For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur That life is flitting away. With only a round of trifles Filling each busy day— Dusting the nooks and corners, Making the house lock foir Making the house look fair, And patiently taking on me The burden of woman's care;

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
Aud going on little errands
In the twillight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Seaming and peiceing well
Little jackets and trowsers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and the joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine,
"You are living and tolling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine."

"You are guiding the little footsteps In the way that they ought to walk, You are dropping a word for Jesus In the midst of your household talk; Living your life for love's sake, Till the homely cares grow sweet—And sacred the self-denial That is laid at the Master's feet."

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

Catholic World.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history-the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonel, later the first bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the whole clan. For services rendered to the royal house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II. with a peerage under the title of Lord MacDonell and Arross. The Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born at Innishalaggan in 1760, and studied at Val-

About the year 1790 trade between the river Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the pro-clamation of peace and the independence of those colonies, and the merchants of Glasgow and Greenock turned their attention to the importation and manufacture of cotton. This branch of industry grew rapidly, and in 1793 over eighty thousand people were employed in it. The great demand for labor drained the agricultural districts and sent up the price of all kinds of provisions. The fairds, finding they could obtain so ready a market, determined that it would be more to their advantage to turn their mountain estates into sheep-walks than to allow them to be occupied by the numerous and poor clansmen, who were indifferent farmers and could scarcely obtain from the soil sufficient for their own maintenance. Accordingly the tenants were turned adrift; sometimes two hundred gave place to one south-country shepherd, or, as the local phraseology expressed it, "Two hundred smokes went through one chimney." These poor people were destitute and helpless; they had never been beyond the gray line of ocean that washes the rocks of the Hebrides and runs into the deep indentures of the Inverness-shire The southern language was to them an unknown tongue; to make or to take care of money was beyond their ken. The means of emigration were denied them. British crusiers had orders from the Admiralty to prevent the departure of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and to press such able-bodied men as they found on board of emigrant-ships. It was when affairs were in this pitiable state that the Rev. Dr. MacDonald came to the rescue. Leaving the scene of his missionary labors on the borders of Perth, bishop was consecrated in Montreal in he repaired to Glasgow, where he obtained 1820, and was received in Glengarry with an introduction to the principal manufacturers. He proposed to them that they should give employment to his destitute countrymen. This they were willing enough to do, but reminded the priest of two obstacles: one, their ignorance of the English language; the other, their profes-sion of the Catholic faith. At that time the prejudice against Catholics was so strong in Glasgow that they were always in danger of insult and abuse. It was hardly safe for a priest to reside among them; he would be subject to annoyance and assault, and, as the penal laws were still in force, he would also be liable to be brought before a court of justice. Dr. MacDonald expressed his conviction that "although the letter of the law was in force, the spirit of it was greatly mitigated," and declared that if the manufacturers would take the Highlanders under their protection he would run his chances of safety and take up his residence among them as interpreter and clergyman. This was agreed to, and from 1792 to 1794 the plan worked admirably. Then came the war with France. The manufacturers received a sudden check; many failed, and others were almost at a stand. The poor Highlanders were again out of employment and again destitute. Dr. MacDonald then conceived the plan of getting them embodied in a Highland corps under his kinsman called Allastair Ruagh (the red), the young chief of Glengarry. He assembled a meeting of Catholics at Fort Augustus in February, 1794, when an address was drawn up to the king, offering to raise a Catholic corps under the commind of the young chieftain, who with Fletcher, the laird of Dunens, proceeded to London to lay it before the king. It was most graciously received; the manufacturers of Glasgow warmly seconded it, furnishing cordial recommendations of the Highlanders, and in August letters of service were issued to Alexander MacDonell, of Glengarry, to raise the Glengarry Fenof Glengarry, to large the colores, of cible Regiment as a Catholic corps, of

Guernsey and afterwards in Ireland. An anecdote is told of them at Waterford which shows the honest simplicity of their nature and their ignorance of worldly wisdom. When they entered the town billet-money was distributed among them. Before night the order was countermanded; they were ordered to New Ross. Being told of this, each honest Scot returned his billet-money! While they were quartered in Connemara two young men named Stewart were brought by the com-

which he was appointed colonel. The Rev. Dr. MacDonald was gazetted chap-

lain to this reg ment, which did service in

martial, whereupon a private stepped out where, at the age of eighty, he died uniof the ranks, recovered his arms, saluted

his colonel, and said: "Ma dhoirtear diar di fhuil nan Stuibhartich an a sho a noc, bi stri s'anchuis"-"If there will be a drop of the Stewart blood spilt here to-night there will be eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-trouble." "to back to the ranks, you old rebel," was the answer; but the studied for the priesthood, and soon after Stewarts escaped scot-free. The colonel at this time was not Glengarry, but his cousin Donald MacDonell, who was afterwards killed at Badajos at the head of the "forlorn hope."

