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THE LAST VICTIM OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN IN IRELAND.

REV. DOMINICK COLLINS, S. J.

On a bright summer's evening, a young noble, gaily attired, attended by a large number of friends and servants, rode up to the gates of the Jesuit Novitiate at Compostella, the capital of Gallicia, in Spain. He had just made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James, in that city, and now came to seek admittance among the lay. came to seek admittance among the lay-Brother novices of the Society of Jesus. After bidding farewell to his friends and retinue, he dismounted and entered the The Rector and a few of the Father

The Rector and a few of the Fathers came to the parlor to see him, and welcome him. They little dreamed that he was coming to ask for a place among the humblest of their novices. They all well knew that the goy young officer before them was born of noble and illustrious parents in Ireland, that he had served with distinction in fighting against the heretical enemies of the Most Christian King, and that he was now high in the King, and that he was now high in the favor of King Philip, in whose army he had held, during eight years, a rank suit-able to his birth and services. When he enter religion, the Rector frankly said to "I fear, sir, that you are not a fit t for our poor Novitiate. Here him: "I fear, sir, that you are not a fit subject for our poor Novitiate. Here you will have to cast aside all earthly pomp and pride. Here you will have to lead a life of mortification, obedience, and

humiliation."
"Fear not to receive me, Rev. Father. I am prepared to suffer all things for the love of Jesus Christ, my Captain and my King. As a soldier I am accustomed to obey, and to feel the want of many things. In the past I have sought for empty glory; let me now learn to humble myself."

The earnestness of the young officer prevailed on the Rector to receive him into

O'Calanus, for this was the young man's name, was placed among the scholastic novices, and not among the lay-Brothers as his humility had desired. Before he had yet received the habit of the Society a violent infectious disorder broke out in the College. He immediately proved his courage and zeal in attending the sick, and by the performance of the most humiliating offices, that he was worthy of a place among the sons of St. Ignatius. After he had made his novitiate, and had taken his religious vows he was given as a companion to Father John Archer, who was to accompany the Spanish fleet, which was about to be sent by Philip to aid the Irish Catholics in freeing them-selves from slavery and persecution. The tyranny of Elizabeth, and the barbarity and insolence of her brutal soldiers and servants in Ireland, had roused the Irish chiefs to action. Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donel had kept the Red Hand and the banner of Tyrconnel proudly flying in defiance of the hosts that England could defiance of the hosts that England could send to tear them down. After O'Neill's splendid victory over Bagnal at the fort of Blackwater, in Tyrone, a thrill of joy went through the heart of not only every Irishman at home, but also through the heart of every true Irishman on the Continent, whether his place was in the prossorial chair at Salamanca, in a convent

in Italy, or in a gay camp in France. Nothing was more agreeable to the patriotic heart of O'Calanus—in the future was will will bir Calanus—in the future was will acid bir calanus. ture we will call him Collins, the name he assumed on entering religion—than to to the kerns who were fighting under the banners of Ireland for their country, their altars, their homes, their lives.

With all the generous feelings of a soldier, and all the zeal of a fervent and pious missionary, Dominick Collins went on board one of the Spanish ships. Dur-ing the voyage he faithfully attended the sick sailors day and night. All the time he could spare from his arduous duties spent in prayer and meditation. As throbbed, as he thought of once again benolding the hills and vales of his dear native shore. He watched with an anxious eye to catch the first glimpse of the land of his loye, the Isle of his dreams, the cherished home of his forefathers. He looked over the blue waters,he looked far into the distance,-

"Till a faint gray line Rose in the Northern sky; so faint, so pal Only the heart that loves her would divin In her dim welcome all that farcy paints of the green glory of the Isle of saints."

