Then when the candles began to rock upon the altar he began in Latin, "We fly to thy protection O Holy Mother of God." Another at the same moment began the *Miserere*; another the *De Profundis*. It was as when St. Peter and the other two apostles saw our Lord transfigured, "They knew not what they said." Five minutes later a second shock came which lasted only three seconds, and at five minutes to nine, whilst we were at High Mass, two more light shocks came on. The panic in the city was immense. About sixty thousand persons remained out of doors all night. The Grand Piazza dell'Acqua Sola or Public Square was crowded. Gentlemen slept in their carriages in the open air. Another shock came on about two o'clock next morning, but as we had gone to bed as usual we did not feel it.

This shock sent a still greater crowd pell-mell into the streets. They did not dare to sleep in their houses. In Genoa the bells in the houses rang, and the furniture rattled about in a way to make—well, an infidel say his prayers. There was no serious damage done, but in the country round about and in other parts of Italy the destruction of property and loss of life was very great. Our director was preaching on the morning of Ash Wednesday in a church close by our country house. He had been invited to do so by the parish priest who had been stationed there since 1848, but had hardly received the invitation when the good old *parrocco* suddenly died, so that our director went to bury him, as it were. The subject of his sermon was "Death." He had a good argument, as he could say to the people: the man who invited me a few days ago to preach to you and was then alive and well, is now dead. We should all be prepared, etc. But in the middle of the sermon a still stronger argument was supplied, for the earthquake came. When the people saw the candles falling off the altar, and the Stations of the Cross tumbling down, they began to cry out *miser cordia* and rushed out of the Church leaving the preacher to continue to empty benches. There was no other course but for him to leave too. The Genoese are at present rather nervous as they fear a repetition of the shocks, but *Speremus in Domino*.

With the recurrence of Holy Week, Mother Church gathers her children once more about her altars to join in the solemn commemoration of the Passion and Death of our Most Holy Redeemer. It is a time for most profound and serious meditation and all the ceremonies of the Church, from Palm Sunday until the dawn of Easter morning, are directed to the one end, of bringing home to the hearts and consciences of men the significance of the sufferings of our Divine Lord, upon whom "hath been laid the iniquity of us all." Although Holy Week is usually considered to begin with Palm Sunday, yet, as it is Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem which is chiefly contemplated on that day, it is not until Monday that Holy Week, or the commemoration of the Passion, may properly be said to begin. The chief events in our Lord's Passion then pass before us in sorrowful array: His Agony in the Garden; His Scourging; His Crown of Thorns; His Burden of the Cross; the whole culminating in the awful Sacrifice of Calvary. Cold indeed must be the heart and callous the soul that can listen unmoved to the voice of the Church singing in mournful strains the lamentation of her suffering Spouse, "My people, what have I done to thee, wherein have I vexed thee? Answer me."

The ritual of the Church, at all times admirably adapted to appeal to the heart and to illustrate and convey to the understanding the truths of our religion, is never more so than during Holy Week. There is no confusion here, but dignified and orderly devotion. The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the repository prepared for it; the stripping of the altars, the washing of feet, the blessing of oils, the adoration of the Cross, the blessing of fire, water, etc., and the wonderfully impressive office of *Tenebræ*, are all calculated to inspire devotion, and to instil into the heart, love of God and hatred of sin. The spirit which animates the Church through all these ceremonies, to their minutest detail, is beautifully set forth by the late Cardinal Wiseman, in his "Lectures on Holy Week," which, although primarily addressed to a Roman audience and relating to the imposing celebration in the Sistine Chapel, are not less true of the humblest temple in the Church of God.

"It is not," says the Cardinal, "to a mere display of outward ceremonial, framed never so artfully, or conceived never so sublimely, that you are summoned, but to assist at a solemn commemoration of your Redeemer's most sorrowful passion and death. Whatever of beauty there may be in the exterior forms of this commemoration, whatever pathos in its sounds, whatever poetry in its words, whatever feeling in its action, is but owing to the ruling thought, the spirit of devotion and piety which forms its soul, and has breathed its own influence through these its manifestations. Vain, indeed, and foolish, and ministering unto evil, are all such things, unless a high destination consecrate or at least enoble them; but where shall they find a higher sphere, or an occasion worthier of their heavenly power, than in the scenes which commemorate the grandest and most pathetic of all Christian mysteries? When our Blessed Saviour expired, it would seem as though divine power were exerted to bring into harmony with the moment the appearances of nature. The sky was darkened, and the earth trembled, and rocks were rent, and sepulchres opened, that whatever was seen or heard might sympathize with the main action of the awful tragedy. It would have been painfully unnatural, and discordant, had the catastrophe taken place, wherein nature's Author suffered, amidst the liquid splendours of a spring day's noon, while flowers were opening at the foot, and birds chirping their connubial songs round the head of His cross. And it is in a similar spirit that the Church, His spouse, observes annually the representation of this heart-rending sight, seeking to attune the accessories and circumstances thereof to the melancholy and solemn depth of sentiment which it must inevitably infuse. Therefore are these days of fasting and humiliation; for who would feast and riot when his Lord is refreshed only with vinegar and