The regiment was disbanded in 1802, and the men were again as destitute as ever. Their chaplain then set out condon, and entered into a negotiation with the government in the hope of obtaining assistance to further their emigra-tion to Upper Canada. This plan was opposed, and the government offered to ettle them in Trinidad. Dr. MacDonald, however, persevered, and at length procured from Mr. Addington, the premier, an order to grant two hundred acres of land to every Highlander who should arrive in the province. After enduring extreme opposition from Highland lords, governors, and members of Parliaeven from the Prince of Wales, who offered them land in Cornwall—the devoted priest obtained the desire of his heart and saw his beloved people sail for Canada in 1802. As has been before said, they named their new home after their native glen, and every head of a family called his plantation after the farm he had possessed among the grand old hills of Inverness-shire.

It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were MacDonells (or MacDonalds). Among those of 1784 we find the name of Fraser, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Glasford, and others; among the bands of 1786 were Grants, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhees, Mc-Gillises, McGillivrays, McCuaigs, and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more

than half MacDonalds. In 1804 Dr. MacDonald followed his people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) MacDonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, then went to Kingston. During this time the people of St. Raphael's had taken a dislike to Father Fitzsimmons and clamored to have him removed, probably because they saw a chance of having his place filled by their beloved pastor of old days. Father Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year and ap-

pointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's. The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome, The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the Tantum Ergo rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear, wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adoration, borne along the ripling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1819 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Chasgow a stonemason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. a great display of rejoicing. After remaining there for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed bishop of Tcr-onto. Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop MacDonald, was assistant priest at St. Raphael's after 1512, as the bishop was constantly travelling. Bishop MacDonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the College of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught himself, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house, built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland. The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their national In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radi-cals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the government, who had certainly befriended them better than had

simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the venerable prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardiner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to hew for his people a path through the wilderness.

their own natural chieftains at home.

When he crossed the Atlantic in 1819 the

bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal

Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and, it is

said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada,

his eminence being then not even a priest,

Among those who came out in the ship MacDonald were one John MacDonald, of the MacDonalds of Loupe, and Anna Mc-Gillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years passed, and of these, two sons entered the church; the eldest Æneas (Angus), joined the Sulpicians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal manding officer before a drum-head court- | seminary. He then retired to Glengarry,

versally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixtyseven years; there are now living in Corn his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was vicar-general of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many year, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the cinetyseventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

"John Roy MacDonald, leave this church." Dead silence. "John Roy MacDonald, I say leave this church." John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemuly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

"John Roy MacDonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?"

"Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to pleass you, and now I wass come pack for to pleass myself!" It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call priests father; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Gl ngarry and attorney-gen-e al. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat descended from Mrs. Friser, of Kilbrocky (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from ex-tinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Fraser

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and premier of the Canadian government. His brother, the Hon. D. A. MacDonald, one of the crown ministers of the late Liberal or Grit

government, was lieutenant-governor of

Ontario for five years.

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada West there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, interweaved with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places nowadays. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria" that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of in temperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulder his breath, tainted with an unmistakable odor of John Barleycorn. As you leave Lancaster a way-side workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive buggies and neat jaunting-sleighs are made within; but no; "A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!" This singular memento mori sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm-trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiselled slab over the door

TEAG DE. IIIDCCXXI.

Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a rood-screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843, the Highland Society of Canada erected this tablet to the memory of the Honorable and Right Reverend

Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Kingston, Born 1760—Died 1840. Though dead he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. Under the floor at the gospel side of the anctuary lie the mortal remains of the revered Father John. Upon gcod and the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-

hearted seraph"-imported from Munich

by the present parish priest, Father Mas-

terson-looks as full of beauty and com-

passion as even Faber has portrayed him. The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest to the bears the date of 1828, and on it the ster." passer-by is requested, "in the name of of a noble man, whose general moderation God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieutenant Angus McDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building ca'led a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, all the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its

"R. J. McD. 1827" —a relic of Maister Ian. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church, house, college, and garden have been much improved by Father Master-son, who succeeded Father John, after

centre walk stands a moss-grown sun-dial,

whereon we trace

being his assistant for many years. The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not supericr, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called ihe Beaudette winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-sized bushes; water scenery is certainly

wanting to Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, clannish as of old, standing by each other "guaillean ri guaillean" (shoulder to shoulder) in all disputes. The old antipathy between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chieftainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a MacDonell could not and would not be

the guest of a Campbell of Argyle! The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's penances, have cultivated their dependence, but there is generated by the spite of the amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er— A time that surely shall come— In heaven itself I'll ask no more Than just a Highland welcome."

