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A FASTIDIOUS PERSON.

"The subject of the religious training of children is one which must come before all others; but am I to send my child—whom I have no time to teach at home—to a parochial school, where he will meet unpleasant companions and inferior children, who can be of no use to him in future life?"

This is one paragraph from a letter. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

This is one paragraph from a letter which comes from Washington. The lady writing it continues:

"In the public schools here one finds the nicest possible children. Many of the teachers are Catholics, and the parents of the children are often people in the best Catholic and Protestant society here. The public schools are not now looked down on as they were by persons of social standing. I fear, too, that in the parochial schools prayer sometimes takes the place of study."

of study."

Naturally, these words are on hotpressed paper, with ragged edges, and the seal bears a crest—all of which shows that our correspondent is a person of the highest Washington respectability, and impresses us greatly, and makes us fear that some rude or unchastened word may escape from us on a subject which is the Great one of the present time—Catholic

education.

If our aristocratic correspondent were of the male sex, we might say that she writes like a fool; but there are no fools of the falrer sex. 'The fool saith in his heart there is no God.' But our correspondent was not account to the faller sex.

heart there is no God." But our correspondent comes as near to saying the same thing as any woman can.

She puts things of this world—and very doubtful things—before that God in whom she professes to believe. She admits that she has no time" to teach her children the principles and practices of the Christian religion, or anything else, but she is willing to sacrifice such practices for certain very imaginary social advantages. She will not even get her mess of pottage, after all. But she will have to swallow the bitter pill of knowing that she has put her children in the way of damnation without securing anything by her bargain with the devil.

Public schools in Washington are very ruch like public schools everywhere else. They are—as to the buildings—large and clean; as to teachers, respectable so far as they go; as to the pupils, promiscuous, miscellaneous, mixed. The child of the honest man sits on the same bench as the build of the third the same bench as the child of the thief, the equality of the bodies of the pupils being supposed to be as perfect as the equality of the minds. Where the "nicenees" of this arrangement comes in we find it hard to see. Perhaps comes in we find it hard to see. Perhaps our aristceratic correspondent's perception of its "inceness" may be heightened by the fact that she is not called on to pay for the privileges of public school education. However, the peculiar social advantages offered by the public schools at Washington are no better and no worse than those of the public schools elsewhere.

where.

As to the parochial schools, we admit that our correspondent will find them much frequented by the children of the "Irish," or, as our refined correspondent much frequented by the children of the "Irish," or, as our refined correspondent would doubtless say, of the "low Irish." But we may remind her that, even from her point of view, these schools have a certain advantage on that account. The Irish are possessing the land, and even in Washington, where, as we all know, society is so exclusive that nobody less than a lobbyist is ever admitted, she may occasionally meet persons with Irish names. As a social investment for the future, she will find the parochial school perhaps

As a social investment for the future, she will find the parochial school perhaps better than the public school.

But, apart from this, which she will probably regard as uncalled for persiylage, or, in English, "chaff," the parochial school has one great advantage: it is founded to teach children that there is God and the Church; it is founded to perpetuate the work for which Our Lord perpetuate the work for which Our Lord died. It is a school for Christians. In it the child learns to look on Christ's Church as real. He is inspired with firmer faith by every breath he draws in a Catholic school. The Crucfix is before him. He is reminded of the Annunciation when the Angelus strikes. He cannot forget for a moment that he is a Chris tian. Our correspondent translates this into: "I fear, too, that in the parochial schools prayers sometimes take the place

And why not? What comes of the first And why not? What comes of the instances seven years' study in public schools? Only that the pupil has learned the three R's more or less, and that, although he has a smattering of various things, he has yet to learn the practical lessons of life, and to get rid of his "education" so far as possible.

possible,
Admitting, for the sake of our amiable correspondent, that there are more ragged jackets and poorer children in parochial schools: is contact with ragged jackets and poverty the worst things she has to fear for her child, or even a little rudeness or uncouthness?

