The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC, Manager,
Charlottetown.

Calendar for July, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

1st Quarter, 6th day, 1h. 46.3m., a.m., W.
Full Moon, 12th day, 5h. 49.3m., p. m., E.
Last Quarter, 19th day, 3h. 32.4m., p.m., N.E
New Moon, 27th day, 7h. 48.0m., p.m., N.W

D M	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon Rises	The Moon Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m			
1	Mon	4 18	7 49	7 9	10 21	0 11
2	Tues	19	49	8 12	10 51	0 46
3	Wed	19	49	9 18	11 17	1 23
4	Thur	20	48	10 25	11 41	2 3
5	Fri	21	48	11 33	morn	2 47
6	Sat	22	48	aft 43	0 5	3 42
7	Sun	22	47	1 56	0 29	4 49
8	Mon	23	47	3 11	0 56	6 10
9	Tues	23	46	4 25	1 27	7 24
10	Wed	24	46	5 44	2 7	8 29
11	Thur	25	45	6 54	2 52	9 25
12	Fri	26	44	7 56	3 58	10 16
13	Sat	27	44	8 45	4 56	11 4
14	Sun	28	43	9 26	6 9	11 49
15	Mon	29	43	9 58	7 26	aft 32
16	Tues	30	42	10 25	8 42	1 14
17	Wed	31	41	10 50	9 51	1 55
18	Thur	32	40	11 13	11 4	2 43
19	Fri	33	39	11 36	aft 7	3 30
20	Sat	34	38	11 59	1 12	4 32
21	Sun	35	37	morn	2 16	5 42
22	Mon	36	36	0 26	3 19	6 51
23	Tues	37	35	0 57	4 20	7 50
24	Wed	38	34	1 33	5 19	8 38
25	Thur	39	32	2 16	6 13	9 23
26	Fri	40	31	3 6	7 2	10 3
27	Sat	42	30	4 0	7 46	10 39
28	Sun	43	28	5 1	8 23	11 16
29	Mon	44	27	6 5	8 54	11 57
30	Tues	45	26	7 11	9 21	morn
31	Wed	46	26	8 27	9 46	0 25

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BAST WINTON COURTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Ringbone, one of Ring Bone, nine affected with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ASBURY TURNER, Horse Doctor.

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FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.
Corner Queen and Water Streets,
Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. 1y

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON.

Returning, will leave Charlottetown as usual,

EVERY THURSDAY, AT 6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

CARVELL BROS., Agents, Charlottetown.

R. B. GARDNER, Manager, Lewis' Wharf, Boston.
June 5, 1889.

Liebig Company's

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale, 800,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Limited, London.

February 13, 1889—yly

JAMES H. REDDIN,

Barrister-at-Law

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

OFFICE, CAMERON BLOCK
(Head of Stairway),
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Collections carefully attended to, Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

Nov. 21, 1888—1y

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Solicitor in Equity,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner of Deeds, Wills, &c.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Georgetown, November 21, 1888—3meow

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORTLAND, Primus, S. C.

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves *all frayed out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—*the Spring medicine of to-day*—does all this, as nothing else can. *Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be*

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." MRS. S. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., - MONTREAL.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always used.

LACTATED FOOD Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physicians' favorite.

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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STAPLE & FANCY

Dry Goods

—AT—

LOWEST PRICES

—AT—

STANLEY BROS.,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

BE SURE YOU SEE

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

AT AUCTION PRICES.

HAVING secured about Eight Thousand Dollars worth of CLOTHING at about Half price, we are going to slaughter it right and left, and the Man or Woman that don't see our Stock before buying will get left, sure.

Over 1000 (One Thousand) Children's Suits to select from.

Over 950 (Nine Hundred and Fifty) Men's Suits to select from.

In fact, we carry the largest stock of CLOTHING AND HATS on P. E. Island.

We know what we say when we tell you we will give you Clothing less than any other House in the trade. We can prove it. Don't pass us.

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men, Queen Street.

NEW GOODS!

Perkins & Sterns

WE are now showing our New, Large and Well-bought Stock of GOODS, for this season's trade. Our motto being "Quick Sales and Small Profits," you can depend upon getting the very Cheapest Goods by trading with us.

Millinery Department.

We have stocked this department brimful of the Choicest Goods from London and New York—Bonnets, Hats, Frames, Feathers, Flowers, Laces, Ornaments, Beaded Goods, &c., &c.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Piles of the Newest Goods, with suitable Trimmings to match. We have high and low-class Goods to suit all. Anyone buying a new Dress before seeing our stock will make a mistake.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MOURNING GOODS.

