

SEPT. 11, 1894.

THE AURIESVILLE SHRINE.

New York Times, Aug. 15. Fultonville, Montgomery County, N. Y., August 14.—The shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, three miles from Auriesville, N. Y., is the result of historical research by the priesthood of the Jesuit Society of Troy and other places in this part of the State, aided by such historical scholars as the Rev. Father Walworth, of Albany. It is erected on what is regarded as the precise site of the Indian village of Osseremon, one of the largest of the villages of the Mohawks, and is in religious commemoration of the tragic death of Rev. Father Isaac Jogues, of Society of Jesus, and his lay missionary companion, Rene Goupil, who were martyrs to their zeal in the work of converting the Indians to the light of Christianity.

The Rev. Father Walworth and his niece Miss Nellie Walworth, daughter of Mrs. Helen Hardin Walworth, of Saratoga, rendered valuable service in fixing the proper location of the shrine. They visited this part of Montgomery County, and examined it in the light of transcripts from French documents, which Father Walworth secured for the purposes of his research. The Rev. Fathers were aided by the Rev. Fathers of the Society of Jesus, of Troy, Albany, of Amherst, of Ludden, of Albany; Hourigan, of Binghamton, and others have been active for some time in setting up this sacred monument. For the present a little chapel of wood, only 10 feet wide by 20 long, with stained glass windows and covered by an octagonal dome, serves as the only shelter of the shrine. Within there is a statue of

supporting the prostrate form of the suffering saint. Near the entrance on a knoll, a large cross has been erected, inscribed "To the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646." "St. Mary's, 1667." "St. Peter's, 1673." The four faces of the base of the cross bear the following legends: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." "In memory of the native converts of the mission, Hurons, Algonquins, and Iroquois, whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecutions, especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, the Iroquois virgin, born here in 1650, baptized in the mission church, Easter Sunday, 1676, died in Canada 1681." "Near this spot Rene Goupil, novice, was slain for the sign of the cross September 26, 1642, and before and after in different years many other Christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries of French and various Indian races, offered up their lives."

A marble tablet ascribes the erecting of the cross to the "Rev. James Hourigan, at one time pastor of the church." PASTOR OF THREE COUNTIES.—Broome, Cortland, and Chenango—now pastor for thirty-eight years of St. Patrick's church, Binghamton, N. Y. It is the intention ultimately to erect a church edifice on the spot in the expectation that as years go by it will become the central shrine and meeting place of the Jesuits of the United States.

The story of Father Isaac Jogues' adventures and hardships among the Indians is one of the most interesting of the tales of the Jesuit missionaries among the northern tribes. He was born in Orleans on January 10, 1607, and after taking the regular course of study in the priesthood, he was ordained missionary. Immediately thereafter, at his own earnest request, he was sent out to Canada to take part in the elaborate scheme which the Jesuits had laid for converting the nations of this country. His field of labor was among the Hurons, a tribe of the Algonquins, that was found to be particularly susceptible to the influence of missionaries. Father Jogues was engaged in his work in 1642, when the series of events began which made him a martyr. The summer of that year was one of great destitution among the tribes which inhabited the territory of the northern lakes, and the French missions among the Hurons came near being wiped out by want of food. In order to procure much needed supplies,

FATHER JOGUES, with two French laymen named Rene Goupil and William Couture, and a band of Huron Indians, started on a journey to Quebec, making their way for the most part in canoes. At Quebec they obtained the stores they desired, and with the hope of carrying relief to their friends they set out on the return voyage with all speed. While they were paddling along the northern shore of Lake St. Peter, an expanded port on the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Montreal, they were overtaken and surprised by a crew of hostile Iroquois Indians of the Mohawk tribe, who were in that country for the purpose of preying upon Frenchmen and the Indians who were on friendly terms with the French. Father Jogues and his little company were attacked and overcome by the Iroquois after an effort on their part to defend themselves. To the instinct of self-protection there was added the anxiety of preserving the stores they had procured for their famishing friends at the mission. In the light of the attacking party, and incited them to deeds of violence toward the persons of the Frenchmen. The captive whites and Hurons were then deliberately secured, and taking as much of the stores from the laden canoes of the missionaries as they could make off with

