

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. IN LONGFORD.

The aggregate meeting held in Longford on Sunday to hear Mr. Justin McCarthy's address to his constituents surpassed in dimensions any public gathering in this county since the inception of the land agitation. After the usual preliminaries...

Mr. McCarthy, continuing said—in the first session of the present Parliament the Marquis of Hartington stated that the Government was not pledged, and had given no promise to introduce any measure whatever with regard to the Irish Land Bill...

while now they could point to nothing but ruined houses, the bailiff going about with his notices, the crowbar brigade at work, the ashes and the household fire scattered to the winds as the products of an Englishman's rule in Ireland (cheers). They could show goodly granaries stored with golden grain where the English Government had only been able to accumulate heaps of broken crocks...

PARNELL'S SPEECH IN DUBLIN.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin Land League Mr. Parnell made the following reference to the present state of affairs in Ireland: Mr. Parnell next came forward, and received a most enthusiastic ovation. Speaking with a considerable amount of energy and evident feeling, he said: Citizens of Dublin, we are under the shadow of the Castle of English misrule (cries of Buckshot and groans). In Dublin, the streets are filled with British misgovernment, you have assembled together once more in your thousands to proclaim your unalterable determination to obtain the self-government of this great island...

DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS.

Another Letter from the Learned Jesuit, Bishop Meurin, of Bombay.

The following letter from Right Rev. Dr. Meurin, S.J., appeared in the Times of India:

I feel I owe an apology for noticing once more your correspondent "Nemesis," but it is the last time.

All theologians distinguish between the virtue of charity and that of justice, and consequently they are not against charity and against justice, which latter alone can come before an exterior tribunal and entail the duty of restitution or indemnification. An interior act of hatred is justly against charity, but not against justice; no one's right is thereby violated. But a claimant is not against charity, but also against justice, and entails the duty of reparation.

Of charity and sins against charity, Gury treats in his chapter on Virtues; of justice, and sins against justice, which latter alone he treats in the chapter on Justice and Right. "Nemesis" being evidently no theologian, brings to day three cases from the latter treatise, and where Gury teaches that certain acts, however much they may be sins against charity are not sins against justice, and hence free of the duty of restitution, "Nemesis" jumps at the conclusion that Gury justifies those acts and declares them free of moral guilt. Surely, of so gross a blunder, I would at once expel him from the Seminary as an unfit subject.

In his "Causa Conscientia," as falsely cited by "Nemesis," and in his treatise on Justice and Right, Gury teaches, Nr. 692-694 that an interior evil intention, whose sinfulness against charity he has already shown in Nr. 223, is not a sin also against justice, whenever we are entitled to do the act, and it actually arises. He says that, for instance, a judge who justly condemns a murderer to death, yet out of hatred, does not by his exterior act commit a sin against justice, however much his hatred may be against charity.

It is in this doctrine, which is as common as it is reasonable, that the disputed question, whether besides the sin against charity there is also a sin against justice, when a person commits with an evil intention, an exterior act, from which it is not very probable that the wrong intended by him will actually arise. He says that the greatest theologians are divided on this question; some think No, because the slight possibility of the possible wrong annuls the efficacy of the bad intention; others think Yes, because the evil intention renders the cause of the wrong act, when it actually occurs, a voluntary act. Gury does not decide which of the two opinions is preferable. Suppose, then, an individual sets poison or a snare in a locality, where his enemy, though very much hated, is obliged to pass, and that he might perish if he should chance to come by, if death really ensues.

The conclusion of Gury is: Some theologians think that under such circumstances the murderer is not obliged to indemnify the neighbor, which does not sin, if he is not obliged to indemnify the murderer; others think he is obliged to come by, if death really ensues.

The conclusion of "Nemesis" is "Gury teaches that no moral guilt attaches to him who deliberately set the poison or snare."

It is not that suppression of truth combined with a bad misrepresentation on the part of "Nemesis"?

In the second case Gury asks, whether a man who, by an indifferent or just action, harms his neighbor, say by diverting a water-course, is bound to restitution or to a water-course which does him no harm, if you intend thereby to do harm to your neighbor.

Gury distinguishes thus: "Let his be not bound to restitution, when his act is just one, and he makes use of his right without the express intention of injuring his neighbor (neq. act. animo nocendi a quo, although he may foresee the injury ensuing). Thus, you do not sin, when you divert a water-course which does him no harm, if you intend thereby to do harm to your neighbor."

"Nemesis" writes: "Gury justifies the owner of land, who diverts a water-course, if he has the express intention of injuring his neighbor, provided the former can show that it caused him some annoyance; for such an act, it is asserted, would be strictly within his rights."

Again suppression of truth and direct falsification of Gury's text!

