Written for CATHOLIC RECORD.

PART II.

COLLEGE OF DOUAL

for Scotch secular clergy at Tourna

this good work he employed

revenues of his canonry soon after

DONOVAN AND THE BOERS.

An Irish Pedagogue in the Transvaal.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE TOLD BY A JESUIT MISSIONARY.

An episode told by the Rev. Father Caarles Croonenberghs, S. J., of the Zambesi Mission will be read with pleas-

It was in the South African winter or dry season, on the last day of April, 1879 The missionary caravan had plodded its weary way among sands and rocks, rivers and forests, and was camping in the midst of the immense plains of Western Transvaal. The sun was calmly setting on the level borizon, and the evening breeze brought with it that blissful freshness which under the burn-ing mid day sun the mirage had made ing mid day sun the mirage had made us dream of by its imaginary bowers and pictured lakes. All was quiet and silent around us, the cattle were feeding; the Fathers, walking, said their beads. In the glimmering sky a spot appeared that grew little by little; a dark human form was making towards our waggon. It was dark already, when we received

that grew little by little; a dark human form was making towards our waggon. It was dark already, when we received the greetings of the strange visitor at our camp fire. A man of middle stature with rough shoes, a corduroy suit long worn, a broad felt hat on his gray hair, stood before us. His features bore the strong marks which that acorching climate speedily leaves on the faces of men, and on his shoulders he carried a stick from which was hanging a pair of stick from which was hanging a pair of top boots. He had all the appearance

of a regular tramp, but a tramp in an African desert is a god send.

"Good evening," he said abruptly to the tallest of us, whom he rightfully supposed was the "Boss of the party," aren't you Catholic priests? I heard Fathers were coming up country, and

came up to make my confession ! We all drew near, and with a winning smile Father de Pelchin answered, "Yes, my friend, we are Catholic priests going up to the Z mbesi nation. But are not you an Irishman?"

"Yes, Father," was the emphatic an-"and my name is Donovan. father was a Catholic, and all the Dono vans for ages and ages were Catholics, from the time there were any in Ire

So saying the good old man was on his knees, and, receiving the priest's bless-ing, kiesed his band with tears. Around our glaring fire of "ox-mist,"

the only fuel of these pampas, we learned Dunovan's long story; how, shipwrecked in the last King George's time, he wandered from the coast to Upper Trans yaal in search of game, and how he had come so far in that he could not get out any more. Then, as age crept on, he had taken to the scantily-paid profession of a wandering schoolmaster, going from farm to farm, teaching the youth among the Dutch Boers how to spell their names and write or print a Boer letter like the following—a veracious instance:

"Lina and Katie are well, we all, hope you too, but father died last month; hope you are well and alive. I would like to marry Mary; if you answer that I may, I will be happy.

"Eles myn heer se vriend, (I am your gentleman friend), H."

gentleman iriend), H."

The next morning old James Donovan received Holy Communion with a pure Irish devotion. After taking breakfast, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful day! Twas so many years since I bad seen the Soggarth aroon

We moved on, but Donovan followed yet another day. The third day, at evening, when he saw the oxen ready for another start, the good old man gathered his bundle, took his stick and his top boots, and, being ready for the home

Dear Father Superior, I am but poor man, but soon will be poorer than I am. Here is all that I have, take it for the love of God," and out of the inside of his coat he pulled £2 sterling and a sovereign. The Superior refused to take the

The Superior refused to take the money saying: "God will provide."
Then the Irishmen, throwing the gold pieces on the ground with decision, said: "There lies the money. It is no longer mine, I have given it to God. If you don't take it, there it will remain," and he having off. he harried off. Father de Pelchin hesitated a moment,

then, taking up the three gold pieces, said: "Stop a minute; I accept the money in the name of God, but this is my prayer: May it please Our Lord some day to give one of us the occasion of restoring it to you a hundredfold on this earth, and may He give you eternal life bereafter." James Donovan then disappeared in

the darkness of the plains, some years had passed. In May 1884, I had gone back to Europe for the interest of the mission, and had returned in October of the same year to Africa.

in October of the same year to Africa. I was then ordered to open a mission in that very extremity of the north-western Transvaal. My only companion, Father John Temming, and myself had secured a new station in the Dwarsbergan amongst the Battapin Caffirs. We had built our house, but when about to cover it, a storm and deluge of rain brought three of the four walls to the ground.

three of the four walls to the ground.