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

Parnell's Motion to Release Davitt.

Mr. Parnell, in making his motion in the House of Commons for the release of Mr. Davitt, said that the House considers the re-arrest of Mr. Michael Davitt was not warranted by his conduct during the in-terval which has elapsed since his release on ticket of leave, and is further of opinion that the length of the term and the nature of the penal servitude previously suffered by Mr. Davitt warrant his liber ation. The honorable gentleman said that Mr. Davitt was convicted in 1869 or 1870 of the offence of supplying arms for the purpose of making war against the queen. He was convicted in England, before an English jury, on the testimony, he (Mr. Parnell) believed, of a common informer. He was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Another man named Wilson, a gunmaker, who was alleged to have made the rifles in question, and who was an Englishman, was sentenced to seven or ten years' penal servitude, from which he was liberated after he bad served five years. In 1877 Mr. Davitt still remained in penal servitude. In 1877 the honorable member for Mayo, on the report of the English Prisons Bill, moved that it was desirable to extend the scope of the bill to convict prisoners, and incidentally during the discussion of that motion he referred to the case of his friend Mr. Davitt, who was then in prison, in illustration of the hardships to which many prisoners then in county prisons were subjected. The debate on that motion and the interest it excited had such an effect upon the then Conservative Government that, combined with other reasons, they shortly afterwards liberated on ticket-of-leave all political prisoners who were then in prison. After liberation Mr. Davitt took part in politics, and founded the Land League movement, and during the twelve or eighteen months which that movement lested Mr. Davitt took a very prominent part in England and Ireland and America in aiding the organization and objects of the Land League. Upon a question addressed by exerted by love.

him (Mr. Parnell) to the present Attorney General for Ireland as to whether he intended to proceed against Mr. Davitt, the right honorable and learned gentleman informed him that he did not intend to proceed further in the ma ter. He did not know any cause for Mr. Davitt's rearrest, At a Land League meeting in Dublin on February 3, Mr. Davitt delivered a speech which was supposed to have been the cause of his arrest, in which he said they should show "Mr. Outrage Forster" that the local leaders of the organization were neither ruffians nor blackguards, and that his Coercion Bill would not strike terror into the hearts of the Land League. arrest followed very shortly afterwards and it was believed that one reason for it was that he had called the chief-secretary to the lord-lieutenant "Mr. Outrage For-That speech, however, on the part of language few had equalled—he did not himself claim to have equalled it-was not sufficient to justify his being reconsigned to the horrors of penal servitude. How infamously Mr. Davitt had been treated during the seven years of his previous incarceration had been described to the House by Mr. O'Connor Power in 1877. After quoting the words of that description, the honorable member asked the House to agree to the terms of his present resolution.

Sir W. Harcourt said the charges

against Davitt were conspiring to move foreigners and strangers to invade Ireland by induring them to become members of a society called the Fenian Brotherhood and procuring arms, and other overt acts. That offence was proved, and that Michael Davitt was guilty of it nobody, he thought, denied. He did not think that Davitt himself—and there was no reason to believe he was an untruthful person—would deny it. Davitt was released on the 18th of December, 1877, having been convicted in July, 1870. Davitt was released upon a license. If convicted of an indictable offence the license was to be forfeited; or the license might be revoked sooner if it was her majesty's pleasure He den'ed that it was an unprecdented thing to revoke a license of this kind. It was a constant practise if a man out on a ticket-of-leave misconducted himself to revoke the license without legal proceedings. Here was a Fenian convict coming over from America, founding the Land League, avowedly modelled upon Fenian organization, and saying that the methods by which the Irish Church was disestablished were to be followed in this He had said in that House before, and he had proof enough of it, that there were intimate relations between Fenianism and the Land League, and if he wanted anything more it would be the fact that the avowed author of the Land League was the Fenian convict, and that he spoke in his earliest speeches of it in that relation to the Fenian conspiracy. Well, people would judge. Again, Mr. Brennan said at the same meeting that it was not to be wondered at that they sometimes heard the report of the revolver in the midnight air. Mr. Brennan was, happily, now in Kilmainham, and less was heard of the revolver in the midnight air. Honorable members knew more about it than he did. Brennan urged them to be as faithful as the three Spartans, the three Romans, and the three brave Irishmen, "who, with, God save Ireland' on their lips, met a glorious doom at Manchester." Those were the men who murdered a policeman. The Speaker-"Order, order

Sir W. Harcourt-Those were the three men-

Mr. W. Healy-Whom you murdered. Sir W. Harcourt hoped, as the honorable member had been heard with patience, he might be allowed to proceed. It was not for him to defend the conduct of the late say, but certainly his proceedings increased in their audacity. The Land League went on. It was an exotic, rather he would say it had its roots in American soil, and thence it drew its nourishment.

