

sipate many an old-time prejudice. The papacy will appear to all of us in its true light, harmonizing magnificently with the aspirations of modern democracy and accelerating the march of all that is useful, good and elevating in modern progress. The clouds of old-foggyism said to hang around the throne of Peter exist only in the fogged river of religious prejudice or the darkened recesses of narrow and blindfolded minds. They exist not in the Vatican. The most far-seeing, liberal mind in the world to-day is that of Leo; the most gentle and generous heart is his. Neither Catholics nor Protestants of America know him sufficiently. It is the duty of all to study him; it is the particular duty of Catholics to draw nearer to him and follow more loyally in his supreme guidance."

On the announcement that the Pope had established a permanent apostolic delegation in the United States and had named Mgr. Satolli the first delegate, Archbishop Corrigan prepared the following, which his secretary, Father Connolly, gave out this evening:—"The sovereign pontiff, as the vatican council defines, enjoys immediate episcopal jurisdiction over the entire flock of Christ. The primacy of the apostolic see carries with it, from its very nature, the right to appoint a representative in any part of the world. To deny this is to deny the faith. Consequently when the holy father is pleased to make a delegate apostolic he has a perfect right to do so. More than this: to doubt the wisdom of the holy see in determining to appoint such a representative no Catholic who is well instructed in his religion would for a moment think of doing. We all receive this decision of the Holy Father, as we receive all other decisions emanating from him, with the profoundest reverence, respect and obedience. Before the holy see acted there might have been room for a difference of opinion; none now exists. For my own part I gladly receive and welcome the news in question, always supposing it to be authentic."

Archbishop Walsh on Tenant Right.

The remarkable evidence which Archbishop Walsh gave before the Evicted Tenants' Commission has scarcely received in Ireland the attention which it so eminently deserves. His Grace is of the opinion that a satisfactory settlement of the land question in Ireland will not be arrived at unless the evicted tenants are reinstated. That is emphatically so. The land legislation of the last twenty years has given the tenants a proprietary interest in their holdings equal, at any rate, to that of the landlords. Such being the case, it is preposterous that the latter should be allowed to act on the same principle of individual and unlimited ownership that they formerly held. They are only a party to a contract. They act, however, as if they were the principals. If we are to have peace in Ireland—if the country is not to be irretrievably ruined—this legal fiction, which the landlords use with such uncompromising regularity, must be wrested from their grasp. Ireland is a purely agricultural country, and agriculture, like every other staple industry, flourishes or decays according to the economical conditions under which it is carried on. A creditor who is a merchant is not permitted by either a moral or a legal code to confiscate his debtor's stock and capital because the debtor fails to pay at a stipulated time. The creditor gets what is due to him on his bill—no more. An Irish landlord who is bound down by law, in one sense, to the same equivalent in rent, confiscates property the capitalized value of which is equivalent to ten or twelve or fifteen times what is his due.

A Cardinal's Wit.

Cardinal Lavigerio's ready wit is illustrated by this anecdote from a French paper: When Bishop of Nancy he once attended an evening party. At about 10 o'clock several ladies arrived in full evening dress. The Bishop got up to go somewhat abruptly, and when his hostess protested, rejoined: "What would you, madam? You give me a warm welcome, but your guests give me too much of the cold shoulder."

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

In Memoriam.

Catherine S. Coyle, daughter of P. J. Coyle, Esq., Q.C., Montreal. Died Dec. 26th, 1893.

She is dead! O words of sadness!
Our dearest classmate now is dead;
She has burst the bonds of suffering—
From her dear ones she has fled.
Winsome, bright, her smile so cheering
Beams not on us lone to-day;
Stilled the voice whose sound so glad
Chased all darksome gloom away.

Father, mother: ye who mourn her,
Weep not that your darling is dead;
Stay, oh stay the tear that stealth
For the spotless soul now fled.
Gaze upon that marble forehead
On the sweet angelic face,
Tell us has a touch of sorrow
Left its silent, painful trace!

