

thieves or some of the servants had been guilty of subtracting the valuables from the drawers and receptacles in the dead man's rooms they would not have touched the papers, for the latter would be utterly useless to them. He told the banker that all receipts and papers concerning affairs with everyone else but Lerouttier himself had been found in perfect order, and finally, recalling how he (Lerouttier) alone had been beside the dying and dead man, he flung in his face the fact that the papers could only have been taken by the person most interested in their disappearance. In vain did the banker protest against his conclusion, representing the long friendship that had existed between the deceased Mons. Durand and himself; in vain did he renew his offers of service and protection to Charles and Marguerite. Refusing all offers and reiterating his accusations, Charles exclaimed: "I now know what I have to do, my duty lies clearly traced before me, and that duty I will perform to the very last."

So saying he left Mons. Lerouttier's presence.

(To be Continued.)

### FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa 15th April, 1889.

The Lenten season is drawing to a close, Easter is at hand. It is impossible that the work of the session can be terminated by Thursday. There has been talk of sittings on Holy Saturday and Easter Monday, however, that scheme may be given up, as it is impossible to prorogue this week, or, it may be, next week. There are measures which the Government is pledged to lay before the House, and an avoidance of which would incur censure. On the other hand the Opposition, willing as its members are to co-operate in hastening the business, cannot rightly, and in justice to the country, allow everything to pass unquestioned and uncriticized. It is true that the greater number of the members are anxious to go home and to attend to their private affairs, still the interests of the country and of legislation cannot be made subservient to the convenience of the people's representatives. If a man feels that his personal interests must suffer by the fact that he is obliged to remain a certain length of time in the House, there is a very simple remedy; let him not run for a constituency, but remain constantly at home. No one is ever forced to become a member of Parliament, and when a man assumes the responsibilities of such a position he must be prepared to accept and bear the inconveniences and drawbacks, as well as to enjoy the honours and emoluments. There are hundreds in the country prepared to replace those who do not feel inclined or able to attend to the duties of their position. As far as the session this year is concerned, a great deal of work has been done, but a considerable amount yet remains to be accomplished, and until it is all performed the prorogation will not take place.

I opened by saying that Lent is nearly over and Easter is approaching. However, it seems to me that this season corresponds with many other changes, in our individual states and in the national, religious and political spheres. It is the season when the cloak of penance is cast aside, and the garments of regeneration are assumed, in other words, the time of pardon, of hope, of faith, of love. In the religious world it would seem as if the purple vestments of the Church's troubles were to be replaced by the white and gold of a fresh redemption from persecution and sorrow. And for one particular nationality—the most Catholic of earth—it is a figure of glory. For seven hundred years has the spirit of Ireland's nationality been clad in the sack-cloth and bestrewn with the ashes of mortification, penitence, misery, persecution and untold martyrdom. A long and dreary Lent has she had, her altars despoiled and her tears washing away every speck that might have been cast, by unholy hands, upon her white robes, suffering for the sins of others and bearing along the *via dolorosa* of her past the cross that was placed upon her shoulders by an Allwise Providence. But the end is at hand! The Easter of her freedom is dawning, when "the angel of liberty will come down and roll away the stone from the tomb of her existence, and command her to arise to a glorious resurrection." And when that sepulchre is void, the work

will yet be unfinished; for in the fires of freedom's Pentecost, her children shall receive anew the gift of tongues, to go forth and preach to the world the Faith that they kept through all those centuries of gloom.

And as for the Church itself, although there yet hovers over the seven hills the clouds of persecution—those hills on whose summits once glistened ten thousand virgin bayonets—there is a mighty breath of indignation arising from all quarters of the earth, a wind that will blow away and forever scatter that menacing storm. The days of Mazzini and Garibaldi are not forgotten, nor can they return, for the experience of the past warns and forearms for the future. The fate of Rossi, the tragic end of Palma, the midnight exploits of Fillipanni and the exiled scenes of Molle do Gaeta, have warned Christendom of what might possibly take place if anti-Catholic bigotry and hatred were permitted to do their work. The famous three days and nights at the "Porte Pia" are not to be repeated: still a trumpet voice from beyond the Alps has summoned the slumbering energies of Christendom into life, and the lethargy that might be disastrous must be cast off forever. That sympathy and expression of constant fidelity to the See of the Fisherman must constantly be heard, loud as the cannon of St. Angelo, in the corridors of the Vatican. It will encourage the venerable, white-robed Pontiff, and warn his enemies that the eyes of the Catholic world are fixed upon them. There is a barrier that they must not pass, there is a point to which audacity cannot be pushed without incurring the danger of awakening the calmness of charity and the powers of forbearance, and transforming them into the shield of defence and the sword of justice. The universal tribute of love and devotion that flows to the foot of the throne of Leo, is but the herald of the Easter morning of the Church's triumph over her enemies.

But where am I now? In spite of myself I launch into strange by-ways and unfrequented catacombs. I merely intended sending you a few words about the possibility of prorogation and I wake up to find myself in company with Choutte and Lamourissiere. "The shortest way to conclude is to stop," said an American statesman, I take the hint and say *au revoir*, but not *adieu*.

J. K. F.

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of Toronto, Canada has been recently celebrating its birthday. In the two years which have elapsed since it was founded, it has made itself hosts of friends and well-wishers, and has always been conducted on a high plane of Catholic journalism. We offer our congratulations to the REVIEW, and extend to it our hearty wishes for its future success.—*Arc Maria*

A Washington correspondent says. "No member of President Harrison's Cabinet is a total abstainer, though Wana-maker publicly frowns upon intoxicants. Mr. Harrison likes a swallow of Irish whiskey now and then. Blaine is a connoisseur of French wines. Windom enjoys a dinner at which each course has its appropriate stimulant. Tracy is fond of a pint of champagne at lunch. Noble likes malt drinks and indulges every day in a bottle of imported ale. Miller seldom takes anything but rye and seltzer, while Rusk swallows his corn juice plain. Not a strictly temperance man in the lot. This is almost as bad as Democracy.

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, said over his own signature, in speaking of a severe case of kidney disease. "A chemical and microscopical examination of the patient's urine revealed quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, confirming Bright's disease. After trying all of the other remedies in vain, I directed him to use Warner's Safe Cure. I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen, and as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well."