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INTEMPERANCE.

Two Powerful Sermons

Father Coy's, the Paulist, at St. Patrick's;
Father Garze, the Dominican, at
Notre Dame.

On Wednesday night last, Father Coy, the eloquent Paulist, repeated, in substance, the powerful sermon on intemperance, which he had given to the young men of the city a few weeks ago. The young men's report would be incomplete without it. Taking as his text, the words of Isaiah, "Woe be to ye who are strong men to drink wine," he declared the mission of the preacher to elevate man to a higher morality, and to stamp out the parent of nearly all the evils that curse humanity—the demon of intemperance. The cause of intemperance was clear to him, as a priest and as a man; it should be clear to every one who loves his fellowman. It is the burning question of the day; it has to do with man in his civil, political and spiritual life. Intemperance degrades the reason, and it is the reason that makes us what we are; that elevates us towards God in whose image and likeness we were created; that raises us above the level of the brutes that perish—it is therefore our most precious gift, and intemperance robs us of that treasure.

Look out over this vast continent and behold intemperance, like a plague, setting down upon the land and extending its ravages on all sides. Moses asked of the pagan King the reason of his people's calamity; he said: "I have sinned against the Lord my God, and he has heard my cry, and he has brought down upon me and upon my people a great calamity." Finally, in the dark valley of the night, he saw his people's sins, and he said: "I have sinned against the Lord my God, and he has heard my cry, and he has brought down upon me and upon my people a great calamity."

Intemperance is a disease of every family whose life is marked with the blood of the drunkard. Tomorrow the sun rises over a scene of untold desolation, and we walk up such a scene as never before was known to the land of a people—land of the free. In each household was cold and gloomy. It is with the Minister of Death, he goes abroad, and kneels at every door, unless forbidden to enter by the sign of total abstinence, and he strikes, it is not always to the death, at least to misery and desolation, some member of the doomed household. There is no pity, no mercy, no escape; the Destroying Angel of Intemperance, with the sharpened sword of drink, is abroad in the land; let us hasten to save our first-born, our dear ones, from his death-dealing blows! Of all the evils that have cursed mankind, crushed woman's heart, sent youth to destruction, and drove virtue to the resorts of shame, and smothered the pathway to hell, none can compare with the evil of intoxicating drink. Astonishing as it is, that more of our upright Catholic citizens do not attempt to wipe out this plague. It is pleasant to address the young and intelligent men of this vast city, the men who are to be the formers of public opinion for a next generation, and to lay before them the fearful havoc of this terrible enemy. If a disease—smallpox, or fever—broke out, so that a child would be laid low, how medical aid would be called in, how every expedient would be tried, how the cases would be isolated; yet this disease is destroying daily thousands and where are the citizens that seek the remedies? Were a mad dog abroad, you would raise a cry, and cry, so any weapon to stop him in his murderous career; yet more than a hundred rabid dogs is the demon of drink, and you are not up in arms against the monster. Were a stagnant pool to appear in the centre of the city, and to offend the senses with its green impure films, and

spreading miasma and seeds of all manner of diseases, you would petition the corporation, hammer at the doors of the municipal authority and demand the removal of the deadly danger. And yet worse than stagnant pools; we see pools of vice belching their alcoholic fumes over the land, opening the doors to invite the young men to destruction; and where are the men to stand up and demand redress, demand protection, demand the wiping out of these manufacturing factories of drunkards? Not only do the poor suffer from intemperance; all classes are its victims. Where goes your tax-money? To pay policemen for arresting the products of those drunkard factories, to pay asylums and prisons for holding the wrecks of humanity. Seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of the inmates of these places are there on account of drink. Business men suffer from its ravages. Enter into that house where the drunken father has left the impress of cold poverty; a broken stove, a few shattered chairs, ragged children, empty cupboard, dirt and filth greet your eyes. Had not that man's money gone to the saloon, it would have gone to the hardware house for a stove, to the tailor for clothes, to the grocer for food, to the carpenter for furniture, to the painter, the butcher, to every honest trader, but not to the saloon.

