

An Example.

Path, Hope and Charity, about one day. Saw, as they went, a beggar by the way. For some small aim he humbly knelt to pray. "Amen," said Path, "who that in prayer be- lieves, sooner or later, all the road receives."

ANOTHER LESSON OF THE TIMES.

People who read the newspapers are still excited over the death of a young girl in New Haven, who, after a debauch with boon companions, was found next day a corpse, with a few marks of violence on her person. One night spent in a jovial carouse; the next in eternity. There is the whole story, save that the carouse was the last of many.

The other day a girl of twenty, married, and with all the enjoyments that wealth can purchase, died of troubles of her own year of married life by shooting herself, after a trifling dispute with her husband regarding the particular kind of carriage they were to go out riding in. This was a respectable woman, one who had a recognized place in public society, and to whom the world had out its arm. It can hardly have been a great tragedy that moved her to this deed. The act more resembled a fit of peevishness in a lady brought up child, save that the awful end was again eternity.

Take up any morning newspaper, and hardly a day passes but something approaching one or other of these cases does not appear. Sometimes there is quite a string of them. Married women refuse to bear some of the burdens of married life; and one of those burdens, its saddest, not infrequently is the discovery that the husband is not altogether the paragon of perfection that he seemed to be prior to marriage. The wife brought up without the Christian sense of bearing each other's burdens, flies for refuge from her disappointment into violence, sometimes into crime, revenging herself on herself. There is no religion for her, none at least of a practical nature, no law save the favorite education of the land has forbidden that she should be taught anything about God or his law while at school. Her education has been confined to books from which Christianity is carefully eliminated. Christian teaching, if she gets or wishes for any, must be found elsewhere than in the classroom.

The case of the New Haven girl is only startling in its tragical termination. In the case of the other, the girl was floating around our large cities. She was not what would be called a bad girl. She attended and taught Sunday School. She was pretty, had been educated perhaps a little above her station in life, was vivacious and fond of a "good time." She had beaux, with whom she went here, there, and everywhere; wherever they chose to take her. She got home late, and on some occasions did not get home at all. Her parents seem not to have taken any particular pains to stop this mode of life, though they knew their pretty daughter kept the company of young men, whose worldly position was such that none of them was likely to marry her in the ordinary course of events. They were the sons of wealthy people who had plenty of money to throw away on amusements, and who were pleased enough to find pretty girls anywhere and of any class to join in amusements to which they would be ashamed to invite their sisters. The girl to whom we refer went with them one too often—and one morning turned up a corpse.

There are thousands on thousands of Jennie Crammers who will not meet with her tragic fate, but who will throw aside all chances of a decent way of living and of procuring decent husbands for the sake of having "a good time" while it lasts, and who are willing to spend money on them, and amusements that do not belong to their station of life and at the best are worthless. For a little time they waver between a remnant of decency and the streets. The decency is so thin a texture that it is blown away by the wind of their own hearts. They find their own pleasures, and get married. Life grows very dull then, and they take refuge from ennui and despair in degradation. That is the last step in a career which might have been that of a pure and honest, but which without principle or faith or pastor or church or help, to warn, or hold back, has been from the beginning downward.

It is only the other day that an experienced journalist was scribbling what he saw in the streets of Boston. And what saw? "Troops of fallen women paraded in the streets in numbers and in a manner that would shame the worst in New York, Paris, or London. This was in the hub of a sainted and enlightened New England, where the "stars" keep their altars, transcending enough to rule God out of His universe. On inquiry he discovered what Professor Agassiz had discovered before him, that very many of these young women had been brought up in the finest hall in which he found them. The ranks of the fallen women were recruited largely from New England's farmers. They were educated, educated, o' all that New England could teach the New England child, but then no catechism nor how many Gods there were; and New England laughs at the idea of the pure Virgin Mother of God. They had no good priest to keep a fatherly eye over them where their own parents were delinquent. They knew no pious sisters to take an interest in them and teach them what a pure life meant. They had few or no good associates. They learned enough at school, and more than enough, to make them disgusted with what seemed to be the mean and narrow way of life of their parents. They wanted to be "ladies" straight out. Like Jennie Cramer they wanted "a good time" in this life; and they sought and found it on the Boston streets.