Soon after his arrival in Ireland, Dom inick was taken prisoner by the heretics in the fort of Beerhaven. "Contrary to the law of nations, and in violation of their pledges, he alone was put in chains for the besiegers had guaranteed the safety of all the besieged on condition of the castle being surrendered to them, and had given the most solemn pledges to this effect to Dominick himself, who to this effect to Dominick humself, who had been the pacificator and the messenger of the besieged. But they seemed to consider that to have seized a Jesuit was a vindication of every breach of faith and perjury. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was brought to Cork by a troop of soldiers, where he was thrown into the common prison. He lay there three months, till the time of the assizes for the trial of all criminals, when he was

On the day of his trial Father Collins appeared in court dressed in the habit and mantle of the Spanish sons of Saint Ignatius. Mountjoy, Viceroy of Ireland, grew angry at the sight of the clerical dress, and demanded why he dared an dress, and demanded why he dared appear before him in that most odious cos-

"I have dared to come before you in this habit, because I have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is the habit of St. Ignatius, of St. Francis Borgia, and of St. Francis Xavier. I glory in it in life, and I hope it will be my only winding sheet in death."

"You seem," said Mountjoy, "to have a good deal of courage. If you will only

nce your vain religion and enter into the army of our good Queen, Elizabeth, I will obtain for you both rank and fortune, and I promise you my unchang-

"I have fought," said Father Dominick with warmth, "under the glorious banners of the kings of France and Spain, I now fight under the banner of Ignatius, and think you, that I would dishonor my name, insult my country, deny my re-ligion, and humble my Order, by apostacy from the Faith, by drawing the sword in from the Faith, by drawing the sword in the cause of the cruel, heartless, irreligious Elizabeth. Away with your fortune, your rank, your false friendship. From

my soul I scorn them."

Mountjoy grew enraged at these noble words. He ordered the Father to undergo all kinds of the most cruel torture. For several days preceding his execution he was left to the mercy of brutal soldiers, who did all they could to make him suffer. But all they could do could not shake his constancy, disturb his patience, or destroy the holy joy and peace of his soul. The heretics, being at length pro-

voked by his great serenity and courage, hastened the day of his death. "On the last day of October, 1602," says Tanner, "at the dawn, having no respect for the day, which was Sunday, they led him out to execution, with his hands tied behind his back and a halter round his neck. He walked calmly along, with his neck. He walked calmy along, with his eyes raised to heaven and his mind fixed on God, reflecting on Christ bear-ing His cross. When he arrived at the foot of the gallow, he fell on his knees and kissed it, commending his passage to

He then prayed for his poor bleeding country, and for his enemies. After that he mounted the ladder with as proud and happy a mien as ever he wore in climbing up the side of a conquered for-tification in the Netherlands. What a picture of heroism, of grandeur, of fervor, is that of Dominick Collins, standing on the topmost step of the dread ladder, robed in his religious habit, and addressing burning words to his Catholic countrymen. O, how precious is the Faith for which Collins is about to die. Listen, O, listen, children of Ireland, to the dying words of this hero-priest, and treasure them up in your heart of hearts: "Look up," he said, "to heaven, and, worthy descendants of your ancestors, who ever constantly professed it, hold fast to that Faith for which I am about to die."

There was a stir among the crowd. The hearts of the multitude were touched. Many eyes were wet with tears as men and women thought of the high birth, the rank, the fortune, the fame, the piety, the courage, the zeal of the speaker. The mass began to heave to and fro. There were murmurs, and looks that foretold the strong rising of an indignant populace. "The officers, perceiving this," continues Tanner, "to prevent any further effect on the crowd, ordered him to be thrown off the ladder. Nor was he allowed to hang long on the gallows; for, while yet breathing, and with misquotations from the palpitating, the executioner, in punish ment of the constant profession of his religion, cut open his breast, and taking out his heart, held it up to the people, uttering the usual 'God save the Queen.
Thus this last victim to God in Ireland in her reign preceded the queen, guilty of so much innocent blood, to the Judg-ment seat of God. On the following night, the Catholics collected his mangle hight, the Canonics conference in the consigned them to the earth in a chapel not far from where he suffered." Treacy.

A PARODY OF MARRIAGE.

Baltimore Mirror.

the other day, in a New Jersey divorce case. It stares out upon us from the temple of law with a jibing jeer, like ports of ancient Gothic arches.