Statistics tell that 75,000 men go down, in America, every year to the drunkard's graves. Say one were to pass this church every minute, the vast army would take 45 days in marching past that door. Two hundred per day; eight per hour; during the hour and a half we are in this church twelve men have gone into eternity through drink. If these twelve could be summoned from the saloons where

THEY WERE MURDERED, the rivers where they were drowned, the railway tracks where they were smashed,

and offered a lease of life on condition of taking a temperance pledge, how gladly would they not one and all, jump at the gleam of chance of a respite, of a salivation they can never know! This Demon of Drink grapples with man in his physical, civil and spiritual life. It is a good thing to have health; glorious to be strong, without it there is no real happiness in life; yet nothing ruins the health, nor saps the strength like drink. It is never necessary, no matter how tired one may be. A young man can work longer, better, and with less fatigue when he is a total abstainer. Alcohol is a poison; mixed into the veins it produces instant death; taken into the stomach it causes through the system and puts all its parts out of order. If a stranger intruded into a polite family circle, he would receive gentle or pointed hints that he was out of place. Your system is a family composed of its organs and members; let alcohol intrude, and the delicate, the bad stomach, the abnormal pulse, all these are hints that the presence of the stranger is hurtful. But let the intruder be a mad man who proceeds to smash the furniture, and you seize him and eject him. Too much alcohol—what is called being drunk—abuses the members of the system and they all rebel and strive to fire out the intruder. That self-preservation so instinctive in every man, rebels against the presence of alcohol.

Some mis-takenly say that drink helps to work. It does, for it will make you work in your old age when you should be at ease and enjoying the fruits of a life-labour; it will drive you to work when it has

ruined you.

of the power to perform your labor. A man, once a wealthy Western farmer, had taught his sons to take a glass, so that they might have more nerve to work. The result was that his wife died broken hearted, his sons died in the gutter, his daughter, driven out on the street, went to a mad moon earth, and he died cursing God, and before his death he laid out a black shadow of the cold, pale, shivering falling upon his helpless wife. Medical testimony, and that of common experience, tell us the dangers and the ravages of drink. Today the liquor that men get is adulterated to the last percentage with vile drugs. There is a notorious man in the States today, a giant in body, a man of extraordinary physique, one who could tell an ox, and who has challenged any man on earth to meet him; one day, in a New York saloon, that man took up a glass of whisky and said: "This is the only thing in the world that can knock me out." He was right! It takes the life and manhood out of you. It is a feeder of lust and passion. Our soul lives in a body surrounded by passions, and these are so many combustibles. Drink is the match that lights them, and once lit all the evil inclinations arise and the temptations and occasions flock about like carbon birds to a feast of putrid flesh. Take man upon a noble horse; while he sits steady and keeps a firm grasp of the reins, the beauty and all power of the animal are his; but if he relaxes, the steed takes the bit between his teeth, rushes off, tosses the rider to earth, deags him to death in the mud. So with our unguarded passions; if in drink we let go the reins, the demon rushes away with us.

LET US TO THE GROUND,

and tramples us in the mire—and finally kills us outright. Drink is a vampire that sucks the life-blood; a serpent that stings to the death; a demon that haunts the whole of life; a ghost that tracks its victim to the grave! Of all the priceless gems that God has set in the human diadem, there is one which is a gift of heaven, a charm of earth, a joy of the present, a promise of the future—it is temperance. Man was made stronger than woman that he might extend his arm over her and protect, and save, and guide her in life. It is a noble mission, a grand vocation, an honorable office, that God has given to man. Yet there are men who would sink so low in the scale of being, who are mean enough, cowardly enough, despicable enough, to rob woman of her priceless treasure, to steal her virtue! Yes, and the cowards must get drunk in order to stir up their evil passions to such a degree as to permit of such heinous conduct. There are places on earth where unfortunate females barter virtue for gain; the young man, filled with the demon of drink, forgets his manhood, forgets his noble mission, forgets his mother and sister, forgets all that is God-like and heaven-inspiring in his being, forgets all, and sneaks down the avenues of slinky vice—step by step to enjoyments that lower him from being little less than an angel to becoming little less than a brute. Oh! the young man who could, drunk or sober, rob that person of that only treasure; the man who would insult a woman—decent or otherwise—could be flogged through the streets of a Catholic City, as an example to the world.