gall? They are days bare of all costly apparel and religious splendour; for who would be gaily vested when his Saviour's seamless garment is cast for' with lots? They are days of lamentation and lugubrious strains; for who would bear to hear joyful melodies in commemoration of sighs and groans uttered over sin?"

"THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK."

FROM THE "ROMAN BREVIARY,"

To-day the Blessed Three-in-One
Began the earth and skies,
To-day, a Conqueror, God the Son,
Did from the grave arise;
We, too, will wake, and, in despite
Of sloth and langour, all unite,
As Psalmists bid, through the dim night
Waiting with wistful eyes.

So may He hear, and heed each vow
And prayer to him address;
And grant an instant cleansing now,
A future glorious rest.
So may he plentifully shower,
On all who hymn His love and power,
In this most still and sacred hour,
His sweetest gift and best.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

AN EASTERTIDE PASTORAL.

His Grace the Archbishop on the Duties of the Faithful During Passion Week.

Archbishop Lynch has addressed this circular letter to the clergy of the Archdiocese:

REV. SIR.—There are two abuses beginning to prevail, one of which is taken from paganism, the other from ill-understood Christianity.

Pagans indeed paid great respect to the bodies of their dead friend, and this was all right in its way. But, not believing in the immortality of the soul, or that the soul had any fixed existence after the death of the body, all their reverence referred to the body alone. The Indians, who have a belief in a life to come, do, in their crude way, all they can to assist the soul after its departure from the body, laying beside the dead his arms and implements. Christianity teaches that the soul lives after the death of the body, and that all do not leave the earth sufficiently purified to enter at once into the joys of Heaven. Whence, while paying due respect to the remains of our friends, we turn our attention especially to the wants of the soul. In England when Christianity was in its vigor, whilst the Kingdom itself was still a part of the Catholic Church of Christendom, the friends of the dead gave out doles to the poor on the day of the death or of the burial, or on the third, seventh or thirtieth day, that for these alms the poor might plead before God for the deceased. They founded monasteries and colleges with the proviso that a certain number of masses should every year be said for the souls of their dead. Kings and nobles joined in this work. The decadence of Christianity in England brought about the confiscation of these trusts to the personal advantage of kings and courtiers. The unjust retainers of these stolen properties will one day have to answer before God for their injustice.

The pagan idea of reverence to the body only is again cropping up and influencing the customs of the present day. The charitable works of former times are giving way to grand display of funerals, magnificent coffins, and heaps of flowers, sometimes shaped into ludicrous and unseemly designs. All this, apart from the Pagan humanity-worship it implies, is useless expense. It brings comfort, not to the soul departed, but to the pride of the living friends. None but Catholics in name only would think of imitating such examples. Flowers fade, but the doles of charity live forever in the treasury of Heaven.

If the dead could speak they would say: "All this display is of no use to me. If the money you thus squan-

der in honouring my dead body were applied in the mercies of the poor, or in sacrifices for my soul, then, indeed, it would bring me joy. Now the odour of your Pagan honours oppresses me."

Many might cry out: "The weight of this magnificent monument (perhaps not paid for) crushes me."

We are glad to know that associations have been formed both in England and the United States, for the simplification of funerals, and that rich people, who could well afford the expense, are setting the example of simplicity in these matters.

We wish to warn Catholics against the abuse of extravagance in funerals. If friends wish to show their respect for the departed, let them do so by at least themselves paying for the carriage that conveys them to the cemetery.

The Church permits a crown of flowers, as a sign of heavenly joy, upon the head of children only who have not attained the age of reason. The simple pall is all she allows on the coffin at the funeral of those who have reached the age of reason.

You are hereby enjoined to see that these rules of the Church be, for the future, religiously and strictly carried out.