The very evening of the disaster, late at night, we were disheartened under our wagon, sheltering ourselves from the drizzling rain and cooking our porridge, On one side was the slope of the mountains, on which was the Batlapin town, on the other a dozen wells, dug out in the chalk stone, a wonder-work for the Caffirs. Suddenly a voice was heard far beyond

"Are there white men here ?" was the

question.
"Yes," I answered, "but stay, don't move, I'll send you a Caffir to see you through the pits."

through the pits."

A few minutes later, in the glare of our fire, and in the dim light of the growing moon, we saw a man of middle stature, with gray hair and grizzly beard, the stature of the stature a broad brimmed felt hat, a corduroy suit, and on his shoulders s stick and a pair of top boots.
"Are you Father Croonenberghs?"

was the question.

"And aren't you James Donovan?"

kettle, and, while smoking a pipe of restue, and, while smoking a pipe of Transwal tobacco, Donovan, with deep emotion, had to hear of the death of many whom he had seen five years before—of Father Augustus Law, Father, Fuchs, Father Teroerde, and of the gallant Brother de Vylder. Donovan took to his knees and prayed, adding "may they rest in peace."

they rest in peace After a long and hearty conversation, moment of thoughtful silence followed. Then, looking at my friend with my hand upon his shouder, I said: 'Dono-van, do you remember where we first met and when ?"

'Yes, father," was the lively reply.
"Twas on the plains of the Hart River in '79, and those were happy days."
"Do you remember, Donovan, what alms you gave Father De Pelchin ?"
"It was very little, and Father De Pelchin refused at first to take it."

At this moment of the conversation At this moment of the conversation, a peculiar noise was heard close by. I recognized the gnawing of skins; a hungry dog was at the trappings of our waggon. Looking for my gun, I made one step, a white shadow fied, the whistling shot was followed by a smothering yell and then the pealing answer of a hundred dogs answered the death warrant around the Caffir town.

"One third less." I said, putting back

"One thief less," I said, putting back

the gun.
"One hundred left," said Donovan. "Poor hungry animals!" said kind-hearted Father Temming, not yet ac-customed to the necessities of life in the wilderness; and the conversation was

"Remember, my dear Donovan, that "Remember, my dear Donovan, that somebody said, as a parting wish—'Il pray that some day, to some one of us, Our Lord will give the pleasure of restoring to you a hundred fold."
"I do," said the good old man, with an inquiring lock.
"Well," I continued, ", ou are poor now Donovan and we are rich. We have

now, Donovan, and we are rich. We have a house that will be build, a team of oxen, a cow and a calf, milk and butter, eep and seventeen sovereigns in the treasury; and with us you will live When we abound you will abound with us, and when we fast you will fast with us." It took some time for Donovan to

recover from this happy surprise.

"Yes," he finally answered, "and a godsend it to be received here by the Fathers, and to find a home for me who have known none since I left my mother in

King George's time."
"And now, Donovar, you will be a missionary schoolmaster as long as it will suit your sge; and then, when the day of your reward will bave dawned, close to the Church of the Immaculate Conception on yonder chalk hill, we will bury you, and over your grave will pray the Ceffirs whom you will have taught the law of Christ Our Lord,"

Here Donovan burst out in tears of ecstasy. "To live here with the priest," he exclaimed, "to work for God yet awhile and then to sleep in the shadow of the Church of the Larange and the shadow. of the Church of the Immaculate Virgin Mary until the everlasting resurrection!
Oh! this is the best of happy dreams thanks be to God and to you, his ser-

Together we started our building afresh. The kitchen was erected, and a church dominates peacefully over the dark forests of Tseni Tseni Valley; and old Donovan, having resumed the thoughts of youth, will teach the heathen, until at last, full of days and of merit, he will sleep in peace, having had his hun dredfold in this world and found eternal bliss in the other.

Dom Bosco's Advice.

A CERTAIN WAY TO HAVE ONE'S REQUESTS

GRANTED.

