

SALISBURY'S PET RABBITS.

United Ireland. The Orangemen and rack-renters are the pet rabbits of Lord Salisbury's famous metaphor, the National League is the boaster.

Orange lodge throughout the country, if it be shown that these men were Orangemen, will in like manner disown and repudiate every bond of union between the Orange Association and these miscreants.

LORD DENBIGH ON IRELAND AND THE POPE.

Catholic Review. It is to be hoped that the Earl of Denbigh is not to be accepted as the representative of English Catholic opinion on Irish affairs.

that the Crimes Act, which he is defending, is in itself the very quintessence and repetition of all these crimes against the Irish people.

The Irish Catholics now need the voice of the Shepherd, says Lord Denbigh; of course, as expressed through the mouths of the Goschen and the Chamberlains.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS—BLESSSED ALEXANDER BRIANT, S. J.

London Tablet. A foreign writer, in describing the hardships of the English persecution, lays stress on the fact that in one respect our forefathers in the faith were more severely tried than were the Roman Catholics who suffered through the Irish people.

Some uncertainty prevails regarding the birthplace of our martyr. Challoner, quoting a contemporary account, says he was born in Dorsetshire; the author of his life, in the English Previews, S. J., inclines to the belief that he was a native of Somersetshire.

It is known that Lord Denbigh joined the miserable little crew who went a peddling to Rome, to try and induce the Holy Father to condemn the Irish Land Leaguers, the people who tried to sneak up the back-stairs of the Vatican and capture the Holy Father, in favor of a cruel and persecuting power against a nation struggling in a most righteous cause—in fact, for its very existence.

support of Divine grace and for the comfort which he felt after he had taken a vow to enter into the Society of Jesus, he would in all probability have never survived to take his place beside Campion and Sherwin on the gibbet of Tyburn.

The character of the man showed itself in his bearing during his examination and after his sentence. To silence the heretical little leech, he had in the meantime been made a prisoner in the Tower.

What a Penitent is.

"A penitent," says a writer, "is one who every hour calls to mind in the bitterness of his soul the sins of his past life—who takes part with a justice of God against himself, and gives up innocent pleasures in order to atone for the sins which he formerly committed."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor. Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want.

Get the Best.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for cholera morbus, dysentery, sick stomach, cramps, cholera and cholera infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is undimmed by age.

A MODERN SAVONAROLA.

A LENTEN SERMON IN FLORENCE THAT RECALLS THE DAYS OF PETER THE HERMIT.

Day after day, says the St. James's Gazette, through the greater part of Lent and down to Easter Tuesday, the Duomo of Florence has presented a striking spectacle. The great veil of dark green silk spread over the nave, a few feet higher than the sounding-board of the pulpit, has thrown the nave into mysterious gloom.

There is a class of men which has gone through remarkable phases; now held in esteem, now despised; now regarded with affection, now hated; at one time the pledge of safety to their country, at another time a grave peril; a principle of life, and an element of disorganization.

Without that does not live. Who gives the working man this sense of dignity? Who gives him true consolation? Does the man of letters, the economist, the philosopher, the politician?

Look to the philosopher. Hear Jules Simon. He comes to the working man and says: "Your lot is hard. I sympathize with you. But what would you have? No one can alter your lot. When you were little you were told to lock to prayer, to God, for comfort. But this is all a mistake. God is too far off. He cannot hear you. And if He could, He could not help you. The general laws which govern the universe are such that they cannot be disturbed without introducing disorder."

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Then comes those whom I will not name, and say: Workman, you seek consolation, you seek dignity. You have it in yourself, in your force. You are the king of the age. Look at the power of your arm. You have only to move to make the earth tremble; you have only to organize to overthrow the usurpers your employers; you have to hurl yourself upon society to reduce it to powder."

are parasites, usurpers. Is it not you who make the plough that tills the soil, the ship that sails the seas, the engine that runs from city to city? Society is a great workshop with innumerable wheels. You give the motive-power. You need not use force. You have only to stay away; they will soon find that they cannot do without you."

No, working man, you are not sufficient for yourself. You must live the life of the body, and so you need a doctor. You must live the life of the soul, and so you need a priest. You must enjoy in peace the fruit of your labor, and so you need some one to exercise justice. For all these three you must, in the end, have classes other than the working class. You say, perhaps, "How often has a working man used the knife of the surgeon, held the scale of justice, offered the sacrifice to the Lord?" That is so, but only as exceptions.

The working man turns to see that this is true. But he turns upon me and says: "Where is my consolation, my dignity?" And I reply, You have seen the working man curse his lot, the working man without religion. Your consolation, your dignity, is in and from religion. Religion comes to you and says: "Working man, you are not sufficient for yourself. You are not sufficient for your country because God has given you no other class of men to resemble Him as closely as you do. If you doubt what religion says, look at the work of God—first in creation and then in redemption. Was not God a workman when He spread forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and sowed the soil with seed, and took clay to form the body of man? That is the beginning of your dignity."

You have but to raise your eyes from your work to the heavens, and there you see your prototype; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman, like God, but a workman with God. He has left it to you to work with Him, to complete His work, how did He equip the earth the germ of life, it is left to you to bring it to perfection in the fruits of the earth. He has buried the metals deep; it is left to you to bring them forth and melt them and mould them. He has laid the seams of coal; it is left to you to draw them out, to kindle them to further your industry. The working man may say, if he will, the words of the poet: "I am a fellow-worker with God. I create, thou transformest. I begin, thou completest."

Or look at God in redemption. You knew your lot that you are born to labor. How did the Redeemer begin the work of redemption? By a life of labor for thirty years. And when He would enter upon His special work, how did He equip himself? His first associates had been shepherds; His first worshippers in the work of redemption were working men. Those are the sources of your dignity. And ask yourselves, what was labor before Christianity? It was slavery; it was dishonor. There were cases where, for special reasons, its dignity was recognized; witness Cincinnatus and his plough. But Plato called it illiberal; Aristotle called it illiberal; Cicero called working men barbarians. What is labor without Christianity? The Brahmin would consider himself contaminated if he labored; the North American Indian despises labor; leaves it to his women, whom he treats as slaves. Religion, then, is your friend, for it reveals to you your dignity.

But what, then, you ask, gives consolation? Again, religion. Religion comes to you and says: "You may so labor for the meat that perishes as to gain that which lasts forever." You sit at night counting your few pence, the fruit of your hard labor. Religion comes to you and tells you: "Those few pence are your wages; they are small and they are meagre; beyond and above them, you are gaining heaven." There is your true consolation. Religion, then, reveals to you your dignity, and shows to you your consolation. Religion, therefore, is your true friend. . . . How often has the working man raised his banner, inscribed with the one word "Labor!" Labor is not enough. Man must have a fellowship, must have something that is not for his body only but for his heart. Add therefore to your banner the word "Union!" But that is not enough. Man must have some solid base on which he may safely rest everything. Add, then, on your banner the word "Religion!" When the working man goes forth under the banner, "Labor, Union, Religion," he will not indeed become a rich man, but he will never again be a miserable wretch.

There the sermon ends. Amid applause, which sounds strange to an English ear, but is full of that self-restrained emphasis which saves it from being irrelevant, the preacher is placed in his sedan chair and carried forth. Then the thousands disperse, ready for the next day's sermon. It is the last of the course, and it is said that the preacher is dying.—London Tablet.

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