Two "society persons," Alma Irene Winters and Joseph W. Scott, were married in 1880, and married, we have no doubt, with bright "society" beginnings There was money on the bridegroom's part as well as youth, and the bride was young and blooming, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." They were wreathed in orange flowers and silk, wed-ding presents and newspaper paragraphs

ting presents and newspaper paragraphs.

There was a honey-moon of approved fashion, and then came the money-moon.

The young man had some thousands of dollars, and also many jovial friends.

The young matron had the idea of thousands of dollars never wasting, and help-ed her husband to act on the idea. The ed her husband to act on the idea. The thousands faded and were whirled away like the autumn leaves in the fairy tale and the blooming youth in a year had to look for some way to raise the daily dollars for the daily house-keeping; for the friends had vanished with the thousands. He found employment and his wife regarded the currence as though he had found a forthwith she insisted that he should purchase for her a sealskin man-Who would believe that on a seal

skin mantle the happiness of a family could be made to depend?

They had a little baby, but it was not on a matter of the future of the baby, it was not on a matter of religious differwas to depend, but on the fur of a real Alaska seal-skin. The husband protested, pointed out his narrow means, pointed out, we suppose, the baby's cradle, pointed out their expenses, as a bar to the sealskin; but the matrimonial purchase by the husband of a silk circular fur-lined sealskin mantle, with money or without money. Upon this domestic platform his peace rested, and he went to one Thomas Kelly, in New York, and purchased the circular on time. He paid forty dollars from period to period on his purchase, and, being unemployed, sought work in Philadelphia. Here the relentless merchant dunned him and wrote for the balance of his money. Scott pleaded poverty and desired the man to take back the circular. This was done, and his wife thereupon wrote to him: "All is over between us." and determined to get a divorce from the man who neither could buy sealskin nor keep her in silk and fur-lined circulars!

These are facts, though they would seem to belong to a comedy; they are facts which are on record in the courts of New Jersey; and on these facts a divorce was granted, with the sage proviso that the custody of the child be given to the erring father for one-half of the year, and to the amiable and afflicted mother for the other half. O shade of Solomon!

shade of Solomon!
This is the law and the fashion in the United States, and it is the result of the Protestant doctrines that broke down the solemn guardianship that made marriage holy and irrevocable. Back, marriage holy and irrevocable. Back, back, step by step, we trace the flood of looseness in this great social relation to the days of the sixteenth century, from Germany, to the sixteenth century, from Germany, to the hour when the pen of Cranmer let it sweep on England at the bidding of the brutal and beastly Henry. It trickled slowly at first, and left its mark in the halls of the autocrat, but it grew as the years grew, and came into the chambers of the nobles - Protestant

doctrine making the path for it all the time—the doors of legislatures were opened for it, and it was then poured forth among the people. With each advance the shame of a broken marriage tie became less. That was satisfied with a blush and a cause for grief alleged, but when it has come to the point where an unpaid draper's bill is cause for a divorce and a legal decision, we have nearly reached the end of the marriage bond in the social order. It is frightful, it is horrible when we

ook into it. It shocks every idea of civilization and refinement, and, under all its aspects, makes us turn with grati-tude to that holy Church whose teachings preserve us from such travesties as Protestantism has imposed upon the world in the shape of "marriage." Such unblessed, such flimsy, such capricious engagements as these, constitute nothing more than legalized unchastity.

THE "COLORED" RACE AND THE SECTS.

Freeman's Journal.

It is reported in the New York World, that meetings of colored "ministers" have been called in this city to find means of counteracting the efforts of Catholics, to save and convert the colored race.

If these "ministers" had the welfare of

their race at heart, they would see with pleasure any attempt made to give the plored race a higher standard of moral ity and stronger restraints. Methodism has not made colored people religious, in the true sense, or moral. It feeds their emotions, while it leaves their vices unrepressed. In the South, the appear ance of either a local preacher or a circus at once absolves the negro laborer from all duty to his employer. The idea of duty seems to have been entirely eliminated from the code taught by the South. The prayers and hymns tures, to the effect that "a change of heart" and "the getting of religion" are the means of salvation, and that salvation is to be an eternal life in a place where idleness and fine apparel are to onstitute happiness. But prayers or hymns, replete with allusions to "Pharoah," "the Israelites," and winged chariots," we find that the neces sity of a change of action is not inculcated with a change of heart. No matter how evil the intentions or the conduct of the colored man may be, he has only, according to this theory, to sing loudly at a camp-meeting, call on the Lord vociferously, feel "all worked up," and salvation comes easy.