Oh! we are advancing bravely in the march of civilization and greatness when so many of the girls of our generation so readily and cheerfully take this road to ruin. Our pet system of education actu-

ally prepares them for this mode of life. Catholics are sneered and scoffed at for forever thundering against Godless education. Well, here it is; here are its fruits in the very heart of New England, in the shades of New Haven, in all our great cities. It is not so much the foreign born as the native who goes this way. The foreign born is not so possessed with the spirit of the world and the pride of life. He or she is content to labor and to wait; to take life's burden cheerfully and for God's will. Of this stock is the greatness of a nation formed. But how shall they who are taught to know and reverence no God, turn to any other than the lowest pagan existence? The moral is the old one, "Godless schools can only produce Godless children."—Catholic Review.

THE "REV." MR. HALE AND FOREIGN INTRUDERS.

In Mr. Hale's article in the North American on "Church Taxation," occurs this paragraph: "Oddly enough, and this is an important instance, the great Roman Catholic Church, in entire falsity to the idea of Catholicity, has, in this country, dropped wholly into this narrow habit, which considers churches as clubs instituted for the benefit of their members. Thousands of Protestant clergymen have spent and been spent in the physical relief of poor persons belonging to the Roman communion. But who can name ten instances in America where the Roman Catholic priest, in any neighborhood, has lifted a finger for a Protestant beggar? This church worship in a foreign language, maintains a foreign clergy, and, by an almost affected isolation, stands apart from the school-system, the lycæum-system, the public hospital, and all general charities of America. They must be Roman Catholic institutions, or this church will have none of them."

Mr. Hale, in an early paragraph, had called the Catholic Church a "foreign intruder." If Mr. Hale had confined himself to his specialty, "light literature," he would not have shown himself to be a narrow-minded and bigoted bigot, as well as a superficial writer, for superficial thinker would be too flattering a term there is no evidence that he thinks. Like too many men of his calibre, he writes, that is all. Has Mr. Hale been so blind he never observed that in Catholic churches only, rich and poor, black and white, kneel side-by-side at the altar? And has he seen this in any of the Protestant temples? And does he know that this breaking down of all social distinctions and prejudices is not a characteristic of the religious exclusiveness that has made Protestantism a creed for the respectable? And is it easy to generalize, and Mr. Hale generalizes in the easiest and cheapest way when he writes of his thousands of benevolent Protestant clergymen, and asks for ten benevolent Catholic clergymen? No Catholic priest had been, with whom she went here, there, and everywhere; wherever they chose to take her. She got home late, and on some occasions did not get home at all. Her parents seem not to have taken any particular pains to stop this mode of life, though they knew their pretty daughter kept the company of young men, whose worldly position was such that none of them was likely to marry her in the ordinary course of events. They were the sons of wealthy people who had plenty of money to throw away on amusements, and who were pleased enough to find pretty girls anywhere and of any class to join in amusements to which they would be ashamed to invite their sisters. The girl to whom we refer went with them one too often—and one morning turned up a corpse.

There are thousands on thousands of Jennie Crammers who will not meet with her tragic fate, but who will throw aside all chances of a decent way of living and of procuring decent husbands for the sake of having "a good time" while it lasts, and who are willing to spend money on them, and amusements that do not belong to their station of life and at the best are worthless. For a little time they waver between a remnant of decency and the streets. The decency is so thin a texture that it is blown away by the wind of their own hearts. They find their own pleasures, and get married. Life grows very dull then, and they take refuge from ennui and despair in degradation. That is the last step in a career which might have been that of a pure and honest, but which without principle or faith or pastor or church or help, to warn, or hold back, has been from the beginning downward.

It is only the other day that an experienced journalist was scribbling what he saw in the streets of Boston. And what saw? "Troops of fallen women paraded in the streets in numbers and in a manner that would shame the worst in New York, Paris, or London. This was in the hub of a sainted and enlightened New England, where the "stars" keep their altars, transcending enough to rule God out of His universe. On inquiry he discovered what Professor Agassiz had discovered before him, that very many of these young women had been brought up in the finest hall in which he found them. The ranks of the fallen women were recruited largely from New England's farmers. They were educated, educated, o' all that New England could teach the New England child, but then no catechism nor how many Gods there were; and New England laughs at the idea of the pure Virgin Mother of God. They had no good priest to keep a fatherly eye over them where their own parents were delinquent. They knew no pious sisters to take an interest in them and teach them what a pure life meant. They had few or no good associates. They learned enough at school, and more than enough, to make them disgusted with what seemed to be the mean and narrow way of life of their parents. They wanted to be "ladies" straight out. Like Jennie Cramer they wanted "a good time" in this life; and they sought and found it on the Boston streets.