New Prints, Sateens, Ginghams, Parasols Umbrellas, Laces, Fringes, Gloves and Hosiery.

Household Goods of every description very Cheap. Come and see.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, April 24, 1889.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

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Issues Fours Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Fits, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Nervousness. Only sure cure for Worst Cases. Fits, after use of first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to the patients, they paying express charges on box which is sent out. Address DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

(Essay, by Mr. F. A. Butler; read by him at the closing exercises of St. Dunstan's College, on the 25th of June last.)

In taking a prospective view of anything, the eye, following, as it ever does, the pointing wand of Hope, often deceives the mind and causes us to form unfounded conclusions. This, however, need not be true of the young Canadian who gazes along the vista of his country's future; for all the illusions of magic cannot present a more beautiful picture of it than reason can discover by working from her present greatness.

The spirit of that greatness to come lives and moves in those statesmen who are to-day moulding and carrying in their hands her destiny. We behold its giant form in her towering mountains, her fertile valleys, her mighty rivers, her spacious harbors and her majestic lakes. Indelible as those strikingly beautiful features impress upon the mind a map of future prosperity, it is shown in colors yet more tangible by her past development.

Only twenty-two years have elapsed since she became a confederate state. Since then her growth has been not like the mushroom that springs from the ground in a single night and falls by itself on the following day, but like the acorn shoot that hour after hour, day after day, and year after year adds fibre after fibre to its stalk till it becomes the giant oak that laughs at the blast of the hurricane.

At the time of confederation (1867) her wealth was confined to the then sparsely populated provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Her territory now extends from the rock-bound coast that borders on the Atlantic on the east, to the gold fields that are washed by the placid waters of the Pacific on the west, and on the north loses itself amid the unexplored islands of the Arctic Ocean. This vast territory has been taken, not by the roaring of cannons and the flashing of blood-stained swords, but as the osprey takes the fish, by sovereignty of nature. Nor while her boundaries were being extended did her resources remain dormant. Her fisheries, which at confederation were almost unknown, are now among the first in the world, giving employment to seventy-five thousand of her sons. Her railway mileage has been more than quadrupled, and her navy now stands proudly forth as fifth on the list of nations.

When we consider those marked strides which she has made within the last two decades; when we consider the inexhaustible amount of raw material on hand to be moulded into proper shape; when we consider how admirably her temperate and exhilarating climate is adapted for the generating of a hardy, industrious and intelligent race, we cannot but exclaim with the poet, "These are but as the dawn that speaks of noontide yet to be."

Yes, look where we will, to natural, commercial or political developments, we cannot but see that in this young Dominion is already firmly placed the foundation for the building up of a nation as far in advance of any of the European states as they are in advance of the effete nations of antiquity.

To turn to her political page will be to show more clearly how firmly are laid the corner stones of her nationality. With a system of government ranking among the first in the world, with laws the outcome of her people's franchise, and with schools open to all sects and classes, her inhabitants are as free as the zephyrs that play around her fertile plains.

Three distinct schemes for our future Government have been proposed by our statesmen, namely: Annexation, Imperial Federation and Independence.

Fortunately the voices of the few disciples of fanaticism who propose annexation are of little weight, and the free air of Canada refuses to vibrate to their suicidal notes. The agitation must die with its fatuitous originators, for the people of Canada will not entertain for one moment the thought of bartering away every vestige of their national rights for a cushioned seat where her voice would scarcely be audible.

Imperial federation, perhaps, embodies too much in itself, and one central parliament for the management of the general affairs of all the British possessions would involve too vast and complicated an amount of machinery to be economically and fairly manipulated. Canadians love the mother land, and must ever hail any scheme which will, without doing injury to herself, strengthen the ties that bind her to the nation be which she was cradled in her infancy; but she will take no rash step that may endanger her commerce, increase her civil expenses and derogate from that liberty which she now enjoys. The question may receive the attention and even the transient approval of some of our ablest statesmen and may be mooted in our legislative halls, but it will never be endorsed by our people's franchise.

In her present condition, dependent to Great Britain, her sons are independent, happy and prosperous, and we receive many signal advantages from that dependence; but the day is rapidly approaching when Canada the colony will assume a nobler position and take her stand among the nations of the world as Canada, the kingdom. This will never be accomplished by the destruction of her towns and cities or the staining of her fertile fields with blood; but, when the time is ripe for the change from the colonial to the independent state, the transition will be as noiseless as the opening of a tender lily. And while England rejoices to see the young colony, o'er which she has for so many years exercised parental tutelage, stand proudly forth among the nations of the world, the complacent strains of young Canada will be borne on the breeze across the blue waters of the Atlantic to assure the mother land of our unforgetfulness of her early cares. Thus this nominal separation will be but the golden band by which we will be the more firmly united to the greatest of nations, and

"While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Shall cling around our hearts—
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either breach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
'We are one.'"