The following very remarkable advice is taken from a letter from Dom Bosco to a religious of the Salestan Congregation. It is dated December 8 h, 1887 (Feast of the Immaculate Conception), less than two months before the letters. GRANTED, two months before his lamented death This letter may be regarded as a sort of spiritual testament of the holy priest :

'When one earnestly wishes to obtain a grace from God through the intercession f the Blessed Virgin or some other saint, of the Blessed Virgin or some other saint, it is usual to say: 'If this favor be granted, I will make such and such an offering, or give such an alms.' Far preferable and more efficacious would it prove to give more efficacious would it prove to give beforeband what we intend to offer in thanksgiving, for thus by our confidence we oblige, as it were, Almighty God, our Blessed Lady, and the saints to listen favorably and to grant our petitions We also fulfil the precept of Christ: Date, et dabitur vobis—'Give, and it shall be given to you.' Our Divine Saviour does not any. Promise to give and you shall say, 'Promise to give, and you shall receive;' but 'Give first, and then you

Those who are acquainted with Dom Bosco's life are aware of the many examples it furnishes of the efficacy of this beautiful exercise of confidence in Almighty God.

Still Another Religion!

R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle. R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.
Mr. Laurence Ollphant is arranging for
the publication of the new work, "Scientific Religion?" Well, my son, as it takes
Mr. Oliphant 400 pages to tell that, 1
don't know that I can tell you in a paragraph. But it is a great improvement on
the old kind; oh, dear yes, a great
improvement; Mr. Oliphant, the inven
tor, says so himself, and he ought to
know.

As I understand it, it sweeps away a great deal of the old rubbish which the world has outgrown, such as the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Palms and Gospels, the Prophecies, Epistles and the Apocalype and one thing and another like that. and another like that.

Oh, it's easy, my boy, it's the easiest thing in the world, to invent a new religion; any fool can do that. It is a thou sand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one; that's the reason why a new one is brought out about every fifteen minutes.

"I have taken, within the past year several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and find it admirably adapted to the needs of was the quick reply.

We heartily clasped hands, and many questions followed in quick succession. A spoonful of oatmeal was added to the porridge, and more water to the coffee Me.

It is Sunday morning, and our ship steams slowly into Leghorn Harbour under the bluest of Italian skies. We hire a wherry, and go ashore, glad to escape for a time the monotonous roil of the wave-washed vessel. Hardly have you coused the giv's threshold when we we crossed the city's threshold when we come upon a weird procession of hooded men, carrying on their shoulders an empty litter. We are told they are the empty litter. We are told they are the famous Miserecordie; so we follow until they reach their chapel, and go in after them. Our questions are kindly answered by a brother, whose face we cannot see, and we are soon investigating for our-selves the mysteries of this solemn brotherhood. It goes without saying that no religious body anywhere is held in greater respect and veneration than the Italian Miserecordie,
WHILE DISTINCTLY CATHOLIC, IT MINISTERS

TO THE WANTS AND SUFFERINGS

or the wants and sufferings of all creeds and classes. We are unable to secretain exactly the date of its foundation; but there can be no doubt, from all accounts, that it has been in active operation for upwards of a century. It was founded by a Florentine, who sought in a humble way to alleviate the sufferings of his poorer townsmen. but little ings of his poorer townsmen; but little did the good Samaritan imagine the extent to which his ideas were destined to be carried out LONG AFTER HIS BONES WERE CRUMBLING

DUST.

The Order of Muserecordie embraces both men and women. The former at the initiation pay an entrance fee of six trancs and an annual sum of four francs by way of dues. The latter pay four francs at initiation and yearly dues to the amount of two francs. There are honorary members also, who do no active work and who pay five francs a year. The only direct benefit these brethren receive from their membership is that their bodies and those of their families are buried in the private and beautiful cemetery belonging to the Order. There is no fund upon which tacy may draw in times of sickness; no superannuation on which they may retire in old age; there are no mystic signs or

secret words; and POLITICS ARE UNKNOWN IN THE RANKS The mission of the Miserecordie is relieve suffering, to watch by the sick and dying, to convey the wounded to the hospitals, to carry the dead to the tomb, and to be impartial always in their ser vices to whosoever may require them. The dress of the Order consists of a long lack frock and hood, in the latter being cut two eye-holes. Save for these, the wearer is completely enveloped, and is absolutely unrecognizable. The idea of absolutely unrecognizate. The idea of this is that individual pomp and vanity may be sunk and cruzified, and so the brethren go about in the performance of their good work unknown. The amount of labor overtaken by the Order is not easily calculated.

