

Trust.

By HENRY COYNE.

Father! The cross is heavy that I bear,
With grief and care,
Oh, lift the burden, for I am not strong,
The way is long;
The path is steep, I see one heretofore,
Without the light,
To guide my path, I turn to and I grieve
Without a hope
Where art Thou, Lord? I look with yearning eyes,
Beyond the skies;
Lo! the clouds part, the sun shines bright and clear—
"Child, I am here!"
Hast thou no faith? Why didst thou not believe?
Can I deceive?
Give me thy hand, Remember that thou must
Thy Father trust!"

"ORANGE LOGIC"

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Yes, the *Orange Sentinel* is quite right: "the story of the conversion of dozens (it used to be thousands and tens of thousands), of deluded Irish peasants and workmen is a regular item in the newspapers." And so it was "when I was a boy in Ireland, during the dread years 1840-49, commonly called the 'Famine Years,' but which the late lamented Archbishop Lynch, in my hearing, pronounced to be 'an insult to the Almighty, for there was no famine, but, on the contrary, plenty of food in the country, it was bad laws'—when the 'soup-kitchen' was in full blast, and where all that was necessary to become a sound Protestant was to accept a copy of the Bible—whether the recipient could read it was not the question—and eat a bowl of meat soup on a Friday.

In the town in which I was reared we had one of those nefarious institutions, where food and clothing were given on the condition of apostasy, and not otherwise. I have repeatedly seen the crowd, and they never mustered a couple of dozen, while the population of the town was about eight thousand, and the surrounding country was also swooped down upon to swell the number of "converts." Then, as now, I well remember the fun my seniors used to have over the glowing accounts of conversions by the weekly appearing in the English newspapers, while the contributions to the cause came along in return. Needless to say that the few "conversions" were of the "good-by, God, till the parties come again" kind, and the town and surrounding country are to-day as thoroughly Catholic as they were a thousand years ago.

A leading spirit in the "Souperism" of that time was one of the Church of England curates. When the "hard times" had disappeared that gentleman disappeared with them: he retired to England, where he lived on a comfortable competence, and may be doing so still for aught I know.

A bright contrast to the above mentioned was his co-curate, who died of fever contracted in his visits to the poor, which were invariably made in company with one of the Catholic curates of the town.

Yours, BRANNAGH.
Ottawa, January 19th, 1892.

Obituary.

JOHN T. DALY.

The month's mind for the late John T. Daly, whose sudden and lamented death occurred on Christmas day, was offered by Rev. Father Hand in St. Paul's church, corner Queen and Power streets, on Thursday, the 25th ult. Mr. Daly was born in Toronto, October 8th, 1849, and was at the time of his death a young man, being only 42 years of age. Having finished his education under the careful training of the Christian Brothers, he went to the States, where he resided for some time. Returning to Toronto, he began business in the grocery line, in which he was engaged till the final summons. Honorable in his dealings, he enjoyed

the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and was much respected by those who knew him. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow and eight children, to whom we extend our earnest sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. JAMES LENIHAN.

The death of Mrs. Lenihan will be much regretted among a very wide circle of friends in Trenton and vicinity. Though many years have elapsed since she left here a happy bride, yet her memory is still fresh in the minds of old friends and associates who remember her as one of Trenton's fairest daughters.

Born in Sidney in the County of Hastings, Ontario, in 1837. She was a daughter of the late Dennis Macaulay Esq. Aside from the time in convent schools at Kingston and elsewhere, her years of girlhood and maidenhood were spent in Trenton. In 1854 she was united in marriage to James Lenihan Esq. who survives her. During a married life of forty years deceased and her husband resided among other places in Perth, Lindsay and Toronto and between 1873 and 1880 in British Columbia where Mr. Lenihan held the important position of Indian Commissioner. During his term of office Mr. Lenihan was ably assisted in the performance of his numerous duties by his devoted wife who by her tact, courtesy, and kindness of heart made thousands of friends among the tribes under the commissioners supervision. After their return from British Columbia they took up residence in Lindsay and remained there until nearly three years ago when they removed to New York city, where Mr. Lenihan succeeded his late brother in a well established business.

Deceased had been ill about a year prior to death. Her end came as her life was spent; calm peaceful, at peace with the world, courageous, and full of trust and confidence in her Divine Saviour. The funeral took place on Wednesday the 3rd inst. and after a Solemn Requiem High Mass had been offered up for the repose of her soul interment took place in Calvary a beautiful cemetery in Williamsburg across from New York. In a letter recently received from the bereaved husband, by her brother Mr. J. G. Macaulay the following beautiful tribute is paid to the wedded companion of forty years.