Oh! we are advancing bravely in the march of civilization and greatness when so many of the girls of our generation so readily and cheerfully take this road to ruin. Our pet system of education actu-

ally prepares them for this mode of life. Catholics are sneered and scoffed at for forever thundering against Godless education. Well, here it is; here are its fruits in the very heart of New England, in the shades of New Haven, in all our great cities. It is not so much the foreign born as the native who goes this way. The foreign born is not so possessed with the spirit of the world and the pride of life. He or she is content to labor and to wait; to take life's burden cheerfully and for God's will. Of this stock is the greatness of a nation formed. But how shall they who are taught to know and reverence no God, turn to any other than the lowest pagan existence? The moral is the old one, "Godless schools can only produce Godless children."—Catholic Review.

THE "REV." MR. HALE AND FOREIGN INTRUDERS.

In Mr. Hale's article in the North American on "Church Taxation," occurs this paragraph: "Oddly enough, and this is an important instance, the great Roman Catholic Church, in entire falsity to the idea of Catholicity, has, in this country, dropped wholly into this narrow habit, which considers churches as clubs instituted for the benefit of their members. Thousands of Protestant clergymen have spent and been spent in the physical relief of poor persons belonging to the Roman communion. But who can name ten instances in America where the Roman Catholic priest, in any neighborhood, has lifted a finger for a Protestant beggar? This church worship in a foreign language, maintains a foreign clergy, and, by an almost affected isolation, stands apart from the school-system, the lycæum-system, the public hospital, and all general charities of America. They must be Roman Catholic institutions, or this church will have none of them."

Mr. Hale, in an early paragraph, had called the Catholic Church a "foreign intruder." If Mr. Hale had confined himself to his specialty, "light literature," he would not have shown himself to be a narrow-minded and bigoted bigot, as well as a superficial writer, for superficial thinker would be too flattering a term there is no evidence that he thinks. Like too many men of his calibre, he writes, that is all. Has Mr. Hale been so blind he never observed that in Catholic churches only, rich and poor, black and white, kneel side-by-side at the altar? And has he seen this in any of the Protestant temples? And does he know that this breaking down of all social distinctions and prejudices is not a characteristic of the religious exclusiveness that has made Protestantism a creed for the respectable? And is it easy to generalize, and Mr. Hale generalizes in the easiest and cheapest way when he writes of his thousands of benevolent Protestant clergymen, and asks for ten benevolent Catholic clergymen? No Catholic priest had been, with whom she went here, there, and everywhere; wherever they chose to take her. She got home late, and on some occasions did not get home at all. Her parents seem not to have taken any particular pains to stop this mode of life, though they knew their pretty daughter kept the company of young men, whose worldly position was such that none of them was likely to marry her in the ordinary course of events. They were the sons of wealthy people who had plenty of money to throw away on amusements, and who were pleased enough to find pretty girls anywhere and of any class to join in amusements to which they would be ashamed to invite their sisters. The girl to whom we refer went with them one too often—and one morning turned up a corpse.

There are thousands on thousands of Jennie Crammers who will not meet with her tragic fate, but who will throw aside all chances of a decent way of living and of procuring decent husbands for the sake of having "a good time" while it lasts, and who are willing to spend money on them, and amusements that do not belong to their station of life and at the best are worthless. For a little time they waver between a remnant of decency and the streets. The decency is so thin a texture that it is blown away by the wind of their own hearts. They find their own pleasures, and get married. Life grows very dull then, and they take refuge from ennui and despair in degradation. That is the last step in a career which might have been that of a pure and honest, but which without principle or faith or pastor or church or help, to warn, or hold back, has been from the beginning downward.

It is only the other day that an experienced journalist was scribbling what he saw in the streets of Boston. And what saw? "Troops of fallen women paraded in the streets in numbers and in a manner that would shame the worst in New York, Paris, or London. This was in the hub of a sainted and enlightened New England, where the "stars" keep their altars, transcending enough to rule God out of His universe. On inquiry he discovered what Professor Agassiz had discovered before him, that very many of these young women had been brought up in the finest hall in which he found them. The ranks of the fallen women were recruited largely from New England's farmers. They were educated, educated, o' all that New England could teach the New England child, but then no catechism nor how many Gods there were; and New England laughs at the idea of the pure Virgin Mother of God. They had no good priest to keep a fatherly eye over them where their own parents were delinquent. They knew no pious sisters to take an interest in them and teach them what a pure life meant. They had few or no good associates. They learned enough at school, and more than enough, to make them disgusted with what seemed to be the mean and narrow way of life of their parents. They wanted to be "ladies" straight out. Like Jennie Cramer they wanted "a good time" in this life; and they sought and found it on the Boston streets.