IT IS FOR EVER "ON DUTY." and the demands made upon it are enormous. The public ambulance is a thing as yet unknown to the Italian police, and in order themselves to escape the uppleasant duty of caring for and conveying the sick and wounded to the hospitals, the authorities are only too glad that it should be performed by the Miserecordie. So thoroughly is the work established, so widely the brethren known, that the people come directly to them with their messages and demands, without applying to the authorities at

IF A MAN IS HURT IN THE STREET, the Miserecordie turn out at once and take him tenderly, in the cleanest and whitest of stretchers, to the nearest hospital; or to his own house, if he has one. If a weak or bedridden householder has to be moved from one room to another, a message to the Misercoordie will bring strong men to do the work. If a doctor has a dying patient too poor to afford the luxury of a nurse, he leaves word with the Miserecordie, and nurses are at once sent out in turn to tend and nurse him back to convalescence, or until death relieves them in their weary vigils. It must not be imagined that because the Order is a Catholic one its services are offered only to its co-religionists. It goes anywhere, at any time, to do what good it can to fellow men, and CHURCH AND CREED GIVE WAY BEFORE

CHURCH AND CREED GIVE WAY BEFORE THE SACRED CALL OF HUMANITY.

Many an English sailor crushed and hurt in Italian harbors, and many a friendless foreigner, have good reason to remember and bless the Misercordie for their gracious and most kindly help. Payment for its labors is sternly refused the rule is imperative that not even cup of cold water shall be asked or taken a brother while services are being rendered. Through the crowded streets, however, and passing in and out of shops and houses, may be seen the grim black figures with their poor boxes, soliciting contributions; and there are

FEW PASS THEM BY WITHOUT A BLESSIN AND A COIN. During the day, a few taps on their huge alarm bell suffice to bring together a sufficient number of brethren for the puring the night, however, a relief is always kept on the premises, ready to issue forth at a moment's notice. On issue forth at a moment's notice. On the sound of an alarm the brethrer run quickly to head quarters, don their black robes, and give their names to the senior member present, who notes and mar-shals them. When the duty is performed, the brethren are dismissed, and the case attended to is carefully entered in the

society's books. Whenever a brother has completed 150 such services, HE RECEIVES THE SCHETY'S BRONZE MEDAL, which is highly prized, and worn at the girdle. When he has answered 5,000 calls he is entitled to the silver medal, which is worn on the breast; but as such a course of duties must necessarily be while a course of duties must necessarily of spread over a long period of years, the spread over a long period of years, the wearers are few and far between, and wearers are few and venerable men. The wearers are few and far between, and always old and venerable men. The ranks are composed of all classes of society, and it is well-known that during his lifetime

THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY WAS HIMSELF THE MOST ACTIVE OF THIS

NOBLE BAND.

During the cholera plagues, the labors of the society were almost superhuman; and the air is lad fume of incense.

A DAY WITH THE MISERECORDIE.

(From "Chambers's Journal.")

It is Sunday morning, and our ship unarmed, the members of the Misere.

cordie went every, alone, BOING THEIR QUIET GOOD WORK UNDER THE SHADOW OF THEIR UPLIFTED CRUCIFIX
Everything connected with the society

is nest and scrupulously plain, and there is an utter absence of display, which more pretentious Orders would do well to imitate. Behind the chapel are kept the hearses, stretchers, portable beds, country ambulances, and other appli ances used. All are clean and fresh and ready for immediate use. We re enter the little chapel, where a Mass is being sung for the souls of the departed breth-ren, and we see on all sides ghastly skulls and covered coffins to remind us of our latter end.

THE INCENCE SWINGERS PERFUME THE AIR, AND OUR EARS ARE RAVISHED

with enchanting music sung by the choir overhead. The priests go round the people and distribute candles; and we light ours, that we may not appear singular, and gaze curiously on the scene, as if in wonderland. As we pass out, the grey haired sexton tells us it is the festival of All Souls, and a day of mourning. He advises us to visit day of mourning. He advises us to visit the cemetery, telling as the sight is worth the trouble; and we resolve at once to go. It is the custom in Italy to mourn eight days from the 1st of November for the souls of the dead.

