ON THE AND.

19, 1884,

ne 21st. Sunday at the the Cardinal after reading e building of ed a short disgation on the he said, somee amount re-such a pastoral n was not alto it seemed like He acknow most deserved, at for this rea-

Church in the arked contrast since its beginrged the whole he last century, ipped, spoiled, burch in the on world. Well, sready to bless could read the would see this, lution, carrying gainst the faith rist, was growevery side, and day came, the to face with it, world which the y, or even turn preparation for that the Church poor, there can wealth, of corof worldly am-irned again into n which it was founded it, and

r, mightier and And he conprovidence had r the last great ing of it that the d in it any-tself. In Eng-ems face to face he whole inheri-nce belonged to Catholic Church, ell, he was happy ny pastor of that lms; its poverty ne Master. He e that day for le work—to give portion to their nly then, but in as he had said weary of repeat-er their kindred et them not leave Divine Saviour. Divine Master at would inherit behind. When vas destroyed, the o restore it, and ness and selfisho asked if it was e in ceiled houses l was allowed to the reproach ad-at applying not so rial buildings—to

l mortar, as to the edifice of souls. nelp in this good g, that the souls of the saved and the nsolations of reli-ns of the priest in n should the last us than the first. mediæval Church and gone, but in up around them, xe or hammer, but piritual structure, and charity, that in which shall be de by God through children shall be reat shall be their once more restored uld be restored to ere there is unity nich surpasseth all gu for ever.

. P. ON THE CTORY. reeman.

ondon, Monday.

r has been sent by
rrington, M. P.:
"June 9th, 1884. TON-The Nation-nave reason to conthe magnificence y yesterday. e time to express a ness of their success of Ulster to act in t and moderation. the public expres-which are the opin-

of the people of fended with energy the sound sense of ill show them the cting with every nsideration for the Orange fellow-coun-

that at all events districts of Ulster are plainly in the

the less necessary as icts in the North of ationalists form the opulation.

of generous tolera-n for all sections of the course I recom ve a guarantee that even their elation tempt us to depart

h me, I think, that ns with the Branches ue in Ulster these hould be laid down, that this policy will elf to the gentlemen Nationalist meetings

ry truly, LES S. PARNELL." The dry climate cures. Nose, ute, cost free.

'Tis valueless, and yet to hearts so fond A priceless thing, the little hat beyond— It sheltered once a young and sunny brow, And shaded soft, bright tresses in their play: play;
'Tis idle now,
And hangs untouched all thro' the summer
day.

Written for the Record. The Little Hat.

But oh, so eloquently it doth speak
Tho' silent, of a fair and rosy cheek.
And the blue eyes which shone so sweet and
clear
Beneath. It calleth up a face so fair;
How often here
It smiled away our thoughts of saddening
care.

It tells of guileless love that held us dear, That clung around our hearts tho' they were sere.

Joyfully, faithfully to the bitter last—
Filling them with its own pure hope and

blissBut all is past,
Except as it is pictured back in this.
Lowe, P. Q.
E. C. M.

FATHER ROBINSON ON THE CON-FESSIONAL.

London Universe, June 21st. A very large congregation attended the evening service at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Sunday, when the Rev. Walter C. Robinson was announced to preach on the Confessional. After Solemn Vespers, Father Robinson ascended the pulpit, and in the course of a sermon, which you to notice a little fact of human What is it that makes confession such a relief to the human heart? Will any one deny this fact that, if there is a any one deny this fact that, if there is a great crime committed and the guilt kept in the breast, there is a terrible load on that soul as long as it is secret? The moment it is told, and somebody else knows it, the burden is gone; and the important fact that he is not isolated in his targible knowledge is a wighty relief. his terrible knowledge is a mighty relief to human nature. Why this is I know his terrible knowledge is a mighty reflef to human nature. Why this is I know not. All persons who have framed a religion for themselves, all the sects of Christianity, recognize the necessity of this great thing confession, and have some-thing in their religion to supply its place. The Church of England, the Reformers as The Church of England, the Reformers as they are called—of course you cannot expect me to call them Reformers—recognize confession in some form or another, as you can see in their prayer-book; the Wesleyans, perhaps the largest of all the

sects,

RECOGNIZE THE NEED OF CONFESSION.