The other abuse of which we would speak is something altogether contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It is the enormity of turning the great day of grief and mourning, the anniversary of the death of Christ, into a day of pleasure and amusement, a day of theatres and horse-racing and prize-shooting. Our Lord has said that when the spouse is taken from them they shall fast. It is the universal custom that the anniversaries of death are days of silence and mourning. Her Majesty the Queen of England sets, in this respect, as far as she can, a good example by having religious services on the anniversary of her husband's death, and by summoning on these occasions all her children and relatives. She does not give balls or parties or grand receptions on such anniversaries. Her illustrious example is a reproach to those who would outrage in this respect the traditions of Christianity.

For the profanation of Good Friday this excuse is often heard from non-Catholic lips: "We have reason to rejoice on this day of our redemption." We answer, "You have more reason to imitate the venerable practice of the Catholic Church by on that day grieving for your sins, which caused Christ's passion and death, reserving your joy for the anniversary of His glorious resurrection."

Catholics must not be led away by the bad example of people who are too often in ignorance of the meaning even of the day, who know of Good Friday this only, that it is a bank holiday.

The usage of ceasing from business on that day is a relic of old Catholic tradition, and arose not from a design to seek amusement, but that people might be enabled to go freely to Church.

Yours in Christ,

†JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, April 5th, 1887.

THE Scotch parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make when he prayed for the Council and Parliament that they "might hang together in those trying times." A countryman standing by cried out, "Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people." "But, my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter in what cord," the inveterate fellow replied, "so it's only a strong one."

GLADSTONE, in his "Studies of Homer," says of the Catholic Church, "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

A LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.

Written for the Catholic Weekly Review.

The day was stormy, cold and drear,
And blinding snow flakes filled the air;
Keen frost bound every streamlet fast,
And piercing was the wintry blast.
A kingly train pressed quickly on,
And Rome's proud Emperor leads the throng,
All travel-stained with journeying far,
And wearied with the toils of war.
And many a knight shrank from the storm,
And closer drew his mantle warm.

When lo! a beggar, scarcely clad,
Trembling and anguished, cold and sad,
Presumed the royal course to stay,
Pleading his want and misery.
Stern, and impatient of delay,
Th' imperious monarch turned away;
Fast, and still faster urged his steed,
Spurning the beggar and his need;
And not a stalwart soldier there
Gave him relief, or heard his prayer,
Save a young knight, who, following, saw
The suffering form, and longed to pour
With pitying heart and generous mind
On that bruised soul, his mercy kind.
But what had he? nor purse, nor gift,
Nor substance, save the clothes he wore.

One moment—and with movement swift,
This mantle from his shoulders tore,
This all—and he could give no more.
Then quickly checked his bridle-rein,
Drew forth his sword, and cut in twain
The garment's ample folds, and then
The one half to the beggar gave,
The other wrapped his shoulders brave.
With lightning speed pursued his way,
Leaving the mendicant to pray
A blessing on his youthful head,
As thus, in haste, his charger sped,
That each succeeding day may bring
Health, happiness, and joy to him.

At length, when the declining sun
Gave warning, that the day was done,
The way-worn travellers turned aside
To seek repose, at eventide.
All slumbered—and Knight Martin, he
Was also sleeping peacefully.
When round him blazed a dazzling light,
Forcing itself upon his sight.
A man appeared, with noiseless tread,
A thorny crown was on his head.
Angels adored, with reverend bend,
And on his every step attend.
Celestial music floated o'er,
And Martin's cloak his shoulders wore.

"O, who art thou?" young Martin cried,
Amazed, bewildered, terrified.
A heavenly voice, in accents clear,
Spoke, "Rise, my son, and banish fear,
As thou did'st aid my servant poor,
Who, wand'ring, begged from door to door.
Thou shew'd'st this mercy unto me,
Who dost reward thy charity.
Awake, arise; put up thy sword;
A soldier shalt thou be, of God.
No more in heathen darkness lie."
Then Martin knew the Lord was nigh.

The vision vanished—Martin rose
And left the place of his repose.
With purpose firm, and mien sedate,
He hastened to a cloister's gate.
There knocked, and entered, evermore
Serving his Master, in His poor,
No more defiled with worldly dross,
A faithful soldier of the Cross.

O, Charity! of virtues bright,
Dearest of all in God's clear sight;
You brought a Jesus down from Heaven,
And man was saved, and sin forgiven.

M. M. PALSGRAVE.

ST. LEO IX. AND HUGO VON EGISHEIM.