THE GRAYES OF LOVED ONES ARE VISITED and covered with diverse are visited.

and covered with flowers and wreaths and pretty gifts, while Masses are sung for them in all the churches At the end of eight days the decorations are removed, the priests put off their broidered robes, and the grave yard gates are closed assin until payt year's mount. are closed again until next year's mourn ing time comes round. A drive of fifteer moutes through pretty hedgerows, banked with nodding daises, brings us to the cemetery. The road is covered with pedestrians, and at some points blocked with vehicles. So great, indeed, is the confusion that special squads of police are strung out to preserve order, while mounted gendamies, resplendent in plumes and clanking sabres, gallop about to direct the traffic The women's dresses, in spite of the solemn occasion, are of the gayest colors;

THE PEASANT GIRLS, WITH THEIR UN

COVERED HEADS striped petticoats, and dangling earrings being particularly conspicuous. There are beggars, too, by the score, exhibiting mutilated limbs and festering sores, and calling loudly for the alms not often refused them. An Italian festival of any kind without its beggars would be in-complete. Where they come from or where they go to, how they live and who they are, nobody knows; but they are the most persistent and irrepressible class of beings to be met with in the wide world. They will positively not take a refusal, and this is well illustrated by the large men man for the control of the control by the lame man, who forgetful of his infirmities, runs a mile beside our carriage for the copper coin we toss him, and still fieds breath to bless us for our charity. At the gate stand two of the Miserecordie, clad in their sombre robes shaking their poor boxes at the passing multitude. So weird and silent are they that but for their eyes, which peer and twinkle through the holes cut in their

hoods, they might themselves belong to THE SHEETED AND FORGOTTEN DEAD The burying-ground into which we pass lies just outside the Leghorn gates, and almost under the shadow of the Monte nero heighths. It is laid out with charming nicety, and kept with scrupulous care. The boxwood thickets which form the avenues are neatly trimmed; and above them tower high swinging cypress trees, which yield a grateful shade and cool the gravel footpaths underneath. Of this ground work and architecture within, too much cannot be said; not that it in any way aims at or approaches

grandeur, but because it is FULL OF BEAUTY AND ALWAYS FAIR TO SEE. We see here chapels within chapels, and gardens within gardens; and there are high vaulted arches and heavy swinging lumps and dainty flowers that blossom everywhere. Except in the case of family vaults, which are specially prepared and paid for, no man in this quaint resting place may choose beforehand the spot where he will be laid. This is done for him by the ground committee, with a view to the symmetry and beauty of the establishment. Thus grave stones lie in shape of stars and crosses and intersected squares; whilst others are built into the walls one above the other, till the rough masonry gives place to smooth and polished marble

THE RICH AND POOR LIE HERE TOGETHER SLEEPING THEIR COMMON SLEEP; brethren in life, in death they are not divided, and pomp and vanity give place to the memory of simple worth. The marble slabs and monuments that mark the graves are of various shapes and sizes. This is a matter in which the tastes and pockets of the surviving relasizes. tives may be consulted without reference to the society or its committees. The simple slab, the stately cross, the broken pillar, the mass of marble rock, may all be seen, and some of them are veritable works of art. But it would seem to be an understood, if indeed, it is not a written rule, that the epitaphs upon them shall at any rate be short and simple. Here are to be found no culo-

gies, or histories, or sounding phrases; LITTLE BUT THE NAMES OF THE SILENT SLEEPERS MEET THE EYE, UNLESS IT BE THE "PRAY FOR HIM"

with which most of the inscriptions end.
On every grave we see floral decorations and tricutes of affections, brought by loving hands. The gifts and garlands vary with the station in life of the givers; but as far as we can see, after a long and careful visit, none are quite forgotten. On many of the tombstones are the photographs of the departed same of photographs of the departed, some of them let cunningly into the marble in neat metal frames, and in no way affected by the exposure to light or storm. storm. Here are groves smothered in a wealth of rare exotics, while beside them stand exquisitely worked tablets in silk and plush and satin, sorolled with en-dearing terms. There are gloomy lamps or burning candles beside each sepulchre, and the air is laden with the sweet per-

THE GRAVES OF THE POOR HAVE SIMPLER

FLOWERS; occasionally, only artificial garlards and little oil lamps. On some are scattered merely a handful of rose leaves, whilst on others are jars of common clay with a single bud bending to the breeze. On one mound is the bottom of a broken vase, and from it there rises a carefully. cut and prettily-trimmed maize cana, the delicate flowers being doubtless be-yond the reach of the humble giver. On another heap is a little cross rudely fashioned out of a piece of decaying wood. The size is infinitesmal, and the work suggestive of a boy's penknife; but it speaks volumns of love and sympathy. Indeed, the offerings of the poor have a pathetic tenderness never to be found in those of the rich. Besides the flickering lamps and guttering candles, on all sides are kneeling men and women, whispering their prayers for the loved ones they may see no more.

