The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

Corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to

The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for March, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 4th day, 11h., 15.8m., p. m., W.
New Moon 12th day, 6h., 4.5m., p. m., E.
First Quarter 20th day, 6h., 33.9m., p.m., S.E.
Full Moon 27th day, 8h., 55.9m., p. m., E.

D M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.	aft'rn	m'rn	aft'rn
1	Thur	6 43	5 41	9 58	8 42	0 44
2	Fri	42	42	11 14	9 13	1 38
3	Sat	40	43	morn	9 49	2 14
4	Sun	39	44	0 35	10 34	3 11
5	Mon	38	47	1 51	11 8	4 40
6	Tues	36	48	2 57	11 53	5 53
7	Wed	35	50	3 52	aft'n	7 15
8	Thur	33	51	4 39	1	8 17
9	Fri	32	52	5 1	2 31	9 7
10	Sat	27	54	5 36	3 54	9 47
11	Sun	26	55	6 6	4 57	10 26
12	Mon	25	57	6 32	6 0	10 56
13	Tues	24	59	7 2	6 59	11 29
14	Wed	19	6 0	7 21	8 2	11 59
15	Thur	17	1	7 44	9 2	morn
16	Fri	15	2	8 14	9 58	0 30
17	Sat	13	3	8 41	10 59	1 2
18	Sun	11	5	9 7	m'rn	1 39
19	Mon	9	6	9 43	0 8	2 20
20	Tues	7	7	10 27	1	3 9
21	Wed	5	8	11 14	1 59	4 13
22	Thur	3	9	aft 12	2 53	5 33
23	Fri	6 0	10	1 17	3 49	6 55
24	Sat	5 58	12	2 16	4 38	8 1
25	Sun	56	13	3 49	5	8 54
26	Mon	54	14	4 57	5 56	9 43
27	Tues	52	15	6 15	6 8	10 24
28	Wed	50	16	7 30	6 59	11 4
29	Thur	49	18	8 52	7 14	11 46
30	Fri	48	20	10 9	7 43	aft 27
31	Sat	5 46	22	11 22	8 20	1 15

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the amounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 10, 1887.

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W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885

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Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

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jan. 17, 1884

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2nd " " $2,000 " $4,000
3rd " " $1,000 " $2,000

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Jan. 18, 1888—4m

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Charlottetown Sept. 21, 1887.

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Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1887.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887-8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887-8.

On and after Thursday, December 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.....dp.	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction.....	7 24	2 12
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane.....	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction.....	9 09	4 07
Freetown.....	9 23	4 22
Kensington.....	9 40	4 45
Summerside ..... ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside ..... dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington.....	1 27	
Port Hill	2 08	
O'Leary.....	3 22	
Bloomfield.....	3 45	
Alberton.....	4 20	
Tignish .....ar.	5 15	

STATIONS.	No. 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction.....dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse.....ar.	5 00

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish .....dp.	6 00	
Alberton.....	6 55	
Bloomfield.....	7 20	
O'Leary.....	7 54	
Port Hill.....	8 07	
Wellington.....	8 49	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ..... ar.	10 55	
Summerside ..... dp.	11 35	A. M.
	P. M.	6 20
Kensington.....	12 05	7 05
Freetown.....	12 23	7 28
Emerald Junction.....	12 36	7 43
Bradalbane.....	12 46	7 53
Hunter River.....	1 12	8 20
North Wiltshire.....	1 22	8 45
Royalty Junction.....	2 12	9 37
Charlottetown.....ar.	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse.....dp.	6 45
Emerald Junction.....ar.	7 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown.....dp	2 20	
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 30	
Bedford.....	2 33	
Mt. Stewart Junc..... ar	2 55	
Mt. Stewart Junc..... dp	4 10	
Cardigan.....	5 22	
Georgetown.....ar	5 45	
	P. M.	
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp	4 05	
Morell.....	4 43	
St. Peter's.....	5 12	
Bear River.....	5 37	
Souris .....ar	6 40	

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown .....dp	7 15	
Cardigan.....	7 38	
Mount Stewart Jun ..... ar	8 50	
Mount Stewart Jun ..... dp	9 00	
Bedford.....	9 22	
Royalty Junct'n.....	10 05	
Charlottetown .....ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Souris ..... dp		6 20
Bear River.....		7 05
St. Peter's.....		7 43
Morell		8 17
Mount Stewart Junc..ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent

Railway Office, Charlottetown Nov. 29, 1887—3

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned, Executors of the L. last Will and Testament of OWEN CONNOLLY, late of Charlottetown, Merchant, deceased, hereby notify all parties indebted to the said Estate of the said Owen Connolly to make immediate payment of their respective debts to them at the premises on Queen Street, in Charlottetown, formerly occupied by the said Owen Connolly; and all persons having accounts or claims against the said Owen Connolly, or his Estate, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned at the said premises, on Queen Street, within Twelve Months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown this Seventh day of January, 1888.