Never did the cold world's shadows
O'er her young life gather drear;
Never will earth's joys, earth's sorrows,
Bring her smile or cost her tear.
In her convent school all peaceful
Lived she, yes, an angel's life,
Waiting, e'en perchance preparing
For the future's battle-strife.

But our God in heaven summoned
One bright angel to His throne.
"See that child, her life-work's ended,
Faithful has the task been done;
Cull for Me that fragrant blossom
Lest fierce winter blasts destroy;
Puro the petals—rich the perfume.
Fit it is to bloom on high."

Soft the Guardian Spirit enters
Weeping friends be not o'ercome,
For the dying child is smiling
As the angel whispers "come."
"Jesus" faint the pale lips utter,
"Jesus" murmur they again.
Swift the spirit wings its home-way,
Swift has left a world of pain.

Weep not, parent-hearts, O'w' mourning!
Weep not that your child is dead;
Weep not that the cold earth pillows
Her angelic, sleeping head.
Free from pain, from sin and sorrow,
In the midst of heavenly light,
There her unimprisoned spirit
Stands ethereal—a vision bright.

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Toronto, Jan. 7th, 1893

General Butler.

General Benjamin F. Butler died in Washington last Wednesday morning of heart disease. The announcement of his death created great surprise, as he was not known to be ailing at all.

General Butler was born in Deerfield, N. H., Nov. 5, 1818. He received his early education in Lowell, and afterward attended Philips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and Waterville College. At college he developed some of those intellectual peculiarities which, in later life, made him a conspicuous figure, not only throughout his native land, but among readers of American matters in foreign lands. Prominent among those qualities were quickness of insight, originality of view, audacity and a ready wit. He possessed almost extraordinary power of memory, but as to any other qualities that might be presumed to be helpful in making a college youth to become a minister he had few or none of them.

General Butler's success as a lawyer, politician, army officer and manufacturer are well known to all. Of late years he has devoted himself wholly to the practice of law and his fame is world wide. His excellent service in the war made him at that time the talk of the country, and his valorous deeds will live forever in history. We shall content ourselves in this brief sketch of his career with citing two incidents of his eventful life, which show the character of the man.

He was a candidate for the Legislature in 1852 on the '10-hour' ticket. A few days before the election a notice was posted in the mills warning the men that any who voted the Butler 10-hour ticket would be discharged. Butler called a meeting for the next night, and made a speech that scared the autocratic employers out of their five wits. He warned his hearers that the notice was probably not authorized, and that if it was it was just provocation for the wildest dreams of revolution. And he urged the voters to use their suffrage without regard to any dictation. The notice vanished during

the night, and when election day came Butler was chosen to do his work for the workmen. And he did it. He is the father of the present 10-hour working day.

During the Know-nothing excitement in 1854-6 he opposed the "Native American" partisans in every possible way, and when Governor Gardner disbanded the Irish companies in the militia he resigned his commission as colonel, rather than take any official part in a policy he was so thoroughly opposed to. Butler's refusal to disband his Irish company, lost him three years in the service, but it won him the hearts of all just-minded people.—*Boston Republic*

Killarney.

