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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 28, 1887

No. 50.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Saturday the Pope received the deputation which represented the Church in America at the jubilee. It consisted of four bishops and a number of priests.

The Marquis of Bute (the Lothair of Disraeli's novel) has presented a chapel to the Catholics of Rothsay. It is understood the building, which will be very ornate, will cost \$80,000.

Mr. Parnell's health has decidedly improved, and though the organic disease remains he has obtained comparative relief from pain, and as a consequence has gained in weight and improved in appearance. He has been ordered to take horseback exercise and can be seen frequently on the Knightsbridge side of Rotten Row, mounted on a big bay horse. His delicacy is indicated by his amount of wine and the large ulster that he wears shows that in matter of dress and comfort he has no narrow provincial prejudices.

The Rome *Opinione* says it is not probable that the Pope seriously intends to intervene in the settlement of the Irish question in the interest of the present British Government. If the Duke of Norfolk really has an official mission, there is nothing to justify the hope that it will be successful. The Pope, it says, cannot go beyond advising the Irish

bishops to follow a policy of prudence and moderation, the Irish question being an economic and national one, and not a religious one. The *Opinione* extols Gladstone's policy as the most likely to pacify Ireland.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., editor of *United Ireland*, was released from Tullamore gaol last Friday. He proceeded to the priest's house in Tullamore, followed by a large crowd, which cheered him repeatedly. Mr. O'Brien's looks denote that his constitution is shattered, and his physicians insist that he should go to the south of France for the benefit of his health. The people of Tullamore have presented Mr. O'Brien with an address, in which they say that they are indifferent to the coercion law, but that Mr. Balfour's execution of the law is brutal and a disgrace to the Government.

Mr. John Dillon, in a speech at Cambridge on Monday, declared that, notwithstanding the subserviency of the local magistracy to the tyranny of the Castle authorities, the Government's policy in Ireland was an abject failure. Wherever the League has been proclaimed, said Mr. Dillon, its strength had trebled. Some of the League's greatest Plan-of-Campaign victories had been gained in the past fortnight. Mr. Dillon's only fear was not that the spirit of Irish nationality would be quenched by coercion, but that the last chance of knitting the hearts of Englishmen and Irishmen in bonds of love and sympathy would pass unseized.

Liberals like Mr. Labouchere, M. P., men in whom the democracy place their political faith, take a serious view of the present administration of Ireland. Mr. Labouchere's words following are full of suggestiveness.—

"Mr. Balfour must be impeached as soon as there is a constitutional majority in Parliament. Had he merely acted in conformity with his own Coercion Act he would have been within the letter of the law. But he has not only perverted this Act, he has gone beyond it and trampled upon all law. What more did Strafford do?—and we know what happened Strafford when friends of the Constitution had a majority in Parliament. It is no excuse to Mr. Balfour's servile instruments that they act in obedience to orders any more than it would be to a magistrate in England who committed murder and pleaded the orders of Home Secretary Matthews. These men in the end will have to be ejected from public service, and they will have reason to be thankful if worse things do not befall them."

Who will say, in view of Mr. Wilfred Blunt's recent statements, that Mr. Labouchere hints at too much, or, that if, after being inquired into by Parliament, with every particularity of detail, charges having so much presumptive evidence of probability on the face of them, can be brought home to Mr. Balfour, advantage should not be taken of every constitutional precedent?

BITS OF TRAVEL.—II.

FIRST DAY IN THE CONTINENT.

When you leave England at night with the steamer full of passengers, all speaking English, your first idea is that in the morning, on the continent, they will all speak a foreign tongue. Your first recollection is that it was a rough night and that you were sick. When one crosses the Atlantic without missing a meal, he naturally concludes that he can cross the Channel or the German Ocean without committing his heart of hearts to the deep. False and rash conclusions. It was my boast to have done the great ferry pond with glory and my disgrace to be done by the lesser ferry from Harwich to Antwerp. When it is rough weather the thing is natural; when it is fine weather they will tell you the tide is against the vessel. So one never escapes, because the tide is as certain as the existence of the moon. Ours was a beautiful, moonlight night in the middle of August and every one was sick except the captain and his men. The tide was coming in.

The first impression one has of Holland is that there wasn't water enough to cover all the land a foot more would have done it and turned, very literally, all the windmills into water wheels. You appear to sail up in the air—the land down below seems like rafts of timber, only bigger and of a different colour. When the steamer gets somewhat out from the sea into the country, so to speak, you are nearing Antwerp, and that is the only way you can tell. One windmill is very like another and there are no towns.

It is impossible to speak naturally to a foreigner. Either you chop up your sentences or you use out-of-the-way words, and, of course, you talk at the top of your voice. When the Custom House officers will tell their experiences to each other in the next world, they will have many amusing things to relate. Compare the scenes acted every day in Cologne or in Calais. Even on the arrival of the Atlantic steamers, what deception and lying and farce. A good-natured Irishman at Queenstown enquired, in that richest and softest of southern accents, if we had any "cigars, or whiskey, or revolvers," and we hadn't, and we got through without more. In New York there was a declaration, an inventory, a row of officials, a delay, a tip, besides speeches and profanity. An annoying part of this business on the continent is that you may be stopped at any little town on the borders of two countries, and have all your effects displayed before the passengers in the car and the representatives of the two nations. This seems to be the chief use of the standing armies in Belgium and the smaller states of Europe.

Belgium, viewed from a railway, train seems a prosperous country and one where the people are thrifty and comfortable. You often see the field laid off by rows of tall trees in the place of fences. Two cows, tandem fashion, are a yoke of oxen for farming purposes, and I frequently saw women ploughing with them. Dogs, harnessed to small carts, carry a driver and a considerable load just as the little donkeys do in Ireland. What appeared to me highly ridiculous was a very ordinary load of wheat in the sheaf drawn across a level field by two span of strong horses; one French-Canadian pony would have trotted off with it.

The railway carriages and the trains in Europe are small in comparison to ours. The coaches are about the size of a small baggage car or the tender. They are just the size of two or three omnibuses put side by side. Doors on each side of the car let you in and out from the platform, and when the train is going the doors are locked and yourself and six or seven others are then face to face just as in the bus coming from the depot. A clergyman on the ocean steamer who took up a collection to put in new seats in his Sunday-school and who lived riotously thereafter, told me as a joke that the reason he travelled third-class in England was that there was no fourth class. He should go to the continent, though few travellers now go in that way. The second class is certainly as luxurious as the first, and generally the third is well cushioned at the back. I prefer them to the American coaches in every way. In the