The colored race in this country badly

It is a mocking farce of marriage, of society and of affection, that which was tried and decided by Chancellor Runyon divisor the reported meeting of Protestant "ministers," to protest against the formatemple of law with a jibing jeer, like those strangely-carved, mishapen faces one sees start out in stone under supfeeling that the Catholic Church is engaged in the congregation of St. Benedict the Moor, is probably prompted by the feeling that the Catholic Church is engaged. croaching on the vested rights of Protes-tants. At present, in all the large cities south of New York, there are large colensouth of New 1 ork, there are large colonies of colored people without morality, without decency, idle, thriftless, half savage. These wretched beings, if they profess any form of religion, are oftenest attached to the Methodism taught by the illiterate colored preachers. does not influence their actions for good It is a mere dissipation, like the per-formances of the circus, which fills them

for a time, and passes away.

When we speak of these co colored people, we do not include the thousands of honest, self-respecting thousands of honest, self-respecting persons of the negro race who live among us. We refer only to such colonies of colored persons as are to be found in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and especially Weshington, which are disgraceful to Washington, which are disgraceful to the Christian civilization allowing them to exist.

It has been asked over and over again why the Catholic Church in the United States has not paid more attention to a race naturally so malleable, so docile, and so imaginative. It ought to be re-membered that the hierarchy and the priests of the Catholic Church here have had their hands very full. The keeping of the ninety-nine sheep, and the run-ning after the hundreth that had strayed, has kept them too busy to leave them time for adding new sheep to the fold. But, in spite of this, new the grace of God, come into the fold. The sects, if they care more for extending themselves than for the welfare of the colored people here, have reason to look with alarm at the awakening of inlook with alarm at the awakening of in-terest among Catholics in the special difference rose to the zenith and could only be compromised on the basis of the churches for the colored people, she has always kept the doors of her churches open to them; and while the sects have been negro-maniacal in theory, and negro-phobiacal in practice, the Catholic Church has made no distinction between black and white, between the hewer of wood and the patrician. They have knelt side by side at her altars, and side by side received the Body and Blood of

hrist. Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaints and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines. P. M. BARNES.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Freeman's Journal.
Mr. H. P. McElrone writes, in Dona Mr. H. P. McElrone writes, in Donahoe's Magazine, the true story of a last appeal to the power of the Church. It will be observed that the criminal of the story, in spite of all the helps and consolations of religion, looked forward to his death with only a "trembling hope" of mercy. In the ordinary story of a colored criminal, "converted" in the Methodist manner, he floats up at once into the society of angels. In the words of a Western reporter, "he is yanked into Heaven." That kind of cant is particularly repugnant to true religion and to Heaven." That kind of cant is particularly repugnant to true religion and to common-sense. It helps to make infidels. On the other side, we see the criminal converted by the Catholic priest, hoping at best that, after the terrible fires of Purgatory have cleansed him, he may at last enter Heaven. There is no horrible, anothing presument on about the death revolting presumption about the death that Mr. McElrone describes: Years ago, in a far off Southern town, a terrible murder was committed. What

the cause was-a quarrel arising from

jealousy, or from hate, or from some ran-dom dispute—I do not now remember. The murderer waylaid his victim, and slew him by mauling him on the head with a fence rail. He was apprehended the proof was complete; he was condem ned. His faithful lawyer, determined to leave no stone unturned, picked out a half-dozen flaws in the indictment, and on their strength obtained a new trial. This happened three times over, the condemnation, the inevitable flaw. "My client shall not be hanged as long as a technicality defends him," was the motto of the lawyer, a conscientious deacon of the Presbyterian Church. Years passed along; considerable irritation was felt in along; considerable irritation was left in the community because justice was thus retarded. Many even spoke against the lawyer. "He is not only obstinate—he is foolish," was the common thought. He foolish," was the common thought. He was said to have spent hundreds of dollars out of his own pocket in appeals to get a new trial for a poor negro without a cent or a friend in the wide, wide world.