DRINK DOES IT ALL.

Intemperance grapples with man in his family life; the highest and best life man can have. It is not good, man should be alone; he must have his family, his home. A good man should have that home where he can sit in peace and enjoy his sweets of repose. The Angel of Peace is at his fireside; but when the Demon of Drink enters the Angel of Peace takes wing. Everything good, noble, high, elevating disappears in the presence of the monster of hell, all beauty departs when the Phantom is on the Threshold. From being a quiet abode of joy and love, that home is transformed into the anti-chambers of hell. Go to the cold cellars where vegetate the victims of drink; it was the breath of intemperance that blew out the fire, that carried away the food, that tore the clothing from the bed. It grapples with

the spiritual life—the life of the soul. You can talk to a murderer, to an adulterer, to a thief, to any bad man, and he can understand you, there is a chance of repentance, he can be reasoned with; but not so the drunkard. He is less than the dumb animal, he is a caricature of his Creator. He loses God's mercy, for if he does drink, there is no salvation for him. The lower side of a drunkard's grave empties into Hell.

After all this, in God's name, what are we going to do? What are you in of Montreal going to do about it? You are not drunkards; no! But have you no exam to show, no lessons to preach by your life example?

"TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT." It is God's remedy; when on the cross upon God's body, as He was expiring, and had undergone every sorrow and deep of mortal torture. He wished to preach a lesson of temperance—and he died for it. He was expiating the mortal sins of intemperate drunkards. And he took the gall and vinegar, although the mixture augmented His thirst, if you would straighten a crooked stick you must bend it in the opposite direction from the one it has taken; if you wish to stop the ravages of drink you must go to the opposite extreme and become a total abstainer.

This appeal is not made from base or unworthy motives; it is not made to the fear of being drunk, but for the sake of Christian example, and Catholic penance. Christ who thirsted for our souls will bless every one who becomes a total abstainer—bless him with wealth and happiness in this life, and joy and glory in Eternity.

At Notre Dame.

(From the Daily Witness Review.)

Rev. Father Garze, in speaking on intemperance, said:

"Intemperance, in whatever degree it appears, is a wonderful class it is found, is a vice that contaminates the nature of man. God created man as the dominion of the spiritual and intellectual world, by his mind, man bends towards God, but by his flesh he is drawn towards matter, and hence the struggle in life, the mission of man is to subject the inferior portion of his being to that which is superior and spiritual, and to render unto God the homage of a soul living in a body of matter which is subdued. This is being, and this is what makes the saints of heaven. Intemperance destroys this order of things; it takes matter and makes it rule over the soul and lowers man to the rank of a beast and a slave. A slave is established in this free land of America, and yet the army of slaves is still innumerable. It is the great army of drunkards kept in greater bondage than were ever the slaves of Ancient Greece and Rome. Where is the liberty and will of the drunken man? He has left it at the bottom of a glass on the counter of a saloon. The question is whether drunkards have a soul left in them. St. Cyprian and St. Basil assert that intemperance makes beasts of men. Here is a man who has always been respected, but he meets with friends, takes the fatal cup, and a moment after becomes the laughing-stock of the crowd on the street—he has been turned into an ape. Another has always been noted for his mild disposition, but also is imprudent enough to indulge in strong drinks and under their influence he becomes cross and angry—he is turned into a bear. A third has always been a kind husband and an exemplary father, but alas! he is also induced to taste the fiery fluid, and his effect is to make the tongue which then speaks naught but filth and pollution—he has become—well, the name cannot be mentioned.