German lines the conductor passes the whole length of the train on the outside examining the tickets. There is a board about a foot wide and a hand-rail, but you can fancy being shocked when in a train going forty miles an hour the sash in the door is let down, and a head is thrust in and your ticket scrutinized. The railway officials are a great institution, though they sink before the majestic Customs officers. The latter are ominous for their caps with red bands. A man with three bands on his cap would no more speak to you than he would to a man with a different number of bands from his own. In Prussia the Government controls the railway, and every five minutes the conductor is late there is so much deducted from his salary for that day. They are generally punctual, but the trains do not go very fast. We talk in this country of high railway speed in Europe, but except a few special lines the travel is no faster than with ourselves. Leaving Antwerp in the morning we went on to Mechlin with its renowned church, town and bells to Brussels, and arrived in the evening at Cologne, passing through Louvain with its great university, and Aix-la-Chapelle, famous for many events in history. There were seven in our compartment, an English party going Rhineward, and a German tutor and his sisters returning from England. We were all on the best of terms and chatted sociably; the Englishmen retained their manners of reserve as long as it could be done with the German addressing every one with great volubility. He said that the English left their good manners behind them, and were generally the most illbred of travellers on the Continent. They were noted for that. He then drifted on to educational and linguistic questions and the method of studying a foreign language. He could take a person of intelligence and in three weeks teach him German enough to go through Fatherland. He boasted and talked but he talked well. As we were all packed closely in the car I couldn't observe my next neighbour, who was a young English girl, very well educated and very good looking. The German, without regard to the slow-going qualities of his nature, fell as rapidly in love as if he were a mercurial Frenchman and we on our way to Paris. I never remember a more ridiculous thing, but so it was. In order that the knight may not be unworthy in her eyes, he recounted a number of adventures in which he came off victorious, and indeed with great *clat*. The English girl, who was no village maiden, but was out for several seasons, humoured him, and there is no knowing what romances may have occurred had not we stopped at Verviers, and two women travelling looked in for a seat.

CARLYLE ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Most of the literary lions and scientific lights of to-day have pronounced judgment on the Irish question, and various endeavours have been made to ascertain the opinions of the distinguished dead. Few celebrated Englishmen, other than politicians, have left on record such an emphatic declaration on the eternal question as is contained in an article written by Carlyle forty years ago. The article was called "Ireland and the British Governor," and appeared in the *Spectator* for May 15th, 1848. Its keynote is struck in the following passage: "By what means, then, are Irish wrongs to be redressed? Fifty thousand armed soldiers—in red coats or in green there are said to be about as many—here is prohibition of Repeal treason, but here is no cure of the disease which produces Repeal and other madneses and treasons among us. There is still no indication how the Irish population is to begin to live on just terms with one another and with ourselves—or, alas! even how it is to continue living at all. . . . That some new existence, deserving a little to be called society, will have to introduce itself there, that, accordingly, a real government, come from where it can, is indispensable for the human beings that inhabit Ireland." The sentiment of this passage is as true to-day as when it was written, although, of course, "the treason of Repeal" has been changed into a constitutional mandate for Home Rule. Yet, so far as we are aware, it has remained unquoted during the present controversy.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

We now approach the season of Septuagesima, which, properly speaking, is hardly a season, but a time of preparation. The season of Lent is the penitential preparation for the great feast of Easter, and hence the season immediately preceding it, commencing on Septuagesima Sunday, has been aptly termed "a preparation for a preparation."

At no time of the Liturgical year does the spirit of the world contrast so strongly with the spirit of the Church as during the season we are now considering. Under the name of carnival, "*jours gras*," &c., each nation, at this season, celebrates a time of license and indulgence in profane pleasures. In Catholic countries, more particularly, the flesh (*caro*) seems to take a very lingering and loving farewell (*vale*) of the feasting and pleasures which are forbidden during the coming great fast. It is not the object of this article to describe the freaks and follies of this fantastic season as observed by the world, but rather to speak of the "preparation for a preparation" which the Church recommends to her children at this time. Septuagesima Sunday is the third Sunday before Lent, and is followed by Sexagesima and Quinquagesima Sundays. These words mean seventy, sixty and fifty, as, in round numbers, they are at this number of days from the great Feast of Easter, whose due and solemn celebration is now commencing to occupy the mind of the Church. The date of the commencement of the Lenten fast has varied in various countries, under various circumstances, but the number of days fast (forty) has never varied, since it is modelled on that one great Fast made by our Saviour, for our sakes, in the desert. The date of Septuagesima cannot fall earlier than January 18th, nor later than February 22nd, since it depends on the date of Easter. The joyous time of Christmas has either nearly or entirely passed, and it is now time for us to prepare for even a still greater event than the Birth of the Son of God, for that of His glorious resurrection from the dead.

As this is a time of preparation for the great penitential observances of Lent, the Church, by exhorting the faithful to enter into themselves and by meditating on the corruption introduced into the world by the fall of man, and also on the inherent sinfulness of human nature teaches us to appreciate the immense mercy our Saviour has shown us in dying for our sins, and by means of repentance and confession asks us to place ourselves in that state of grace which will render efficacious those penitential works which we will perform during Lent.

How far opposed this spirit is to that of "the world" during the days preceding Lent is evident to all who reflect on it. This is why, in so many churches, the lovely devotion of the Forty Hours is specially practised at this season to offer expiation for the many sins by which God is offended during this time of reckless gaiety and dissipation known as "carnival." In many religious orders, and by many devout Christians, the Lenten fast is commenced at this season if not in all its rigour, yet in a sufficiently penitential manner. Commencing on Septuagesima Sunday, the Church prohibits the use of the divine word *Alleluia*! as too joyous a word for us to utter during our time of sadness. She also forbids us the joyous *Gloria in excelsis* (except occasionally on a Saint's Day during the week) and in sign of penitence, she clothes her altars and priests in robes of sad-coloured violet. Nor is the Ambrosian hymn *Te Deum Laudamus* to be heard until Easter shall again open our lips and hearts to joy with its glorious commemoration of Triumph over Death and Joyful Resurrection.

G. M. WARD.

HIS GRACE ON THE UNITY OF FAITH.

His Grace, the Archbishop, addressed a large audience in the Cathedral on Sunday evening, the 15th inst., on a topic which engages the attention of the Protestant denominations in this country and in England. We give a synopsis of the discourse:

All Protestant denominations feel keenly their unscriptural position on account of their divisions and multiplications of creeds. They are praying and soliciting prayers for union. Our Lord Himself prayed that His apostles might be one as "Thou Father in Me and I in Thee," that they may also be one, and "that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me." (John 17: 21.)

Now, respecting the ministers who preach different doctrines, the world over will not believe that Christ sent one of them. The Church of England is one creed, the Presbyterians another, the Methodists another, the Baptists another and so with the rest. Can all be sent to God to preach different doctrines? Was St. Peter sent to preach a different doctrine from John? "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." All Christians feel humiliated at the figure the preachers of the various denominations exhibit to the infidels of Asia and Africa when they preach to them. What is the sad cause of this diversity of creeds when all say that they build their faith on the Bible? This is a grievous mistake or error, and so often boasted about. As long as there is an uncertain guide error must follow. What is a Protestant guide? Not the Bible, though they often say so, but the interpretation which they put on the Bible. The Bible is right, but the interpretation put on the text by fallible, and, often, men ignorant of the rules of interpretation or criticism is not. "Many men of many minds" is an old proverb.