In their early days they had prayer meetings, and they were confidences on the part of the people made to the holder of the meeting. They tell me these meetings are degenerated now, but that is not my point; they recognized the need of confession. What an extraordinary thing it is for a man to frame a religion for himself. Who told him to start that religion? How does he know all about it? How can he say that for 1900 years there has not been a true religion in the world, and that it is reserved for this man to start it? In a religion of which we hear something in the streets, and which very often is a nuisance, they have a holiness meeting, and there again is the recognition of this need of human nature. Those two evangelists who are drawing thousands, what does a priest think of that? Well, you cannot expect me to say they are the real messengers of Christ, but I think it a wonderful thing, and in a sense I am rejoiced at it, because the people of England come to hear the word of God. That is a good thing, and so far, and no further, glory be to God for those two men and what they may do. They have a familiar meeting in which confidences. it is for a man to frame a religion for himself. Who told him to start that remen and what they may do. They have a familiar meeting in which confidences are made and confession in some form or another takes place, so all these sects recognize the great thing confession. No doubt they are abused, and very often instead of a confession of sin they are a confession of virtue, but still there is the recognition. The Catholic Church provides for this thing in a business like recognition. The Cattorie Chief powers ike way; the confessional is a business like thing, a downright business like way of meeting the thing, the methodical authormeeting the thing, the methodical authorized way of meeting this need of human nature. You can see the confessional, don't be afraid of them, you are perfectly at liberty to examine them. What is there that strikes us at once. First, it is so public, what can be more public? Everybody can see them, there is an utter absence of all mystery. The confessional is public for the protection of the penitent, some may say.
THE PRIEST REQUIRES PROTECTION QUITE

as the penitent. Men of the world will agree with me that a man has just as much reason to be afraid as a woman, so for the protection of both, the thing is public. Unless in illness any priest hears the confession of a woman save in his confessional in the church, he would be suspen-ded. Next, the confessional is so private In what does this privacy consist? First, the priest's tongue is tied; of the sins brought to him for absolution, outside of the confessional he knows nothing. It is the most absolute secret in the world, and there is no priest in the world who is willingly rather than renot ready to die veal any sin told him in confession. confidence of that secrecy which medical men and lawyers have to observe is nothing to it. The English law recognizes this, and as far as I am advised, would this, and as far as I am advised, would not for any judicial purpose endeavour to make a priest reveal anything told him in confession. A penitent may go to the same priest to confession for years and the priest yet know nothing of him socially. Such is the privacy, that no person need be afraid to go to a priest who knows him; let him go and tell his sorrow, he shall be absolved, and the priest will knows him; let him go and tell his sorrow, he shall be absolved, and the priest will know him no more. You see these consessionals in this church. You may examine them if you like, but not while the priest is there, that would be rude.

I was at one of the English public schools, and went through a long through a long account turn, and lot a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All course there, and thence to Oxford, of around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now executioners of the human race, which I am a member at this moment, so the priest is there, that would be rude.

I was at one of the English public schools, and went through a long account turn, and lot a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All public schools, and went through a long around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now executioners of the human race, kneel down; yes, kneel down on the saw-berry is the rem dust of the scaffold! lay your perfumed to a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All public schools, and went through a long around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now executioners of the human race, berry is the rem dust of the scaffold! lay your perfumed to a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All public schools, and the public schools, and them through a long around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now executioners of the human race, berry is the rem dust of the scaffold !lay your perfumed to a gibbet! There, and lot a gibbet! There, and lot a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All public schools, and went through a long around you—death—but nowhere pity!

Solve the scaffold stares you in the face! All public schools, and went through a long around you—death—but nowhere pity!