dignities and cruelties as their revengeful ingenuity could invent. The coming of the captives and their custodians was announced in advance in the country of the Mohawks, and preparations for a savage reception were made. The prisoners were halted outside of the settlement until the time fixed for the cruel ceremonies that were to welcome them. When everything was ready they were taken in and introduced to the savage populace by being first made

TO RUN THE GANTLET. The tortures of one village being completed, the real menudrate, to another and another until all the neighboring villages of the Mohawks had had their celebration of the distinguished capture. At every village tortures and indignities were renewed until life was no longer desirable to the captives. Some of the Hurons who were taken with the Frenchmen were burned to death. Father Jogues was punished by having his hair pulled out, his flesh cut, and one of his thumbs sawed off with a shell saw.

Couture, who had killed the Mohawk Indian at the time of the attack on Lake St. Peter, was adopted into the tribe soon after these scenes of torture, but Goupil was wantonly killed by the Indians one day when he and Father Jogues were in the woods near the Indian village performing the religious rites of their Church. Father Jogues spent the late summer and fall of 1642 alone among his Indian captors, Couture, the adopted Frenchman, being kept away from his society. The devoted missionary made no effort to escape. He believed God had directed his footsteps, all unwillingly as they had been taken, to a new field of religious labor and that the tortures he had suffered were but a means for impressing upon his heart the great necessity that existed for giving the Indians of the Mohawk Valley

CHRISTIAN ENLIGHTENMENT. He found the real menudrate, however, most of them regarding his religious forms as incantations of the devil. In November, after his capture, he was taken by the Indians on a tiresome hunting and fishing excursion as far as Saratoga Lake. On this trip he was made to do menial service for his masters, who poorly fed him and finally sent him to the village on the Mohawk. There he remained through the dreary winter, not once going beyond call of the village in which he remained almost a voluntary prisoner.

The next summer, in July, 1643, he was again taken with a band of the Mohawks on a fishing expedition to the Hudson River. While they were on the river, at a point about 90 miles below Albany, a messenger from the Mohawks arrived among them with word that the Iroquois had had another victory over the Hurons, and that a fresh lot of captive Hurons was making the villages of the Mohawks merry again. Father Jogues was sadly depressed by the news. Knowing by hard experience what would be the fate of the captives he begged to be allowed to go back to the settlements, in order that he might be near the captured Hurons to administer religious comfort to them. His request was granted, and he immediately set out in a canoe with two Indians, who were to see that he did not escape. They paddled up the river as far as Rensselaerwyck (Albany), where they landed for the purpose of enabling the Indians to do some trading with the Dutch settlers. The story of Father Jogues' capture and his being held a prisoner by the Mohawks had reached

THE WRITERS AT RENSSELAERWYCK and some effort had been made by them to ransom the unfortunate missionary. On the occasion of the visit of the Indians and their captives the latter was permitted to go about among the whites while the Indians busied themselves trading and inspecting the domestic ways of the Dutchmen. Father Jogues sought out the clergyman, the good Dominie Megapolensis, of whom he had heard from Indians trading at the Dutch settlement. The Indians carried some days, thus giving the two teachers of the gospel an opportunity to become well acquainted. Father Jogues was advised to make his escape from the Indians, but he refused to do this until a circumstance occurred that rendered escape necessary, if he could save his life. While he was still at Rensselaerwyck news reached him that a sudden outbreak of rage toward him had taken place in the Mohawk villages.

