Written for the Catholic Record. IN MEMORIAM Of Very Rev. J. H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D D.

BY A FORMER PUPIL. O, saintly man, successor true
Of Jesus' blest apostles' band,
True beare of the "tidings glad,"
To this our fair C anadian land,
Ah, parents wise, who could discern,
Amid the noblest beights of fame;
The tablet clear where angel hands,
Inscribe each faithful hero's name:

Your child you gave without a sigh,
Ah yes! an offering glad and free;
To serve where glory's worthy prize,
Is endless immortality
Bright garden of our mother dear
This noble lily-bloom of grace
Soon found within thy peaceful portals
His truly fair and fitting place.

He entered here a Samuel vowed,
To temple service ever blest;
With "boliuses unto the Lord,"
Plainly marked within his breast.
And when to toil the Master called
As quickly rang his glad reply
Where'er must turn his herald steps
My God! "My King! lo, there am

'Twas then the good De Mazenod.
Knowing well our hero's worth;
Sent him here to help his followers,
To plant the cross in the 'frozen north.'
Now far away from his 's unny France
Amid those stranger lands he sought
A ricuest harvest of ransomed souls,
And wondrous works he wrought.

O'er icy cliff's and snow-lad hills With glowing heart this toller trod; And here beside the forest streams, He found full many a flower of God. The hardy "bushmen" gathered roun him
To hear the gentle words he spoke
Their evil ways they soon deserted
And bent their neeks to Christ's sw
yoke.

Northward now! De M zenod shouted And swift his sons obeyed the call, Those savage lanas and men more savage, Their faithful hearts could not appall. But here the band of trusty soldiers, Would ever need some new recruits To apread among those roving Red-me

But who will train those needed soldiers
To face the battle's raging he at,
To swell our Saviour's conquering legions
To spread His Gospel pure and sweet.
'Twas on the you'hful Tabaret
The leader fixed his kindly glance,
And for this arduous task was chosen;
This Heavenly-gifted son of France.

How he fulfilled this weighty charge
His children teil with loving pride
By pointing to that stately structure
By the "Rideau's" murmuring side.
Ah yes; 'Twas here this graits shepherd
Inspired his flock with zeal and love
To go among those savage Redmen
To conquer souls for God above. To face the world as Christ's Apostles
To go with cruciff in haud
To spread abroad the "gladdest tidings"
To conquer in a pagan land,
Tutlet the "Red men" of the prairie
Now steeped in vice and sick to death
For he who sins feels mortal anguish,
And never draws a happy breatn.

To teach those sayage tribes who workship A "great spirit," it is true,
But who, the God of revelation
And His great love they never knew.
And in the holy bath of baptism
To wash their souls as white as snow,
Unstained by sin forever keep them
And live like angels here below.

To those poor dusky son's alone
Our hero's zeal was not confined,
Another cause around his heart
By firmest bonds of love was twined,
A youthful nation needed men
Buth strong in hand and true in hea
Toguide her in her ouward course,
In Council halls to take a part.

Yes, men of sc'ence, men of will,
With men of virtue—firm in t uth;
To shield her in her every darger;
To train the fruitful hearts of youth.
'Jis in this noble cause our hero
Has spent his truly useful life;
Nor was he ever known to falter
Until he fell amid the strife.

Yes, urging on his nob'e legions,
He feil amid the battle's neat
No more shall ring his warning call;
No more shall he the foe defeat.
Ah, yes; his works of toll are o'er
And God has called His faithful guard
To that sweet happy home above
To there receive his earned reward.

O warders who succeed him now, Keep watch around, above, below Keep watch around, above, below,
O hands; that grasp his sword of pywer,
Be strong to check the daring fos,
O dearest ones who miss him now
He waits for you in that home of peace
Fight well, your day ere long will come
Fight till ye win the glad release.

O fallen chief fame's clarion voice
Hath spread thy name from East to We
The sun-set sea thy glory sings
And all give thee their homage blest
When tidings of thy loss are borne
In wailing tones across the wave,
Our grief doth rise, our spirits mourn
A loving friend; a leader brave.