I like polite, gentlemanly, and ladylike manners, and I like them in connection with religion. My Anglica friends forgive me, I must contrast the priest with your confessor. A multimee of your clergy practice confession; I can speak about this, and I declare to you solemnly, I will say nothing here but what I know. What preparation has the Anglican clergyman had for this frightful difficulty? Priests perfectly tremble before this mystery of confession. What preparation has the Anglican clergyman for this duty? First, the bishops don't recognize his First, the bishops don't recognize his office, and they have but two books for his instruction, both full of heresy from the first page to the last; that man is left to his own ideas of common sense. Per-

and in the course of a sermon, which lasted just under an hour, and was listened to throughout with the greatest attention, said: What an interest there is about this subject; look at this sight! Why is there such an interest about this thing called the Confessional? Is it because there is something secret about it, or does this curiosity spring from an object less worthy? Would there be the same interest about it if our Lord had ordained that worth? Would there be the same interest about it if our Lord had ordained that only men should use it? I know not, but certainly this is a wonderful sight, and a preacher might well quail at the sight of so many immortal souls before him. I am not going to say anything controversial to-night, and let me tell the Anglicans, who are here in great numbers, that I do wish to speak the truth. I want I do wish to speak the truth. I want you to notice a little fact of human whether is that makes confession to a man. What is it that makes confession to the safeguard with the medical man? the safeguard with the medical man? They are honorable, and, in the vast majority of cases, there is no abuse of this confidence; but I ask where is the safeguard, save that of human honor and guard, save that of human honor and chivalry, where a man will be honorable, if he is not pious or religious, to the weaker sex? Look at the publicity of the confessional and the training of the priest, and tell me why are you scandalized at the priest and not at others? It is because you don't hate them, but you do hate the Church. Poor Catholic Church, always missunderstood, always missuperse. always misunderstood, always misrepresented, always some new cry more false than the last. I tell you the confessional is a divinely-ordained, wonderful, business-like, and methodical institution; it is a great power and a necessary power for the Church of Christ upon earth, and our Lord gave it in these words: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth; as given to Me in heaven and of earth algo ye, therefore, and teach all nations. Whatsoever sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." The confessional is

it is the mighty means by which the Church loosens and binds and rules over the unruly will and minds of men. It is a place of absolution; nine cases out of power. Some may say, "Oh, you Catholics, what a comfortable religion yours is; go and do what you like, get it washed away, and then begin again." Without a firm resolution or compact with the priest to avoid even the occasions of sin there is to avoid even the occasions of sin there is away, and then begin again. Without a firm resolution or compact with the priest to avoid even the occasions of sin there is no absolution. That is the power which the Church has used in all its plenitude by the Vicar of Christ when excommunications. tion has been hurled against any king or country, and they have quailed before it. Henry the Second quailed before the sentence of Holy Church, and did penance after the martyrdom of St. Thomas A'Beckett. So with the modern French-

man. There is something contemptible about the modern Frenchman; in almost every case, at the last he quails before the power of Holy Church, and in nearly every case he sends for the priest. In this immense audience, many perhaps are here to-night who believe that terrible calumny that the confessional is an instrument of impurity. I cannot—you must see I can-

impurity. I cannot—you must see I cannot—take up your time to refute it, but I APPEAL TO YOUR JUSTICE, YOUR COMMONSENSE

as Englishmen, believe the thing no more. Take the priest, don't be afraid of him. Why, some people wont ride in the same railway carriage with him. They look on him as if he was not a human being. He has got a heart, he has a mother, a father, and sisters; he is a member of a family whom he loves, in fact, he is a perfect human being. He has a heart, and a very strong one, but he is going to love in heary ven, not on earth. Would a priest allow his sisters or his mother to go to confession if these calumnies were true? Take the father of a family. Do you think he could allow his wife to be covered with filth, or his daughters to have crime suggested to them? The Catholic gentleman is a gentleman. The heart of the coward kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the flaming syllables on Bell-shazzar's wail: The days of judgment draw near! "Yes, that parchment will speak to kings in lauguage sad and terrible as the trumpet of the archangel. You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last the voice of human woet has pierced the ear of God, and called His judgment down. You have waded on to thrones through seas of blood; you have trampled on to power over the necks of millions; you have turned the poor man's weat and blood into robes for your delications; you have turned the poor man's weat for weather the world of the coward kings these worlds will speak, but not in tones of flattery. The will speak like the flaming syllables on Bell-shazzar's wail: The days of your pride and glory are numbered! The days of your pride and glory are numbered! The days of your have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last the voice of human ween trampled on to prove of the archangel. You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last the voice of human ween trampled on to prove of the archangel. You have trampled on to prove of the fifth, or his daughters to have crime sug-gested to them? The Catholic gentleman is a gentleman, he is an honourable man, he is a citizen as well as you are, and how dare you say this foolish thing of him. Well, none of my audience will say or think that again. Then confession is a great deterrent from sin, a preventative of crime, because it deals singly with in-dividuals, and by influencing individuals for good, tends to the welfare of the com-I was at one of the English