Some time before he started on the fishing expedition to the Hudson he had written a letter to the commander of the French post at Three Rivers and had intrusted it for delivery to a Mohawk Indian, who had become specially attached to the writer. The letter contained a warning to the French that an attack was being planned among the Iroquois who were on the war path. Instead of keeping the letter till he arrived at Three Rivers the Indian who carried it gave it up to the commander of an outpost at the mouth of Richelieu River. As soon as he had read the letter the impetuous officer ordered his guns to be turned upon the Indians who were with Father Jogues's messenger. The latter escaped the fire, however, but supposing the hostile demonstration to be a declaration of war, he pressed on as rapidly as possible to their homes on the Mohawk. His intent upon rousing their settlements and on avenging what they believed, with good reason, to be an act of treachery on the part of the missionary whose life they had spared. If he had been at home he would have suffered for his supposed deception. When

DOMINIE MEGAPOLENSIS heard at Fort Orange of the uproar among the Mohawks and learned the cause of it, he told Father Jogues he must not think of going back to the Indians, for if he did he would surely be killed. The missionary at first refused to take the advice of the Dutch Dominie, and it was not till the sagacious Arendt Van Corlaer joined in advising immediate escape, and after a night of prayer, that the good Father was persuaded that he ought not to return to the savages to meet his fate. Van Corlaer offered to provide a small boat at a spot to be agreed upon, in which the captive might be rowed to a large vessel that lay in the river opposite the fort. This ship belonged to Van Corlaer

and was ready to sail down the river. The night the escape was to be made, Father Jogues slept under a shelter, which served at once as a family residence of one of the Dutch pioneers, while the other end was occupied by the horses and cattle of the farmer. Jogues's Indian guards, not yet ready to quit the charms of the "city," lodged with him. When the household, including the cattle and the Indian guards, were

SOUND ASLEEP. Father Jogues got up quietly and stole out into the night. He succeeded in getting away from his dusky companions, but just as he was about to quit the premises he was seized by a huge watch dog, which tore his clothes and lacerated his legs. The noise not having wakened the sleepers inside, the captive retreated and waited till a favorable moment to renew his effort to get away. The snarling of the watch dog had been heard by the man who was at the boat. He hurried to the building and pacified the dog. In this way the missionary, on his second attempt, was enabled to clear the premises unmolested. He reached the vessel in safety, but in the morning, before it could sail, the Indians, by threats of vengeance on the settlement, alarmed the Dutchmen into revealing the hiding place of their escaped captive. Father Jogues was thereupon brought ashore again and delivered up. This action created a

FACTIONAL FEELING in the settlement. The next night, aided by Dominie Megapolensis and some friends, Jogues again gave his guards the slip and secreted himself where he could not be found. While he remained hidden Van Corlaer, who had great influence with the Mohawk tribe, negotiated a ransom whereby the captive was regularly set at liberty. Father Jogues went on board the vessel in the river and sailed for Manhattan, where he improved the first opportunity to take ship for France. On arriving in his native country he hurried away to Rouen for the purpose of rejoining the Jesuit college which had commissioned him to his work in America. The loss of his thumb disqualified him for the priesthood, but fired with zeal for the missionary cause among the Indians of Canada he sought and obtained from

POPE URBAN VIII a dispensation enabling him to re-engage in his holy work. He then hastened back to the wilds of the Hurons. During his absence from this country a peace had been patched up between the French and the Iroquois Indians and Couture, who had been captured in 1642 with Father Jogues, was still in the Mohawk Valley acting as agent for the French among the Five Nations. The French authorities in Canada, on being made acquainted with the adventures of Father Jogues, commissioned him to supersede Couture. The former in his official post on the Mohawk, traversing as far as Lake George the course over which he had been conducted over as a captive four years before. His official escort was composed of selected men from among the Hurons and the Iroquois. Instead of going overland from Lake George—to which Father Jogues gave the name