NOW AS TO THE ACTS

of these various classes. This first, who is, say, a mechanic, has been earning a few dollars during six days of hard labor. A loving wife and lovely children are awaiting his return for the purchase of some much needed article of furniture or clothing; but he has forgotten all about them, and, having spent his money, is just now amusing the idlers on the street with the disgusting of his inebriety—he is the ape. As regards the second, the clock has struck twelve, the poor wife, tired out and weary, has just fallen asleep by the side of the little ones, consulting herself with the thought of joys gone by in the earlier years of her married life. All is silence around, when all at once a noise is heard at the door; the wife and children tremble with fear, and the neighbors are aroused as if by a hurricane. It is the arrival of the drunkard—the bear! Oh! how those poor wives are to be pitied. It is useless for them to try and argue with the brute. The only thing for them to do is to carry him to his bed. To-morrow he will be as meek as a lamb, and he will cry. Nothing is so tender as the heart of a drunkard. What comes out of his eyes is that superfluous drink. Of the acts of the third class drunkard nothing can be said. Suffice it to remark with the Holy Bible that drink and lust go together. It is often difficult for a temperate man to subdue the inferior portion of his being—how, then, can a man do so when he kindles the fire of his passions with strong drink! Holy Writ says that the inebriate even sells his own daughters. To intemperance men are to be traced adulteries, houses of ill fame, misery and trouble in families. The inebriate even lacks the instinct enjoyed by animals. What does the drunkard care about his wife and children so long as he can indulge in his passion? "I was once called at two o'clock in the morning," said Father Garze, "for a dying woman. By her side, on the bed, were two children, one of whom had just been born. As I left the room there sat the drunken husband in an adjoining apartment, emptying a jug of liquor with some friends, and he had

the audacity to offer me a glass. What did he care about his dying wife?" "I knew a little girl twelve years old," again added the preacher, "who is prevented from going to church on Sundays, having to watch over her father, who comes home drunk every Saturday night. Why are so many intellects impaired? Why are there so many debts? Why does poverty exist to such an extent? Intemperance is the cause.

THE SECOND PROPOSITION

developed by the preacher that intemperance contaminates the Christian vocation. As a Christian, man is the son of the Spirit of God and heir to God. Intemperance refuses these high prerogatives. The apostle Paul declares that inebriates shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven. And why not? Because the drunkard's soul is the receptacle for all vices. "Do not merely refer here," said the preacher, "to tramps and men in the gutter. There are drunkards in broadcloth who carry on their orgies in the seclusion of their chamber and the silence of the night. Intemperance reaches the highest classes of society. It is strange to see how these men find an easy excuse for their offense, so long as the outside world preserves a good opinion of them. In confessing their sins they will admit that they sometimes indulge a little too much. Let us see how stands the conscience of these high-toned indulgers." Here Father Garze made a summary review of the commandments, showing that the man habitually under the even partial influence of liquor, cannot do justice to his duties towards God. He showed that the man who loses for the appointed hour when he can take his customary drink, has his mind more turned towards Salome's Park and kindred places, on Sunday, than towards the temple of God. Intemperance is the seven-headed hydra, and to destroy it

TWO THINGS ARE NECESSARY.