It is not therefore correct to say "I found my faith on my own view of the Bible texts. My Protestant religion gives me the right to read the Bible, and to take my own meaning of it." Therefore you are your own guide and author of your own faith, as you say of my own views of religion, self-guidance in very serious matters is very often a poor one. You guide yourself by others in most important concerns; your lawyers in worldly affairs, the physician in what concerns your health, your man of business, your banker or steward as the case may be, but in the affairs of your immortal soul, in which an eternity of happiness or misery is at stake, you consult no one; self-love, or worldly love of gain often deceives. Surely Christ who came to teach all truth did not leave it without a guardian or depository, a living witness to all men. Christ did not confide His doctrines or truth to individual men, but to a corporation which He calls His church, and He says to all His followers: "He that will not hear the church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

The Bible could not be the rule of faith for the immense majority who cannot read, or for Christians who lived before the art of printing was invented and Bibles circulated. From what source did they draw their faith, and how many drew true faith from the Bible? The Bible is like unto Christ when he was presented in the temple. Holy Simeon said, prophesying: "Behold, this child is set up for the fall and resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." (Luke 9: 34.) The Bible is set up for the fall of many who abuse that sacred volume, and for the resurrection of many who are faithful to its teaching.

Pray for true faith as in our Lord, and let us make an act of faith in all the truths contained in the Holy Bible, and not in the false interpretation of fallible men.

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.

THE REV. PATRICK DOWD.

PASTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Father Dowd, as his parishioners love to call him, was born in the County of Leith, Ireland, in 1813. At an early age he evinced an ardent desire to devote himself to the Church, and made his classical course at Newry. He went to Paris in 1832; he made his theological studies in the Irish College in that city, and his course was a brilliant one. In 1837, May 20th, he was ordained priest by Monseigneur Quelen, Archbishop of Paris; after his ordination, he returned to Ireland where he lived about ten years, six with the Archbishop of Armagh, and was President of the Diocesan Seminary of that town for one year.

In 1847, he resolved on joining the order of St. Sulpice, and

went to Paris for that purpose. After spending a year in the novitiate he was admitted a member of that illustrious body. He came to Montreal, 21st June, 1848, and officiated at St. Patrick's Church. When Father Connolly left St. Patrick's in 1860, over 27 years ago, Father Dowd was appointed by the Superior, Director of the congregation, a position which he has retained ever since.

Shortly after his arrival he saw the necessity of an asylum for Irish orphans, and early in 1849 established one, and the same year commenced the building of the present St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which was opened in November, 1851.

In 1865 he established St. Bridget's Home for the old and infirm, and the Night Refuge for the destitute. In 1866-7 he erected the present commodious building on Lagacheuere street for the Home and Refuge.

One can hardly estimate the vast amount of suffering relieved, and of the good done by these charities.

In 1872 he established St. Patrick's School on St. Alexander street, opposite the church; the building is large and commodious. This school is for girls and is conducted by the Rev. Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, whose reputation as educators is known all over America. Over 500 pupils attended this school. This splendid institution is another monument of Father Dowd's untiring zeal to forward the interests of his people.

Aided by the ladies of St. Patrick's congregation, he organized the annual Bazaars for the support of the Orphan Asylum;—these Bazaars have been from the first remarkably successful; the first was held in October, 1849; they have been continued yearly till this date.

Besides the above, Father Dowd has done much to ornament and beautify the interior of St. Patrick's Church, which, next to Notre Dame, is the most richly decorated in the city.

In 1866, when the dismemberment of the ancient parish of Notre Dame was proclaimed, Father Dowd's quick and vigilant eye saw that the congregations of St. Patrick's, and of the other Irish churches in this city would suffer seriously thereby, and he promptly petitioned the Holy See that the Irish Catholics of Montreal should be left in the undisturbed possession of their old privileges; his petition was received and substantially granted, and their position confirmed and defined to their satisfaction.

In 1877 he organized the great Irish Catholic pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome. We can all recollect the prayerful anxiety that was felt when the vessel carrying the pilgrims and their pastor was not heard of for several weeks. Prayers were offered in all the churches without distinction of creed, a pleasing proof that we Montrealers are not so bigoted or intolerant as some would make us appear.

When God, in great mercy, was pleased to restore them to their homes and friends, Father Dowd met with an enthusiastic reception, and was presented with a life size portrait of himself for the presbytery of St. Patrick's, where it now hangs.

Father Dowd has on several occasions been offered the highest dignities in the church, but has always declined them, twice, at least, having refused the mitre—namely, the Sees of Toronto and Kingston; Dec. 17th, 1852, he was named Bishop of Canadé in partibus, and Coadjutor of Toronto,—preferring to remain with St. Patrick's congregation, to whom he has devoted his life, feeling as he has always felt that he could do more good there than anywhere, even though he wore the mitre.

We make a few concluding remarks on the leading characteristics for which Father Dowd is so noted.

His large and comprehensive views have preserved him from falling into defects common to petty minds. His great intellect never deals with minor difficulties, but grapples only with questions of major importance. He has exhibited in his long career great talent and enterprise in the conception and executions of the various good works referred to above, which stamps him as a master mind. Joined to remarkably deep and profound thought is his powerfully persuasive eloquence, whose golden chords have been tuned with exquisite harmony to the highest subjects of religion, not only in St. Patrick's pulpit, but also in Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and other places in this country and in Ireland, where his brilliant and impressive sermons were greatly admired. His depth of argumentation and sublimity of expression give way at moments to the charm of gay and innocent conversation. It is chiefly in the exercises of hospitality that the largeness of his Irish heart

becomes apparent. His residence is the home of the Irish Ecclesiastics, whether priest or prelate. Most pleasing and fascinating in social circles, he is firm and unbending in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He directs his flock with a safe hand, warns his parishioners of any impending dangers, he calms the fears of the agitated mind, consoles the sick, assists the poor, and encourages and comforts pious and fervent souls. Endeared to all, respected and revered by all, his counsels are sought after by large numbers of his fellow citizens, for his knowledge extends through every department of human and Divine Science. The spirit of piety and zeal prevail wherever his advice is taken and practised.

It is impossible in a brief sketch to do full justice to the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's; indeed, to write his memoir in full since he came to this city in 1848, would be to write the history of the Irish Catholics of Montreal for the last 36 years, so intimately has he been associated with every good and charitable work. Though Father Dowd has reached his 74th year, he still preserves all the features of intellectual youth and enjoys excellent health. We conclude by wishing him continued health and strength to guide and direct the large flock confided to his care.—From Mr. Curran's Jubilee Memoir.

A TALK WITH CARDINAL MANNING.

THE IMPRESSION HE MADE ON AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Not much of the pomp and splendor of the Roman purple here, I thought, as I stood at the entrance of a large, but severely plain house, of no particular style of architecture, within a short walk of the House of Parliament. Yet this was the episcopal residence—the titular palace of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. I had some trouble finding the place. A policeman who was sunning himself around the next corner said he had never heard of Cardinal Manning.