The beauties of Killarney are multi-form. We do not know, in the same space elsewhere, of so many varied charms of scenery in character wholly diverse; lakes wild, stern and secluded as the Upper Lake, the mountains rising on three sides almost out of the bosom of the waters, those on the northern and western sides bleak and barren, and wanting only snow caps to look like Alpine scenery; soft and sunny, as the Lower Lake, which is almost Italian in its loveliness, with its sweet bays and low verdant hills, clothed from base to summit with trees and luxuriant evergreens; and between these the Middle Lake, combining the characteristics of the two without the boldness of the one or the placid beauty of the other—it has a grace of outline and diversity of feature excelling, perhaps, the others. Then the numerous islands in these waters have each their peculiar charm. Take, for instance, two out of the thirty that speck the Lower Lake—Innisfallen and Ross Island, which have been happily named by a modern writer "The Isola Bella and the Isola Madre of our Irish Lago Maggiore." Whence Innisfallen takes its name is a vexed question; but of the beauty of "Sweet Innisfallen" there can be no controversy; it is quite a microcosm, in which, on a small scale, a marvellous amount of variety is congregated—hill and dale; wood as gloomy as the ancient Druidical forests, thick with giant ash, elm and sycamore, and hollies of enormous growth; glades sunny and cheerful, with umbrageous underwood bounding their bowers and thickets and rocks and old ruins—and all in a space of little more than thirty English acres. Seen from the banks of the lake or the water, it is singularly attractive. At one side high and rocky, and indented with creeks and bays; on the other, wooded to the water's edge with trees and evergreens, oak, holly and laurel.—*Picturesque Europe.*

The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A legend, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owing no local habitation claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness and all that comes between them and love to their Creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun, for it is always twilight somewhere. The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces, and learn that the bell is unheard or that it sends its gracious message to a human heart, purged of strife and hatred and filled with heavenly peace.

"So, then, let us ponder a little;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight-bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me."
—*Ave Maria.*

Among those who are united in our Lord Jesus Christ by the bonds of charity, and by the desire to procure the honor and glory of God, the most profitable words are those which the Holy Ghost engraves on their hearts by the prayers which they offer for one another.—*St. Ignatius.*

The Protestant Archbishop in Spain.

Lord Plunket has not met with much success in his mission to Spain. It was found impossible to obtain the permission of the Government for the opening of the new church; and the authorities forbade the proposed services in the Protestant Hall. The Protestant Archbishop was therefore constrained to ordain the solitary candidate who offered himself in a private room. The old Catholic Bishops steadily refused to lend their countenance to the proceedings; and—unkindest cut of all—the Anglican chaplain stationed at Madrid has publicly protested against the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin as a trespasser, and one who is bringing the Anglican Church into contempt. Lord Plunket may well cry, "Save me from my friends!" But it is amusing to see that in spite of the disapproval of so many of his own brethren, Lord Plunket asserted that he was maintaining ecclesiastical discipline, because, forsooth, he was invited by the Spanish schismatics—as if people could be ordained or confirmed without their own consent—and had the approval of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland. This plea, absurd as it may seem, is the only one which Anglicans of any shade can advance for the maintenance of their missions in Italy and other European countries.—*Catholic Times, Liverpool.*

Missionary Work in London.

A notable meeting, which must be far-reaching in its influence, was held not long ago at the house of Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster. At that time the Historical Research Society was formed, and the Archbishop himself made president. The aim of this association will be to answer all inquiries of Catholics and non-Catholics concerning the difficult points in matters relating to the Church, whether they be historical, scientific, or purely ecclesiastical. At this initiatory session it was announced that the missionary work in London was henceforth to be of an aggressive nature, although entirely without bitterness; and that steps were to be taken to carry the truth to those who would never enter the door of a Catholic church to seek it. It was suggested that the Protestants had long enough monopolized the somewhat extraordinary but effective methods of street preaching, and other practical ways of getting at the indifferent or disbelieving heart. "It is time," says an exchange, "that Exeter Hall had its counterblast."

We hope to hear that this new and admirable project is in running order, and meeting with the success it so well deserves.—*Ave Maria.*

An investigation of the charges that the students of a Catholic College at Kingston, Ont., on the 24th ult., attacked a band of Salvationists, and that their conduct was approved by the Christian Brothers, who looked on without interfering, has been made. The charges have been declared absolutely false. The Board of Aldermen investigated the affair; over twenty witnesses, mostly Protestants, one a Protestant minister, were examined. An investigation is now going on to ascertain who was the miscreant or miscreants that circulated the infamous report, which was telegraphed all over the country.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."