rudeness or uncouthness? Is not doubt, or hardness of heart to-ward God, or ignorance of Christian doctrine, worse than these things? A little carelessness in dress, or even a touch of the brogue—which some inhabitants of the United States, like our correspondent, seem to fear worse than hell—can be seem to fear worse than hell—can be overcome. But how can the seeds of unbelief be kept from germinating in a soil so congenial to them? If our correspondso congenial to them? If our correspondent was a St. Monica, she could scarcely hope to bring her son back to the Church after having submitted him to the danger of losing his Faith. If she admits honestly that "the subject of religious training should come before all others," she has no choice but to send her child to a parochial school even at the risk of his has no choice but to send her child to a parochial school, even at the risk of his losing the "whole world" in the future. But people who understand the present world know well that the risk is apparent to her, because she wants to find an excuse for refusing to follow her plain duty to God and her children.

There are many like her, both men and women. For their benefit, we answer her

women. For their benefit, we answer her publicly.

Scotts Emulsion of Pare

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES Is Remarkable as a Flesh Producer.

The increase of flesh and strength is perceptible immediately after commencing to use the Emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil emulsified with the Hypophosphites is most remarkable for its healing, strengthening, and flesh-producing qualities.

THE LATE ARCHBISHO? BOURGET.

THREE MIRACULOUS CURES PERFORMED BY

The following were communicated to La Presse, of Montreal, testifying to the remarkable miraculous cures performed by the late Archbishop Bourget before his death:

death:
Thersile Senecal, wife of Samuel Chagnon, merchant of the parish of St. Paul l'Hermite, diocese of Montreal, certifies that for several years she suffered considerably from cancer on the left breast. About this time she gave birth to a child; who almost killed her, and whom she could not feed. The great reproyed physicians feed. The most renowned physicians were consulted and attended her, but their were consulted and attended her, but their attendance and readiness gave her no relief. Hearing of the many miraculous cures performed by his Lordship the late Archbishop in his solitude at Sault-au Recollet, she was taken to his Lordship by her husband. It was on Palm Sunday, 1881, and she was caused great pain by being removed in the carriage. When ushered into his presence at St. Janvier Convent she threw herself at his feet and cried. His Lordship raised her up and consoled both husband and wife saying that it was not a cancer, and the sore would soon disappear. His Lordship, in giving his blessing said: "Return to your home, your life will be saved. Devote it to the blessing and serving God, and bring up your children like good Christians." In returning from the Sault au Recollet she felt easier, and from day to day became better by degrees.

ARIES IN NORTHWEST CANADA.

Bishop Grandin, whose diocese was the seat of the late rebellion, in a conversation with the writer, says that immense damage has been done by the unfortunate affair. Two of his priests were killed by the Indians through spite, because they would not favor the rebellion. In past years two were drowned while crossing ice. Their dog train also perished. Another priest was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in a squall whilst trying to save a young Indian boy who was his guide, and both sank. Three priests were frozen in a blizzard on the prairies. Four, confined in the camp of Poundkeeper, were badly frozen but did not die. All suffer fearfully following the Indians as they move; their camps around, this being the only way of doing any good with them. The missionary has to eat their bad food and stave with them. They have little and starve with them. They have little other than dried fish without salt, but anything will be eaten rather than starve. At present he has thirty-eight priests with twenty two lay brother assistants. There twenty-two lay brother assistants. There are also about forty Sisters of Charity in eight establishments, taking care of orphaus and the sick, and teaching schools. The only hope, the bishop says, centres in the youth, the older ones, on account of their extreme fickleness, are not to be relied upon. In the northern part of his director in the doubt of without the same diocese, in the depth of winter, the sur does not come above the horizon for thirty-three days. The days are marked by a strong twilight. The bishop is prematurely old and gray. He has been twenty-six years a bishop in that country, and had been a missionary for several years before that. He suffered incredible hardships during all that time, sharing all the miseries of the wandering tribes, travelling in dog sleighs and snowshoes in winter; but now, as the buffalo are being driven off, the Indians will have to settle down, and the missionaries will not suffer so much. Even the caribou has been driven off. Their flesh is both good and nourishing. The Indians even eat its stomach and all that it contains, The stomach and all that it contains, The caribou feeds on moss which gives out an aromo which is very palatable. The Bishop receives a donation from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith of France for his missions, supporting priests, building chapels, etc. If the priests can count on 25 cents a day, they consider themselves well off. Bishop Grandin has gone to Ottawa and Lower Canada to gone to Ottawa and Lower Canada to obtain assistance for his ruined missions. There are 15,000 Catholic Indians in his

CONFESSORS IN MADAGASCAR.

THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS. The kindness of a correspondent enables us to let our readers have the following

us to let our readers have the following glimpse of the persecuted and faithful Catholics of Madagascar. A flock without a shepherd, the native Catholics still meet together as we described at length in our issue of September 12th, and every Sunday assemble, and though without the possibility of the reality of the Sacrifice, sing their part of the Mass as though a priest was present. The following extract from a letter recently received speaks with an eloquence all its own: "Mr. Maigrot has seen our dear Christians at Tananarivo; his presence, his advice, his help were all assured to them beforehand, for he is an excellent Catholic and a real Mauritien. On the Sunday he assisted at evening there were Vespers; the Benediction hymns which he heard, the order, the silence, the good behaviour and numbers of the faithful under circumstances which seemed formed to cast out Catholicity in Madagascar, were, indeed, striking facts, and Mr. Maigrot was much edified. He was also able to do a good work whilst there. With the authority of the Prime Minister he presided over the distribution of a large quantity of linen to our dear, forsaken sick. I mean the eighty-five lepers whom the Catholic mission has looked after for so many years. Many hundred metres of linen rejoiced for one moment those lives usually so desolate. The sojourn of Mr. Maigrot in Tananarivo is one of those graces which the good God has vouchsafed to our poor Christians for their consolation and support. A member of the Catholic Union (my penitent) gave him this simple, but touching commission: 'Tell Father C—, my confessor, that his child has not looked back, and that he guards faithfully still his baptismal innocence.' It is a young man of twenty-five who speaks thus, and it is, thanks to him, that one of the four parishes of the capital goes on so well; he teaches the school there and presides over the religious ceremonies with a zeal and fervor that excite the admiration; he has no equal in the talent of teaching and directing religious music.

perance. Boys think it shows a man! spirit to tipple on the sly, and show how much they can drink without becoming

much they can drink without becoming sick. Even those who do not actually drink enough to turn their young brains, affect to talk bolsterously, to be quarrelsome, to stagger in the streets and, in the very ears of their listening Guardian Angel, to curse the name of the Most High. How few men are there, addicted to this evil, who thoroughly understand the awful responsibility they assume when they present themselves as models of manhood for the imitation of the young! How little do they realize the peril of How little do they realize the peril of their souls, lying quivering in the Hand of God, as it trembies with divine wrath! Precept will do much; but example must do more. Fathers and mothers of Amer do more. Fathers and mothers of America! realize how busily men are employed in bringing down a curse on this land, so signally blessed by Heaven. Remember that your children have the shaping of its future. Can you doubt for an instant that the Criminal Code would be simplified to a few rules of equitable conduct if this one wise of intemperance, which begets one vice of intemperance, which begets and fosters every crime in its teeming womb, were removed from our midst? Let your sons know how unmanly, how beastly, drunkenness is. Let them know that the life of a drunkard is a succession of alternations of utter blanks of unconsciousness with periods of horrible pain and raging remorse. How can any man be said to live whose one desire in life is oblivion? How can anybody be called a nan who has thrown his intelligence to the winds; who has assumed the appear ance, the manner, the nature of a beast; who has deliberately divorced his being from that which distinguishes humanity-

We intend in the columns of Vespe Bells, (weekly), The Guardian Angel (monthly), to give consideration to this evil, and its preventive, in the shape of short articles. Our efforts in this department will be persistent. If parents and guardians co-operate with us we trust that these efforts will not be fruitless, for time accomplishes much, and "constant dropping wears the stone." JACQUES

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

"That's easily explained," answered his reverence; "the fact is that the Government has of late been making magistrates of the asses, and, therefore, I should not consider it respectful to travel about on the back of one of the confraternity."