Oh! we are advancing bravely in the march of civilization and greatness when so many of the girls of our generation so readily and cheerfully take this road to ruin. Our pet system of education actu-

ally prepares them for this mode of life. Catholics are sneered and scoffed at for forever thundering against Godless education. Well, here it is; here are its fruits in the very heart of New England, in the shades of New Haven, in all our great cities. It is not so much the foreign born as the native who goes this way. The foreign born is not so possessed with the spirit of the world and the pride of life. He or she is content to labor and to wait; to take life's burden cheerfully and for God's will. Of this stock is the greatness of a nation formed. But how shall they who are taught to know and reverence no God, turn to any other than the lowest pagan existence? The moral is the old one, "Godless schools can only produce Godless children."—Catholic Review.

THE GREAT PASSION PLAY.

Graphic Description by an American Spectator.

Colonel W. D. Wilkins, of Detroit, whose European letters have been read with much interest, visited Ober-Ammergau to see the wonderful Passion Play. His description of it in the Detroit Free Press is the most graphic that we have seen. A few sentences will give you a deep and profound impression. "I will not attempt to describe in full detail the scenes of the drama. It was a sight which no man, whatever may have been his education or his religious opinions, could look upon without some feeling and without carrying away a deep and lasting impression. The spectacle was of two kinds. It consisted partly of tableaux vivants, which were exhibited on the smaller stage at the back of the Protestant church, and partly of a religious drama, sometimes on one, sometimes on the other stage, and in which the characters spoke and acted as in an ordinary play. The tableaux were taken from incidents in the Old Testament, and formed part of the dramatic representation of the duty of the chorists being to expound the typical allusions and point the moral to be deduced from them. These tableaux were wonderfully effective and were prolonged to an extraordinary degree; and it was amazing how the hundreds of living figures, all in the same costume, and with the same little children, dogs, sheep, asses, etc., could remain in immovable positions, some of them evidently constrained and painful, for so long and so well. The curtains remained raised on each of these tableaux for an average of four minutes, so long a time, indeed, that one ceased to feel that the figures could possibly be alive, so like statues did they all, even the tiny children, stand; and some of the postures must have been maintained with great strain and exertion."

The "Shower of Manna" was the most beautifully managed and most effective of all, and seemed actually to be coming down from the blue sky of heaven above, as the snow had been coming down but an hour or two before. The scene, raised a little above the kneeling figures, stood Moses, grandly dignified, with the traditional horns on his head, denoting strength and power. In that one representing Joseph's brethren bargaining with the Midianites for the sale of their brother, the Oriental atmosphere of the country, the bright, variegated dress of the boy, who, true to the traditional history, wore his coat of many colors, and the innocent childlike appearance of his figure and bearing, contrasting with the dark, treacherous expression of the faces of his brethren, formed together a studied and artistic picture. The second tableau, corresponding to the Agony in the Garden, showed Adam clad in sheep-skin, careworn and sad, the sweat pouring from his brow as he toiled wearily, while Eve sat mournfully behind with her two children, the child she bore, and who were playing with a lamb, and afterwards fighting for an apple. The "Raising of the Brazen Serpent" was also remarkable from the appearance presented by the dense mass of men, women and children crowded upon the stage at one end of the valley, the scene of the miracle, and then the curtain rose upon the sacrifice of all time, and the man upon whom the sympathies of everyone had been concentrated through the various scenes of glory and humiliation, was slowly raised before our eyes, nailed through his hands and feet upon the cruel cross, his body creaked, a grille round his loins, his throat crows on his head; and then the full reality and horror of the tragic history came before the mind, and in that great assemblage of near eight thousand people there was not a single eye that was not fixed with steadfast attention upon the man crucified; all minds strangely