LAKE ST. SACRAMENT to the Mohawk, as he had done in his earlier and compulsory trip in 1642 down the Hudson from the bend at Ford Edward to Rensselaerwyck, now Albany. Here he had a pleasant reunion with Dominie Megapolensis and others who had rescued him from the Indians. Proceeding up the Mohawk, he entered the villages of that tribe in something like a secreted minister. He was well known to the French Indian. Those who had four years before scourged him as an enemy and a sorcerer now received him in a manner due his altered position. Statesmanship, soon, however, wearied him. He longed to return to his work of teaching Christ to the heathen. Having accomplished the special work of his mission as agent of the Government in connection with

THE PEACE OF 1644 in July, 1646, he returned to Montreal, made his report, and resigned. He then deliberately returned to the Mohawks in the humble capacity of a Christian missionary, being satisfied from sad experience that the field there offered richer fruit than his former field among the Hurons. Before he arrived at his former haunts he learned that the tribe to which he was going was in a state of turbulence and that it was unsafe for him to proceed. Those who were with him, taking alarm, turned back. Father Jogues refused to be turned from his purpose. He pushed on alone through the wilderness and entered boldly the village where he intended to make his home in the future. His step proved fatal, taken as it was at that particular time.

DISEASE AND SUPERSTITION had roused the Indians to high pitch of resentment against him. When he went to Montreal to resign his commission under the Government he left behind a box containing some personal effects. The summer of 1646 was as full of misfortune for the Mohawks as that of 1642 had been for the Hurons. Disease broke out in the tribe, the corn suffered from the drought, and worms and vermin devastated the stores of the Indian villages. These afflictions they swiftly ascribed to the box which the French agent had left among them, and which they surrounded with all the mystery and awe of a race of superstitious savages. Knowing the intention of Father Jogues to return among them, some of them determined on his destruction, while others were anxious for his arrival in the belief that he would arrest further evils of the kind they were suffering.

At a council two clans, those of THE WOLF and THE TORTOISE declared in favor of welcoming the late French agent back, while the clan of the Bear held in their determination to wreak vengeance upon him. They therefore set out secretly to intercept him about half way of the journey from Lake George to the Mohawk, they seized him, stripped him of his clothing, and inflicted torture upon him. They then hurried him away to their village, where they held him a prisoner until the 18th of October, 1646. On that day he was stealthily stricken dead by an Indian who had concealed himself behind the door of

a wigwam to which the unfortunate missionary had been invited to hold a parley. His body was cast out, and no authentic record exists to show that it ever received even heathen burial. William Couture, the favored one of the captives, was taken in 1642 on Lake St. Peter, was set at liberty during the peace of 1644, and, going to Montreal, died there in 1702.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBAND.

HOW A GOOD MAN CAN MAKE HIS WIFE HAPPY AND HIS HOME LIKE HEAVEN. Let us fix our eyes on the youth who is contemplating marriage. If that young man is wise and has his temporal and his eternal interests at heart, he will look on every woman through the eyes of common sense, religion and purity. He will view marriage in the light of a divinely instituted contract, a sacrament, a union which death, and death only, can sever. In the choice of a partner he will be extremely discreet, as he knows that his partner is destined to help him in the salvation or the damnation of his immortal soul. Having made a choice, he should prepare by a diligent and, if necessary by a general confession of his sins. This confession should be followed by a devout reception of the Most Holy Communion; and this latter, if possible, at a Nuptial Mass. Afterward, whether the world treat this couple coldly or kindly, they will be unshaken and cling to each other bravely all the same, remembering with holy satisfaction, that they began in the smile and love of God.

When a young man has entered matrimony fortified by these heavenly helps, it is evident that he intends to be a good husband. But, ah! human nature is weak and volatile; and we should be untrue to ourselves to-night did we not point out some of the weaknesses which entail so much misery on even well-meaning husbands. Because of these weaknesses we have various classes of husbands. Outstanding circumstances, too, business failures, loss of friends, bad companions, and—need we say it? a careless, thriftless, wayward wife, will do much to change the habits and the life of the best of men.