A LEGEND.

IN the most stirring period of Church history, just preceding the pontificate of the illustrious Gregory VII., there lived at his lordly castle of Egisheim, Hugo the Count. Fortune had smiled upon him. His ancestral home, rich in the memories of a knightly line, looked down upon the whole of Alsace. Smiling lands, vine-covered hills, fair domains environed it. From the Vosges to the Rhine, Hugo reigned supreme. But amidst it all he abode a solitary man. Care had marked him for its own. The furrowed brow, the heavy step, the lustreless eye, all told of some secret grief which canker-like preyed upon his inmost heart. The dance, the song, the banquet, were alike odious to him. The air of courts seemed but to stifle him. He shunned alike the tournament and the chase. His falconers complained that he had forgotten the very name of hawking. Much speculation was rife as to what could have bowed down a nature once so buoyant. But sternly Hugo kept his counsel, and month followed month into the all-engulfing past. Spring came smiling over the hills, and dropped her blossoms over the hedges and the gardens, and sped away again, while fiery summer ruled the plain. Autumn came, soft and brown, subduing the green of trees, lending a sadness to the distant woods, and a deeper glow to the sunset skies. Winter brought the genial glow of hearths, and the shining of Christmas stars and cheering sounds of household mirth. But Hugo remained alone, and beheld with indifferent eyes the seasons that followed each other into eternity. The castle-chaplain, who had watched him with ever-increasing solicitude, at length broke the spell, conjuring him most fervently to make known to him the causes of his melancholy. Hugo could no longer restrain the impulse, common to mankind, of making some fellow-creature the sharer in his grief.

"Father," he cried, "I may no longer keep from thee my guilty secret. Thou bid'st me to confess, applying thus to a mortal wound the remedy which the Holy Church prescribes. But know that a ban is on me. I walk an excommunicated man by virtue of the kindred blood which cries to heaven for vengeance on my head." He paused, wiping away the drops of perspiration falling from his forehead.

"Heaven sent to Frau Heilwig, my wife, and me," he continued, speaking with a painful effort, "three noble boys. My cup of happiness was full, when death stepped in. The two elder found a resting-place within the ancestral vault. Frau Heilwig, followed them all too soon. But one remained, the darling of my life. A creature full of buoyant life, in whom rare sweetness blended with a grace beyond his years. It so fell out, that at this very time, a thrice-accursed wizard crossed my path. His sinister prediction worked my ruin. 'A mournful lot is thine, lord Count,' he said; 'thou shalt wander far from here, a pilgrim, barefooted and in sackcloth. Thy son shall become a mighty lord. Thou shalt kneel before his throne, and kiss his foot.'"

Hugo stopped, pressed his hand over his eyes, and went on with faltering voice.

"This prophecy so haunted me, that no rest was mine by day or night. I saw my Bruno become an Absalom, bereaving me of lands and titles, myself an outcast, suppliant at his throne. Better he should die in his innocence and speed to heaven. Some spirit of darkness held my soul in thrall. I called to me a huntsman, and to him I cried, 'Take with thee to the royal hunt, Bruno, my son. When thou art in the thickest of the woods, shoot him, and bring me his bloody heart, as token that thy task hath been fulfilled.' As I willed, so was it done. Since that hour no ray of joy hath pierced my darkened heart. The arrow that pierced my son so wounded me, that death alone can heal the wound."

He ceased, bowed his head in mortal anguish, while the priest stood mute with horror at the tale.

"My son," he said, at length "thy sin is great, indeed, and it behooveth thee to speed to Holy Rome,

There, seated in St. Peter's Chair, is One who can absolve thee through the blood of Christ. That man of God, whom even now the people name Saint Leo, will soothe thy troubled heart, will bring lost hope unto thy erring soul. Put ashes on thy head, array thyself in sackcloth, take the pilgrim staff, and barefoot seek his presence."

Obedient to this command, Hugo sped away past rock and river, over rugged roads and toilsome ways, until at length the gates of the Holy City gleamed upon his sight. Prostrate at Leo's feet he told his tale of guilt. The Pontiff reigning then in those middle years of the eleventh century was comely to look upon, of grave and gentle mien, a man of God, whom priest and people alike revered. As monk at Cluny and Bishop of Toul, he had given many tokens of the sanctity which later was to place him on the calendar of the Church as St. Leo IX.