wrapped up in contemplation of the spectacle, and a thrill of pity seeming to pass through hearts. You saw the form of the man whose life you had been watching stretched upon the cross, his head crowned with sharp thorns, the wounds still bleeding, but even then his countenance bore that unutterable expression of majesty and meekness which has ever been associated with all our traditional conceptions of Jesus Christ. The executioners tore his mantle into shreds and cast lots for his vesture, the Jews gathered around, raising uproar and railing at and taunting him with his powerlessness and his pain. But even yet you could hardly realize the fact that it was the man himself who had been for the last eight hours a moving art amongst these men until he opened his lips and in his own familiar voice addressed the penitent thief upon his right. Then all doubt was dispelled. But, for an instant, as he spoke, the sensation produced was indescribable. People, men and women, sitting near, became white as if their hearts had ceased to beat and their blood run cold, and unconsciously drops of perspiration seemed to well out upon their foreheads as in a nightmare. He says to the thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Then to his mother and St. John, standing one on each side of him: "Woman, behold thy son!" and to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother!" and then, when the well-known words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani" were pronounced by him in a deep voice from the cross, and a moment later, "It is finished," issued from his lips, and his thorn-crowned head drops upon his breast as he gives up the ghost. It was utterly unlike any impression which could be made by any theatrical spectacle or theatrical representation. It seemed to be a strange mixture of reverential awe and curious, mysterious interest, which probably no one present could have power to analyze. The appearance of the actor no doubt had something to do with the effect. And it was altogether favorable to the illusion that it was Christ himself who had suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembly. He had the mild and pensive eye, the pale olive complexion, the finely moulded features, intellectual, graceful, and soft brown hair and beard, which, since the days of Cimabue and Perugino, perhaps since the re-discovery of the famous painting in the catacombs of St. Callixtus are stereotyped as characteristics of our Lord when He walked on earth. You saw in him the Man of Sorrows, earnest, fearless, self-sustaining, now gentle, humble, persuasive, sympathetic. But no conception of the Saviour of Man can be satisfactory to everybody. Joseph Mayer is a handsome, graceful and very dignified man, playing his part with comely meekness, gentleness and gravity. His dress, a simple gray tunic under a long purple vesture, and a rich crimson mantle, with Eastern sandals, became him well; his long, black hair, parted in the middle, hung far down upon his shoulders. His voice was low and clear, and had a certain thrilling quality, and almost felt the undertone of tenderness in it; while his hands were often outstretched as if in benediction, and his whole bearing was one of mild, serene benignity. And it seemed as if one of those famous pictures of the old masters had been endowed with life; or perhaps as if the glass of time had moved backwards eighteen hundred years, and we were living and acting in that, the greatest drama the world has ever known.

The last supper. Second only to the delineation of the crucifixion in impressive, and more touching than the triumphal entry, in the home feeling and simplicity in the action, ranks unquestionably the representation of the Last Supper. The long, narrow table of the old masters had been endowed with life; or perhaps as if the glass of time had moved backwards eighteen hundred years, and we were living and acting in that, the greatest drama the world has ever known.

THE CRUCIFIXION. While the chorus were singing a slight minor strain, the blows of the hammer, driving the nails into the cross, were distinctly heard, and a visible shudder and shivering passed over the entire audience, and then the curtain rose upon the sacrifice of all time, and the man upon whom the sympathies of everyone had been concentrated through the various scenes of glory and humiliation, was slowly raised before our eyes, nailed through his hands and feet upon the cruel cross, his body creaked, a grille round his loins, his throat crows on his head; and then the full reality and horror of the tragic history came before the mind, and in that great assemblage of near eight thousand people there was not a single eye that was not fixed with steadfast attention upon the man crucified; all minds strangely