—a strong will and the grace of God. St. Paul said that neither idolaters, nor those who commit adultery, nor robbers, nor drunkards shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven. In the mind of the preacher, all those first mentioned could enter the Kingdom of Heaven sooner than the drunkard, for he has lost his will-power, and nothing but special grace from God can save him. He insisted the case of a man sick through drink to whose bedside he had been called. The promises were many and sincere in appearance; but the man recovered and began to drink again. The habitual indulger, even if he saw Christ himself pass by with his cross, would not be touched. "I was once called," added Father Garze, "to a dying man who had lived far from God for three years on account of intemperate habits. I was exhorting him as best I could, when suddenly he turned around saying 'A drink,' and immediately expired." After stating that although the mass of his hearers did not deserve to be charged with the worst forms of intemperance, still a large number would admit that they had often made so-called "honest abuses," the eloquent Father concluded as follows:—"Next to the preacher you will always find the vile solicitations of hell, and these dems where the hydras are fostered—I mean saloons and taverns. I do not wish to make an abuse of language and I know that there are respectable hotel keepers who call look in to the face of any honest man. But I refer to those places where all divine and human laws are ignored. You men, you are numerous here to night, and in the face of God I denounce to you those places where your race gets degenerated. Would that I had the indecible ink with which the angel of God traced the mysterious words on the walls of Balthazar's Palace: *Mene, Tekel, Pares*. I would go and write on the doors of those innumerable dens in our fair city—"Here the Canadian name is dishonored;" "Here the Catholic religion is dishonored;" "Here is the direct road to eternal perdition."

The Origin of Coffee.

The Arabs were the first to discover the art of making a drink from the roasted bean of the coffee plant, and coffee was in use among them long before it was known to the Western nations. The Mahometan theologians were induced at first to regard it as an intoxicating liquor and contrary to the law, as spirituous liquors are forbidden by the Koran. The question was, however, finally settled as to its non-intoxicating qualities, and it has since become the favorite "tipple" of both Turks and Arabs. It was introduced into Constantinople in the early part of the seventeenth century, and writers of that time inform us that the inhabitants of that city drank it as hot as could be endured. A Greek merchant as introduced it into "Merrie England." It was early as 1653 it was satirized in England and on every hand the bitterest invectives were applied to it by the press and pulpit. In one instance a preacher hurled anathemas at the heads of those who used as a beverage a "syrup of root and essence of old shoes." Probably he had good grounds for this statement, having sampled some boiled coffee. It was not until 1668 that the French learned to drink this "essence of old shoes." A Turkish ambassador, on the occasion of a dinner given to some public functionaries, served the seductive drink in elegant porcelain cups, placed on highly wrought silver salvers and handed to the guests by richly caparisoned slaves. This turned the heads and hearts of those thus honored and in a surprisingly short time coffee drinking became a craze among the elegants of Paris.

We always envy a fat woman when we see her laughing. There seems to be so much of her that is having a good time.

FAITH IN ST. JOSEPH

A REMARKABLE CASE OF RELIEF

To a Community of French Nuns—Sister Teresa's Firm Faith in the Patron Saint

In one of the opening years of the present century, a small band of French nuns, of the Order of the Visitation, who had been driven from their holy retreat in Rouen by the fierce and impious revolutionists of '98, resolved to re-enter their beloved Convent of St. Mary. Considered as incapable of inheriting property by the laws of France, and many of their fortunes during the reign of iniquity, the Sisters had with difficulty collected funds sufficient to give a very humble support to their little community. Their chief reliance was on promised pupils. Many parents in Rouen, now that calm was restored to their country, desired to give their daughters a religious education; hence, although the times were still very difficult, the Archbishop of Rouen had authorized these Sisters to form themselves into a regular community.

However, no sooner had the good religious reassumed their holy habit, than a low murmur of discontent was heard among certain of the citizens, and was echoed and re-echoed in the particular quarter of the ancient city in which their convent was situated. Some parents dreading an attack on the sisters, and others fearing mischievous results to their temporal affairs, hastily withdrew their children. True, other convents, had been successfully reopened in Rouen; but this particular one was destined to undergo a heavy trial. The limited treasury of the Sisterhood received no increase from the downers of candidates; for the most common prudence would hinder them from receiving postulants. Not one of the nuns would disclose her poverty to her relatives, lest they might petition the Archbishop for leave to withdraw her; so that many months passed before the Mother Superior found that, without some extraordinary aid in supporting the community, the project of restoration must fail.