The door of the mansion was opened by a middle-aged woman, very plainly dressed. I entered a wide hall, which was almost destitute of furniture. The woman who had admitted me opened a door to the right, and I found myself in a large, well lighted library, the sides of which were filled with book cases, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and containing about 10,000 volumes of works in every department of literature, although theology, philosophy and history predominated.

The furniture of the Cardinal's library was of the plainest kind, consisting of an oblong table, half-a-dozen leather seat chairs, and a cheap carpet of a neutral tint. On the walls were several pictures, among which I noticed portraits of Pius IX., Leo XIII., Cardinal Wiseman, and King Edward the Confessor.

While I was turning over the pages of a work on the Roman antiquities the library door opened, and a tall, slender, delicate figure glided into the room. The small red cap told me I was in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Henry Edward Manning. His simple, gentle manners made me feel at home at once. His voice was singularly sweet and winning, but exquisitely modulated.

I found the Cardinal deeply interested in the United States. Like many of his intelligent countrymen, he looks upon America as the country of the future, where the mental and the physical development of mankind are destined to attain their perfection. The Cardinal is greatly interested in the temperance cause, and attributes most of the misery of the poorer classes to the vice of intemperance. The Irishman drinks from joviality, the Englishman from brutality, and it is easier to reform an Irishman than an English drunkard.

It is not generally known that Cardinal Manning was a married man. While an Archdeacon in the Church of England he married Miss Sergeant, whose two sisters married Bishops Wilberforce and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning lived only a few months after her marriage, and her death filled the sensitive soul of her husband with a deep and lasting sorrow, and turned him more and more to a life of entire spirituality. Cardinal Manning was born in 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of Alfred Tennyson. His father was a member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England. Young Manning, after a preparatory education at Harrow, entered Balliol College,

Oxford, where he distinguished himself no less by his scholarship than by the polish of his manners. He became a fellow of Merton College at the early age of 24, and Archdeacon of Chichester before he was 33. At that age the future Cardinal Archbishop seemed very far from the Catholic Church, for just at that time he preached so violent a tirade against "Popery" that Dr. Newman, who was then preparing to join the Church, declined to see him the next time he called. While holding orders in the Church of England, Dr. Manning maintained the spiritual grace of baptism, and when this doctrine was doubted by Mr. Gorham, and the view of the latter was pronounced untenable by the Church of England, Manning "felt the very ground on which he stood out from under him," and shaking from his feet the dust of the Church of his ancestors entered the Church of Rome. His rise was rapid. He founded the Order of Oblates of St. Charles of Borromeo, was raised to Provost of Westminster, and became a great favourite of Cardinal Wiseman, who recommended him to the Holy See as worthy of the honorary title of Monsignor. When Wiseman died, in 1865, Pope Pius IX., raised Monsignor Manning to the vacant See of Westminster, and in 1876 he was created a Cardinal.

Cardinal Manning is a frequent guest at luxurious banquets but the ascetic churchman in the midst of such feasts makes his dinner off a baked potato, a piece of beef, and a glass of water. The Cardinal is an early riser, getting up at five in the summer and six in the winter. After half an hour's meditation, he says Mass in his private chapel, and then passes thirty minutes in thanksgiving. He breakfasts at seven in summer and eight in winter, and then passes an hour or two over his correspondence, and devotes the rest of the morning to literary work, and to matters belonging to his archdiocese. — *Eugene L. Didier, from the Epoch.*

IRELAND AND THE VICTORIAN ERA.

You ask me why—Why have not the Irish joined in the celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee? I answer, that, if the Jubilee were intended to honour the Queen in a personal sense, Ireland had reason for her sullen silence. If it were designed to celebrate her government of Ireland for fifty years, holding her responsible Ireland could not participate in it.

Let the Queen tell her own story of her Government of Ireland, and expound her own sense of her responsibility for it. It is to be found in the "Life of Prince Consort," approved and annotated by her.

The "Life" shows that they shared the industry of ministers in all diplomatic transactions; that they indicated their own preferences in advance to cabinets upon all matters which aroused their feelings or touched their interests. Concerning Ireland, the diary of the Prince, the letters of the Queen, and the narrative of the "Life," show that they had constant and close contemplation of the condition of that country between 1842 and 1851. The gigantic famine which came slowly, but with awful distinctness, upon the country in 1846, and whose effects were not over in 1850, is minutely chronicled by his hand and hers. The chronicle shows that she was silent when a word from her would have saved the lives of tens of thousands of those she claimed as subjects; that she participated in gay festivities while thousands were being buried like dogs, coffinless, starved amid plenty; that coercion laws, enacted at every session of Parliament while the famine continued, to "enforce tranquility" while the slaughter went on all over the land, received her prompt signature and that she, refused to visit the suffering country while the dread visitation was blighting it. She knew that every year while tens of thousands perished of hunger, food enough was raised by their labour to feed more than twice the entire population. Where is her protest against its export; where is her protest against the tithes collected during those years from the starving and the dying for the support of the church of which she was the head, and whose portals the victims never crossed?

When the famine was over, she visited the island for the first and last time, carefully guarded by seven men-of-war. Surrounded by military, she gazed upon a country, over whose face the great scars must have been as visible as the paths of lava down fertile uplands, and over the fair bosom of the volcano-swept landscapes. Two millions and a half of the people had disappeared; more human beings had been starved into the grave in three years under her rule than England lost by

the sword in all her wars. She had written that in the presence of great events she is unmoved; "It is only trifles that irritate me." In the presence of the greatest disaster that Europe has witnessed she remained unmoved. During the week of her stay she spoke no word of pity, performed no act of clemency. In the phrase of the great poet, she could say,—

"I have given suck and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;"

but she was unmoved when Irish mothers gave suck to adult sons, that they might be able to stand up in the Relief works and earn a pittance to postpone death for the robbed infants. She was unmoved when frenzied mothers ate the babes that plucked in vain at withered nipples. She was unmoved when signing bills, taking away the last remnant of civic liberty from an entire people, whose offence was, that landlords carried out of their country the food intended by nature, and raised by their own hands, for their sustenance, leaving three-fourths of them to feel the pangs of starvation. Desperation had resulted in the attempt at insurrection which filled the jails with victims. It had been represented to the people that if they treated the Queen with civility, she would release some of the prisoners. They needed no bribe to be courteous to a woman. But the pledge, whether authorized or not, was unfulfilled.

Forty years have passed. She has been consistent. The traditions of her stock, and of the Prince, that men exist to be sold or to be kept as tax-payers, have not been infringed for Ireland, even by caprice or chance. When another famine was threatened in 1886, the precepts and precedents of Albert's days—"those days of untroubled happiness," as she has recently described them—were sacredly maintained. Once more coercion—the clang of the prison doors, the rattle of musketry, the suppression of the press, the cowing of the people, men-of-war in the harbours, increased evictions, "enforced tranquility." Nor has she been recreant to her principles, even in her year of jubilee. The meanest tyrants who occupied the throne of declining Rome might dignify their jubilees by the manumission of slaves, the liberation of captives of war, the breaking of dungeon-locks upon political prisoners. With unflinching hand, Victoria has celebrated the fiftieth year of her reign in Ireland by another of Albert's "remedial measures"—a coercion act—and instead of pardoning a prisoner who loves his poor motherland, if necessary, there will be erected additional jails to enclose, on the slightest pretext, hundreds, including among them, without hesitation, the elected representatives of the people.

