The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

Corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to

The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for March, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 4th day, 11h., 12.6m., p. m., W.
New Moon 12th day, 6h., 8.5m., p. m., S.
First Quarter 20th day, 4h., 24.9m., p.m., S.E.
Full Moon 27th day, 5h., 55.9m., p. m., E.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.	aft'rn	m'rn	aft'rn
1	Thur	5 43	5 41	9 58	8 42	0 44
2	Fri	42	42	11 14	9 13	1 26
3	Sat	40	43	morn	9 43	2 14
4	Sun	38	44	0 25	10 24	3 11
5	Mon	36	47	1 34	11 6	4 [illegible]
6	Tues	34	48	2 37	11 52	5 53
7	Wed	32	50	3 32	aft 51	7 15
8	Thur	30	51	4 20	1 50	8 17
9	Fri	29	53	5 1	2 51	9 7
10	Sat	27	54	5 36	3 54	9 47
11	Sun	25	56	6 6	4 57	10 24
12	Mon	23	57	6 32	6 0	10 56
13	Tues	21	59	7 2	6 56	11 28
14	Wed	19	6 0	7 21	8 2	11 59
15	Thur	17	1	7 44	9 3	morn
16	Fri	15	2	8 14	9 56	0 30
17	Sat	13	3	8 41	10 59	1 2
18	Sun	11	5	9 7	m'rn	1 39
19	Mon	9	6	9 43	0 3	2 20
20	Tues	7	7	10 27	1 2	3 9
21	Wed	5	8	11 14	1 59	4 13
22	Thur	3	9	aft 12	2 52	5 35
23	Fri	6 0	10	1 17	3 40	6 53
24	Sat	5 58	12	2 16	4 23	8 1
25	Sun	56	13	3 40	5 2	8 54
26	Mon	54	14	4 57	5 39	9 42
27	Tues	52	15	6 15	6 8	10 24
28	Wed	50	16	7 30	6 39	11 4
29	Thur	49	18	8 52	7 14	11 46
30	Fri	46	20	10 9	7 43	aft 27
31	Sat	5 44	22	11 22	8 20	1 16

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the amounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 19, 1887.

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

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W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885

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B. BALDERSTON has a full supply of the purest and best

CONFECTIONERY.

Manufactured on the premises every day. Customers can rely on their Candies being fresh and pure.

We want every country dealer to call on us and see if he cannot, save money by getting his Confectionery from us.

Choice Fruits in their Season.

Best GROCERIES at Low Prices.

Colgate's Soaps & Perfumery.

B. BALDERSTON.

Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.

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jan. 17, 1884

CARSLAKE'S

GRAND DERBY SWEEP

$25,000.00

1st horse (in duplicate) $3,000 each prize, $6,000
2nd " " $2,000 " $4,000
3rd " " $1,000 " $2,000
Other starters (divided equally) $2,000
in duplicate $4,000
Non-starters (divided equally) $4,000 in duplicate $9,000

5,000 Tickets at $5 each.

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Ten per cent. deducted from all prizes.

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Mansion House, Montreal.

Jan. 18, 1888—4m

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99 PER CENT PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, - TORONTO.

FOUND.

SOME years ago, on the Glasgow Road, a wallet containing a sum of money. Apply to S. Blanchard, at the office of Bayfield & Blanchard.

March 21, 1888.—1m

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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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HAS obtained a widespread popularity as a cure for COUGHS, INFLUENZA, CATARRH,

EMULSION

SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASE, NERVOUS, PROSTRATION, CONSUMPTION, IMPOVERISHED BLOOD,

OF COD LIVER OIL

And the many diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Blood and Brain.

WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Puttner's Emulsion

Is made from the purest material, is very palatable, and can be taken and retained by the most delicate.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,

March 21, 1888. Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS,

Previous to Stock-Taking,

—We offer the balance of our—

Winter Goods,

Such as Ulster Cloths, Dress Goods, Tweeds, Overcoatings, Shawls, Scarfs, Gents' Underwear, Cardigans, Jersey Jackets, Skirts, Gloves and Mitts, Fur and Cloth Caps, Overshoes, Millinery, &c., &c.,

At PRICES TO CLEAR.

Come & Get Bargains.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO

Kensington, Feb. 29, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887-8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887-8.

On and after Thursday, December 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.....dp.	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction.....	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane.....	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction.....	9 09	4 07
Freetown.....	9 22	4 22
Kensington	9 40	4 45
Summerside ..... ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside ..... dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington.....	1 27	
Port Hill	2 08	
O'Leary.....	2 22	
Bloomfield.....	3 45	
Alberton.....	4 20	
Tignish .....ar.	5 15	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp.	6 00	
Alberton.....	6 55	
Bloomfield.....	7 20	
O'Leary	7 34	
Port Hill	9 07	
Wellington	9 49	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ..... ar.	10 35	
Summerside ..... dp.	11 05	A. M. 6 30
	P. M.	
Kensington	12 05	7 05
Freetown	12 22	7 28
Emerald Junction.....	12 36	7 43
Bradalbane.....	12 45	7 53
Hunter River.....	1 15	8 30
North Wiltshire.....	1 29	8 45
Royalty Junction.....	2 12	9 37
Charlottetown.....ar.	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No. 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction....dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse.....ar.	4 60