The devoted Sisters fasted and prayed fervently; novena after novena of supplications was addressed to their saintly founder and their patron saints, but still no help came. The outlook was indeed dismal; and it was with the saddest forebodings that the Mother Superior made known to the Archbishop the emptiness of the convent purse. Most gladly would his Grace have befriended the community but his own finances were far from prosperous. After laying the case before his council, the Archbishop came to the sad conclusion that it would be best for the Sisters to seek a temporary residence in other convents of their order, which had been reopened with greater temporal success. Accordingly, a series of applications was made to these convents, and happily not one of the nuns was refused a home by their kind and sympathizing Sisters. A day was fixed for the closing of the convent and for the several departures, and the Archbishop presented himself to bid the spiritual daughter a mournful adieu; but still declaring that hope darted bright beams through the cloud that had overshadowed them. On this occasion the senior Sister of the sorrowing band, Mary Teresa, humbly knelt before his Grace, and entreated him to allow the community to remain only two days longer; for that time a novena addressed to St. Joseph would terminate, and she and some of her Sisters had (like her namesake, the great Carmelite) implicit confidence in the glorious Saint's protection.

"But on what do you propose to subsist meanwhile?" inquired the Archbishop. "I am told that your cook and refectory could serve you only boiled cabbage as an accompaniment to dry bread in your late repasts."

"Never mind, Archbishop," said Sister Teresa. "I firmly believe, as do the greater number of us, that St. Joseph will come to our temporal aid; but if he should not, then we will cheerfully acquiesce in the prudent decision adopted by yourself and our Superior."

The kind Archbishop tried to dissemble the pain, which he necessarily felt he must give, was causing him, and, while appearing to yield, continued a playful debate with some of the younger religious. Suddenly the Sister portress was summoned by the door bell.

"That," said Sister Teresa, "is St. Joseph's answer, I am sure."

His Grace smiling sadly, rejoined: "We shall see." The portress re-entered holding a small wooden box addressed to the Superior of the Convent of St. Mary. The Mother Superior looked at it, and perceiving by certain marks stamped on the corner that it contained money, said in a low tone to the portress: "It cannot be for us, for we do not expect any such remittance; besides I really have not the money requisite to pay on its delivery."

"Do you not see, Rev. Mother," exclaimed Sister Teresa, "that St. Joseph has come to our aid!"

"It may be so indeed," said the Archbishop, taking the box. "Who brought this?" he asked of the portress, while closely scrutinizing the superscription, etc., on the heavy box.

"A young gentleman, who when I objected to taking it (as I knew we could not pay the duty on it), suggested, in a tone a little reproving, that he presumed the Lady Superior would decide that matter."

"Mother," said His Grace, "the box

is evidently yours; I will settle with the messenger."

The box, being opened, was found filled with louis d'or fresh from the mint. This was a moment for triumph to Sister Teresa and the warm partisans of St. Joseph's protection.

"Then," said His Grace, "I authorize you to use such a portion of the contents of this mysterious box as will suffice for present necessities; in the meantime, lest (as you seem to fear) it may belong to one of the other convents of the Visitation in Rouen, write and inquire. I am too happy to reverse the decision of departure, and renew my paternal blessing, with a grateful prayer of thanksgiving to God and His faithful servant, St. Joseph."