Still the lawyer persevered. Now, scoffers at Divine Providence behold the result. The last efforts had failed; the murderer was to die; his doom was fixed. So far he had refused to confess, doggedly maintaining his in-nocence. He would seem, to ordinary apprehension, a being lost both in body and soul. Thus, too, judged the various preachers of the Protestant denomina tions in that little Southern village Not a soul of them visited the outcast

that leper among men.
Catholics are few and scattered in most regions of the South. They are there mere units in the vast sea of Protestants around them; and they appear perhaps to our separated brethren—not the monsters we are conceived to be by the numerous admirers of Maria Monk and company in England and the North, for your Southern man is a gentleman in feelings, and would scorn to entertain such groveling notions of human nature— but certainly Catholics must seem to them strange and abnormal creatures, congenial to the land of tomance and fable, pretty in a tragedy and proper in the Middle Ages, but utterly out of date, utterly absurd, utterly unreasonable now. To minister to these poor Catholics the missionary priest comes, on an average, say once in three months, so ous is the territory he has to tra-Well, it happened that the priest came to the little village in question shortly after the murderer's last condemnation.

and gray-haired, pale and emaciated from fasting and prayer. But to one who knew him, who knew his meekness, his holiness, his kindness, the tenderness of his ministry in the awful tribunal of confession, his face was that of an angel His broken English was no longer ridicuthe most musical cadence and sweet

vibrations of harmony.

After performing his usual offices, some Catholic incidentally let fall an observation in regard to the coming trag edy. In an instant the priest was all questions and attention. Half an hour remained before the departure of the

Show me the way to the jail," said the priest.

He was perhaps ten minutes in the murderer's cell. He promised to come back. From that day the negro was a changed man. Before sullen and ferocious, he became now gentle as a child. With almost infantile joy he fondled and kissed the crucifix and the scapular the priest had given him. His jailer would find him often kneeling in his cell and dissolved in tears. Still, the remembrance of the pious man, and of the words of hope he had spoken to him about Christ, and the sweet token of conversation ever before him. cheered him in his gloom, and the smiles were in his eyes while the sobs

were in his voice.

As soon as the other ministers heard of these doings of that audacious Popish imposter, they hastened to repair their blunder. One after another they came. "No, I do not want you," was the murderer's answer. "I am a Catholic." The sign of the Cross made by his hand, the Crucifix hanging on the wall, the scapular displayed on his neck, confirmed these words: they were scared and gathering up their dignity, incon-tinently fled. And now, friends, since we are laying our heads together, what in the world is to be made of this Papistical outrage? They soon saw, if they ould not understand. The priest came, meanwhile, once or

wice to visit the condemned. At last the day of the execution drew its eve the priest appeared. He prayed with the murderer late into the night. Next morning early he went to the cell, heard his confession, administered the last Sacrament, and accompanied him to the scaffold. An immense sea of faces surged below. Vague murmur swept across it, and tears coursed down rugged and hardened cheeks, to see the herculean man before them, once so fierce and sullen, now tranquil and sub-dued, going to his death. He spoke a few words, confessing all, warning others by his example, and professing a tremb-ling hope in Christ. He gave the signal before the time, the black cap covered his head, the noose was adjusted, a dull

thud was heard, and a sinful but repentant soul went to its Maker and Judge.

LETTER OF A PROTESTANT MINIS-

A PROTESTANT D.D. ON THE IRISH STRUGGLE.

The Rev. Dr. Betts of St. Louis, an able and eloquent Episcopalian clergyman, delivered a lecture on Nov. 12th, in Cooper's Institute, New York, on "The Present Aspect of the Irish Question."