Mr. Parnell—Not entirely.

Sir W. Harcourt—Not entirely? What! should he say 19s. in the pound? He believed the Land League was to a great extent Fenian.

Mr. Parnell-Not at all.

Sir W. Harcourt said he had often tried to get a disapproval from honorable gentlemen opposite of Fenianism. It would be an important disclaimer; but he thought it would be a very inconvenient one. It might do what the honorable member's motion was doing—it might stop the supplies. It was said that Davitt was arrested because he spoke of "Outrage Forster." If all the people who called his right honorable friend names in Ireland

were put in prison the jails would be full. Mr. Parnell-I said that was the immediate cause. All the people are in prison who denounced the right honorable gentle-

Sir W. Harcourt said that if that were so it might be doubted whether the mem-

ber for Cork would be at large.

Mr. Parnell—I shall repeat my language. Sir W. Harcourt—The late Lord Beaconsfield called Fenianism veiled re-

Mr. Parnell-Oh! no, it was Home Rule. Sir W. Harcourt would borrow the expression and say that in the mouths of men like Davitt the Land League was, and was intended to be, veiled Fenianism. Considering the condition of Ireland in January last, it was not possible for the Government, and had they allowed him to go at large it would have been said that they were afraid of Davitt; and afraid of his braggart talk. He was entitled to use that word. What about the wolf dog bounding over the Atlantic' Everybody knew that the Government of the United States and the people of the United States would take good care that no wolf-dog would cross the Atlantic. In his opinion the arrest of Davitt and the Coercion Act had created a far more tranquil condition of things than existed last winter. He was fully aware of the tremendous punishment it was to a man like Davitt to be in prison at all. The Government was, however, fully justified in the course it had taken. Peace and order were seriously imperilled, and they could not allow Davitt to continue to exasperate and inflame the minds of the Irish people.

The strongest force in the world is that

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WIT says: "In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor, and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.

Taken Out of Bed.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffale, N. Y.: Dear Sir-I have to mank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Pres-cription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about use. Respectfully, Amanda K. Ennis, Fulton, Mich.

WHEN a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is he one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.-Providence Advertiser.

A SICK boy: "O doctor! I'm so glad you've come. I don't know what's the matter with Charlie, at all. He complains of the febrile rise in his peritoneum, and he says his hypochondrion is all twisted out of shape. Oh! he's an awful sick boy, doctor." I should sav. Must have been reading the Presidential bulletins." doctor leaves a seidlitz powder and departs.

A PEASANT engaged in a law-suit went to see his lawyer, who said to him, "My friend, you will lose your suit, the law is against you." "Never mind," said the rustic, "go on; the judges are not always

"It Always Does."

DAY KIDNEY PAD Co., Buffalo N. Y. Gentlemen—The Pad purchased of you gave immediate relief, and ultimately cured me of a kidney affection of long standing. John B. Heil, Bellaire, Ohio.

\$2, of druggists or by mail. Uhildren's (cures "bed-wetting) \$1.50.

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Resolve on a course of life which is nonorable, and habit will render it delight-

The gem cannot be polished without friction, no man perfected without adver-

"To-morrow," says Thomas a Kempis, "is an uncertain day; how do you know whether you will have a to-morrow." He who vainly trumpets his own praises

is a fool, but he who speaks evil of him-self is worse than a fool; he is either a crafty knave or a madman.

Better worship in a lowly shanty that is paid for and belongs in every sense to the Lord, than in a magnificent cathedral burdened with debts.—Bishop McQuaid.

Catholic Columbian, Could we see the angels that surround

a soul that is cherishing the Bread of Life, we would be more devout in our Communions. If some men were measured by the

ideal they have of themselves, this world would be too small to give them proper stage room.

A man very sick in body will place himself in the hands of his physician, but one very sick in soul relies upon himself and is willing to take his chances of recovering that soul's health. It is a kind of retributive justice, that

those who never have a good word to say of a neighbor, should never hear any good of themselves. So it is. That is true Christian fortitude which

enables the sufferer to look up with loving gratitude and resignation to God even when feeling the weight of his hand. The man who has no time to thank

God in the morning for preserving him during the night, and to ask protection for the day, will spend a half hour reading the morning papers or smoking his

Could sentiment alone cause multitudes of men and women to withdraw from the world and lead lives of contemplation and denial, there would be few people left to attend wordly affairs.