Though fairest garlands deck the shrine
That holds thee, treasure of the East,
May I not add this wreath of mine,
Sincere, although in worth the least,
Ah, kindest friend! my simple rhyme
In vain I know attempts to trace,
The record of thy hero life,
Of ever blest, supernal grace,
Thy history is filly told,
By seraph scribes alone
Thy deess they write in loving light
O'er loves eternal happy throne.

Newspaper Law.

 A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken.

state the reasons for its not being taken.

Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facte evidence of intentional fraud.

ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEVERS.
DR. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says:
"I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also
in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results. I
also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs.'

One Dollar against Five Hundred. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, Ont., was afflicted with Chronic humor in the blood. He says one dollar bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters was worth more than \$500.00 paid for other medicines. It is a reliable blood purifier.

Written for the Cathoric Record.
SOUVE NIRS OF GOOD, FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM

> BY A CANADIAN PILGRIM, 1884. CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST. 7TH STATION.

From the sixth to the seventh station the distance is about eighty spaces. The ascent nere is the steepest and most difficult in all the Way of Pain; and had not Simon of Cyrene assisted Our Lord in carrying the cross, we could not conceive, humanly speaking, how He could have, in His exhausted state, borne it unsided up this rugged hill. No wonder then that His feeble and tender members should have sunk again under its weight to the ground. A large column on the right side of the street marks the place of this second fall and the seventh station. From the sixth to the seventh station

side of the street marks the place of this second fall and the seventh station.

In the time of OurLord here was, according to many writers, the Gate of Judgment and here ended the limits of the city. It was the custom among the Jews to have the sentence of condemnation po-ted at the city limits and read publicly as the criminal passed out to the place of execution. To this column Pilate, it is said, affixed the death sentence decreed against Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jevs.

There is an inscription of some kind on the column, but as it is eneased in glass and in the dark shade of the overhanging buildings, we could scarcely discern it. Here the Reverend Father exhorted all in the most impressive language to ask particular and to the column of the column

the most impressive language to ask par-don for repeated falls into sin, and to take firm resolutions never more to deliberately violate the holy law of God.

At the seventh station the Via Doloro sa At the seventh station the Via Doloro sat is intersected by a transversal street, and owing to several constructions of somewhat modern date, many detours have to be made to reach the eighth and ninth stations. Having followed for a moment this interesting street in a southern direct this interesting street in a southern direc-tion, we turned westward, and after a few steps we were in front of a Greek schisma'ic convent, in the wall of which a stone indicates the place of the eighth sta-

Here the women of Jerusalem came to sympathize with Christ and weep on seeing Him so cruelly driven along and lashed by the soldiers. "And there follashed by the soldiers. "And there followed Him a great multitude of people and of women, who be wailed and lamented Him." (St. Luke, 23 27). And here our Lord taught these people and us all the great lesson so rarely understood and so seasily forgotten, that we should ween easily forgotten, that we should weep rather for our sins, which were the cause rather for our sins, which were the cause of all the suffering and humiliation of the Man God. "But Jesus turning to them sail: Daughters of Jerusalem weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." (St. Luke, 23 28).

It is singular that while the men of Jerusalem were hetraving Jesus and cruci-

Jerusalem were betraying Jesus and cruci fying Him—while Simon the Cyrenian had to be forced to aid Him to carry the rad to be forced to aid Him to carry the cross—the women of Jerusalem, like Pilate's wife, were interceding for Him or with the picus Veronice, wiping the perspiration from His brow, or in deep contemplation weeping for His sad fate with those affectionate daughters of Sion.

9rH STATION. The way Jesus went from the eighth to the ninth station is not more than fifty yards; but this way is now completely obstructed by buildings of different descriptions, so that we had to travel four or five times that distance in order to reach

third and last time under the cross. Here again we craved pardon for our repeated relapses and asked grace and strength to 10TH STATION.