ANDREW A. McDONALD,
WILLIAM W. SULLIVAN, } Executors
FREDERICK PETERS,

January 4, 1888—tf

SEWING

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Charlottetown, May 25, 1887.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

Dom Bosco.

AN ITALIAN FATHER DRUMGOOLE. A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

HOTEL BINDA, PARIS, Feb. 3rd.—Dom Bosco, the Italian St. Vincent de Paul, as he has been surnamed, died in Turin, Italy, on the 31st of January, at the age of 73. He was surrounded by many of those whom he had rescued from a life of crime. His angelic smile lingered on them a while before his pure soul ascended to heaven. Over a thousand priests, trained by him in his hospices, defiled before the body, which was exposed in his private chapel. Indeed, all Turin followed in their wake, anxious to get a last glimpse of "its saint," and his funeral was the occasion of an immense manifestation. Contrary to the usual custom, his body was placed sitting in an armchair, in the midst of the choir, clothed with a violet chasuble and his other priestly insignia. Of childlike simplicity and humility, his fame has traveled through Europe and America. There are few countries in the two worlds which he has not visited during the last fifty years in search of alms for the work of charity to which he devoted his life. Thanks to the reputation for sanctity which his good works gained him, he succeeded in collecting large sums, which he consecrated to the support and education of poor and abandoned children. His renown was so great, and the prestige of his fervent piety was so powerful, that he was believed to possess miraculous powers.

It is not surprising, then, to hear, that on the day of his funeral the enormous crowds in the streets of Turin brought business to a standstill, and that at the gate of the cemetery the crush was fearful, on account of the efforts made by the people to touch the bier that contained the remains of this good man. Here, in the cradle of the House of Savoy, occurred a scene, which shows, that after all the efforts of infidel and American Bible Society propaganda, the faith burns as brightly as in the time of the crusaders. We would respectfully call the attention of the worthy, but credulous people, who are liberal with their dollars for the conversion of European "Romanists," to the fact that a single Dom Bosco is worth a whole shipload of the missionaries they enable to live luxuriously on their bounties in Spain and Italy.

And there are many Dom Boscos in the Catholic church. There is one here in New York, who, in a smaller way, is doing almost as great a work as his Italian brother. But our readers would like to hear some details of the life of the great apostle of Catholic charity.

In 1845 there lived in the environs of Turin a good woman, the Countess of Barol, who spent nearly all her income in good works. She received Silvio Pellico after his escape from his *carcere duro* in Austria, and made of her house a golden cage for the poor man, who, having lost a good many of his illusions, ended his stormy career in the hospitable mansion of the Countess. This excellent woman had founded a refuge at Turin, a kind of convent for penitent women. She selected for chaplain of this pious house a young priest of the province of Asti, whose gentleness and piety were already quoted as an example. This man was Dom Bosco.

His work, at the out-set, like all great vocations, was the result of apostolic zeal. Meeting some little street urchins, orphans or abandoned children, an easy prey for vice, and almost fated to end in prison, he tried to catechise some of them. He brought them the following Sunday to Mass, and then took them out to the country for a walk, providing something for them to eat meanwhile, and, while chatting with them familiarly, gently instructed them in their duties, in the danger there was in living strangers to all social and religious rules, and thus prepared them for the reception of more solid teaching. There was great fun made of Dom Bosco and his "pupils." "They are scamps," said his friends; "you will never make anything of them." He did, however, make honest workmen of them; and, in some cases, holy priests.

But these results were not achieved without some vexations. Dom Bosco was poor, and nowhere would people consent to receive his little mendicants without equivalent compensation. At last he was able to hire a barn in that same suburb of Valdocco, where he was afterward to die. And what a barn! Dom Bosco managed to get a kind of altar into it. But the bishop of Turin, who was induced to say Mass there one Sunday, found the ceiling so low, that he had to take off his mitre to reach the altar.