There are two kinds of men, whether viewed as husbands or fathers, of whom we shall say nothing here this evening. The jealous man and the intemperate man. Delicacy commands silence in the case of the one; whilst a universal agreement that intemperance in husband or father destroys the happiness of home life, renders unnecessary any discussion in the case of the other.

Some men are moody and uncommunicative with their wives, thereby rendering home unhappy. This moodiness is the offspring of ill temper; and there is nothing which the good wife will find harder to manage or deal with. For in a moody husband there is no consistency. He is bright one day, he is cloudy the next day. He is a month of April and a month of winter. He will be ever ready for either smiles or frowns, sunshine or cloud.

Akin to this moodiness, but even more annoying to the good wife, is the habit of fault-finding, unfortunately so prevalent in domestic life. Nothing will please this class of husband. A wife may do all that mortal woman can. She may cook, clean all her skill in cooking, all her diplomacy in managing, all her power to please, to amuse, to charm. She may welcome him in the evening with the joy of a bride; she may toil like a slave for him. It is no use; his requital consists of an icy sneer, or a cruel word, or a mere partial silence. Oh, such comment on the part of a husband is enough to crush and wither the heart in any woman. The husband who flies into a passion now and again is not half so bad. No, he may be a generous and a loving man; and his very anger may be the abuse or excess of some generous quality he possesses. But the cold, sneering, fault-finding husband betrays a nature narrow, selfish and ungenerous.

Then again, while we know of husbands who are so inert and shiftless that they can not find employment, or if they find it, could not keep the money they earned any longer than Saturday night or Sunday morning, we know fathers so close and so penurious that they do not give their wives sufficient to decently clothe the men of to enable them to see soul and body together. Shame upon such husbands!

There are husbands, too, who never give their wives any confidence; who go in and out day after day, and week after week, and pass through various troubles and business changes without ever confiding one solitary circumstance to their wives. "How is your husband doing?" I asked of a lady not long ago. "Indeed, I do not know, Father," was the sad response. "I am asleep when he comes in at night or in the hours of the morning; and, while I see the children ready for school, he has his breakfast in silence, and is off again. He never tells me anything." Now, I do not mean that a man should tell professional secrets, or even business secrets, to his wife. But I do maintain that no husband was ever yet sorry for taking counsel with his wife. On the contrary, many a man has gone to ruin who would never have been ruined, had he acquainted his wife with the first false steps he was taking. At the foot of the greatest friend in the world. At the foot of God's altar she promised him undying fidelity—a fidelity as pure as the ring's bright gold and as unending as its circle. For him, and to be all in all to him, she left father and mother and all that was dear to her on earth. And surely she is deserving of confidence. And, as women—even ordinary women—are gifted with extraordinary sagacity, and, as a rule, are good advisers. They see things clearer, they have more time to think than men; and they foresee consequences which men would never have thought of.

In profane and sacred history we have numerous examples of noble, confiding husbands, of happy unions, suggestive of the love of Abraham and Sarah, of Jacob and Anne, in sacred history; Ulysses and Penelope in profane; Margaret of Scotland, St. Louis and Isabella in modern history. There is no doubt, however, but that wives have, in many instances, made their husbands careless, reckless and fond of any nothing, as we are treating now of the Christian husband. The Christian husband should, from the day of his marriage,

study the character and manners of his wife; find out her peculiarities, if she has any, and prepare himself, with God's help, to make the best of them. He should never hurt her feelings, but least of all in presence of others. There is no more despicable man than he who insults his wife in presence of strangers, just at the time, perhaps, when she is trying to be most the wife and the lady, and when she is even endeavoring to show him to advantage. For it is uncommon, we regret to state, to see wives hurt their husband's feelings in company. Sometimes it happens that a wife is a little better educated than the husband. She, perhaps, was going regularly to day-school or boarding at some popular academy when he was industriously learning the trade which now renders them both independent. But, in society, she acts as though she wished to make him unhappy. She is uneasy at a trifling breach of grammar or etiquette on his part and publicly corrects him. And here I would remark, that though it is a most commendable thing in a husband to take his wife's part in her troubles with others, he should quietly take pains to find out the true nature of the case, and not wholly rely on his wife's version of the matter. Above all, he should pray to God for prudence and patience; and thus he will be Christianizing himself, practicing exalted virtue, and paving the way to a happy eternity.