Many a boy sent there in his innocence from home, in his first contact with this hideous vice, cried aloud to God, but cried in vain. There was no one to give advice and consolation, and I have seen a child fresh as an angel come to that school and fall back into hideous ruin for want of this very thing.

office, and they have but two books for his instruction, both full of heresy from the first page to the last; that man is left to his own ideas of common sense. Perhaps now there may be some further attempts to qualify them for their office, but from my own experience there was none. A man simply said one day "I am a priest," and the next he sat and heard confessions;

THE THING IS IMMORAL.

The Catholic priest is prepared from his youth, and all along he is trained with this purpose before him, so that we may say for fourteen or fifteen years, he goes through a special training for his sacred calling by the eleverest and holiest men in the world, men who know their business. He goes through a training in dogma and in moral theology, which means the art and science of guiding consciences. This man is trained year after year in the theology of the Catholic Church; almost every questien that can be thought of in the guiding of consciences is discussed, and that young man is taught this, and examination after examination afte

PATRICK HENRY.

HITHERTO UNKNOWN SPEECH WHICE IN-TION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Boston journal of 1776 has recently come to light with the following account of Patrick Henry's speech in it:

It is the old hall of Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776. There is a silence in this hall, every face is stamped with a deep and owing representation.

hall, every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility!
Why turns every glance to that door?
Why is it so terribly still?
The committee of three, who have been out all night planning a parchment, are about to appear. The parchment with the signatures of these men written with the pen lying on yonder table, may either make the world free, or stretch these necks upon the gibbet yonder in Potter's field, or nail their heads to the door-post of these halls. That was the time for solemn halls. That was the time for solemn

faces and deep silence.
At last, hark! The doors open, the committee appear. Who are these men who come walking on to John Hancock's

chair?

The tall man, with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is the Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout built man, with resolute look and sparkling eye—that is a Boston man, one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with heir departing in thick englet to his shoul. hair dropping in thick curls to his shoul-ders, that dressed in a plain coat and such odious home-made blue stockings—that THE GREAT POWER OF THE CATHOLIC is the Philadelphia printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high debate; then all the

faint-hearted cringe in corners, while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole The soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll

is heard undulating in syllables of deep But still there is doubt, and that pale

But still there is doubt, and that pale-faced man, shrinking in one corner, squeaks out something about axes, scaffold and a gibbet.

"Gibbet!" cchoes a fierce, bold tone, that startles men from their seats—and look yonder! A tall, slender form rises, dressed, although it is summer time, in a faded red cloak. Look how his white hand trembles as it is stretched slowly out; that dark eye burns, while his words

into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can

"They may pour our blood on a thou-sand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drops on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom

will spring into birth!

"The British king may blot out the stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words on the parchment there. The work of God may perish; His word, never!

"These words will go forth to the world when our homes are dust. To the slave in bondage, they will speak hope; to the mechanic in his workshop, freedom; to the coward kings these words will speak,

cate forms, into crowns for your anointed brows. Now, kings! Now, purpled hang-men of the world! For you comes the day of axes, and gibbets, and scaffolds; for you the wrath of man; for you the light

mings of God.

"Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight sky!

Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and her for morey! Where will you find and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws! Not from the people, for you stand baptized in their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet! There,

and fall back into hideous rain for want of this very thing.

If IT BE TRUE THAT ANGELS EVER WEEF, surely they would weep over that. I was trained in a Catholic school for the priest-hood, and I took great pains to inquire into the system and results, as far as morality is concerned. Is immorality entirely eliminated from the Catholic schools? I would say, certainly not as long as human. Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's

call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed.

"Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! If the next moment this hall rings with the echo

their property alone. God, I say, pro-claims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arms, but mighty in God-like faith. Nay, look at the history of your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to the free. It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies, to pierce the counsels of the Almighty On But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as an angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to the throne, and speaking his dread message.

"Father! the Old World is baptized in

blood. Father! it is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding opprespersecution, in slow and grinding oppres-sion. Father, look! With one glance of Thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold evermore a terrible sight—man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man.
"He stands there (the angel), his hand trembling with the black record of human

guilt. But, hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the Old World to build up my

out from the Old World to build up my altar in the New.

"As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be His voice. Yes, were my soul trembling on the wing of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were my voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last wave of this hand, with the last gasp of this voice, implore you to remember the truth—God has given America to the free. Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that parchment in the name of the One who became the Saviour, who redeemed you, in the name of the millions

One who became the Saviour, who redeemed you, in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed, in intense expectation, as they look up to you for the awful words—"YOU ARE FREE."

Many years have gone since that hour. The speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but the records of that hour still exist, and they tell us that it would require an angel's pen to picture would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that speaker's look, the deep, terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophetlike beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame shooting from his eyes, that fired every heart throughout the hall. He fell exhausted in his seat, but the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall. Sign! Ha! There is no doubt now. Look! How they rush forward! Stouthearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen i grasped by another, another and another. Look how their names blaze on the parchment, Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now Roger Sherman, the shoemaker. And here comes good old shoemaker. And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins; yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward quivering from head to foot. With his shaking hand he seizes the pen and scratches his patriot name. Then comes Benjamin Franklin, the printer. And now the tall man in the red cloak advances, the man who made the forward has been advanced by the forward has been advanced. the fiery speech a moment ago. With the same hand that wavered in such fiery scorn he writes his name—Patrick Henry And now the parchment is signed; and

now let the word go forth to the people in the streets, to the homes of America, to the camp of Washington, to the palace of George, the idiot king; let the word go out to all the earth.

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and grasp the iron tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth. Fifty-six farmers and mechanics have this day struck at the shackles of the

He Knows It.

Hiram D. Maxfield, formerly of Silver Springs, R. I., has no doubt about the wonderful curative powers of Kidneyort. He was so afflicted with Kidney mplaint that he could not stand on his Wort. feet from pain and weakness. As soon as he commenced using Kidney-Wort he exper-ienced immediate relief and at once began to grow strong and was relieved of all pain and unpleasantness. He says: "I know I have been cured by Kidney-Wort."

A Search Warrant. If there is any lurking taint of scrofula a the system, Burdock Blood Bitters in the system, Burdock Blood are warranted to search it out.

For Old or Young.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-berry is the remedy for Cholera, Colic, Diarrhoza and Dysentery. No person is

THE POPE'S MASS.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A MOST INTER-

A correspondent of the Courier de Brux-elles gives the following account of a scene which must have the deepest interest for readers. Under date of April 27th, M. S.

"Last Sunday, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, we turned, with much emotion, our steps towards the Vatican to hear the Mass of the Holy Father, and to receive the Paschal Communion from his

hands.
"Having ascended the royal steps of white marble which lead to the spacious halls, ornamented with magnificent paintings, past servants in red damask livery, through galleries where the reproductions of the works of Raphael are fresh and beautiful, we arrived at the private chapel of the Pope. This chapel is very plain. It would not be remarkable, were it not for the magnificent Gobelins tapestry covfor the magaineent Gobelns tapestry covering the walls. The altar is surmounted by a Crucifixion after Guido Reni; at the right of the altar is a rich prie dieu, with a chair of crimson velvet; at the left a table with the sacred vessels; and in the middle, benches covered with green carpet, and at the cidea two vestells, rows of the same the sides, two parallel rows of the same