It is urged by many, even of those who have our dearest interests at heart, that we are and ever will be too weak to stand by ourselves alone among the nations of the world; that we can never hope to be a nation separate and distinct from Great Britain, and that independence would in due time be followed by a war with the United States, which would inevitably terminate in annexation. Those who reason thus know nothing of the past. They are entirely unacquainted with that glorious page of Canadian history upon which is recorded the memorable death of General Brock on the rugged heights of Queenstown. They know nothing of the disgraceful retreat of General Hull down the fertile valley of the Thames and the final surrender of his magnificent army to a handful of valiant Canadians; and consequently they are ignorant of the fact that more than seventy years ago (1812), when Canada had a population of only three millions, she was more than a match for the southern invader.

Russia is another possible, but by no means probable enemy. But the thought of that nation's invading our shores is as foreign to Russian minds as is the thought of Canada's invading Honolulu. Should she attempt such an invasion to-day, by means of our thoroughly equipped Canadian Pacific Railway, we could, in less time than would suffice for the mustering of half her army concentrate all our forces to the only possible point of attack, the coast of British Columbia. With this mass of valor defending a coast line, not more than five hundred miles in length, all the iron clad steamers of Russia could not land a single man upon our soil.

Thus, we see that even to-day Canada would be no liliputian on the battle field. Far, far indeed is the thought of war from the minds of either our patricians or plebians. The prosperous hum of the busy manufacturing wheel and the joyful song of the merry peasant may never be hushed by the shrill whistle of a foreign cannon ball. But should the sullen war cloud o'er hang our land, should Russia, the United States or any power peer with stern and warlike visage through our walls and threaten the destruction of our dearly loved homes, then will Canada prove to the world:

"Men are the fruit her northern realm supply,
And men are hardened 'neath her northern sky."

The greatness of all nations depends almost entirely upon the character of their population. Switzerland, once a mere dependency to the despotic power of Austria, with one mighty effort snapped the hated ties of tyranny, and from the fragments of an oppressed people a nation was formed, which, when the countries of Europe were seething and heaving under the fire of Napoleon's sword, was calm and serene in the enjoyment of peace. It was a virtuous and liberty loving peasantry crystalized around the pillars of law and order that raised the Swiss republic to pre-eminence among the nations of Europe. Greece, that fair and resplendent land, towards which the poet's soul loves to wing its mystic flight, was once among the greatest of the world's nations. But her sons became intemperate and dissolute, and, in the words of Byron:

"Self abasement paves the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

Canada, seeing the errors of Greece and the virtues of Switzerland, will learn to avoid the former and imitate the latter. Her population combining, as it does, all the prudence and forethought of England, all the strength and intelligence of Scotland, all the wit and humor of Ireland, and all the industry and refinement of France, standing upon as fair a land as ever aroused the admiration of the tourist or waked the muse of the poet will not remain inert, but, on the contrary must, in due time, develop into a distinct and noble nation with a peasantry that will laugh at the factious theories of demagogues, with an aristocracy that will willingly partake of the trials and dangers of war and the cares and anxieties of peace and with a "king that can do no wrong."

European empires may fall and European republics may mould and pass away like the putrid refuse of animal matter. Their boundaries, under the fire of civil strife, may contract and expand like the beams of the aurora. The fermented tide of their revolutions may heave its angry waves against our shores, but not a stone will start nor a grain of sand be borne away. Canada, like "the invincible rock that braves, age after age, the hostile element" will heed not the roaring of the tempest, but will ever pursue her onward and upward march, expanding in morals as well as in commerce, till the world is hushed by the shrill blast of that heavenly trumpet which will announce the dreadful tidings that "time shall be no more."

Queen Mary of Bavaria, who died last month, was a Hohenzollern Princess. Born and brought up a Protestant, she was converted and recieved into the Catholic Church some years ago. She bore with heroic courage more than ordinary afflictions. Her son, King Louis II., the late King, lost his reason and put an end to his own life; her second son, the present King, is hopelessly insane, and a regent governs for him. Queen Mary was devotedly attached to her sons. She was kind and considerate for all arround her, and was known in Bavaria as "the good Queen Mary."