But there is one feature in connection with the Christian husband which we must not pass unnoticed. Some men seem to think that as soon as they get married they have lost their Christian mother, though she be alive. They forget the mother that brought them up in the light of Christian truth, into Christian manhood. To be sure no one is now dearer to him than the wife of his heart, and the true husband must leave father and mother and all, and cleave to her. Not even a mother must interfere to mar the beautiful union that exists between husband and wife. Nevertheless, a mother is always a mother; and a good son is always a good husband. And a husband is none the less dutiful to his wife because he loves the mother that bore him, the mother who soiled for him, loved him, and loves him still. She came, perhaps, from a little land of faith, far away, and, in this new land of her adoption, had much to encounter in the rearing of her little ones. Oh, the mother! the mother! For our part we can never sit down by the bedside of an aged, sorry one of our scattered race, but memories of the spot where we once called home and of her we still call mother come forcibly into our souls. The voice of that dying woman at our side, three scores or upward she may be, is feeble now as the moments slip from her and her confession is feebly told. She is thinking now of other days. Once she was a wife and mother, but he that was her husband and that were her children have slipped away from her—perhaps beneath the sod; and she is left alone to battle her way and live. The dear old nest she once called home is empty, and fled forever are its inmates, and fitly may she wail with the poet:

"I pray you what is the nest to me, My empty nest." And where is the shore where I stood to see My boat sail down to the West? I call that home where I anchor yet, Though my brave man has sailed? Call that home where I anchor yet, Call that home where I anchor yet. Now all its hope has faded? Nay, but the port where my husband went, There is the home where my thoughts are sent. The only home for me—Ah me!"

Yes; life is ebbing away from that aged woman. And as I gaze upon her thin, white hair, her pale face; as I listen to her wailing, broken with emotion and old age; as I look upon her there, awaiting the Union of the Sacrament; as I think of her venerable motherhood, I cannot help going back to the days of her innocent girlhood, to the brief, pure acquaintance before marriage, to the quiet wedding in the country chapel, the first babe and the babe of the growing little ones, the life long struggle; I cannot help—and I would not if I could—learning long and lasting lessons of veneration and respect for the Irish Christian mother!

Gift to a Nun From an Empress.

Throughout the whole of the dark days of the religious persecution in Prussia the Empress Augusta has steadily shown herself the admirer and friend of the Catholic nuns in every part of Germany, and has let few opportunities pass without manifesting her kindly affection towards them. Only the other day Her Majesty gave a touching proof of her feeling in this matter. Sister Gertrude, of the Nuns of the growing little ones, Cologne, who has devoted the whole of a long life to the care of the sick, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her entry into religion at the municipal hospital. The Empress herself was present at the little domestic fête, and spent half an hour with the good nun, to whom she presented a magnificent bronze crucifix, her own portrait with autograph signature, and a marvelous bouquet of roses.

Consumption can be Cured. Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

A Sure Thing.

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Procure from your druggist one 37 cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you not suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

To the Rescue

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue. Thus writes W. H. Crocker, Druggist, Watertown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

LYING AGAIN.

BUCKSHOT FORSTER'S ADOPTED SON'S LATEST FALSIFICATIONS.