"When we entered, the assembly of the privileged was nearly complete. The ladies were black and were shaded by the traditional veils, and were in the middle traditional veis, and were in the intended of the chapel; the men, in black suits and white neckties, were ranged at the sides. "At eight o'clock the Pope, borne to the threshold of the chapel in his chair, made

his solemn entrance.
"Our looks turned towards him with an

indefinable mixture of joy, veneration, love and confidence. The apparent weakness of the august Pontiff at first struck us. But what Pontiff could repeat more justly the words of St. Paul: "When I am weak, I am strong."
"Accompanied by the assistants and offi-

cers of the guard, the Holy Father went to his prie dieu. There, motionless, with to his prie dieu. There, motioniese, une his head inclined, lost in prayer, he remained for twenty minutes before advanction to the altar. His attendants vested

ing to the altar. His attendants vested him, and the Holy Sacrifice began. "Although there was no music, the Mass lasted more than an hour. The Sovereign Pontiff says Mass very slowly, and accen-

"The time of Communion came—a moving and solemn time. In the order prescribed by the assistants of the service, Mgr. Macchi and Mgr. Mazzolino, the women first approached the Holy Table, and then the men approached and retired in the same order. in the same order.
"The ceremony was long; the Pope gave

Communion slowly, and with the peculi-arity that he presented the ring of the Fisherman to be kissed before placing the Sacred Host on the tongue. Each person received from the hands of Mgr. Macchi a billet commemorative of this Paschal Communion, with an appropriate text from Holy Scripture. "When the Pope's Mass ended, another

of thanksgiving, as he had been lost in the act of thanksgiving, as he had been lost in that of preparation. Before quitting the chapel, he solemnly gave his benediction; he permitted himself to be approached by those who wanted to kiss his hand and to who wanted to kiss his hand and to receive a last souvenir."

THE VICE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Every Christian ought to lay to heart the melancholy and humiliating truth

of the Christian world.

The population of mankind may be divided into four worlds—the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Mahometan, and the Chris-

First,—the great and populous Chinese First,—the great and populous Chinese world is temperate. The cultivation of the vine and the making of wine are forbidden by law in the Chinese Empire. There are, indeed, Chinese who intoxicate themselves with opium; but they are a smail number of the milions of the peo-ple, and England is chiefly responsible for fereing the opium trade upon them. Secondly,—the Hindoo world, or the millions of Central Asia, in like manner

are temperate by the laws of their religion we temperate by the laws of their religion. We have introduced the use of intoxicating drink among them, and the natives have petitioned again and again, but in vain, for the suppression of the evil.

Thirdly,—the Mahometan world is also temperate by the strict rule of the Maho metan law. By their contact with Christian Europe many Turks have learned

to be intemperate.

Fourthly and lastly,—there remains the Christian world, in which the use of wine and intoxicating drink of many kinds is left to the liberty of Christian people; and Christians of all kinds and provide the control of the contr conditions, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, have grievously and scanda-lously abused their Christian liberty; and wheresoever the Christian nations have come in contact with the aboriginal races of the West or of the South, they have taught them the practice of intemperance,

When our Divine Master was upon earth, virtue went out of Him, and they that touched Him were made whole. The that touched Him were made whole. The races and peoples who are in contact with the Christian world perish before it. A virtue goes out of it which destroys them. Is it possible that a disciple of our Divine Master can lay these things to heart, and can see the havoe which intoxicating drink is making every day, and on every side, without sorrow and humiliation? Is it not good for us, in expiation and reparation for scandals so great and evils so deadly, to give up at once and evils so deadly, to give up at once and forever the use of intoxicating drink?
"It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother is offended or scandalised, or made weak" (Rom. xiv. 21). HENRY EDWARD.

Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Bes All Ladies Should Know That Hoods, scarfs, ribbons and all fancy articles can be made any color wanted with Diamond Dyes. All the popular colors. 10c. at druggists. None equal them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington Vt. them. ton, Vt.

The Last Days of St. Peter.

Eminent as was the position of St. Peter, the real details of the closing years of his life will never be known. But Christian tradition, acquiring definitive ness in proportion as it is removed from the period of which it speaks, has provided us with many details, which form the bio-graphy of the Apostle as it is ordinarily accepted by Romanists. We are told that he left Jerusalem in A. D. 33, and was for sever years Bishop of Antioch, leaving Euodius as his successor; that during this period he founded the churches to which period he founded the churches to which his letter is addressed; that he went to Rome in A. D. 40, and was Bishop there for twenty-five years, though he constantly left the city for missionary journeys. The chief events of his residence at Rome were, according to legend, his conversion of Philo and Senator Pudens, with his two daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana, and his public conflict with Simon Magus. The impostor, after failing to raise a dead youth—a miracle which St. Peter accom-The impostor, after failing to raise a dead youth—a miracle which St. Peter accomplished—finally attempted to delude the people by asserting that he could fly to heaven, but at the prayer of St. Peter and St. Paul he was deserted by the demons who supported him, and dashed bleeding to the earth. to the earth.

to the earth.