The tenth and following stations are made in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. From the ninth to the tenth station the distance is about equal to that between the eighth and ninth stations. After leaving the ninth station by the narrow, crocked and uneven route above mentioned we pa-sed through a low doorway into the open court of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. On entering the church you turn to the right and ascend by a narrow stairs of nineteen steps to the church you turn to the right and ascend by a narrow stairs of nineteen steps to the summit of Mount Calvary. On the top of the rock of Calvary there are two chapels, or rather one chapel equally divided into two parts by pillars and arches. The filor of these chapels is quite level and richly paved. That on the south side belongs to the Latins and contains two altars, viz., the altar of the crucifixion on the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross, and the altar of the Stabat Mater in the place where Stabat Mater in the place where the Blessed Virgin stood while our Lord was hanging on the cross, and where she received His lifeless body into her arms after it was taken from the cross. On these two altars we had the happiness of these two altars we had the happiness of saying mass several times during our sojourn in the Holy City. The north side is the usurped possession of the schismatic Greeks and embraces the hole in which the foot of the cross was placed and the cleft in the rock made at the death and the cleft in the rock made at the death of Christ. Five paces from the upper step of the stairs leading into the Latin Chapel a stone in the pavement marks the place of the tenth station, where Jesus was stripped of His garments before the multitude to teach us how we should be detached from the weal of the world and the pleasure of the senses.

the pleasure of the senses. About six feet from the tenth station and just at the foot of the altar of the crucifixion a mosaic in the pavement points out the Eleventh Station and the 11TH STATION. points out the Eleventh Station and the spot where Jesus was nailed to the Cross. Our Lord suffered much for us when His blood was shed in the ceremony of the Circumcision, and during the scourging at the pillar, but what excruciating pain must He not have endured when the rough nails were being driven through rough nails were being driven through His sacred hands and feet.

Between the altars of the Crucifixion at the death of Christ is the altar of the and the death of Christ is the altar of the Stabat Mater, where the Thirteenth Station is made. Here the Virgin Mary was afforded the sad comfort of receiving into her arms the lifeless body of her Divine Son. We endeavoured to thank Hisloving Mother for all she suffered for us during the Passion and death of her Son; we offered her our pilgrimsge as an earnest of our love and gratitude for having so often taken to her bosom our lifeless so often taken to her bosom our lifeless bodies and breathing into them by her powerful intercession the life of grace.

Descending the stairs of Calvary we repaired to the Tomb of Christ under the great Cupola of the Basilica, and here in great Cupola of the Basilica, and here in the presence of the most august shrine upon earth, where the world's Redeemer lay entombed for three days, and whence He arose glorious and immortal on Easter Morning, we made the Fourteenth and last s'ation, and terminated the exercise of the Way of the Cross, which had now lasted nearly three hours.

In this most sacred of all shrines I had the ever to be remembered privilege of

the ever to be remembered privilege of offering the Holy Sacifice on Esster Monday morning, and giving holy com-munion to a lay person and a Franciscan

brother. Our last prayer was that after life's pilgrimage all the members of Christ may rise with him from the dead and live for ever.

REVIVALISTS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The two new evangelists who are having much vogue in parts of the West are Sam Jones and Sam Small. They have a great deal of common sense and shrewdness. They mix Scriptural phrases and illusions with vulgar illustrations drawn from every day life that, coming with sacred They mix Scriptural phrases and mustoms with vulgar illustrations drawn from every-day life that, coming with sacred things, have a "smart" effect. The method by which humanity is to be regenerated is thus described by Mr. Jones: "Mother, you and sister get the cards," a wicked boy is described as saying to his mother, "and I can beat you again to-night." Mother can beat you again to-night." Mother looked at him and said: "Son, I have heard Mr. Jones this afternoon, and settled it before God when I came back, on my knees; I have played my last cards; and I have taken the cards and laid them on the grate, and they have been burned up " The sister has been converted, too. The bro sister has been converted, too. The brother threatens to go down town to find somebody who will play, but his mother says: "My precious boy, go and hear Mr. Jones." The precious boy goes. "That mothers boy," continues Mr. Jones, "walked out and came to the church and was convicted, and came to the church and was convicted, and came to the church and was convicted, and came to the altar and was converted, and j ined the church and

ent home praising God."
This kind of talk would be idle, if it the roots of real religion. "I want to live in such an atmosphere of a religious life that this world won't bother me," cries Mr. Small. "I can't live here in Chicago". and then noticing the amazement of his audience, he adds—"a hundred years, if God is as good to me here as He is in Georgia, and I never would get an invitation to a card party; I never would be asked to take part in a charity ball; I'll never fall so low in my religious life as to be invited to