The Observer of to-day has a remarkable article, cabled the correspondent of the North American News Company on the 22d, charging the virtual identity of the Clama-Gad and the National League, which lends significance to the reported intention of members of Parliament to move for parliamentary action in connection with the Ridgway pamphlet. Mr. Bright in the Reform Club expressed a strong opinion that the pamphlet required parliamentary action, and I am enabled to day to send you the following letter from Arnold Forster, son of the late Right Hon. Mr. Forster, once so unpopular in Ireland under the sobriquet of "Buckshot." "You ask my opinion as to the pamphlet, on the repeal of the union conspiracy published by the Messrs. Ridgway of Piccadilly, and now the subject of a libel suit. So far as I am able to judge, the contents are true and are likely to be new to the general public. Beyond question they are very serious. I wish I could persuade myself that some members of the late administration, whose recent eulogies of the Parnellites have amused and astonished those eyes who were familiar with their previous utterances, did not know or had not means of knowing the facts recorded. In any case the charges against the members of Parliament are so grave that I trust the House will call upon Ridgway to retract or substantiate them. If it be true that Parnellite members have taken the Fenian oath and the oath of allegiance, they are, of course, guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, not to speak of treason. Such accusations should not remain unanswered. We are

PUZZLED BY THE ATTITUDE

of the Americans. We do not note your views with much favor or respect the class of politicians to whom you wish us to surrender. It appears to us that your belief in Irish politicians begins when they leave your shores. Ireland is now the freest country in the world. She has every liberty granted to Englishmen and a license which is wholly forbidden to Englishmen. It may be a coincidence, but it is a fact, that everyone who has taken an active part in this Parnellite movement has made money by it and has kept his skin whole. Playing at treason is delightful when the penalties of the crime are left out. Mr. Redmond, M. P., says he will never cease agitating till he has driven every official of English blood out of Ireland. This is a clap-net. He does not intend to accept certain consequences, namely, lit for lit. It will be ruin for that with England. I wish Americans knew the facts better. For instance, they believe that crimes follow evictions. This is a deliberate falsehood, usually circulated by those who know it to be false. Mr. Gladstone says he would have us suppose that this crime is owing to distress in Ireland. It is evident by the testimony accredited by facts that it is owing neither to one nor the other. If we wish to ascertain whence this crime really comes we must watch its movements, and we must see what are the concomitants of this crime. That which diminishes while crime increases is not likely to be the immediate and direct cause of that crime, but that which ever rises with the crime. The movements of which correspond with it with wonderful exactness—with fatal and painful precision. The steps of crime dog the steps of the Land League, and it is not possible to get rid of this conclusion by any ingenuity or distortion of facts, such as I have stated, by vague general complaints, by imputations against parties, by imputations against England, by imputations against the government.

MR. GLADSTONE IS RIGHT.

The contrary assertion is a lie, as assertions made in order to extract your sympathy and dollars. Again you believe that the people murdered in Ireland are English landlords killed by the exasperated, excited tenants. This statement, often made, is also a lie. The people butchered are almost without exception poor and defenceless Irishmen, murdered by gangs of well-to-do Land Leaguers for disobeying Parnell. Again, I hardly think you understood Parnell's antecedents. For many months he, with six confederates, fled weekly around a table to direct the Land League. Of the seven, four did work in the country between the meetings. Their journeys may be traced in blood. The other three, including Parnell, did inside work only. Three are in Parliament; the four have fled the country to escape criminal law, one of them with a true bill for murder found against him. You will ask where are the records of the committee? They were either burned or carried out of the country by a disguised felon, and men whose work will not stand the light of our Parliament. I should like some time to tell you more of this cruel, money-grabbing conspiracy. I have seen its victims shattered and dying. You can scarcely realize the perfection to which the art of deliberate falsehood had been brought by the Land Leaguers. Still, as a self-respecting nation, we must go our own way and try to live down the lies. If our friends and kinsmen in the United States made our task harder, I can only deeply regret it, but we do wish you would try to get out of the story. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, who has been legislating for Ireland half his life, with the result you see, has not been there a month since he was born. They say, however, he is going there now. Everyone ought to read the Ridgway pamphlet. I hear the Parnellites are trying to snuff it. The truth never agrees with them."

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife, because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This medicine purges out the corruptions which pollute the blood and cause disease.

Worth Remembering. In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddeck, Cape Breton, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

If YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.