Being under the impression that "Nemesis" was only a plagiarist, who did not understand the enormity of his guilt by using bad means for a bad end, calamity for destroying the good name the Jesuit Fathers possess in Bombay, I intended to refer the falsehood contained in his first letter, of which I counted more than one hundred and fifty, besides twenty-five cases of truth and virtue represented by him as untruth and vice, and many unworthy insinuations and exaggerations; but having found him guilty of wilful falsehood, I abandoned him to his shame and of your readers, and of the public, since he is not manful enough to stand before a judge to claim his reward.

Let me study Gury's Nr. 20: "Every bad means is bad. He who uses a bad means to a good end is guilty of a mortal sin, and let him study Gury's chapter on God's Commands—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.—Believe, etc.

H. MEURIN, S. J., R. C. Bishop, Bombay, Aug. 22.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholic Church has 400,000 converts in China.

The pastoral feast of the Bishop of Three Rivers—feast of St. Francis of Assisi—was celebrated with great solemnity on Monday.

The intelligence has been received by his friends in this country that Miss Harriet W. Preston, the author, has been received into the Church in England, and expects to spend the winter in Rome.

The Jesuits, who have already two colleges in England destined exclusively for the reception of French pupils, not being able to admit all that apply, have lately purchased the Imperial Hotel at Dover, to found a new establishment.

As Father Cannon finished the eloquent oration of his masterly speech at the Garfield memorial meeting in Lockport, a delighted stranger from the country exclaimed: "It is a boy, but oughtn't his professor to be proud of him?" Yes, Father Cannon's wife is proud of him. She is the Church of the diocese of Buffalo.

It is said that the new church of the parish of Our St. Ignace will, when completed—which will be about the middle of November—be one of the finest religious edifices on the south shore of the Lake Ontario.

The St. Bridget's Asylum bazaar, at Quebec, was still in progress at latest advices. Rev. Father Louvain expected to receive five or six thousand dollars; the average losses were had been—including the most prosperous times—three thousand. It remains, however, for "new brooms to sweep clean," and therefore, undoubtedly, the Rev. Father Superior will realize his ideal of a bazaar. May his expectations be more than realized.

A telegram from Omaha says: Bishop Machefert, Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado, is visiting Villa Grey, Saguncho County, in company with Brother Meinrad McCarty, O. S. B., in order to establish a Benedictine abbey in that locality. Ex-Governor Giipin, of Colorado, has made present to the bishop one hundred acres of land in that country, and the bishop seems to be disposed to establish there a Benedictine monastery.

England is the happy hunting-ground of Mormonism. 550 converts left Liverpool on the 4th ult. for Utah, making 2,000 and over who have quitted that port since summer, and more, it is said, are on their way. It is not surprising that the American Missionary and Bible Society should be to the aid of their degenerating English cousins? Or do they think the latter so far gone that they would rather pay a hundred dollars more a head for the Caucasian or East Indian they can pick up?

We learn with much pleasure that Mrs. Nathan Matthews, of Boston, was recently received into the Church at Bay Harbor, a well-known watering-place on the coast of Maine, where she has been spending the summer. Mrs. Matthews was a leading member of the Church of the Advent in Boston, who has acquired considerable notoriety for ritualistic tendencies, and which has hitherto proved a successful training-school for the church.

Her defection has, of course, produced a religious association among her former parishioners, and she was very much relied upon both on account of her intelligence and her zealous devotion to what she esteemed Catholic principles. She was too earnest and too logical to be long satisfied with an imitation, and by the grace of God she sought and found refuge in the real Catholic Church, the true home of the soul.

A number of striking miraculous cures through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes are reported to have taken place in the chapel of the Georgian Fathers at Krasnaya Russia, and are an engaging subject of conversation even among the Turks. At Pera, Galata, Stamboul, and on both sides of the Bosphorus, the principal topic of general interest is "the Virgin of Lourdes at Fery-Kent, who cures all maladies." Paralytics walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and those given up by physicians in many cases have been instantly restored to health. Mgr. Vanutelli, the Apostolic Delegate, has named a committee consisting of three ecclesiastics to inquire into the miraculous character of the numerous cures that are said to take place.

"Although our Lord, His Apostle, has forbidden to women the public ministry of teaching in His Church, His reverence," says Cardinal Manning, "reserved for them a great and resplendent office in the edification of His mystical Body. The lights and inspirations bestowed upon them, according to the words of the Prophet Joel: 'I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy... and upon My servants and upon My handmaidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit, and among the prophets shall be men and women. The Feast of Corpus Christi was the offspring of the devotion of the Blessed Juliana of Betinne; the Feast of the Sacred Heart of that of the Blessed Margaret Mary; to Saint Catharine, the Sicene our Lord vouchsafed the honor of calling back again the Sovereign Pontiff from Avignon to the throne of the Apostolic See; to St. Teresa the special gift of illumination; to teach the ways of union with God in prayer; and to Saint Catharine of Genoa an insight and perception of the state of Purgatory, which seem like the utterances of one immersed in its expiation of love."