Present Aspect of the Irish Question."
The leading Irishmen of New York were present. The President of the Municipal Council, Mr. J. P. Ryan, presided.
Rev. Mr. Betts is an Irishman. His lecture was a scholarly and admirable address. He said:—"I want, if possible, to induce my people to rise from the condition of the primal savagery that finds he believed the senser to every arguthe bludgeon the answer to every argument, into the condition of the grandly civilized man that meets argument with argument, and that outlegislates legislaargument, and that outlegislates legisla-tors by cogent reasoning, and by firm purpose, and by undismayed persever-ance, until, having wrested from an un-willing government all that can be wres-ted by such means, they are compelled at last to seek other means" (applause.) at last to seek other means" (applause.)
Speaking of the Irish policy of depriving
the Irish people of education, Mr. Betts
said:—"Where do you find such a thing
as an ignorant Irishman nowadays? Remember that an illiterate Irishman is one thing and an ignorant Irishman is a dif-

ferent thing." (applause)
Mr. Betts advised Irish patriots to be Mr. Betts advised frish patriots to be patient, to wai', to organize—"Our watchword shall be Organize," he said. Speaking of the nature of rebellion, he said:—"Amongst the moral forces against us is the very natural dislike that other countries have to sympathize with that which is quite commonly called rebellion. It has become almost an adage that rebellion is wrong. Well, now, I think rebellion is always right when it is right to rebel. I cannot for the life imagine how an American can think it wrong for an Irishman to be in a condi-tion of rebellion against England. I hold that the antagonism which we intend to wield against England is not rebellion. Robellion is an unlawful attempt to throw off a lawful government, but where a gov-ernment has never been lawful there can e no unlawful attempt to throw it off." (applause)

Of the present movement, Mr. Betts

of the present movement, Mr. Betts said in conclusion:

"In regard to the present movement in behalf of Ireland I would say to you, gentlemen, stand by Mr. Parnell (cheers) and try his policy. Ireland has given birth to many great men, and we love to think of such a splendid legislator and orator as O'Connell was, and I hope I do no dishonor to his memory when I place side by side with him that magnificent statesman, with cool, calm, deliberate judgment that is neither affected by fear or by favor, that cannot be won by ery or delusion, but pursues the even tenor of his ways to the horror of Eng-land and to the advancement of his native land (applause). We are almost, I believe, upon the eve of a general election in Ireland, and already the signs of the times are beginning to be read even by England. Already Mr. Parnell is positively certain, he says, of fifty repre sentatives, and if he can get but seventy sentatives, and if he can get but seventy he wields the balance of power, and you may be sure he will know how to use it (applause). I learn by to-day's paper that there is great reason to believe that he will have eighty men at his back (applause). Notice how marvellously patient he has been, bearing not only with the fees without but with the feers.

MISS ANDERSON IN LONDON. with the foes without but with the fear This priest was an ugly little man, old of timid friends within. How grandly he is holding on to his single course without so much as the thought of a stain upon his integrity, moving steadily forward to the achievement of a purpose that he has not thought it necessary to withhold from the world, for there is not

> an Irish Republic" (great cheers). "Now what are our prospects as we look at the better condition of things. I am free to believe that as there is such a glorious preparation in the old country for the coming election, that if there is not altogether complete success that there will be such concentrated action, such centralization of purpose and of power here as will make the people on tne other side understand that they have a nation at their back. What about the little differences that divide us one way or the other as to the best methods. trust that every man who is here, and who is not already a member of the League organized for this purpose will see to it that he connects himself with some of the organizations under its con-trol. The united voice going over to the old country would be such a song in the ears of Irishmen there as would cheer them a thousand times more than the songs that were sung in the past that led her sons to victory or to death (applause)

a man in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons that does not know that before Mr. Parnell's mind there rises

onstantly the fair and beautiful form of

I think over and over again of those beautiful words of Davis :— "Twere a gallant thing to show before man kind

Howevery race and every creed might be by love combined,

Might be combined yet ne'er forget the source from whence each rose.

As filled with many a rivulet the stately Shannon flows.

applause). And believe me that true as the words are to us I believe that the time is com-

ing when we shall sing 'The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall' only as a memory of the past— "The Harp of Tara is not dead Its soul of music we shall shed, We'll plant the green above the red In motherland, dear motherland."