But ten years later a vast edifice and church rose on the site of the poor barn, and more than two hundred abandoned children found a home there, and twenty years later, in 1865, these two hundred had increased to eight hundred. A new house was founded at Alexandria, and similar houses were demanded everywhere.

To-day the work of Dom Bosco has been fixed for all time. It was not to end with his death. The priests trained by him, many a one of them once the terror and the victim of the Turin or Milan policeman, have accepted his rule under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales, and under the name of *Salesians* are spread in every direction, preaching to young children, gathering them together and founding hospices. More than a hundred thousand young people have been trained for the world under their care, in Italy first, then in France, Spain, America, principally in Buenos Ayres, where the Italians are numerous. Some of them have become priests, doctors, lawyers, etc., but by far the greater number have learned a trade, and are easily distinguished in the workshops where they are employed by their superior capacity and conduct.

We have seen that Dom Bosco was believed to work miracles; but here is a miracle, living, and visible every day. He never received legacies nor pious foundations. He received alms only from day to day, not knowing what was to happen on the morrow, yet answerable for the existence of thousands of children; never doubting Providence, which, indeed, always came to his aid, when aid was most wanted; ever calm, smiling, full of faith and ardor. Dom Bosco was not eloquent; there was nothing in him to charm and seduce the crowd. This is a picture of him: features quite common, an embarrassed delivery, little gray piercing eyes, generally veiled. "I see better when I am not looking," he used to say.

He asked alms with gentleness, but with persistence. "I must have it," he would say; "the baker is waiting and will give me no more credit; to-morrow my children will have nothing to eat." No one could refuse under such circumstances. Everybody gave, from the humblest up to Ratazzi and Victor Emanuel.

Not only among the poorer classes, but among the upper, Dom Bosco was often called to bless and cure a dying child. The holy priest resisted these appeals. He said that God alone, and sometimes the physicians, had the power of curing; but he generally gave way in the end, because the journey profited his own children, if it did not the patient.

At the beginning of his career, Dom Bosco performed another kind of miracle, equally indisputable and extraordinary. He obtained permission from Ratazzi, then Minister, to take the two hundred young convicts in the prison of Turin into the country for a whole day.

"But," said the Minister, "in that case I will give you two hundred policemen."

"I won't have any," returned Dom Bosco; "and I answer for all myself."

They let him do so, so boundless was the confidence inspired by this man's personal magnetism. On the day appointed he set out with his young prisoners, led them to the royal park of Stupinigi, catechised them on the road, then made them eat and amuse themselves, and then, in the evening, brought them back in marching order to prison. Not one was missing, and not the most trifling damage was committed by them.

Such was the influence which he exercised around him, that of the eight hundred children whom he reared in his principal house, not one ever resisted his authority, not one was ever punished by him; and they would have all died for him.

But the men no more resisted him than the children. Dom Bosco often returned to his house in the Valdocco at night, and it was known that he sometimes went there with well-filled pockets. One evening a man waited for him in a deserted corner and demanded his money or his life. Dom Bosco acknowledged that he had money, and that it would be easy to take it from him; but then the children of the people were waiting for bread, and the money was between them and starvation. Gradually he reasoned with his robber, made him ashamed of his crime, asked his antecedents, began to take an interest in the man, converted him, and the scene wound up with the good father sitting on the curbstone, and the evil-doer on his knees in the mud, making his first confession.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.

Father Damien was born in Louvai, Belgium, January 3rd, 1840. When he was but four-and-twenty, his brother, who had just entered the priesthood, was ordered to embark for Honolulu, but at the moment fell sick with typhoid fever. Young Damien, who was a theological student at the University, having received minor orders, and belonging to the same order—the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (commonly called Society of Picpus)—at once wrote to his superior, and begged that he might be sent upon the mission in his brother's stead. In one week he was on his way to that far country. He was ordained upon his arrival in Honolulu, and for a few years led the life of toil and privation which invariably falls to the lot of the Catholic missionary.

In 1873 he, in common with others of the clergy, was invited to be present at the dedication of a beautiful chapel just completed by Father Leonor, at Wailuku, on the Island of Maui. There he met the bishop, who expressed regret that he was still unable to send a priest to Molokai; for the demand was far in excess of the supply. Father Damien at once said: "My lord, I hear that a small vessel will next week take cattle from Kawaihae to Kaulapapa; if you will permit me I will go there to help the lepers make their Easter duties."