Inquiries were made as directed, but none of the communities laid claim to the money. All were happy at the good of their Sisters and wondered who could be their generous benefactor. Sister Teresa and the portress were inclined to believe (as the messenger could never be found) that St. Joseph himself had sent the coins from heaven; others were of the opinion that it was an act of restitution made by some sincere penitent on account of wrongs imposed on the community during the Revolution; but all were agreed that unlooked for aid coming so opportunely was an undoubted proof of the protection of the foster father of Jesus Christ. The incident was always fresh in the minds of the Sisters, and the Convent of St. Mary became one of the most fervent and flourishing establishments of the Order of the Visitation in all France.—The Homeless Boy.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Snow fell in England and Ireland last week. The United States whiskey trust earned last year \$4,728,857. The Government is making a move to exterminate lotteries. M. de Giers, Prime Minister of Russia, is said to be dying. French workmen will organize an extensive strike on April 25. Germany will initiate international action to suppress Anarchism. Cholera is spreading alarmingly in the Punjab district of British India. Mrs. John Kaufman hanged herself with her own hand on Tuesday. The University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Sir Charles Tupper. There were 60 failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during this week, against 25 last week. Mr. Hadstone promises to make a stumping tour shortly, whether dissolution is decided on or not. The official inspector in lunacy at Melbourne has declared the insane wife murderer, to be sane. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach says there is real ground for a gloomy trade outlook in Great Britain. The missing of Russian troops on the German frontier causes considerable discussion in Europe. Mr. William Edgar, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk railway, died in this city last week. A majority of the Durham, Eng., miners on strike have again voted to continue the strike. Police Inspector Steers has taken the place of Mr. Byrnes as chief of the New York detective bureau. The estimated deficiency in the United States post-office department for the fiscal year 1891-92 is \$1,240,000. Russia has adopted a number of drastic measures which indicate that preparations are being made for war. The Italian Ministry has resigned. King Humbert has charged the Marquis di Rudini to reconstruct the Cabinet. There is a rumor that Mr. Adam Brown, ex-M.P., will be appointed vice-president of the Great North-western Telegraph Co. Exports to America and France from Belgium have largely increased since the adoption of the new tariffs by the former countries. A bitter feeling against the Jews has been created in Germany, and a hostile legislation is expected at the next session of the Landtag. The Macdonald Memorial Committee of Hamilton gave the order for the statue to be set up on Monday afternoon. It will cost not more than \$500. The French expedition in West Africa has been repulsed near Kairatwa. Four French officers and 81 native soldiers were taken prisoners. Minister Porter has been instructed to return to Home from Philadelphia, where he had been staying during the suspension of diplomatic relations. A Russian ukase forbids naturalized foreigners from possessing real estate in Volhynia unless they embrace the religion of the orthodox Greek Church. The train, ship and section men all along the line of the Erie road are discontented because of the reduction in the working force and threats of a strike are heard. Martha Hanson, who just died in the Harriet Emergency hospital. The passage to his stomach was closed by an abscess, and for four months he kept himself alive by conveying food to his stomach through a funnel inserted by the doctors. The annual election of trustees for the New York Life Insurance Company took place yesterday and resulted in favor of the ticket nominated by President Noyes and the policy holders. It was decided not to pay the \$37,500 pension to ex-President Beers which the former trustees voted.

The Waterford Guardians and Catholic Schools. The Waterford Board of Guardians have adopted the following resolutions:— 1. That we consider the rules of the National Board, which impose restrictions upon the freedom of religious instruction in schools frequented by children and upon the admission in localities where there is abundant school accommodation for Roman Catholics and Protestants, under management acceptable to each denomination as unnecessary and vexatious, and we do hereby call upon the Government to adopt the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Primary Education (Ireland), 1876, p. 571, which urge the Government to remove them. 2. That as the Christian Brothers have rendered immense service to the country by educating the great bulk of the children of the working classes in many cities and towns in Ireland, we regard their exclusion from a share in the money voted by Parliament for the education of the poor in Ireland as an injustice not only to them but to the parents of those children; and we call upon the Government to redress this grievance as soon as possible. 3. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Prime Minister, the Chief Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, and to our city and county members, and to the several Boards of Guardians in Ireland; and that the attention of our representatives in Parliament be called to these resolutions with a view to their speedy removal. Mushrooms spring up in a shower, and that's why they are shaped like umbrellas.