wrapped up in contemplation of the spectacle, and a thrill of pity seeming to pass through hearts. You saw the form of the man whose life you had been watching stretched upon the cross, his head crowned with sharp thorns, the wounds still bleeding, but even then his countenance bore that unutterable expression of majesty and meekness which has ever been associated with all our traditional conceptions of Jesus Christ. The executioners tore his mantle into shreds and cast lots for his vesture, the Jews gathered around, raising uproar and railing at and taunting him with his powerlessness and his pain. But even yet you could hardly realize the fact that it was the man himself who had been for the last eight hours a moving art amongst these men until he opened his lips and in his own familiar voice addressed the penitent thief upon his right. Then all doubt was dispelled. But, for an instant, as he spoke, the sensation produced was indescribable. People, men and women, sitting near, became white as if their hearts had ceased to beat and their blood run cold, and unconsciously drops of perspiration seemed to well out upon their foreheads as in a nightmare. He says to the thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Then to his mother and St. John, standing one on each side of him: "Woman, behold thy son!" and to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother!" and then, when the well-known words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani" were pronounced by him in a deep voice from the cross, and a moment later, "It is finished," issued from his lips, and his thorn-crowned head drops upon his breast as he gives up the ghost. It was utterly unlike any impression which could be made by any theatrical spectacle or theatrical representation. It seemed to be a strange mixture of reverential awe and curious, mysterious interest, which probably no one present could have power to analyze. The appearance of the actor no doubt had something to do with the effect. And it was altogether favorable to the illusion that it was Christ himself who had suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembly. He had the mild and pensive eye, the pale olive complexion, the finely moulded features, intellectual, graceful, and soft brown hair and beard, which, since the days of Cimabue and Perugino, perhaps since the re-discovery of the famous painting in the catacombs of St. Callixtus are stereotyped as characteristics of our Lord when He walked on earth. You saw in him the Man of Sorrows, earnest, fearless, self-sustaining, now gentle, humble, persuasive, sympathetic. But no conception of the Saviour of Man can be satisfactory to everybody. Joseph Mayer is a handsome, graceful and very dignified man, playing his part with comely meekness, gentleness and gravity. His dress, a simple gray tunic under a long purple vesture, and a rich crimson mantle, with Eastern sandals, became him well; his long, black hair, parted in the middle, hung far down upon his shoulders. His voice was low and clear, and had a certain thrilling quality, and almost felt the undertone of tenderness in it; while his hands were often outstretched as if in benediction, and his whole bearing was one of mild, serene benignity. And it seemed as if one of those famous pictures of the old masters had been endowed with life; or perhaps as if the glass of time had moved backwards eighteen hundred years, and we were living and acting in that, the greatest drama the world has ever known.

"HARVEY DUFF" AGAIN.

At the Newcastle West Petty Sessions, on Friday a case, the hearing of which afforded considerable amusement, came on for trial. Mr. Thomas Wall, of Drumcollogher, a member of the Land League, was summoned at the suit of the Queen for, in the language of the summons, "having on the 5th July last, at Knockacraig, in the county of Limerick, used threatening and abusive language towards Constable Patrick Rogan when in the execution of his duty, and for which he sought to bind the defendant to be of good behaviour towards him."

Constable Rogan deposed: "I want that young man to be bound to the peace in order to enable me to perform my duty. On the 5th I was proceeding on duty with Sub constable Phelan to Broadford, and this young man was sitting on the roadside with others, when he turned round and whistled 'Harvey Duff' at me (laughter). I turned round and asked him why he did not conduct himself. Mr. Rogan replied: 'You may go to hell, and do your best; you are a pig driver, I don't care for your best, and to show you I don't care for your best I will whistle in your face.' He then up and whistled 'Harvey Duff' in my face (loud laughter). Mr. Rogan: 'That is your charge? Yes. That is the threatening language used, telling you to go to hell. You did not do it at all events! No, if I did I would not be here (laughter).'

Whistling 'Harvey Duff' riled your feelings. I did not, but the derisive language. The whistling was offensive, too (laughter). How do you make that out in this way? They whistle 'Harvey Duff' generally in a derisive manner wherever we go (loud laughter). Mr. Rogan: 'That is your charge? Yes. That is the threatening language used, telling you to go to hell. You did not do it at all events! No, if I did I would not be here (laughter).'

And you consider a man whistling 'Harvey Duff' as using abusive language (laughter)? I do. Well, I can't say it is a very profound one, any way. Was there any other person in company with Mr. Wall on the occasion of this occurrence? Yes, Miss Anne M'Aniff, Miss Ellen Hannigan and another young man. I know they should be respectable young women, but I don't know that they are. I had great trouble with Miss M'Aniff (laughter). I went into her shop at Drumcollogher some time ago to get provisions that were boycotted (laughter), but she turned me out, and used abusive and threatening language, and soiled me into the bargain (much laughter). If in civil life I certainly would not have stood the defendant's language and conduct.