HERE BENDS A LITTLE LAD BESIDE HIS MOTHER'S TOMB, STROKING THE MARBLE HEADST NE, AND THINKING OF THE DEAR VOICE HUSHED FOR EVER ; and here a grey-haired couple are gazing at the grave of the son who has been

at the grave of the son who has been taken from them all too soon. Here is a woman in an agony of grief over a little mound on which the grass has not yet grown. Her grief is pitiable to behold, and her cries attract a sympathising crowd, and cause many a tear to start from eyes whose fountains open responsive to chords struck in aching hearts. "Bianca, my little love." she cries. "I "Bianca, my little love," she cries, "land here beside you. It is your mother, darling, who speaks to you and longs to

THE WORLD IS DARK WITHOUT YOU, DABL

Oh, speak to me. Come back to me, my love, my love." Her face is swollen with the hot tears which chase each other down her cheeks; her lips are smeared with the damp earth to which she presses them. She is but a peasant woman, this sorrowing mother; her hands are large and coarse and tanned by the burning sun, under which she labors day by day; her hair is matted with the ; but her heart is pure and tender and true, and

HER TEARS ARE AN INDEX OF A GENTLE. NESS THAT WEALTH CAN NEVER BUY. The family vaults are built into and underneath the walls of this pretty labyrinth, and are models of neatness. Most of them contain little chapels and neatness. prie dieux, and the floors shine with pol ished marble. The walls and ceilings are exquisitely frescoed and the sun beams play upon the silver altar ornaments and rob the grave of gloom Beneath, where the coffins lie in their metal caskets, oil lamps are kept per-petually burning; whilst buge bronze crosses stretch out their arms,
AS IF TO COVER WITH THEIR SHADOWS

THE SLUMBERING DEAD Not a laugh is to be heard through all Not a laugh is to be heard through all the multitude as we pass round. The sightseer and the tourist seem to catch the general sadness and talk in whispers as they go. The day has been one, indeed, of sad reflection and bitter memory, and laughter would grate barshly here. We near the gate again as the sun is sinking, and we look back upon the congregated mourners. We see

THE BELTED SOLDIER AND THE SANDALLED

MONK, THE NOBLEMAN AND THE BEGGAR, SIDE BY SIDE; we see white faces and raining tears and everywhere. We stand notes of sorrow everywhere. We stand a moment ere we go, apart alone, and feel better and purer for the sight. If it be true that the dead have knowledge of the living, the dreamers of this little garden must be gladdened at the loving recollections of their friends. The horse bells jingle as we canter homewards and beat a strange accompaniment to our thoughts. Verily, we have lingered in another land with the dead themselves. lingered in We have been reminded of

DAY IN WEICH WE WILL OURSELVES BE LAID AWAY, AND OUR RESTING PLACES

VISITED BY THOSE WE LOVED.
We have looked on grief and sorrow, the his head in the blue waters close at hand; and crimson tints shoot up and fall across the land. The birds sing out their even songs, the distant spires are lighted up in yellow glory, and in the distance is heard the soft chiming of the Sabbath bells.

An Ignorant English Earl.

Mr. Depew, of New York, who has just returned home from Europe, says "While in England I met Earl Spencer "While in England I met Earl Spencer, lord lieutenant of Ireland. He said to me: "All those Irish emigrants are anarchists or in a potential state of anarchism. They are the men who instigated the Haymasket riot in Caicago."

They carry anarchy wherever they go." stigated the Haymasket riot in Unicago. They carry anarchy wherever they go."
I told the earl that just the opposite was the case; that no Irishman that I had heard of had been engaged in anarchistic exploits; that Irish police had suppressed anarchy in Unicage, and that among the anarchists hanged the only native of Great Britain was an English man. The earl seemed deeply impressed man. The earl seemed deeply impressed with what I told him about Irishmen in this country. He asked if he might quote my words in a speech, and declared that if what I told him could be proved that if what I told him could be proved. to Englishmen it would help Ireland

Wanted to be Heard From.

Wanted to be Heard From.