"In her death you, and all her brothers and sisters, have lost a most faithful and loving sister, and I have lost a most faithful and affectionate wife. Mine is the greatest loss. I am left as a ship without a helm, to be tossed about on the stormy ocean of life for the remainder of my life, but I trust in God, and the most excellent examples which she always inculcated and gave me. Faith was Elizabeth's anchor, and her charity, and truly Christian life, was one that we should all remember. Her steadfast and constant love of her family, kindred, friends, and home was to be admired. Her charity was unbounded, she loved God's poor, and like her good father and mother, she was always ready to shelter and help the unfortunate. No one could know her better than I did, and none can speak so fully of her virtues. She was a most unselfish woman, a faithful and loving wife."

What a noble tribute from a noble husband! Volumes could not more eloquently describe the wife's virtues, the husband's loss. Truly his is the greatest loss, and to him in the midst of profound grief we tender our heart felt sympathy, trusting that he may derive consolation from that Source to which in time of sorrow and affliction the true Christian always turns.—*Trenton Advocate*

FRANCIS McMANUS

Death has, during the past month cast its dark and gloomy shadow over many homes and taken from amongst us dearly loved ones. None on whom it has placed its icy clasp will be more deeply lamented than Francis McManus,

Clerk of the Court, Picton, one of the most prominent and respected members of St. Gregory's congregation. Mr. McManus was attacked with la grippe about a year ago, but was able to discharge the duties of his office until July; from that time, despite the best medical skill and the most devoted care and attention of loving children, it became evident that death was steadily approaching. He lingered, however, until Monday, 18th Dec., when, after receiving with tender and trusting devotion the last Sacrament, with which the Church consoles and sustains her children in that solemn hour, he calmly breathed forth his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

The funeral was one of the largest and most respectable seen in Picton for some time. Rev. Charles McManus performed the last solemn rites, having journeyed from Marble Head, Mass., to pay this sad tribute of affection to a fond brother.

Mr. McManus belonged to an old and respected family, being a relative of the late Bishop O'Reilly, Springfield, Mass., and of Bishop McGovern, Australia, also of the late Vicar-General McManus, Geneva, Rev. Michael McManus, South Lawrence, Kansas; James McManus, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Lawrence McManus, and Rev. Patrick McManus. He was an ardent lover of Faith and Fatherland, and an enthusiastic advocate of Home Rule. Strictly upright in all his dealings, conscientious, honorable and warm-hearted, he won the esteem of all, irrespective of class or creed. Educated, intelligent and thoroughly conversant with all the questions of the day, he proved an agreeable companion. He took a deep and lively interest in all matters appertaining to the Church and Catholic School, and was most zealous in promoting their advancement by every means in his power. Besides other offices he held that of Secretary Treasurer of the Board of Catholic School Trustees, and was one of the members of the Executive Committee of the Church, and ably and faithfully did he discharge the duties entrusted to him. His charity was deep and earnest, the true Christian charity which knows no creed or nation. The poor have indeed lost a friend—a friend who gave cheerfully and unostentatiously, looking for no reward or praise but the reward of Him who "loveth the cheerful giver."

While our hearts go out in sympathy to his sorrowing children let us not forget to pray for him whom we mourn, and in the words of our holy Church say: *Requiescat in pace.*

A Prelate's Presence of Mind.

At a luncheon given to Governor McKinley at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, recently, Rev. Dr. H. A. Brann, the well known Catholic clergyman of that city, related a good anecdote of the late Archbishop Hughes. Dr. Hughes was once visited by a crank in his Mulberry street residence. It was at night and the crank entered the bed room, and waking Dr. Hughes from a sound sleep, drew a dagger and threatened to kill him.

With wonderful presence of mind the prelate cried out:

"Are you an Irishman?"

"I am," replied the crank.

"Then go out," said Dr. Hughes, "and get a blackthorn stick and kill me with that. No Irishman yet killed a man with a dagger; only Italians use that weapon."

"The crank put up his knife and went out for the blackthorn," said Dr. Brann, "and the prelate's life was saved."

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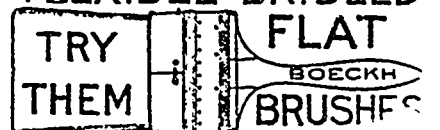
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