His request was granted, and, in company with the bishop and the French consul, he landed at the settlement, where he found a colony of eight hundred lepers, of whom between four and five hundred were Catholics. A public meeting was immediately called, at which the bishop and the consul presided. His Grace rose to address the singular gathering, and said: "Since you have written me so often that you have no priest, I leave you one for a little time;" and, imparting the Benediction, he returned immediately to the vessel, which was to sail that very hour. Father Damien added: "As there is much to be done here, by your leave I will not even accompany you to the shore."

Thus the good work was at once begun. It was high time; the lepers were dying at the rate of from eight to twelve per week. The priest had not time to build himself a hut—he had not even the material with which to build it—and for a season he slept in the open air, under a tree, exposed to the wind and rain.

Soon after he received a letter of congratulation from the white residents of Honolulu—chiefly Protestants—together with some lumber, and a purse of $120; then he put up his little house, and began to feel at home. After remaining some weeks at Kalawao, he was obliged to go to Honolulu, there being no more convenient priest to whom he could make his confession.

He naturally called upon the President of the board of health, who seemed much surprised, but received the priest with frigid politeness. He then asked leave to return to the settlement of Molokai, and was curtly informed that he might indeed return, but that in that case he must remain there for good.

Father Damien explained to this gentleman how necessary it is for one priest to see another at reasonable intervals, in order to make his confession, and asked permission to visit Lahaina, on the Island of Mani, not far from Molokai, promising to return there directly in a small boat, as soon as he had attended to his religious duties. This was denied him. He was told that he must remain at Kalawao, and not leave it on any pretension whatever. Nor would the board permit the priest at Lahaina to visit Father Damien at Kalawao.

Here an eminent physician—one of the board of health—pleaded his cause, insisting that permission be granted the father to go and come at will. "This is the rule in all civilized countries," said he; "the priest and the physician are exempt. They have privileges which no one else has, and which no one else should have." The doctor was heartily seconded by the French Consul, in whose hands the business of the mission was deposited; and Father Damien returned to Kalawao on a special permit.

Shortly after his return he received an official notice that he must remain where he was, and that on any attempt to leave the island, or even to visit other portions of Molokai, he would be immediately put under arrest. The notice was sharply worded. This roused the indignation of the priest, and he notified the board of health that if they would attend strictly to their duties, he would attend to his. When it became necessary for him to visit a priest on a neighboring island, he did so, asking no odds of any man; he also visited his scattered flock on the circuit of Molokai, attending faithfully and fearlessly to the wants of his people.

Often on these rounds he was the welcome guest of a gentleman, the son of a Protestant missionary, and on one occasion the host said to him, playfully: "I suppose you are aware that I have orders to place you under immediate arrest if you presume to leave your leper settlement?" And this was the Sheriff of Molokai.

Six months later a permit came granting Father Damien leave to go and come as he pleased; but in eleven years how seldom he has cared to use it!—*Exchange.*

A Town of Two Centuries Ago.

Just as the tourist down the river of St Lawrence is about to enter, or as it is termed, "shoot the rapids," at Lachine, some nine miles from Montreal, a quaint village, made up solely of one story, unpainted frame houses meets his view as he turns to the right. It is the Indian village of Caughnawaga. It is said that the Indians who had been converted by the Jesuit Missionary Fathers were called "Caughnawagas," or praying Indians, hence its name. Be this as it may, however, if you want to be transported back two hundred years, go across the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga. There you will find yourself among the Mohawks of the Adirondack Valley and the Iroquois of Sault St. Louis. Passing through the village is not enough. You must enter the houses and speak to the men, women and children. A girl of six sang to me the other day, in Indian, English, French and Latin, a hymn. She also preached like the pastor, Father Burtin. Thirty years ago the men still wore blankets; now their rig is modern. But the women hold on to the blanket over their platted hair and the beaded moccasin to their feet, and it is to be hoped that these will never be discarded. No Spanish maid with her mantilla nor Ionian beauty, with her ewel sandal can show to better advantage. The church, sanctuary and presbytery of Caughnawaga are hallowed spots. The church is old, quaint, and peculiar. Among its treasures is a painting of the patron, St. Louis of France, donated by King Charles X. The sanctuary contains the bones of the Saint and Virgin, Catherine Tegakwita, kept religiously in a casket lined with blue silk. In the presbytery is the study of the learned pastor, Father Burtin, member of the Oblate Order. He has just finished the first volume of the history of the ancient mission from the beginning to the time of the Conquest. A second volume will bring the work down to our day. He keeps and shows visitors the registers of the church from 1735, also a dictionary and grammar of the Iroquois language, admirably written in red and black ink by his predecessor, Abbe Marcoux. There are several precious oil paintings in this remarkable presbytery, among others that of the celebrated Father Lafitan. The gem of the whole, however, is the room of Father Charlevoix, who was stationed at Caughnawaga for several years, and where he wrote some of his works. His portrait is there on the wall. The room is as he left it—his arm chair, his writing table, his book shelves, with several old tomes therein, and an ancient Roman breviary dating back to the days of the Recollects. A keen nostril detects the smell of tan or smoke throughout the Indian village, in schoolhouses, churches and private residences, but in the priestly home and study, amid these relics of two hundred years, there is an odor of benediction which even the worldliest of us must needs notice and be thankful for having breathed.—*Northwest Review.*