I beg to ask a question: Why have Englishmen celebrated the Queen's Jubilee? Is it to supply history with a gigantic absurdity? For is it not true that every idea carried into Great Britain by the stock whence she sprang has received its deathblow by the changes effected during her reign? Is it not true that every political step of the past fifty years has been progress away from monarchy and aristocracy? Is it not true that this great change, brought about in part by the levelling up of the people through more widely diffused education, and in part by the curtailment of hereditary privilege through the lowering of the franchise, has been forced along constitutionally in defiance of the dearest principles of the ancestors of the sovereign, and would have been stolidly resisted by her, as other steps forward were by them, if she possessed any genius for reigning? Is it not true that, instead of being in any degree due to her influence, even negatively, this progress of fifty years is the retro-action of the revolted American colonies upon England? Is it not true that England has seen each of her foreign dependencies discarding the constitutional model she still retains, seriously modified within fifty years, and adopting instead of it the model of the American Republic? The English people may justly celebrate their fifty years of political, commercial, and moral growth; but to celebrate it in association with the name, the antecedents, or the character of Queen Victoria will be smiled upon by history as a great national jest.—*Alexander Sullivan in North American Review.*

Mrs. B.: "My dear, you came in too late last night, and you talked in your sleep." Mr. B. (uneasily): "Did I? What did I say?" Mrs. B.: "It sounded like 'ante up, jackpot.'" Mr. B. (with admirable presence of mind): "Yes, my dear, I had been discussing Volapuk with Jones. The expression which escaped me in my sleep means 'God bless our home.'"

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday.

Offices: Bon Accord Building, 34 Church-street, Toronto.

Gerald Fitzgerald, Editor.

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

J. C. Sullivan, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$3 per line per annum, 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.
Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

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, holds with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1888.

To spare our subscribers the delay and annoyance of postal inspection, the publishers of the "Catholic Home Almanac" have placed their supply at this office, from which they will be sent on receipt of application. They can be had from no other source in the city.

"Like a June morning smile on a March squall," observed the Rev. Talmage in a sermon a Sunday ago. How very clever and oriental a hyperbole! A few such Music Hall metaphors, and the modern parson gets the reputation of being "brany," where a common man; resorting to the same devices, would be pronounced a tiresome jackass.

It is gratifying to observe the unanimity of opinion that obtains among the Catholic journals of America with respect to the scandal caused to the Holy Catholic religion by reason of the great number of Catholics engaged in the business in whiskey. "The most shocking scandals we have to deplore," declared the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, "spring from intemperance," and the prelates of the Third Plenary Council held a few years confirmed this decision, and went even farther and advised, in the joint pastoral of the Bishops, that all Catholics engaged in the traffic should as speedily as possible abandon the dangerous business, and adopt some more reputable method of earning a livelihood, than one identified with the ruin of innumerable souls. A few weeks ago a New York Catholic journal suggested sensibly, albeit caustically, as an acceptable recognition of the Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father, that every Catholic liquor dealer get out of the business. In one diocese, the diocese of St. Paul, Minnesota, Bishop Ireland, that uncompromising foe to intemperance, has, if we are not misinformed, had the consolation of seeing the desires of the Fathers of the Plenary Council carried out to the letter, a result attained

in part by his efforts, and in part by the force of healthy Catholic opinion. In time, we trust this true Catholic temperance sentiment will become everywhere as prevalent and everywhere as potential. Whether in its licensed or unlicensed form, the saloon is the prolific parent of evil. The Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*, a staunch Catholic journal, speaking a few weeks ago of certain dens of depravity that exist in the West, observed that the male confederates were found as a rule to be "liquor merchants,"—a fine business, it went on to say, "full of opportunities to get rich by doing dirty work," and it gave as an example a case then in progress at Chicago of one Mrs. Cassidy, committed under bonds as a procuress. The following names occurred in the evidence given at a preliminary hearing:

Mike Leahy, keeper of a Marinette den.

Anna Brennan, companion of "Mrs. Cassidy."

Tom Cassidy, bad man.

Doyle, keeper of Doyle's "place."

Mrs. Mulcahy, mixed up in the matter but not blameable.

Mollie Coopley, one of the victims.

Morrissey, villain.

Smith Bros., saloonkeepers.

Judging from the names, said the *Citizen*, "it will be observed that the Italian nationality is wholly free from any complicity in this ugly business. But a nationality cannot figure largely in the roll of "liquor merchants" without also figuring somewhat in analogous traffics. Defend a situation which finds Duffy giving his name to malt liquors, and Fitzgerald branding the patronymic of the Geraldines on pure whisky, and you are necessarily obliged to explain away Mrs. Cassidy, the procuress, Mike Leahy, the unlynched brute, and Morrissey, the villain." "A bad lot," it observes, "bad in their inception as liquor merchants, and bad in their development in Cassidy and Doyle. We are in line with the council of Baltimore which advises all the good men in the business to get out of it quickly; and all the bad men in the business to get out of the church." The condemnation of the council, let it be well understood, extends to distillers and brewers none the less than to the licensed and unlicensed dealers. It applies rather more. It is a shocking thing to think that distillers and brewers are financially interested in the extension, in every phase, of the traffic.

Commander Pocock, R.N., the gentleman who wrote to the *Mail* a short time ago to say that "the Anglican Church is the Catholic Church of all English-speaking people, and their glorious inheritance. In her hoary antiquity the Reformation is only an episode. She is identical in doctrine with the Church of Jerusalem"; and whose knowledge of his subject was made evident by his announcement of the fact that the Vatican Council was held in 1854, an announcement, we imagine, which must have astonished a good many, is out in another letter to the *Mail*, and this time establishes that the Pope was a Protestant.

"Don't," he beseeches, "do what the Roman Church does, call us a Protestant denomination, and thus give us away. She was Catholic before she was Protestant, and, before A.D. 400, had her bishops at the Councils of Arles, of Sardica and Ariminum. Augustine, the Monk, was consecrated in Gaul, not Rome, and he only helped the British Church in a small way to convert the Saxons. You have many kind words for the historic Church of England. Remember how she protested against Rome for centuries before the Reformation, and when at last she got rid of the

Pope, the Pope turned Protestant and commenced the present divisions by excommunicating our Church and Queen, and when all Englishmen were attending their own parish churches, created a schism by ordering them out. Which is the Mother Church of all English-speaking people? The Church of England or the 'Holy Roman Church'? It was the Church of England gave you the Reformation and your English Bible."