"GOD BLESS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

EDIFYING FIDELITY AND PERSEVERANCE OF

Church Progress,
Such is the tribute paid to the labors of the Church by the phenomenal revivalist, Sam Jones, in one of his special sermons in St. Louis. We cannot help expressing our admiration of the wonderful change that has operated on the minds of Protestant people, to stand such an expression, even in the mouth of an eccentric Methodist exhorter.

Such an outrage some years ago, would be resented by the average Protestant congregation as simply heathenish. The idea of God having anything to do with the Catholic Church was thought preposterors. She alone was corrupt, was worse

the Catholic Church was thought prepos-terous. She alone was corrupt, was worse than Pagan, and totally defiled. Little children were instructed by their parents to look upon Catholics as something odd, for he is an excellent Catholic and a real Mauritien. On the Sunday he assisted at our meeting in the choir; his chair being placed on the Epistle side of the altar. What a sight he beheld! He was assisting at a Mass sung by converts and without a priest. At the Gospel a member of the Catholic Union addressed the congregation, imitating as far as possible the preacher who was no longer there. In the evening there were Vespers; the Benediction hymns which he heard, the order, the silence, the good behaviour and number of the Catholic Church. Even the mighty Sam Jones concedes that if St. Louis was a Catholic city he would have to work to do there.

Certainly not! Sam, with all his reli-

ter, by a Protestant minister, Prof. Lindsay, D. D., of Glasgow, may help to dispet the illusion. Speaking of the condition of the working man at different times, he said that the 15th century—the last Catholic century be it noted—as his golden. age. His prosperity was seen in the facts, 1st, that women were seldom engaged in outdoor labor; 2d. the working day was about sight bount and 2rd about eight hours; and 3rd, peasants bought lands and became peasant proprietors, while artisans became small capitalists.

A change came with the Reformation A change came with the Reformation. Two blows were then struck at the prosperity of the workingman, from which he has not yet recovered. These were the confiscation of the guilds and other spoliations by Henry VIII. and his successor, and the debasement of the coinage. The glorious Elziabethan age found the workingman in a condition of degradation. During the 17th and 18th centuries—precisely the very centuries, he it also precisely the very centuries, be it also noted, when Protestantism was at its height and had most power over the people—he was kept down by legislative enactments. The right of combination was refused him, his wages were fixed by law, and the Poor Law tied him to his place of birth almost as much as if he had been over the combined of the state of the st been a serf. England grew wealthy while England's working classes were plunged into the gulf of pauperism. Macaulay had to admit that the Reformation found all the serfs set free; the facts narrated by the lecturer show that the principles it introduced brought the people to a state of serfdom only in the name.

An Anecdote of a Witty Priest.

There is an anecdote told of a certain priest who once happened to be riding a spirited young horse along a road in Ireland. His reverence whilst thus engaged was met by two gentlemen who had lately been raised to the magistracy of the county, and, being in a gay humor, they thought they would amuse them-selves by quizzing him. "How comes it, good Father," said one of them "that you are mounted on such a

fine horse? Your predecessors the Apostles, I understand, always performed their

their journeys on asses."
"That's easily explained," answered his reverence; "the fact is that the Gov-

CHILDREN THAT ARE DEAD.

Catholic Columbian.

was their duty to got with these duties? You may try to excuse them and say: "I should have begun when these duties? You may try to excuse them and say: "I should have begun when they were younger, to each them. The fault is mine, not theirs." Well, all we can say for this excuse is, it is a pity this fault was committed. But your children did know when told what was their duty to God, their neighbor and themselves. They did not want to be restrained and their unwillingness troubled you. These are the children of whom you say, because now dead. "They did not live long, enough to known to Americans than the remotest parts of Europe. * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Curope. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. * * * * * How hards of Europe. *

Neglect of the Dead.