VALEDICTORY.

(Delivered by M. Blacquier, one of this year's graduates from St. Dunstan's College, at the closing exercises, on June 25th.)

REV. CLERGY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Mingled with the acclamations of joy, which to-day resound through the corridors, a minor chord is heard to vibrate in the chorus of gladness. As the glory and dazzling splendor of the morning sun, gilding the heavens with a sheet of living fire, portends the coming night, so the roseate hues surrounding the joyous anticipation of welcome home are tinged with the thought that we must part. Borne on the wings of the sighing zephyrs, we hear the plaintive cadence of the parting word.

To-day we arrive at the place where the road branches off. Some laying aside their books, will return to their homes, there to spend their summer holidays amidst the scenes of nature, decked in their most gorgeous attire. They will visit the gay and gladsome scenes of childhood, light with sunshine and fragrant with perfumes; they will tread over the ground hallowed by the footsteps of boyhood, now painted with all the variety of spring; they will ramble through groves, verdant and beautiful, enamelled with blossoms, and melodious with the choirs of nature.

Then "fresh in mind and strong in body" they will return again into these classic walls to drink more deeply at the crystal fount of knowledge.

Others, on the contrary, enter today the path which leads into the walks of active life. They go forth to stand or fall alone. Hitherto to think well, or, to do well, they had but to listen and to imitate. All that is now past. Never before have they stood more in need of wise counsel and friendly guidance. When the sea is calm, and the sky bright, and the wind favorable, the mariner heeds not that there is no pilot on board; when the path is smooth and the sunshine bright, and the flowers sweet and fair, the child casts aside his father's proffered hand; when the pulse beats true, and the step is light, and the whole frame vigorous and strong, the physician's bitter draught is spurned. But when the waves of life's sea break and roar, and the fragile human bark drives helpless through the midnight storm and gloom, when the road is rough and stormy, when clouds gather and thorns and briars take the place of flowers, when heart and body and spirit faint and fail with sore sickness, then indeed there is need of a strong hand to lead the way.

However, if we profit by the lessons which we have daily received during the years spent within these walls, if we apply to the occasions of life the counsels of wisdom and experience with which our souls have been nourished, even though the airy castles of our sanguine fancy may never materialize, though the glitter of worldly pleasure and power may lose its fictitious brilliancy, a happiness often a stranger to the dreams of youth will replace and abundantly compensate for that desired but wisely denied.

Farewell to thee, *Alma Mater!* To the most indifferent nature, tender associations must cling around the places made dear by some loved presence or by hallowed memories; how much more to hearts burning with the fire of love and gratitude. Our surroundings have been the inanimate witnesses of our joys and sorrows, of our pleasures and trials. Even now they seem to sympathize with our hearts deepest emotion. Short were the years that we spent in thy sheltering love, and long is the journey before us. But now a shadow has fallen silently upon that hallowed shore which we shall never again visit save in fancy; and a faint purplish haze clings with magic grace about the softened outlines of one grand, majestic form nearest of all—our *alma mater.*

In the future, let us ever, in moments of despondency, shake off the deadly weight of the actual, and turn to where far away beyond the position we may be standing, bathed in the mellow radiance of of boyhood's recollections, gleams in the pale gold mist, on the past's sweet shore, the home of our youth.

My dear *alma mater*, may prosperity crown thee,
And time spread thy fame in his flight;
And farther and farther with years be extended
The rays of thy life-blessing light.
When our day upon earth shall have reached its ending,
And we to our night's rest shall go,
May thy light shine as bright to illumine the morning,
That others shall waken to know.

Rev. Rector, With a keen sense of indebtedness we call to mind your devoted ministrations. While our physical and intellectual wants have been the object of faithful attention on your part, you have ever watched over our moral training and gently guided us in the path of virtue. To your untiring zeal, wide experience and rare administrative ability is due the fact that to-day St. Dunstan's College takes its stand among the foremost in Canada. Undying gratitude and grateful remembrance are the tributes we return, as with hearts overflowing with emotion we depart from beneath your sheltering guidance and bid you farewell.

And you, Rev. Father John, our beloved professor, who has taught us the way we should tread, and has borne with us so long and so leniently, never will the class of '89 forget the debt of gratitude they owe you, and it is with feelings of sincere regret we bid you farewell.