Iona—the Island of Waves.

Iona—the island of waves, is about nine miles from Staffa on the western coast of Scotland. The tower of the cathedral is a conspicuous object, and is seen as one approaches the island. Dr. Johnson states "that this small place was once the luminary of Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion." In 565 the famous St. Columba came here from Ireland, to preach Christianity to the Picts, who gave him a grant of the Island. He died here, but the religious establishments founded by him, flourished for two hundred years. In 807 the Danes invaded the island, slew some of the monks and compelled the others to flee. After the retreat of the Danes, the monastery was in possession of the monks, of the Order of Clum, until the dissolution of monastic institutions, when the revenues were united to the See of Argyle. Of the dates of the remains of antiquity on the island little or nothing is known.

The cathedral of St. Mary, the most prominent of these remains, is in the form of a cross, and is one hundred and sixty feet long, twenty-four feet broad, and the length of the transept is seventy feet. Over the centre is a handsome square tower, seventy feet high, divided in three stories and supported by four arches. The architecture is of various styles. Contiguous to the cathedral are remains of cloisters. On the south is the small chapel of "St. Oran's," unroofed, but still very entire, supposed to be of higher antiquity than the other edifices. Within it are many tombs of various dates. Iona was the cemetery of the Scottish kings. So great was its repute as a burial place that besides forty eight kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian monarchs, and one of France repose here. This distinction it acquired partly from its peculiar sanctity, and partly from a belief in an ancient Gaelic prophecy, thus rendered into English.

"Seven years before that awful day,
When time shall be no more,
A dreadful deluge shall o'er sweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green-clad Isle, too, shall sink,
While, with the great and good,
Columba's happier Isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood.

A chapel of the nunnery is in a tolerable state of preservation. Among other interesting objects on the island is a beautiful cross called "Maclean's Cross," one of a great number, which were standing at the time of the Reformation, but which were then ordered to be demolished. There were formerly three hundred of these crosses. Iona is three miles long and one mile broad. Its surface is unequal but on the east side it is level, and here is the city of Threld, containing about four hundred inhabitants.

Fingal's Cave is north of Iona, and it owes its reputation to its curiosity. The entrance is about sixty feet high, forty-two feet wide, and resembles a Gothic arch. The columns are frequently perpendicular and frequently broken, grouped in various ways produce a picturesque effect. The roof in some places is formed of rock, in others of the ends of broken pillars, from the interstices of which stalactites have exuded. The long of the cave is two hundred and twenty-seven feet, breadth at the mouth fifty-three feet. The other caves are Scallop, Shell, Cormorant, and the Boat, all names either assigned to an imaginary resemblance, or fancy of discoverers.—*Guide Book.*

The Fate of Heresiarchs.

Speaking on the Nature of the Church at the Pro-Cathedral, on a recent Sunday morning, Cardinal Manning said:

"There is hardly a heresy that has ever been taught in the world that was not begun by a priest or a bishop. One or two heresies certainly owe their origin to laymen, but the great multitude of Heresiarchs have been priests and bishops. They separated themselves from the Truth, and got others to follow them, as Satan fell from Heaven and drew down with him a multitude of angels. . . . But every separation that has been made from the church has soon withered and passed away. Where are the separations of the ancient world? They are gone. Even their names are not known. Where are the separations of the middle ages? You don't even know the titles that they bore. Where are the separations of the last centuries? Going fast. And where are the kingdoms of the world? They have passed away. And the Emperors of the world? They have succeeded one another, and are not. And the Europes? There was the Roman Europe, and then came the Franco-Europe, and it was followed by a German Europe. Where are they? And now we have a Revolutionary Europe. And where will that be? In the midst of the dead the Church stands, the Body United to the Head, inhabited by the Holy Spirit the Lord and Giver of life, clothed in all its endowments, imperishable, indissoluble, unconquerable, fulfilling the prophecy that the 'gates of hell shall not prevail against it'"

Cardinal Manning on Catholic Progress.