Very few persons assisted at the Requiem Masses in the Cincinnati Cathe-dral last week for the repose of the souls of Reuben R. Springer and Father Hal-

The Commercial Gazette, commenting on this slim attendance, quotes the expression: Good people, "How soon we are forgotten." What a chilling of the love-warmth in the hearts of those two dead men would have taken place while they were still alive, if they could have foreseen that when they were in their graves, almost none of all those who pro-

graves, almost none of all those who protested that they were their friends would think enough of them to go and pray in church one-half hour for them once a year! They are hardly cold yet and already their memory is dead.

And the neglect shown them is most probably the same that we shall one day experience. We shall be forgotten, and no one will intercede for us. Can we justly complain? Do we not treat our dead as if they had never been, and when it comes our turn to return to earth, shall we not, also, be buried from remembrance as well as from the eight of all those who as well as from the sight of all those who low say they love us?

When did we have a Mass said for the souls of whom we are bound to pray? Echo answers—"When?"

A New Way to Cure Consumption.

Scientific investigators have found that Scientific investigators have found that the power of the bacillus of consumption is destroyed when other bacteria are grown in the same soil. Recognizing this fact, the new and remarkable idea has occurred to Dr. Cantani, of Naples, of fighting bacilli with other bacilli. If one of the organs of the body be attacked by havily which is depressed to the property of the power of th a bacillus which is dangerous to human life, he introduces a bacillus which is not injurious to man, but brings destruction to the dangerous bacillus. In the case of a consumptive patient the doctor introa consumptive patient the doctor intro-duced a harmless organism known as the bacterium termo, and found that the bacillus tuberculosis gradually disap-peared from the patient's expectorations. A description of the procedure is given in the Centralblatt fur die Medicinschen Wissens-chatten. chaften.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Now that the French Canadian pec-

To the Editor of the Courier:

The poet of the Sierras, Joaquin. Miller, spent his summer vacation in Canada two years ago. In one of his letters, written from Quebec, he said:

"I have discovered a land here less known to Americans than the remotest parts of Europe. * * * * How little we know of this truly great land; creat in territory, comparative antiquity.

His including in gring this belowing could be shared, the collection of the collecti

Montreal have considered as an outrage, and have resisted in consequence. Who will blame them for it? Is not every man's house his castle, or, as they say in French, charbonnier maitre en sa maison?
FAIR-PLAY.

The Goldon Mass of Advent.

The Golden Mass was one that used to be celebrated formerly on the Wednesdays of the quarter tenses of Advent in honor of the Mother of God. It used to be a Solemn High Mass of the most gergeous kind, and was often protracted three or four hours, in order to give full sway to the ceremonies and musical pieces sway to the ceremonies and musical pieces employed on the occasion. The bishop and all his canons assisted at it, as well as the members of the different religious communities of the place where it was celebrated. It was customary, too, to distribute gifts, and those very often of the costliest kind, among the people who assisted at it: and, from the nature and excellence of the mystery in honor of which it was offered, it used to be written in letters of gold, hence its name. Traces of this Mass may be witnessed yet here and there through Germany ; but at the church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, the regular Mass is celebrated every year on the 231 of December. Thousands assist at it on this occasion.

"Stand back, gentlemen! Clear the track!" shouted the police, and as the quickly-gathering crowd surged back, steamer No 4 came up the street the magnificent black horses stricking fire from the pavement. But hold! A wheel comes off! the steamer is overturned, and the brave firemen are picked up bleeding and senseless!

An investigation revealed the fact that in oiling the steamer that morning the steward had neglected to put in the linch-pin. A little neglect on his part had caused a loss of a half million dollars. The busy marts of trade are full of men who are making the same fatal mistake. They neglect their kidneys, thinking they need no attention, whereas if they made occasional use of Warners safe cure they would never say that they don't feel quite well; that a tired feeling bothers them; that they are plagued with indigestion; that their brain refuses to The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads respond at call; that their nerves are all unstrung — Fire Journal.