low in my religious life as to be invited to these things."
It is always of dancing and card-playing It is always of dancing and card-playing that these evangelists preach. The surface lapses, the possible occasions of sin are harped on continually as if they were already sins of the deepest dye. Charity balls often gave occasions for sin, no doubt, and the object of them does not justify the temptations that they may offer; but here to a rower may go to a charity the temptations that they may only due, but a man or a woman may go to a charity ball without absolutely defying God and accepting the devil. Who except these self elected preachers like Jones and Small, and all the little horde that Protestantism and all the little horde that Protestantism has spawned on an unhappy world, would dere say that attendance at a charity ball means spiritual death? Similarly, the assumption that he who touches a card, except in the way of visiting, is a child of hell, is outrageously arrogant and un-Christian.

Both dancing and card-playing may lead to sin. And the Freeman's Journal cannot be accused of leniency with regard to round dancing. But to condemn amusements unreservedly, and to make the indulgence in them a final test as to wheindulgence in them a final test as to whether God or Mammon has been chosen, is so trivial and absurd that religion must necessarily be degraded by it. The sins that are sapping society are delicately passed over, while all manner of vulgar allusions are made. The formula of these evangelists is, "I and God." The Creator of Heaven and earth, the Saviour of the world, is called upon merely as a corroborator of the dogmatic statements of these creatures, whose only qualification for the calling they have chosen is a "gift of the gab."

of the gab."
In the face of the boast that the Ameri-In the face of the boast that the American people have become educated to a high degree by cheap literature and public schoo's, we hear of them flocking to hear discourses which an Italian or Spanish peasant would not listen to without derision, if delivered in his native dialect. They are mostly Americans that follow Sam Jones and Sam Small—that pay these careful personages so much a sermon and 127H STATION.

In the usurped chapel of the Greeks to the north of the eleventh station, and only thirteen feet distant from it, is the question arises as to the estimate an intel-

altar of the Death of Christ. Under this altar there is a large silver plate with an opening in the center through which the hand can be easily passed into the hole in the rock below. In this hole the foot of the cross was placed and beside this altar the Twelith Station is made. Over this spot Our Lord hung in sgony, for three hours the blood streaming from every part of His body. Here He prayed for His executioners and pardoned the penitent thief; here He gave us His Mother to be our Mother, commended His Spirit into the hands of His Father, and died for our salvation.

By the Mother to be our Mother, commended His Spirit into the hands of His Father, and died for our salvation. moment compared with the awful visions of punishments due to harmless amusements. They see no difference between a venial or a mortal sin. Sins of thought are not considered by them of importance in comparison with the shocking crime of in comparison with the shocking crime of having tuned a fiddle on the Sabbath or strayed into a bar of "Yankee Doodle," "God wanted a Luther," cries Sam Jones, "and he came, plucky and full of game." And we have one of the results, in the religious condition of thousands of American Protestants, which makes it possible for the Jones Small due to be teachers of ican Protestants, which makes it possible for the Jones Small duo to be teachers of religion. Mr Jones interprets the Scriptures, and they listen. But Mr. Bob Iagersoll has the same right, according to Luther, of interpreting them. Jones and Small talk and gesticulate, and the converts are many. They go; and the only tangible thing that comes of it all is the addition made to their bank accounts by the talking and gesticulating. And the converts return to their cards and their cigars with guilty consciences, until a new eigars with guilty consciences, until a new evangelist comes to rouse them.

A LOST ARGUMENT.

Catholic Review. It has not occurred to many that the success of the Irish Parliamentary party has grieved a great many people outside of the Orange faction and Mr. Goldwin Smith. The patience and steadiness with which the party has pursued its course from the beginning, the wonderful good temper and self-restraint of the Irisl people in supporting it, the splendid organization and generosity of Irish-Americans toward their brethren in the Americans toward then bour of trial, have brought upon a certain class in this country and elsewhere a shadow of humiliation and perhaps dis grace. In fact by these things they have

lost an argument.