Commander Pocock, we should be disposed to think, was never more thoroughly at sea than when cruising around in the troubled waters of controversy. What he has said for the most part, we take it, must have been meant for the Marines. Although not likely to prove very formidable in controversy, as a rule, a man like this is better left to himself, and his logic. The latter cannot be understood by the ordinary processes. Mr. Pocock's communications are calculated to cause the average Catholic to pray, not for polemical strength, but for patience. For ourselves, in very dreariness of spirit, with the impatient Hotspur we could say:

"We had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have *him* talk to us,
In any summer-house in Christendom."

To such a man we answer in the words of a gifted writer, (the younger Marshall he is believed to be):—

"You profess Catholic truths and yet reserve all your sympathy for a sect in which they have been reviled for three centuries, while you have only sneers for a Church which has taught them for eighteen! You call them an essential part of God's holy revelation—needful for humanity, the life of our souls, our joy in the present, and our hope in the future—and you do well; but you have no thought of love, admiration and reverence for the Church, whose ceaseless fidelity alone has preserved them, and for which, even on your own principles, you ought to cherish a tender and enthusiastic gratitude! She alone has kept, while your guilty sect was blaspheming, the very truths which you rightly say are dear to God, which you profess to adore, and which, but for her undying vigilance, must have perished out of the world; and though God has used her during long ages of strife and combat as His sole witness on earth, you lift your voice with His enemies to reproach and insult her! From her you have learned all that you know, or think you know; and yet you boast because some of you have been insinuating, for a few years past, in timid whispers, and against the impotent authority of your own bishops, what *she* has loudly proclaimed from the house-tops for nearly two thousand! And even now these very truths which you have borrowed from her, and, but for her, would never have been known, you maintain in a community where they are barely and reluctantly tolerated; and you do so with a more schismatical spirit of wilfulness and self-conceit than they who continue to deny them. You know, too, that your own sect would cast you out to-morrow if its temporizing tribunals were not afraid of diminishing its scanty numbers, and that if it has always claimed to be 'comprehensive,' and to permit, with indifference, every variety of opposing doctrine, the only form of Christian belief to which it has never given a place in its latitudinarian theology is precisely that Catholic Faith which you affect to regard as its uniform and consistent profession! For my part, I would as soon trust my soul before the judgment seat of God in company with Judas, Barlow, or Calvin, as with men who are already judged out of their own mouths, and who so little care either for God's honour or revealed truth, that they hate the Church which has always confessed, and love the sect which has always betrayed it." And that answers Commander Pocock.

The January number of the *Fortnightly*, which is now to hand, brings us the full text of Cardinal Manning's article on the subject of the distress prevailing in London. Four short sentences from this article formed the subject

apparently, of, some misconstruction, and were cabled across to this country, it will be remembered, as an endorsement by his Eminence of the Anti-Poverty programme. Our readers, doubtless, would wish to know what it was that his Eminence really did say.

The Cardinal, whose views were intended not for publication in the *Fortnightly*, but as an epitome of his ideas for the use of his friend, Lord Compton, begins with the statement that the *Times* newspaper had charged him with giving countenance to the fallacy, as it termed it, that under the Poor Law men have a natural right to work or to bread; and had published a letter to the effect that his words implied a censure upon the administration of the Poor Law, and would countenance the giving of relief to men in their own homes. To both of these impeachments Cardinal Manning pleads guilty, and proceeds to justify his position. To the first indictment, that the poor have a natural right to work or to bread, the *Times* thinks it sufficient to reply that there is no obligation upon anyone to give work. But it did not refer to the alternative subject, "it wisely refrained," says the Cardinal, "from saying that there is no natural obligation on men to give bread to the hungry." This obligation being universal, and needing no proof, even apart from Christian law, those who can give work as the condition of earning bread, have an alternative which they are free to choose. For those who cannot give work, it is enough that they give bread, which, if they can give, they are bound to give. This is but to say that all men being bound by natural obligations to feed the hungry, if they can, some men have the alternative of giving work as a condition to that end. It is to meet the possible objection that granting the obligation in the giver does not prove a right in the receiver that the Cardinal use the words which have been construed in interested circles as full of Communistic meaning. "I answer (says His Eminence) that the obligation to feed the hungry springs from the natural right of every man to life, and to the food necessary to the sustenance of life. So strict is this natural right that it prevails over all positive laws of property. Necessity has no law, and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbour's bread."

They who speak so confidently of rights and laws must not forget, the Cardinal reminds them, the initial principles of all human positive law; that if the law of property did not rest on a natural right, it could not long exist; that they who affirm that property rests upon a natural right, cannot, without denying their own assertion, deny that a man's first natural right is to life; the right of self-defence being recognized even to the taking of the life of an aggressor. "Before the natural life to live all human laws must give way; and this natural right in every man lays upon all men the correlative obligation to sustain the life of man when it is threatened with extinction. The law of natural charity recognizes in each the same right to live, and imposes upon us all, according to our power, the obligation to sustain the life of others as we sustain our own." It is on this principle the Cardinal proves that all Poor Laws, from Queen Elizabeth to the present day, repose. Under the old statutes, it was not a condition of relief that the old and the helpless were to be removed from their children and their kindred to a work-house; still less the refusal of out-door relief, except on the condition that a home be broken up and the whole family, old and young, charged for ever on the poor rates—a condition, says the Cardinal, "known at this time to be absolutely refused by an immense multitude of our suffering

and poor, who will endure any privations of hunger or cold rather than break up their home with its natural and Christian charities, the only possession and happiness left to them in life, by going into a work-house." Stone-breaking and crank-working, he adds, are well enough as a deterrent for loafers and criminals, but the work-house is a cruel deterrent when offered to families who, by a wise assistance in time of need, may be carried through the straits of winter when in want of work.

The statutes of Elizabeth, both in their spirit and letter, provide for the relief or employment of such as be lusty; that those strong enough to labour, may be enabled to earn with their own hands, their own living. That provision being made for those who may not be deserving, how much more, asks His Eminence, does it include the deserving who are thrown out of employment by winter and the many vicissitudes which paralyze the employers of labour?

"The discriminate refusal of out-door relief pauperizes those who break up their homes and go into the work-houses, aggravates the poverty of those who refuse to break up their homes, multiplies the number of those who are idle, and drives multitudes into the dangerous classes, who become desperate and hardened."

Such is His Eminence's earnest conviction. "Does not," impressively asks this truly noble man in conclusion, whose sympathy manifests itself in every movement which makes for the mitigation of human misery, "Does not our present administration of the Poor Law, as compared with the old Statutes, imply a decline of Christianity, and an application of political economy uncontrolled by the moral laws of human sympathy, and of the compassion which wealth owes to poverty?"