Fellow students, together we have toiled, and side by side we have endured the trials and enjoyed the bliss of our college days. Now we must say good-bye, and each for himself, losing sight perhaps of each other, glides far away out of ken, but not out of memory. Over the trackless waters of the future lies our course; let us sail on together with the favoring gale of affection. Months of toil have welded more closely the ties which have held in sweet harmony the class of '89. No cloud mars the horizon of retrospection; its brightness only augments the mournful suggestion of the sad word we are now forced to utter. Swept by the same current, guided by the same compass, through light and throug darkness, we shall meet in the same haven at last, where is unheard the doleful word *farewell.*

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE.

In 1851 a pious christian of the city of Tours conceived the idea of applying the worship of the sorrowful face of our Lord in reparation for the blasphemy and impiety which are so prevalent and which dishonor our age. The ravages made by the spirit of skepticism, of religious indifference and of rebellion against all ruthority which is abroad, have awakened in all truly Catholic hearts the necessity of expiation and consequently of the worship which has just been indicated.

If the world would turn towards the face of Christ, it would soon realize the enormity of its errors; it would give way to repentance in beholding upon its features the signs of its love and of its justice. The holy face, in pointing out to the world its short-comings, would inspire it with sentiments of contrition.

In this age God is everywhere ignored. He is often blasphemed and denied. His authority over families, peoples and nations, His divine providence, each and all of His attributes are despised and trodden under foot by an impious sect which is trying to obliterate the name of God from the hearts of men, and which will not allow it to be spoken by the lips of innocent childhood. The personality of Jesus Christ, His life, His benign place in history exert no influence over the minds of the greater portion of mankind. Some regard the great mystery of the Redemption in the light of an historical myth, and to others this stupendous fact appears as a mere ordinary event deserving of very little attention. Under the circumstances it is to be expected that the name of God should be everywhere derided and contemned, and that Christ should receive the same kind of outrages as He received from the deicide Jews. When the crucifixes and images of the saints are removed from the schools and everything pertaining to the divinity of our Lord stricken from the textbooks used to educate the rising generation, is not this an attempt to blot out from the hearts of children the celestial imprint of the adorable face of Jesus engraved upon them by their mothers?

Where the evil is so great, the remedy must needs be adequate and in proportion to it in every respect. Providentially, we are presented with the luminous face of our Lord and Saviour. Formerly, it suffered for our sake the ignominy of the passion; now, in Heaven it pleads our cause before the Eternal Father. It smiles upon us, blesses and consoles us in the blessed sacrament of the altar, although hidden that it may not dazzle us with its brightness. By presenting it to mankind, to sinners, to those who outrage and spit upon it, the most rebellious and hardened hearts will melt and be converted on beholding its tears, its bloody sweat, its unalterable patience and its unconquerable love.

Such is the object of the devotion to the holy face: to touch the hearts of men, and to disarm the justice of God. It is indeed well fitted to accomplish the end in view. It renders sensible that which is most touching and most penetrating in the adorable person of the incarnate word, of Him whom the prophets called at once "the man of sorrows," and "the most beautiful of the children of men." The devotion to the holy face, though distinct from, yet is closely connected with the devotion to the eucharist and to the passion. It lends these great devotions a useful assistance; it completes and illumines them and tends to render them more attractive and more fruitful of good results. Through them and in union with them, it enables souls to more freely meditate on the love of our Saviour, and thus paves the way to their making acts of penance and reparation.—*T. B. A., in Catholic Review.*

The University of Ottawa.

This noble house of learning was founded in 1848, and is, therefore, at present fast nearing its half century of existence. Although very humble in the beginning, it has risen with that rapid growth so characteristic of the new world, until now its position is first among the Catholic colleges of Canada. In 1866 it received from the federal government full university powers, and at the beginning of the present year the holy Father Leo XIII showed his appreciation of the work done at Ottawa by erecting it canonically into a Catholic university. The course of studies embraces theology, philosophy, literature, classics and natural sciences, besides the various branches of a commercial education. The commercial department, indeed, is conducted in a most practical manner, its graduates become thoroughly acquainted with business methods, and have no difficulty in receiving good situations after they leave college. The opportunities for pursuing the study of the natural sciences are better at Ottawa than at any other Canadian university. Splendid laboratories for physical and chemical experiments allow the trained professors to give the students the full benefit of their knowledge. The merits of the course of philosophy are too well known to need any comment, and the classical course is inferior to that of no other college. Ottawa University is in charge of the Oblate Fathers, whose *chef d' œuvre* it undoubtedly is. The archbishop of Ottawa is *ex officio* chancellor of the university, which is expected to do for English-speaking Canada what Laval is doing for French Canada, and what Washington will do for the United States.