It was a good argument—a solid, handsome old-tuner, which every enemy of Ireland and her faith has used invariably for the last hundred years, that Catholicity meant ignorance, poverty and moral slavery, and that the nation or race which professed it was marked by meanness among the Christian nations: by slow material and intellectual progress, and by political insiglectual progress, and by political insignificance. Instance, said the argument the Irish race in America and on it the Irish race in America and on its native soil! What poverty, what ignorance, what crookedness, what degradation! A race prolific, but slavish in its instincts, incapable of concerted action, a breeder of disunion wherever it settled! Strong enough in numbers and opportunities to superstitious devotion but owing to i to Rome and its errors, doomed forever to hew the wood and draw the water for

Protestant races!
The singular force and the strong obstructed by buildings of diff-rent descriptions, so that we had to travel four or five times that distance in order to reach the ninth station.

Our route lay through narrow dark Dassages running now to the right, now to the left, passing over dilapidated stairways and heaps of debris, so that I entirely lost my reckoning and blindly followed the crowd. After about five minutes we stood before the entrance to the Coptic bishop's residence, and here we all knelt bishop's residence, and d the Catholic faith! It was a good argument, and our Protestant brethren, they of the cultured

Protestant brethren, they of the cultured mind and they of the backwoods, used it dexterously and powerfully. Many a stately temple and many a log meeting-house have rung with the sonorous cadences of an anti-Irish Catholic peroration. It was the one argument which the clod could use as well as the savant. So well and frequently was it employed that it came near being one of the pillars of the American Constitution. Many knew it was a false argument, that Many knew it was a false argument, that many knew it was a laise argument, that in using it they were flinging a challenge to Truth and Right, which are God, to answer it, that they were throwing down the gauntlet to the Catholic Church, which is Christ, to vindicate those who which is Christ, to vindicate those who suffered in its name, which is Christ's name, but with dishonest indifference to Truth and Justice, because it was a useful argument and very successful, they continued to batter the Irish and to tempt the Almighty.

to tempt the A'mighty.

Stulli! The day has come when God
takes up a challenge flung at Him for fifty years, and answers you as only He can answer you. You made Ireland and the Irish race the witnesses to the faith for the whole world. You made them the argument against God's Church wherever English gold and power had come, and now he takes them from your come, and now he takes them from your hands, still poor, still enslaved, still suitering, more superstitious, if Catho licity be superstition, less ignorant than when you mocked them for their fidelity and their wrongs, makes them his argument and hurls them back upon you to approach destruction. your destruction.

Were they ignorant because of Him? Then from you and England proud of your culture, they the uncultured snatch justice and independence!

Justice and independence!

Were they poor because of Him?
Then you and England shall pour your treasures through the gate of Europe.

Were they exiles because of Him?
In the gates of those that grudged them a home they shall sit with honor?

Were they despised, insulted, wronged for Him? Then shall the whole world honor them.

nor Him; Then shall the whole world honor them. Haman was hanged on the gibbet prepared for Mordecai! Were they the sign of shame for the whole Church? Then the whole Church

whole Church? Then the whole Church? shall rise up to do them honor and error, shall flee before them!

Were they disunited and enslaved because of Him? Then the glory of their union and their freedom shall be the wonder of men!

has gained.
Years ago—a decade perhaps—this pretty argument was dropped by those who saw the coming of doom, but the brethren of the remoter districts, like that pretty argument was dropped by those who saw the coming of doom, but the brethren of the remoter districts, like that reverend gentleman whom Father Euright recently slew, have become conscious only within a year that it was departing from them. A deep silence is falling upon them, and a deeper sadness. Their perorations are like dried up springs, all gravel and emptiness. They are almost without hope, and, like so many Narcissus, they within a year that it was departing from them. A deep silence is falling upon them, and a deeper sadness. Their perorations are like dried up springs, all gravel and emptiness. They are almost without hope, and, like so many Narcissus, they hover about the spring which no longer reflects their lovely countenances. We bid them have patience. They have lost their strongest argument, but in a few decades there will be another to their hand. Once they condemned the Church because the Irish were too poor, too ignorant, too enslaved. Before long they will have reason to condemn it because the Irish will be too rich, too wise and too independent.

"A FOREIGN ELEMENT" WITHOUT AN "ENLIGHTENED CONSCIENCE."

Catholic Review

independent.