The Cardinal's article, which was written, as has been said, for the private use of Lord Compton, has been employed by the Socialist leaders as an argument in favour of a rising against property owners, and in justification of the violence which was committed in London last year by the unemployed workmen, whose ranks received considerable accessions from the criminal classes. To correct the mischief of their misrepresentations Cardinal Manning, on Monday, carefully dictated an explanation. His views were originally addressed to a meeting of gentlemen, with the ex-Lord Chancellor in the chair, composed of lawyers, political economists, administrators of the Poor Law, and many highly educated members of the Charity Organization Society, and had for their purpose to show that the recent administration of the Poor Law had caused excessive suffering, and, more than that, pauperism and the crime which comes from desperation. When, afterwards, he saw his communication to Lord Compton in print, he did not object to its publication, believing it to be true and timely. In asserting the natural right of a man to life, and to the means necessary to sustain life, he but followed the authority of the greatest moral theologians, among them St. Thomas Aquinas, and Alphonsus Liguori, who went much farther indeed than he had said, but whose doctrine it was not safe to give unexplained to the uneducated masses. "I give these references," he said, "for those who are able and are bound to study and to know the foundations of all human law. I did not say them and I do not say them to the uneducated and to the profligate, who abuse them contrary to their true and evident sense."

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the "Golden Jubilee of F. F. Dowd & Toupin," p. 21, there occurs a chronological error, which, however, cannot be attributed to the editor, Mr. Curran, but to the authority he quotes, namely, a "Sketch of the Life of Bishop Phelan, Kingston, 1862." The extract says that on the arrival of Mr. Phelan at Boston, in 1825, "he placed himself under the guardianship of Cardinal Cheverus, who, at that time, was Bishop of Boston."

Now, the fact is, Bishop Cheverus left Boston in September, 1827. In 1825 he was Bishop of Montauban in France, was subsequently translated to the Arch-episcopal See of Bordeaux, created Cardinal in 1836, and died in the same year. As a Boston boy the writer well remembers going with his father to take leave of the Bishop at the episcopal residence, a rough-cast building in rear of the old Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Frankland Street. The Bishop was much affected, and after the interview covered his face with his hands and went up stairs. The diocese was left in charge of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, who, as rector of the Cathedral, bore rule until the installation of Bishop Fenwick, in December, 1825. Mr. Taylor then went to New York city, and eventually to France, where he died some years afterward. He was a fine scholar and accomplished orator; his sermons always drew large audiences. The *Boston Monthly Magazine*, published June, 1825, by Samuel L. Knapp, gives a portrait of Bishop Cheverus, taken from Gilbert Stewart's painting (still to be seen in the Archiepiscopal residence at Boston); also, a memoir of the Bishop's life, and the circumstances attending his departure for France.

W. J. MACDONELL.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The work done on the memorial church, Penetanguishene, in the last two working seasons has brought the wall to a height above ground of about twenty feet. The work looks substantial, in keeping with the idea of a lasting memorial to the martyrs of the Huron mission. Though the winter has suspended operations, still the stonecutters are busy preparing to resume and push on the work next season.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., His Grace Archbishop Lynch, visited Thornhill. He administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 40 candidates. There were present Father Egan, the pastor, Fathers McCann, Hand, McGuire, and Lynch. His Grace gave a lucid explanation of the doctrines of the Catholic Church and expressed himself highly pleased with the answering of the children.

The French papers in Montreal publish the correspondence which has passed between Cardinal Taschereau and Rev. Mr. Hamel, of Laval University, respecting the publication of the new periodical, *Canada Français*. The correspondence show that his Eminence favours the enterprise, and expresses most unequivocal endorsement of its principles and aims. Amongst other things, Cardinal Taschereau says: "Your review, I have full confidence, will tend to give a more elevated and serene direction to the current of ideas in Canadian society. It will tend to elevate the standard of public opinion, it will glorify the country and the Church. It will furnish a response to the most ardent wishes of the supreme heads of Catholicity, by investigating with more care in Canada the vast domain of the good, the true, and the beautiful, both in natural and supernatural affairs. In short, it will fulfil, if not absolutely—for *Canada Français* will not be the official publication of Laval University—at least virtually, the desire often expressed at Rome that Laval University should have a review to complete its work." His Eminence adds that its principles and aims will be favourably received by all Catholics, and in conclusion gives the new review his blessing.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The general belief prevails that something of importance will arise out of the interviews which Mr. Gladstone intends to secure with Archbishop Walsh and other Irish Bishops.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, are residing at the American College. Besides these prelates there are at the same college the Very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, and the Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., Chancellor and Secretary of the Archdiocese of New York. Archbishop Ryan will preach at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's church, on Wednesday, February 1st.

"In wholly Catholic countries or localities," observes the *Catholic Citizen*, "the *Angelus* is rung thrice a day, and the devout Catholic kneels or stands to recite the familiar prayers. This, of course, is in some cases impracticable in the business haunts of the cities, but in the home circle there is certainly no reason for its omission. In many families the *Angelus* is recited in common before or after breakfast, dinner, and supper. The children thus learn it in practice, and the devotion will, in most cases, stick to them through life. The same is true of the Rosary. How edifying it is to see parents and children kneeling side by side reciting aloud the Rosary every Saturday evening of the year, and every evening during Lent and Advent as well as during the month of October!"

On Tuesday last a number of prominent citizens of Orangeville, including Mr. Gilchrist, Mayor; J. E. Booth, of the Town Council; Mr. Brown, agent of the C. P. R.; J. P. McMillan, County Attorney, and P. R. Mungovan, editor of *The Post*, repaired to the residence of Father Jeffcott, where they were cheerfully received by his Reverence and the Rev. Father Nolan, of Toronto. On arriving, Mr. McMillan, addressing Father Jeffcott, said the object of their visit was to express to him how highly he is esteemed by all classes, and that the character and standing of those present afforded unmistakable evidence that both as a priest and gentleman he enjoys the respect attaching to his sacred calling, irrespective of creed or nationality. A flattering address was then read and presented, accompanied by a costly Persian lambskin overcoat. In reply his Reverence said he little expected such a tangible acknowledgement as this of his humble services since coming to the place, and expressed the hope that it might be his good fortune to continue retaining their respect and confidence, and that a feeling of charity, brotherly love and forbearance would pervade the entire community.

The *Brooklyn Catholic Review* says of Very Rev. Dr. Howley's "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," which will be issued at an early date: "We have seen advance sheets of this beautiful book, which is a credit to its author, not alone for the style in which it will come from the press, but for the beautiful, rare and otherwise most precious historical treasures it will contain. Among these are ancient charts and engravings that Dr. Howley copied from the records of the Propaganda. One of them is a section of that ancient map which Pope Leo XIII. used in his decision of the Caroline Islands dispute between Germany and Spain. Dr. Howley's work, though mainly a history of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland, contains, besides, many interesting and hitherto unpublished documents, maps, and engravings illustrative of the general history of Newfoundland and the early history of America. The Ecclesiastical part contains an extensive compilation from an unpublished manuscript by the late Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, as also autograph letters from Catholic Bishops—Drs. O'Donel, Lambert, Scallan, and Fleming; Documents from the Archives of Quebec and Propaganda; Portraits of Bishops, with graphic accounts of their Episcopacy; sketches of 'The Old Chapel,' 'The Old Palace,' and other old landmarks; views of cathedrals, and place of great historic interest; a short sketch of the lives of all the old priests, with anecdotes of their missionary labours, etc.; the history of the building of the great Cathedral of St. John's, with accounts of the laying of the foundation-stone; the rise

and progress of the Educational Institutions, Industrial and Benevolent Societies of the Island, etc."