The Age of Miracles.

In past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and expectorant, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs, and bronchitis, and by virtue of its wonderful alkaline properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

A PRIEST'S DEVOTION.

In one of the French villages that stood upon somewhat neutral ground, there were at one time, during the late Franco-Prussian war, some twenty-five or thirty French soldiers at home on furlough. One night the village was entered by a portion of the German army, and a ruthless foray from house to house began. The young men could not brook the soldiers' tread; so they assembled, and rushed upon the enemy so furiously that many of them were left dead in the streets. But the patriots had but a short time to exult in their victory. The next day a large force of the German army entered the village, and capturing the hostiles, doomed as many of them to die as had been slain the night before. Only two hours more were allowed to the doomed ones, after they had been selected by lot. Meanwhile all the French captives were confined in the village church and closely guarded. Their mothers, wives and lovers were allowed to be with them. All the villagers were present, and the scene was frightful—the very air was hushed with breathless awe, and the awful scene soon to be enacted. Among the young men was one who had come home for the first time since the beginning of the war—home to see his young wife—now a young mother. Francois was a handsome young man, and by him the priest of the village, himself a young man, was chosen to conduct the lottery of human life. It does not matter to my story how the lottery was conducted, but it was done with the strictest impartiality, and from little slips of paper the names of the doomed men were read out. Francois was to die! "To die!" there was a wild scream that startled even the rough soldiers without. Quickly—

as if he could be lost—the doomed man came forward, confessed to the good Father, and received words of comfort and absolution. Helene still clung to Francois's side. The sun shining in, it up the sorrowful scene around the altar. The priest, with holy faith, and a calmness not of this earth depicted in his eye, began the Mass at which all were to receive Holy Communion—the doomed ones for the last time. The sacred rite is over, and the priest's voice again breaks the stillness:

"Dear friends," he said, "I love my native land as well as man can; I choose to die. I am not better prepared for death than you, but it is better for another to live."

"No, no," said Francois, awakening from the stupor of grief that even the priest's words had upon such an occasion. At that moment Helene drew the shawl from the face of the baby, and it smiled unconsciously, upon its father, and the priest looked on and saw it. Then resuming his discourse, he said: "My friends, if I have wronged or neglected any of you, I ask you at this moment to forgive me." There was no answer, except a rush of tears—gentle, kind and faithful had he been to all, and was dearly loved by all. Suddenly there was a call at the door—the time was up—the doomed men hurried to their places, and the priest stepped himself of his canon, and threw his hat aside; the sacrifice might not be complete if the Germans recognized his sacred character. Francois struggled with Helene; but having first placed the baby in his arms, he bravely followed his priest to the door. Helene still struggled with the priest, until the report was heard of five shots into fifteen. Helene's heart was broken, Francois rushed out and knelt by the dead priest who had given his life for him, taking advantage of the young wife's struggles to assume his place among the victims.

A handsome monument now marks the spot where the priest, martyr and patriot, Francois and Helene often look at each other in silence as they think of his heroic act. Their children pray at his grave, and so, though dead, he still points out the way to heaven.

SAVED HIS FARM.

A native of Flint River township went limping and groaning to the office of the new doctor, with the blue and gold sign and the Latin diploma and the new livery and the chestnut horse with a blaze face.

"It's the rheumatism, doc," groaned the patient. "My whole back is just gone with it. I'm one ache from the back of my neck clean down to the hips. I'm in great agony."

"Let me see your tongue," said the new doctor. "Ah, yes, I see, I see. That will do. Take this prescription, and get it filled and use as directed. Four dollars."

"By hokey," said the afflicted one, as he hobbled away, "if I ain't the luckiest man in Flint River. Four dollars for looking at my tongue! An' I was asked him to preach from Matthew v. 28: 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Certainly he would the next Sunday. And his temperance was such that I could see his meaning was very clear and the doctrine very satisfactory. 'If a man smite thee on thy right cheek it may have been in sudden passion and repented of at once. You should never turn to him the other cheek in order to learn what his intention is; but if he smite you again, let him have it; for there is no scripture against that!'"

The Text Apily Turned.

Of a clergyman in Massachusetts, whose pugilistic propensities caused him to be called "the black and blue young hero," it is said that one of his parishioners asked him to preach from Matthew v. 28: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Certainly he would the next Sunday. And his temperance was such that I could see his meaning was very clear and the doctrine very satisfactory. "If a man smite thee on thy right cheek it may have been in sudden passion and repented of at once. You should never turn to him the other cheek in order to learn what his intention is; but if he smite you again, let him have it; for there is no scripture against that!'"

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Disagitation, headache and "bearing-down" parties. By druggists.