Whoever wishes to keep abreast of the current history of the times in the United States finds great assistance in the preaching of the Protestant ministers. For the sermon nowadays among Protestants is little more than a running commentary on what is just at the moment of greatest incommentary and protestants are not provided by the process of the p terest in temporal as well as eternal things. In fact the Protestant pulpit is a rival in sensational interest to the Sunday newspaper, against which so many Protestant ministers inveigh. As many of these Protestant ministers are educated and cultivated men of natural ability and with a quick eye men of natural ability and with a quick eye
to what is effective, one is able by summarizing the eloquence of the most able
among them to obtain a fairly good view
of what is going on in people's minds.
For these ministers, like the editors of our
dailies, care fully avoid teaching the people.
Their endeavor is to follow the people
as closely as possible, putting into pleas. as closely as possible, putting into pleas-ing and taking language the thoughts vaguely floating about in the people's minds. They "strive to please," and they know that they can best accomplish this by holding up the mirror, not to nature, but to the congregation's mind.

Thus the minister of a church of which

the corgregation is largely made up of capitalists, while careful to avoid reference to the proportions between a camel and the eye of a needle, gives a great deal of attention to the dangers to which capital is apt to be subjected, not by the temptations of Satan, but by the machintemptations of Satan, our by the machin-ations of strikers. Of course this is not brutally done. According to the preach-er's temperament and sagacity, the con-gregation are told of their virtues in such gregation are told of the visit of that the preacher is poking fun at them. One of the ancient tricks of the orator when he has natives for an audience is to berate foreigners. In ancient times the Hebrew regarded the Gentile as unclear, the Greek looked upon the outside world as uncouth, and called them barbarians in lerision. Even to day an Italian calls a foreigner a "woodsman," as if he were something like a pauther or a bear, or perhaps a wolf. And cur orators of the perhaps a wolf. And cut of an ack Protestant pulpit have the old knack. Nothing so delights a preacher addressing a sleek congregation of native born stock-jobbers as to dwell on the vices and enor-mities of the "foreigners."

have said: "We have a large foreign element, which is not intelligent, and has
not an educated and enlightened conscience." He was speaking of the great strike.
Now, what does he know about this conscience of which he talks so confidently?
Has he ever examined it? Perhaps he
judges by conduct. Very good. Has Dr.
Abbott discovered more crime, more conscienceles villainy, among this "foreign
element" than among the native element
of his own New England, in proportion
to numbers? Certainly not.

It is true that there is a dangerous

It is true that there is a dangerous atheistic element in the United States, and that a part of that element is foreign born. But if it is this to which Dr. Abbott meant to refer, he should have been more specific. The great mass of the "foreigners" in this country, that is to say, of the foreign-born American citizens, are of Irish or German birth. But Dr. Abbott should have taken to mind what Mr. Chauncy Depew said last St. Patrick's Day, namely, that from the Irish element there is nothing to dread, but much to hope, for all who desire of preserve peace and the rights of property in a legitimate sense. Mr. Depew might have spoken further did he but know the whole truth. He might have added that of the Catholic German element the same is to be said. There is in fact no more enlightened conscience, in the proper sense of the term, than the conscience of the Catholic citizens of the United States, whether native or foreign-born, without

distinction of race.

It is gradually beginning to dawn upon the Protestant American mind that the old preference must be set aside. How often one used to hear from some steady often one used to hear from some steadygoing but not well-informed American
Protestant a remark like the following: "I like to see those enlightened Germans coming here; they
are a valuable acquisition. But oh,
those Irish-!" The Germans so effusignly walcomed ware the German infothose Irish—!" The Germans so effu-sively welcomed were the German infi-dels. All that is changing, however, with the growth of experience. The virulent and persistent attacks on Chris-tianity under pretence of breaking down the "Puritanical Sabbath," and on law and order under pretence of free beer, have dispelled the illusion. The red flag of athermand anarchy are not so pleasant near at hand and borne up by an immense horde as they seemed at a distance or as part of a pretended musical or athletic festival.

Dr. Abbott ought to be more discriminating in future when he speaks of the

You have lost the argument, which God is a gained.