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recom mend it to those afflicted in like ner." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

How often do we hear of the sudder fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pec-toral! Be wise in time, and keep a bot-

The following beautiful letter is taken from the Stillwater Sun. The chimes it speaks of are the new bells recently placed in St. Michael's Catholic Church, stillwater, Minn.:

Sitting one evening on the porch of the home of J. S. Anderson, I heard the bells of St. Michael's chime "Home, Street Hayers" just as the men were recently as the state of the street was a street when the street was a street was a

bells of St. Michael's chime "Home," Sweet Home," just as the men were re-turning from shops and river, and vari-ous occupations, to their evening repast, and I wished that I had joined the nultitude who tapped the bells and blessed it with their silver. It must really be a it with their silver. It must really be a pleasant thing for one to know that he helped to lift those bells to their places, and that he is speaking through them words of cheer to the discouraged, consolation to the mourner, hope to the desponding and religion to the sinful.

Their music is above the clatter and din of business, and comes like a "hope."

Their music is above the clatter and din of business, and comes like a "benediction that follows after prayer." The music of the bells does good, good that cannot be explained. Mr. T. Tyndall says the circle of human nature is not complete without the aid of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical one. A certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The sound of the village bell as it comes mellowed from the valley to the traveler on the hill, has a value beyond the acoustical one. The setting sun when it "mantles with the bloom of roses the Alpine snows," has a value beyond the optical one. How often have I been cheered by these bells; they ring out sentiments of religion which honor the dead and comfort the living, and though they swing in a Catholic tower, the tune suggests the words dear to Protestants. They bear to listening ears Charles Wesley's hymn:

"Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,"

Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known, Or

Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee.

I am sure in those hymns we all join. Long may the bells of St. Michael's ring. and long may their music call the atte tion of the careless and the good to that land indicated by the beautiful spire, and long may their tones be heeded and their benedictions enjoyed. Yes, they will ring joyously at birth and marriage, mournfully at death and burial.

And so it will be when I am gone,
Those tuneful peals will still ring on,
While other bards will walk these delis
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

-Moore.

Church of my fathers, Heaven bless thee. I have no wish to see thee blotted out, but a longing desire to see thy wealth, culture, organization, prestige, thoroughly consecrated to Christ. May thy priests be clothed with salvation and thy saints shout aloud with joy. May thy Fenelons and Guyons multiply, and the beauty of the Lord arise upon thee. In thy catechism Hearned the great lesson of my life that "I was made to love and serve God and be happy with Him forever." Let the bells ring out and remind

Miss Mary Anderson, the Catholic American actress, is, says a correspondent, being more and more a favorite in London, as her sweet, gentle, and purely womanly art works upon the town.
Already ties and cigarettes are called after her, music is dedicated to her, and even the "masher" begins to be affected by her. If she succeeds as well in a play of "Ingomar"—which is the worst play in which a good actress was ever able to interest an audience—she will take a position second to none on our They say, however, that "Parthstage. They say, howeve enia" is her best part. may be, Miss Mary Anderson knows how to maintain a principle. It was stated on Sunday that on Saturday night she was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Monday there was issued an "official" notification, sent by Miss Anderson's special request. It makes no contradiction; it offers no denial; but those who read between the lines will understand its meaning. It advertises only the fact that on Saturday night Miss Mary Anderson was presented to the Princess of Wales. Miss Anderson loes not care to have her name used as those of some American beauties, rightly or wrongly, have been used in New York.-Liverpool Catholic Times.

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recom-mend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

Highly Agreeable.

One very valuable feature of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is, that it is highly agreeable to take, and all varieties of Worms, tape worm included, can be safely expelled by it, without recourse to harsh and sickening drugs.

Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines health, and the constitutional vigor will return. Those who suffer from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse the blood, restore vitality.

Railway Accident.

Frank Spint, Wilton Avenue, Toronto, some time ago received a bad injury by an accident on the G.T. R. The severe contusions were quickly healed by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

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