A BRAVE DEED REWARDED.

Every year, on the occasion of the National Fetes, the Belgian Government makes a public distribution of rewards to persons who have performed remarkable acts of courage in cool cases. Among those who were rewarded this year was a little boy of nine. Genin, that was his name, while playing in a field, saw a little girl fall into the Roman. Without knowing who the child was, he plunged into the river, and after some trouble saved her. She turned out to be his own sister. Not content with having rescued her from death, Genin, like a good-hearted little boy, wanted to shield her from the punishment she had deserved by playing too near the water, contrary to her parents' orders. So he took the blame of her disobedience on himself, and received a beating from his father. The little girl, however, could not bear to see him suffer in this way, and afterwards told the whole truth, which was corroborated by the evidence of an eye-witness. The facts then became public, and young Genin was summoned to Brussels to receive a national recompense. He was of course loudly cheered as he stepped up to the platform, and M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, the Home Minister, in pinning a medal to his breast, called him a little hero.—Catholic Universe.

A WORD TO SWEETHEARTS.

Many a girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. Three or five dollars for a house and carriage he can poorly afford, yet she will go with him week after week, not only when she is betrothed, but even when she has no particular interest in him, unmindful apparently whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to a concert, in going to which usually save for her pride and his gallantry, a horse-car ride for a few cents would be far wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way in which she spends his money, and will not permit too much to be used for her. A thoughtful and well-bred girl will be wise about these matters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Eastern party is responsible for the startling avowal that a Cincinnati belle, in reply to the question whether there was much cultivated and refined society in her native city, replied, "You just bet your boots they were a cultured crowd."

Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often.

"Bro, Taylor, the answer is very easy, I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

A man came into an editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm and said very politely: "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday which I would like to insert in your 'Plenty of room.' Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket toward him.

Fancy Drinks. Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, laxative and nerve, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enervated body. Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents.

A Danbury bootblack was in South Norwalk when the train went through there on its way to Hartford with the Nation's military dignitaries. "Did you see General Sherman?" asked a citizen in the very front row. "Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket toward him.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first-class cases of dyspepsia. Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents.

Little Jimmie, for once, couldn't have his way. "Mamma, I am going to leave you; going to take the train an' never turn back." Mamma said, "Very well; I shall get on a train and go away forever." This terrible scheme had never entered Jimmie's head. Running up to her and throwing his arms around her, he said: "Mamma, me an' you'll go on the same train—won't we, mamma?"—New York Star.

No Wonder. Many a man's love has been turned into loathing on account of unsightly eruptions on the face, and of the offensive breath of his finances. This trouble could have been avoided if she only had sense enough to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents.

The Toronto World had the following "personal" in its columns of Monday: "Rev. Alexander Grant, of London, is quite an actor in the pulpit. He preached in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church yesterday morning, talked in a character and to himself, struck a dozen attitudes, snapped his fingers in the air and wound up with a solo."

Consumption Can Be Cured. In this changeable climate of ours, every one should remember that DR. WIS-TAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY has proven itself to be a positive cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, and all lung diseases. It has saved the lives of many even after all hope had fled. It is one of our most intelligent families would soon be without woolen clothing in winter, as to not have WIS-TAR'S BALSAM on hand, for it never fails to immediately relieve all soreness at the throat and lungs. A single dose taken at bed time will gently warm the blood, cause refreshing slumber, and by morning an ordinary cough or cold will be gone. Ask your druggist for WIS-TAR'S BALSAM and be wise. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally.

A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

In these enlightened days, when "Converted Monks" and "Escaped Nuns" are stamping the country, telling Protestant of all the enormities that are carried on in Catholic convents, it is refreshing to hear something of the other side of the question. A writer in the Protestant Daily Telegraph of Tuesday having visited the Nuns at Nazareth House, Hammer-smith, gives the following account of what he saw there:

It is at the close of one of those lovely autumn afternoons that we have been enjoying lately that I find myself in a great garden space at Hammer-smith. As yet the chill of the winter has not arrived, and I am scarcely conscious of the first faint dead-leaf odour that autumn gives. The scene is silent and peaceful; but over all hangs a shadow of sadness. There are children playing about in this vast garden space, and there are cripples wheeled in their chairs under the trees whose leaves are trembling to the ground; there are old men working among the beds in the fading sunlight, and there are old women who have brought their knitting out into the air, and are enjoying the soothing stillness that precedes the on-coming night. As if to emphasize the calm that prevails, and the peace that is predominant, I notice strolling along the garden paths a nun in a white habit, and a few other children playing about in this vast garden space, and there are cripples wheeled in their chairs under the trees whose leaves are trembling to the ground; there are old men working among the beds in the fading sunlight, and there are old women who have brought their knitting out into the air, and are enjoying the soothing stillness that precedes the on-coming night. 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