PETER'S POWER.

"Blessed art thou!" the Saviour said,
As Peter's answer came
With swiftest love: "Thou art the Christ,
Son of the living God!"
For flesh and blood had not revealed
The truth that Peter spoke;
But Heaven's light that ever waits
The Father's mighty will.

Amazed and mute the others stood
To hear their leader praised;
Each throbbing heart with awe bestirred
As Jesus further said:
"I say to you: thou Peter art,
And on this rock,—Peter—
My Church I'll build, and 'gainst it not
Shall gates of hell prevail."

"Of Heaven's Kingdom," He did add,
"I'll give to thee the keys;
And whatsoever that thou shalt bind
Upon the earth," He said,
"The same in Heaven bound shall be;
And whatsoever," also,
"Upon the earth thou loosen shalt,
Shall loosed in Heaven be!"

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

This lovely flower of sanctity, the first canonized saint of the New World, was born at Lima in 1586. She was christened Isabel, but the beauty of her infant face earned for her the title of Rose, which she ever after bore. At an early age she took service to support her impoverished parents, and worked for them day and night. In spite of hardships and austerities, her beauty had ripened with increasing age, and she was much and openly admired. But so far from being pleased with, St. Rose only shrank from worldly applause. She was heavenly, exotic, not craving earth's atmosphere, but to protect herself more completely against its vicissitudes she early enrolled herself in the third order of St. Dominic, taking St. Catherine, of Sienna, as her patroness and model. Her life of most rigid austerity and superabounding charity closed with her thirty-first year.

St. Rose, during a life of highest holiness, was filled with the deepest contrition and humility, and practiced continual penances. On the contrary, it is our sins alone which are continual; our repentance is but occasional, our contrition passing, our penance nothing. Yet we aspire to the same destiny. Let us think seriously of the claims we are putting forth to attain it.

THE WOMEN OF CHIVALRY.

Such women as these are they who beautify history, dignify all epochs, hallow all causes. "Fountains of honour" in good sooth are they, creating the virtue they reward. And they are not special to time, nor to race, nor to creed. The world has never been without them; and among the frivolous and sensual, the worldly and the mean-spirited, they stand out as examples which forbid us to despair of the race, or to doubt of men when born of such mothers. Folly and vice may get the upper hand for a time, and Nana is a fact where the noble ladies of chivalry are the mere names or an effete movement and the emblems of things dead and done with. But deep down in the heart of humanity lies that fount of a pure and glorious womanhood—the true *Eaux de Jouvence* whence flows the salvation of the race. What though the sublime figures which move in calm and stately dignity through the pages of history are part mythic, part idealized—like living lilies turned to stone—they are none the less exemplars for future generations. Between our modern light-o-loses whom a royal smile can win to dishonour, who give their kisses without faith, and whose love has no truth, and the lady who for the sake of her lord in prison could deny the king who had saved her, there can be no hesitation of choice. Between, too, the

revelations of the Divorce Court and the loves of Guinevere and Sir Launcelot, of la beale Isond and Sir Tristram, unlawful as these were, there is a step as wide as from weakness to shame, from frailty to dishonour.—Mrs. Linton in the *Fortnightly*.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

I did not miss the glance you lent—
One-half reproof, one-half consent ;
I whispered, " May I ? " and you chose
To answer ne'er a word—which shows
You knew exactly what I meant.

By sly design (or accident)
Your head was lifted—mine was bent—
I took good aim, and Cupid knows
I did not miss.

I never made a boast ament
That little bit of sentiment,
But, since you tell your other beaux
I missed your lips and kissed your nose,
My indignation must find vent :
I did not, Miss !

—Boston Pilot.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

" Whatever you have to say, my friend—
Whether witty, or grave, or gay—
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way ;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town—
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

" For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines will do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—
Boil it down.

" When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry ;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

" For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,

And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song,
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—
Boil it down."

—The Tablet

AN EXAMPLE OF THE POWER OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

Before the breaking out of the revolution in Venezuela, a widow with her young children lived on a farm near Puerto Cabello. One evening two Spanish soldiers stopped at the house, and asked shelter for the night, declaring that they had lost their way, and expressing the hope of being able to rejoin their battalion early next morning. The lady received them kindly, and ordered her servants to prepare a room with two beds in it. Meanwhile a good supper was set before the two travellers.

It was a practice with this lady to assemble her household to recite the Rosary before retiring. When the devotion was over, she noticed the two soldiers remaining motionless behind the servants, and she even thought that she saw traces of tears in their eyes. Bidding them good-night, she said : " Rest well ; you must be tired. May our Blessed Mother protect you always ! " She charged the cook to have breakfast ready for them at daybreak ; and, in order to make sure of this, she herself rose at the first sign of dawn.

Her guests seemed deeply moved at her kindness, and before taking their departure the bolder of the two thus addressed her :—" Madam, we are miserable wretches, altogether unworthy of your hospitality. We deserted from the army, and came here with the intention of robbing your house ; but the consideration of your kindness to us, and especially the recitation of the Rosary—which, bad as we are, we sometimes recite ourselves, taught by our mothers in better days,—changed our hearts, and caused us to repent of our wicked intention."

Then the other added :—" We give you our word of honour that henceforth we will be different men. Our absence can hardly have been noticed yet, nor is it likely to be if we get back to our quarters before the *reville*, so we have concluded to return to our battalion. If we succeed, we will try by our future conduct to repair the past."

" But this will not be enough," said the lady, calmly. " You have a chaplain in your battalion, of course ; if you are truly repentant, you must go to him and confess your sins, so that, being absolved, and receiving Holy Communion, you may have the blessing of God on your good resolutions."

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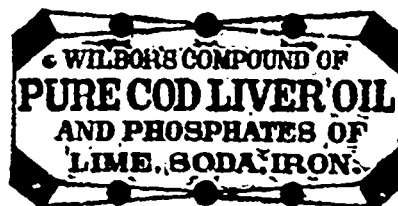
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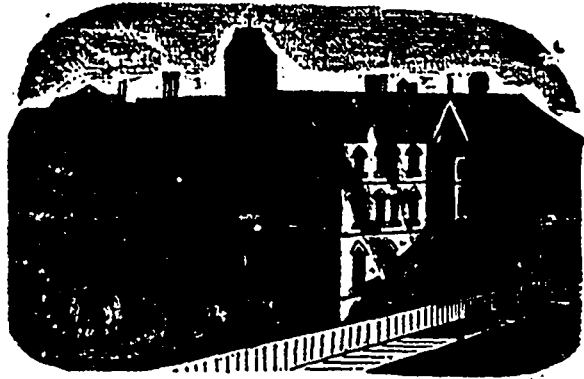
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