During the Neroian persecution the Apostle is said to have yielded to the urgent requests of the Christians that he should escape from Rome; but when he had got a little beyond the Porta Capena he met the Lord carrying His cross, and asked him, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" asked him, "Lord, whither goest Thou ?"
(Domine quo vadis?) "I go to Rome,"
said Jesus, "to be crucified again for
thee." The Apostle, feeling the force of
the gentle rebuke, turned back and was
imprisoned in the Tullianum. He there
converted his goaler, miraculously, by
causing a spring to burst out from the
rocky floor for his baptism. On seeing
his wife led to execution he rejoiced at
her "journey homewards," and addressing
her by name, called to her in a voice of
cheerful encouragement, "Oh, remember cheerful encouragement, "Oh, remember the Lord!" He was executed on the same day as St. Paul. They parted on the Ostian Road, and St. Peter was then led to the top of the Janiculum, where he was crucified, not in the ordinary position, but, at his own request, head down-wards, because he held himself unworthy to die the same manner as his Lord .-"Early Days of Christianity." (A non-Catholic work.)

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The commencement exercises of the academy of Sacred Heart took place on July 2nd, The Right Rev. J. Sweeney, D. D., Bishop of St. John; Very Rev. T. Connolly, Vizar General, and a number of clergymen were present. At the close of the exercises, His Lordship distributed the premiums. There were three graduates this year: Miss Mary Cullinon, of St. Stephen, N. B.; Miss Maggie Fogarty, of New York, and Miss Maggie Fogarty, of New York, and Miss Maggie Fogarty, of New York, and Miss Joanna Connor, of Portland, St. John. In addition to a beautiful gold cross, the graduates received a large number of premiums. Among the prizes presented were two gold medals, the gifts of Father Collins, of this city, and Father Conlan, of Calais. The valedictory was delivered by Miss Cullinan. His Lordship said it afforded him much pleasure to be present; congratulated the Madames on the success that attended their efforts during the year; hoped the young ladies would enjoy their vacation and gave them his benediction.

Rev. Father Cooney.

On Tucsday, the 1st inst., the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap, '59, celebrated his Silver Jubilee, or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Sacred Priesthood. The occasion was made one of rejoicing, and the reverend gentleman was the recipient of numerous congratulations. During his twenty-five years in the Sacred Ministry, Father Cooney's career has been marked by a singular effectiveness, the result of untiring zeal and energy, aided by his talents are a ruleit orator. He is well known as a pulpit orator. He is well known throughout the greater part of the United throughout the greater part of the United States, and the good wrought by him remains wherever he has been to attest his efficiency. In union with his many friends we wish him continued years of usefulness, and hope that he may celbrate his Golden Jubilee in the full enjoyment of health and strength.

"Queer."

The origin of the word "queer" is due to Quin, the actor. He bet \$100 with a nobleman one evening that, by the next morning at breakfast time, there would be a word in most people's mouths that was never heard before. That night, when the theatre had closed, he got all the "supers" and others whom he had hired, furnished each with a good lump of chalk, and instructed one and all to go through the principal streets of London and chalk on the flags the word "Queer." The next morning the people were startled by seeing such an unusual sight. Some believed it was significant of danger—that a secret enemy was near, and this was his watchword; so the word went the rounds in a most amazing way. the fight be said to be not "in most people's mouths" but "in everybody's mouth." Quin, of course, won the wager.

Pope & Bitleau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Home, writes: We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for diptheria with entire satisfaction and

No Rival in the Field,

There is no rival for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the cknowledged champion for the cure of all Summer Complaints.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, Ont., says: I have much pleasure in recommend-ing Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.