You are not in civil life, then? You don't consider being in the constabulary civil life? I do; I am a servant of her Majesty and an officer of the peace (laughter). Why, you quarred with the women in Broadford? No, I do not. He called us peepers and pig-drivers (great laughter). Miss Anne M'Aniff, in answer to Mr. Moran, said she was the wild untamable pig-driver mentioned by Constable Rogan. She was the curse of his life (laughter). She knew Mr. Wall to be one of the most respectable men in the parish. All he did on the evening of the occurrence was to whistle 'Harvey Duff' whereupon the sub-constable said he would remove him far from where he was, and not as a patriot either. He said he did nothing else. He did not call the police pig-drivers or peepers. Captain Hatchel said the weight of evidence was in favour of the defendant, who had crossed the line, and he would leave the police alone in future. The police had very difficult duties to discharge, and the people should try to pull with them. In the present case the magistrate had decided to make an entry of no plea. The case was accordingly dismissed.

CHEAP BOOKS.

We keep the following popular books in stock. They will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price: Albi's Dream and other stories..... 25c. Crucifix of Baden and other stories..... 25c. Pleurage, by Madam Craven..... 25c. The Trowel or the Cross and other stories..... 25c. Dion and the Sibyls, a classic Christian novel..... 25c. Flaminia and other stories..... 25c. Penos, the mad, and other stories..... 25c. The Blakes and Flanagan..... 25c. The Collegians, or the Colleen Bawn..... 25c. St. Thomas' a Becket, by E. M. Stewart..... 25c. Art M'Guire, or the Broken Pledge..... 25c. A History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland, by William Cobbett..... 25c. Fabiola, or the church of the Catacombs..... 25c. Boss Conway, by Mrs. James Sadler..... 25c. Wild Times, a Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth..... 25c. Penos's Journey and other Tales, by Lady Herbert..... 25c. Nelly Netterville, a tale by the author of Wild Times..... 25c. Fate of Father Sheehy, by Mrs. J. Sadler..... 15c. The Spanish Cavaliers, by Mrs. J. Sadler..... 15c. Father Matthew, by Sister Mary Francis Carr..... 15c. Father de Lisle..... 15c. The school boys..... 15c. Truth and Trust..... 15c. The Hermit of Mount Atlas..... 15c. The Apprentice..... 15c. The Chapel of the Holy Spirit..... 15c. Leo, or the choice of a Friend..... 15c. Tales of the Affections..... 15c. Florestine or the Unexpected Jew..... 15c. The Crusade of the Children..... 15c. Address—T. J. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FAITH IN SCOTLAND.

Opening of a New Church at Innerleithen.

The revival of the ancient faith in these islands has of late years been so rapid as to astonish even those who have been the actors in its onward march. Perhaps in no part of Britain does the awakening, if it may so be called, present more favorable calculated to delight the heart of every true Catholic than in Scotland. Fifty years ago in the lowlands of that country Catholics were few in number and widely scattered. In the more northern parts of the land there were, no doubt, villages, and even shires, where the faith had been preserved unchanged even through centuries of persecution, but in the capital and other of the larger towns, where a church was to be found, the great majority of the congregation were those who had crossed from the neighboring island to build new homes for themselves, and, for the most part, uncongenial surroundings. As years went on the little iron chapel made its appearance, in time giving place to the handsome stone building—for there are no brick churches in Scotland—and through the grim followers of Knox and Calvin looked askance at those they deemed intruders, there scarcely a town, or even hamlet, in Scotland, from the English border to the Irish Channel, where Holy Mass is not offered up on week days and Sunday. On Thursday in last week one more stately edifice was added to the number at the pretty village of Innerleithen overlooking the picturesque estuary of the Forth of Fife. Some time ago Lady Louisa Stuart, sister of the late Earl of Traquair, left a considerable sum of money to be spent in building and endowing a church and schools for the use of the Catholics of Innerleithen. The style of the church is that known as the fourteenth century Gothic style, and includes a tower. In length the building is nearly 100 feet inside measurement; in width 25 feet, and to the top of the tower open 40 feet high. The opening service was a splendid display of the ritual of the Church. His Grace Archbishop Strain gave the High Mass, being assisted by the Rev. E. J. Hannan, rector of St. Patrick's, Edinburgh, and Fathers J. Clapperton and P. Menzies. Father Donohy, of the Pro-Cathedral, Edinburgh, acted as master of ceremonies. There were also present within the sanctuary Fathers Morrer, Sherlock, Lightbourne, Tickell, Pittar, Gray, Lewis, McGinness, Fay, Haro, and other priests representing almost every parish in the north-easterly district of Scotland. The music of the Mass was Haydn's No. 1, the "Hallelujah Chorus" being sung afterwards. The choir of the St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Edinburgh, sang the Mass under the leadership of Mr. Daly, while Miss Torry presided at the organ. An eloquent sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Smith, Vicar-General of the diocese.