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periodee and facilities in the actual prices charged. Should a patron want several different articles embracing as many separate trades or lines or goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct falling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

there will be only one express or fielght charge.

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CATHOLICS OF SCOTLA BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DONELL DAY Some account of the Scotch Co of Douai in connection with the sts the Catholics of Scotland and the gress of the Scotch Mission will not be out of place. In the year 1576, Dr. James Cheyn Arnage, a Scotch secular priest, P. of Aboyne, and canon of Tournay, Pr pal, also, of the university of Dousi professor therein, founded a Semi

> breaking up of the English and Sc College there, which took place in 1 It was afterwards transferred to Po Mousson in Lorraine, Dr. Chey numerous avocations soon rendere impossible for him to superintend new seminary in person. According in March, 1580, he entrusted the gov ment of it to F. Edmund Hay, of ginch, a Scotch Jesuit. It thus under the management of the Sc Fathers of the Society till F. G. Chilett it for the Scotch Mission in when it fell, for a time, into the posion of the Walloon Jesuits. The Sc Fathers again obtained the government it in 1632, and had it erected in Callets the them. College by their Father General, placed it under the superintend of Father John Robb. After this it mained for the most part, in posses of the Scotch Fathers, although it governed occasionally for short per by the Walloon Fathers of the soc There were other benefactors of institution besides Dr. Cheyne; an the rest the illustrious Mary, Quee Scotland, who settled on it an an Scotland, who settled on it an an pension of 1,200 francs, raised soon to 400 gold crowns, and Pope Gre XIII. The annuities bestowed by the minent personages ended with the second control of the sec lives. The seminary was not, however destitute. Many Scotch Catholic grants became contributors. Mr. Meldrum, Precentor of the cathedra Aberdeen, devoted 87 floring to the dowment of four bursaries. Por Mousson was not favored with a brious climate, and, in conseque early in the year 1593 the Semi was removed to Douai. This was with the sanction of Pope Clement Y It was not only on account of the healthiness of the place, but, also consequence of the confusion of that the college was removed Pont a Mousson, as appears from a let of Clement VIII. in favor of the in-tion. The college was for some tim Louvaine, and also at Antwerp, who House was prepared for it. But it House was prepared for it. But it not till after several migrations various fortune, that it was finally et lished at Dousi, at that time a Bel town, in the year 1612, in a house tained for it by the Walloon Fatl Philip III. of Spain was applied to permission to purchase a site whe to build a college. The desired mission was granted and, along with a denation towards the same object. A few words may be now besto we the most liberal of all the benefacto

the college of Douai. This was no o than F. Hippolytus Curle, son of a

known historical character, Gil Curle, Secretary to Queen Mary Stev He had studied at Dousi College, an the end of his philosphical cours 1618 he entered the noviciate of Society of Jesus. Before doing however, he disposed of all his temp and sealed at Antwerp, Sept. 1, In this deed he declared his inter-to join the Society; and a specifying certain donations to m own family and oth he directed that the whole residu his property should be given to Scotch College of Dousi, subjoining ditions which he desired should exactly observed. The conditions we the education of as many student possible, and if anything should ren over the expense of a certain num but not sufficient for the maintena of another, this remainder should devoted to the support of the per necessary for the management of college, and to meet the expense ecclesiastics who should be sent Scotland as secular priests to labou the Scotch missions. It was also wided by Curle that there should alv be a full number of good and suite subjects. He also directed that the lege should enjoy his endowment long as it should be under the admitration of the Society of Jesus, but t if it should ever be put under other ernment by the resignation or remove the society's Fathers, the Father-Gen should be authorized to apply the wi-of the endowment to the maintens of the Scotch students who should under the management of the Soci He desired, moreover, and earner requested that if the Father-Gen saw fit, there should siways be Scotch Jesuit in the college in which said students were to reside. It further stipulated that if the Cath religion should ever be re establishe Scotland, the whole capital sum Curle's encowment should be tra ferred to that country, at the discre of the Father General and the Sce Fathers of the society; and a college the maintenance of as many Soc ecclesisstical students as possible sho then be founded in the University St. Andrews. The execution of provision was entrusted to the Sca Fathers of the Society. The endown was to be only for students of philoso and theology. Curle finally appoint that the deed should take effect w in two years, the usual time of noviciate, he should take the vows member of the Society. If he she die before that time, the deed should executed in the month of July

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