In one of his recent brilliant discourses upon topics allied to the golden jubilee of the Holy Father's priesthood, Cardinal Manning alluded to the great progress which the church has made under the guiding hand of Leo XIII. in the following forcible manner:—

"It is to be noted that the growth and progress of the Catholic church to-day is greatest in those lands and among those peoples that are, above all, the freest upon the face of the earth. Look at the United States. The progress, the growth, the expansion of the church in the United States within the last century is, as far as I know, without a parallel in the history of the church upon earth. And so it is in Australia, which is itself but of the other day. The history of the faith in Ireland, again, is witness that the church of God needs no human authority, no establishment—which is but the crutch of the lame and the forerunner of downfall. Invincible in its own intrinsic life and power, it is dependent only on the Vicar of Jesus Christ in this world, and on its Divine Head at the right hand of His Father in Heaven. Why, then, should we be anxious for the Holy See, even if it be isolated and impoverished? Leo XIII. reigns over a larger Christendom than was ever known before. The Christendom of the beginning was cooped up in the Roman Empire. The Christendom of the Middle Ages was the Christendom of Europe. The Christendom of to-day is the Christendom of the New World, over the Atlantic, and in the Southern Seas. And it is entering into the far East, and bearing the light of the Gospel among the millions and myriads of millions of the Eastern world. And even Africa, that dark land, is now intersected by water-ways, which are carrying the missionaries of the faith from the North to the South. Never did the world know such a Christendom as that over which Leo XIII. reigns to-day.

Therefore, let us have great courage, great confidence, and great gratitude to our Divine Master. Our duty is to believe with the church, to feel with the church, to think with the church. And, I will say, let us believe and feel and think with the head of the church. Let us pray for the intentions of our Holy Father. And, as we pray, let us remember, that, though the world may be dissolved, the church of God is eternal, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."

Address.

To Mr. Peter A. Hughes.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned committee, on behalf of the "Emerald Branch" of the B. I. Society, beg to convey to you an expression of our good feelings towards you, which you have deservedly merited, since you became a member of our society; and, it is with deep regret, that we have, very recently, learned of your intention of leaving your native Island, with a view of improving your position in life. Although we sincerely regret your departure from amongst us, at a time when our relations were of the most friendly and intimate, we are highly gratified to know that you have secured a good lucrative situation, which we feel sure you will fill with credit to yourself and honor to your country.

Wishing you a safe and speedy passage across the Straits, health and prosperity in your new home, and that you may continue to increase in worth as you increase in years, and if so, we look forward with great hope to the time when we will see you chronicled as "another successful Islander" abroad.

PETER DUFFY, Esq.,
F. P. MURPHY,
G. R. MCMAHON. } Com.

Emerald, Feb. 29th, 1888.

REPLY.

To Messrs. Peter Duffy, F. P. Murphy and G. R. McMahon, Committee on behalf of the "Emerald Branch" B. I. Society:

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very heartily for the kind expressions conveyed to me in your beautiful though flattering address, and I must say that I have been taken altogether by surprise, and I can scarcely find language to express to you how sorry I feel at being separated from you and your society, though it may not be forever. My connexions and associations with you have been of a very pleasant and agreeable nature, and it is my sincere wish that you and your society may continue to prosper and flourish in the future as you have in the past.

Again thanking you for your very kind expressions and good wishes for my future welfare, I beg to remain, gentlemen,

Yours, very sincerely,
PETER A. HUGHES.

Emerald, Feb. 29, 1888.

A Catholic paper in Liverpool says: "We have much pleasure in recording another clerical conversion. The Rev. C. E. Gandy, late curate of St. Michael's, Edinburgh, and formerly of St. James', Plymouth, and St. Mary Magdalene, Launceston, was received into the church, at St. Mary's, Clapham, by Rev. Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., on the 11th inst. Next morning Mr. Gandy received his first communion from the hands of his old friend, Rev. Father Langdon, of Launceston, who was also formerly a Protestant clergyman. Mr. Gandy is about to commence his studies for the priesthood."

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this and business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.