DEAN STANLEY'S DREAM THAT HE WAS ELECTED POPE.

The St. James Gazette publishes a letter containing an account of an amusing dream which Dean Stanley once told. "On May, 1877,—Dean Stanley told the following dream to me. 'I was made Pope. The Times knew it, but no one else, and I was to keep it a secret till it was published in the Times. The great question was, what name to take. I decided on Paul; but the objection occurred that the last Paul was Paul V., and VIth. were always un lucky. I repeated in my dream: 'Sixtus Alexander, Sixtus Pius.' I have forgotten the end of the line, sub sextis semper perdit Roma fuit.' I went to the Athenæum to ask advice. 'Are you quite sure that the last Paul was Paul V.?' The Bishop of—, who always knew everything, said, 'Why not take Gallienus—his own name. I walked into Rome by the Flaminian Way. As usual in dreams, I had no clothes on. I snatched up a blanket and wrapped myself up in it. It looked rather like the Pope's white robe. All the Cardinals came out to meet me. I said, 'Will you know by my blanket I am Pope, and what will the Times think if they know the secret first?' With the agony of great thought I woke.'—London Tablet.

JANETTE'S CHILDREN.

BY GEN. CHAMBERLAIN. "Oh, I loved the snowed the Let me trouble a hair pe!" "For world to me to be Than your brown hair ve ere white, And I'd have a hand!" It was brown with a It was finer than silk of It was a beautiful mist fa w field. "Twas a thing to be br And kind to me, and I'm proud to be the loveliest hair pe!" My arm was the arm of It was snowy, bristled, But warmly and softly Your world white neck trem. Your beautiful plenty Your eyes had a swimmer Revealing the old, dear They were gray, with t of the sky. When the trout leaps o And they matched with my pe. Your lips—but I have no They were fresh as the w pe. When the spring is you With the dew-drops in And they suited your my pe. Oh, you tangled my Janette. 'Twas a hair and gold But so gentle the bonda Pure soul to continue ye With my fingers enm my pe. Thus ever I dream what With your lips, and y And I'll be true to you In the darkness of desi And my tears fall over And my fears your god

A CELEBRATED

The Marquis of Ripon Grand Master of the came a Ca

The Right Honorable Samuel Robinson, K. G. Grand Master of the Grand Viscount Goderich, arc Grantham, was born in 24th of October, 1827, commonly known as "son," a sobriquet the expressions of some ex views on the material country, which were to the immediately suc panic of 1825—was P descendant of John mother's side, and of G his father's, educated a godfather in King G after whom he was n companions in the nurs having died before his he found his way to as Attack to Sir H mission to Brussels. T entered Parliament for Liberal, and afterwards field and for the Dist shire. He first distin the admirable manner of his position as a under Secretary of W merston. Afterwards, State for India, he did and gained experience to him in the post he served as President of Gladstone's cabinet in 1871. Lord Ripon's ton on the Alabama period will be well not struck at the mo gain struck with the eminent was one ven county, but a very popular in England and A bonds of amity, whic tering to ourselves m lord. Lord Ripon, thoug titles and broad lands in his position as a people, and when he the Upper House as the death of his father fully complained the franchised. In the eeded his uncle as E the noble title of Bar till he earned his M At that date he had twenty years—his o eldest daughter. While in of been not a little an popular by Lady Ripon's favorite with soci ceptions have been sympathetic guest thon, Earl de Grey, a 1862.

From 1870 till 187 Grand Master of the and it was to his credit that he owed, human version to the Catho and conscientious in took pains to exa raised by Rome ager In the course of his very unexpected con- versant, Lady Ann (convert), speak of his Brompton Oratory, communication with mented priest, and of controversy, ons pendence, he finally to the church, a sub all the abuse it bore Protestant press—no shame, from The Th dently said he had h had reason to regret his tables being- cause, giving, but trouble to a variety have for their en is known also, tho part, how freely he for charities, the p and his tables being- he cannot help thin ty of the church. life, nor need it know he leads, with proaches the alter