He heard the Count's confession with a countenance in which horror was overmastered by pity and tenderness. He seemed himself a prey to some acute emotion. At length he spoke in low and solemn tones, pointing upwards the while as one inspired: "Though thy sins are as scarlet, the blood of Christ will wash them white as snow. The ban is broken. In the name of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I declare thee forgiven. Go thy ways, and may the peace of Christ be with thee evermore."

Hugo with fervent gratitude kissed the cross upon the Pontiff's foot. New hope and a divine peace, born of penance, dawned upon his soul. Yet, still, Pope Leo struggled with some hidden feeling, his silence more eloquent than spoken words. He rose and crossed the room. Through a window hard by the light of an Italian afternoon streamed in and touched them both, the forgiven one, and he unto whom all power was given in heaven and in earth.

"Hugo," he said, "arise, that thou may'st know my secret, as thou hast revealed thy own. Thy son long mourned as dead still lives."

In mute amaze, Count Hugo fixed his eyes upon the Pontiff's face. His hands worked nervously. His face grew paler still. His lips parted as if to speak. But Leo spoke again:

"Thy faithful huntsman saved thee from thyself. He brought to thee a bloody heart, indeed. 'Twas that of a stag shot down by his unerring arrow in the wild-wood. The boy he took unto his humble hut, there waiting till thy frenzy should have passed. It pleased Almighty God that thy son was called to serve Him in the holy state. Forth from the cloister life he bent, a simple monk, obeying higher powers. They made him Bishop of Toul, and he to-day, though all unworthy, sits in St. Peter's chair. Father, I am Bruno."

Hugo's heart was fair to break with joy, as, clasped to

Leo's heart, he thought how thus had come to pass the wizard's prophecy. He had knelt before his son and kissed his feet—the feet of Bruno, who, serene and calm, in power unrivalled, dignity supreme, exalted sanctity, occupied the throne more grand than that of Cæsar, as ancient as the Christian faith on earth, the representative of God Himself.—ANNA T. SADLER in the "Catholic Home Almanac."

NOTES.

SIR PATRICK JENNINGS has arrived in London as one of the representatives of New South Wales at the coming colonial conference.

It was stated at the annual meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society in Edinburgh, that the Catholic population in Scotland numbered 342,000, and that it is steadily on the increase, mainly through the immigration from Ireland.

THE Archdiocesan Union of New York is actively engaged in making preparations to suitably receive and entertain the national delegates to the convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which will be held in the Charlier Institute, in that city, on May 25th and 26th.

It appears that the total archiepiscopal and episcopal sees in the British Empire is between a seventh and eighth of the entire episcopate of the Church. The Catholic population of the British Empire is estimated at 9,682,000, half which belongs to Great Britain and Ireland. In Australasia alone there 568,000 Catholics.

AMONG recent converts to the Faith in England are Mrs. Codd, wife of the Rev. Alfred Codd, Vicar of Beaminster, who was lately received into the Church by Cardinal Newman, at the Birmingham Oratory, and Rev. Giles Randall, a member of the Brotherhood of Common Life, an Anglican society at Ramsgill, Yorkshire.

CARDINAL MORAN is preparing to introduce the Irish Christian Brothers into Sydney, N.S.W. Over 40 years ago these religious attempted to make a foundation in Sydney, but without success. There is no fear of failure this time, however, and the present intended establishment will be the parent house in the Order for the whole of the colony.

In the presence of God we speak too much; we do not listen enough. Let us allow the Master to speak. This is just; it will be profitable. Indeed, He knows what we know, and we do not know what He knows.—ABBE ROUSS.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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

The first number of the *Catholic
Weekly Review*, edited by Mr. Gerald
Fitzgerald, has been issued. The *Re-
view* is neatly printed, and is full of in-
teresting 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 prom-
ise 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 Re-
view*, published in Toronto. The
articles are creditable, and the mechan-
ical get up is in good style. We wel-
come our 'confrere' to the field of Catho-
lic journalism, and wish it every suc-
cess.—*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, em-
bracing 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
notin Danger.'—*PETERBORO' EXAMINER*.

We have received the first copy of a
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lic Weekly Review*, published at To-
ronto, Canada. It is a very neat twelve
page little volume, laden with the gold-
en fruit of Catholic truths, bearing its
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contemporary prosper, and live long and
happy.—*WESTERN CATHOLIC*, Chicago.

We have received the first number of
The Catholic Weekly Review. It con-
tains several articles from able writers,
prominent among them being the con-
tributions of His Lordship Bishop
O'Mahoney, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, and
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