Years ago—a decade perhaps—this conscience is a conscience that has been conscience that has been conscience that has been carefully trained to fear and love God his own conscience, for if that is an educated and enlightened conscience it must have been pricking him sharply for his decidedly careless manner of speech about his neighbors.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, gives the following account of himself:

"I was born in Carbondale, Pennsy by vania, in January, 1849, of Irish tarents, who came to this country in 1820. These who came to this country in 1820. wania, in January, 1849, of Irish threating who came to this country in 1820. They were Catholics. I was their covening, child, there being four girls, and eight boys in the family. My father being a day laborer, I was sent to school at years of age, and continued at school until I was about 13, when I went to work for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, having the care of a switch or work for the Delaware and Hudson Canat, Company, having the care of a switch on one of the railroad branches. I worked at this for several years, and then was employed in the machine shops of the company. I left Carbondale in 1869 and went to Scranton, and found work in the shops of the Delaware, Luckawanna and Western Railroad Company. At night studied drawing and mechanical engineering my ambition then being to become a ing, my ambition then being to become a master mechanic. I was married in 1872. I joined the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union in 1870, and was soon elected President. My interest in trade uniona began in 1870."

egan in 1870." Since then he has been actively engaged in the labor organizations, being elected head of the Kuights of Labor in 1878. Ho. has served with great credit for several terms as Mayor of Scranton, Pa. Ho says—"I do not believe in strikes, because I do not think there is any necessity for them. I believe that these troubles can be settled without strikes. The whole matter of the wages system is wrong. So long as one finds it to his advantage to buy labor at the cheanest price, and the other labor at the cheapest price, and the other demands the highest price for it, trouble will come, Profit-sharing is the remedy.
The Kuights of Labor will not allow The Kuights of Labor with no siliquor distiller or brewer, or a liquor seiler, or one whose wife is a liquor seller, to become a member of the order, and I am now striving to prevent liquor drinkers

now striving to prevent index dimensions from j ining."

Mr. Powderly has always been an activa Lish Nationalist, and was elected one of the Vice Presidents of the Land League at the Buffalo Convention. He has since been active in the National League, attending as State Delegate at the Philadelphic Convention. phia Convention.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming;
"Papa, I'se come to 'scort you home!" "Papa, I'se come to scort you made known to me the presence of my little six year-old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand-in-hand

said. Soon we were going nand-in-nand on the homeward way.

"Now, paps, let's play I was a poor little bliad girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell ma where to step and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on till we safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying gleefully, "Wasn't it nice, papa, I never peeped once!"

never peeped once!"
"But." said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear ?" With a look of trusting love came tha

answer:
"Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold
on papa's hand, and I knew he would
take me safely over the hard places."

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Profane swearing seems to be as much a part of everyday life as the use of the language itself. The adorable Name of Jesus is blasphemed everywhere—by men, women, and even children,—by renegade Catholics no less than by infidels, And what is equally true is that it is not venerated as it should be by the faithful in general. Who has not observed this lack of reverence for the Name "above all Names,"—the Name that is pro-nounced with ineff ble solemnity by the angels of heaven, and that causes the de-mons of hell to tremble? Few even uncover or bow their head when it is spoken, It falls on the ears of listening congregait falls on the ears of meaning overtions of Christians as lightly as if they were Turks, and many utter it as carelessly as the name of a companion.

Now that blasphemy is as general, wa should redouble our efforts to honor, and

cause to be honored as much as we can, the name of our Blessed Saviour. We shall be sure to find in it strength and consolation at the hour of death if we honor it during life.

THE THIN CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT if they are troubled with dyspepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood which alone can furnish the elements of flash. alone can furnish the elements of flash. But there is no reason, when this wearing, attenuating disease is conquered by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, why there should not be an appreciable gain in weight, which indeed is usually the case. It is a peerless remedy also for Constipation, Liver Complaints, Kidney troubles, and roots out all impurities from the blood. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

A Severe Trial.

A Severe Trial.

Those who endure the torturing pange Inose who endure the torturing pangs of neuralgis, rheumati-m, sciatics, lumbago, and similar painful complaints are severely tried, but there is a speedy relief in Hagyard's Yellow Oil as thousands who have used it jyfully testify. It banishes pain and lameness quickly.

THE HECTIC FLUSH, pale hollow cheeks and precarious appetite, indicate worms. Freeman's Worm Powders will quickly and eff ctually remove them.