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse.....dp.	6 45
Emerald Junction.... ar.	7 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown.....dp	2 20	
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 50	
Bedford	3 25	
Mt. Stewart June.. ar	3 55	
Mt. Stewart June.. dp	4 10	
Cardigan	5 20	
Georgetown .....ar	6 45	
	P. M.	P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp		4 05
Morell		4 43
St. Peter's.....		5 12
Bear River		5 57
Souris .....ar		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown .....dp	7 15	
Cardigan	7 38	
Mount Stewart Jun ar	8 50	
Mount Stewart Jun dp	9 00	
Bedford	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n.....	10 05	
Charlottetown .....ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Souris ....dp		6 20
Bear River		7 00
St. Peter's.....		7 43
Morell		8 17
Mount Stewart June..ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown Nov. 29, 1887—tf

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of OWEN CONNOLLY, late of Charlottetown, Merchant, deceased, hereby notify all parties indebted to the said Estate of the said Owen Connolly to make immediate payment of their respective debts to them at the premises on Queen Street, in Charlottetown, formerly occupied by the said Owen Connolly; and all persons having accounts or claims against the said Owen Connolly, or his Estate, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned at the said premises, on Queen Street, within Twelve Months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown this Seventh day of January, 1888.

ANDREW A. McDONALD,
WILLIAM W. SULLIVAN,
FREDERICK PETERS,
} Executors

January 4, 1888—tf

SEWING MACHINES, AT A BARGAIN.

ONE first-class RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE, new, and also one second-hand for sale very cheap. Apply at the

HERALD OFFICE.

Charlottetown, May 25, 1887.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

Cardinal Manning and the Unemployed.

The following letter from His Eminence Cardinal Manning appeared in the London *Times* of February 3rd:—

SIR,—In your leading article of to-day on the deputation of Lord Herchell to the Prime Minister, you have laid to my charge an impeachment of which I am altogether innocent, and you will I am sure, in justice insert this letter in your paper of to-morrow.

You say: "We say nothing of Cardinal Manning's reiteration in his wild proposition, that every deserving person who is unemployed has a right to be provided by the community with work at the current rate of wages." I did not reiterate this proposition, because in my life I have never made it. I not only have never said, but I never thought it; and more than this, I was the other day at the Mansion House engaged, with certain leading members of the Charity Organization Society, in framing a scheme of employment on open spaces in London—a scheme drawn up on the lines of Mr. Strachan's work in Chelsea, by which careful provision was made against payment of work at the current rate of wages. Further, I have never made any proposition in respect to the right of every person who is unemployed, beyond affirming that every motive of wisdom and benevolence would dictate to the administrators of the Poor Law to deal with them in times of severe and transient distress, as the Charity Organization Society endeavors to do. Last year you were good enough to say, in treating of some words of mine on this same subject, that I had taken refuge "in conclusion of thought." I received the rebuke with becoming meekness, and held my peace. This morning you tell me "that it is needless to waste time on a reformer apparently destitute of the rudiments of the science upon which he poses as an authority." This is hardly reasoning; but by some it may be mistaken for it. I have learned political economy from older and higher teachers.

I must further call your attention to the insufficiency of your reply to the answer I made to the following words of a letter in your paper of yesterday morning. I give them *in extenso* to avoid confusion of thought (the italics are mine): "The *only* way to make more work for the unemployed is for the employed to produce as much profit as they can—*i. e.*, as much surplus as they can—over the cost of producing; for all that profit *must* be spent on employing some body in some way or other." You have, unfortunately omitted my first answer: "But if there be no surplus?" It is especially in times of depression, such as this in which we are, that able, willing, and deserving men are thrown out of employment. What surplus is there at the present moment in the iron trade, or in agriculture? And in what part of the country is your argument verified? And what trade is at this moment making a surplus sufficient to employ the deserving men who are out of work? The perpetual vicissitudes of trade in this country render such an abstract theory inadequate, even if it were practicable. It must never be forgotten that the subject of the deputation yesterday was this—how to find prompt and effective relief for the present and urgent distress. Theories of gradual accumulation of surplus will not feed hungery men, women and children; and hunger cannot be sent to Jupiter or to Saturn. Once more, I stated that there is no "must" in the case. "Capitalists are free to do what they will with their surplus. It may be invested in land, which would employ the scantiest number of hands; or it may be advanced on foreign loans, in which an enormous amount of English capital is at this moment invested, finding employment for multitudes, but in foreign lands. It may be spent in a thousand ways that never reach such a distress as is now weighing upon London.

Finally, I would ask, what number of years may be required to raise the level of surplus and employment over the surface of the country? And, in the meanwhile, how many hundreds of thousands may die off by a death of which a jury the other day found "that it was accelerated by want?" It may be needless to waste time upon me; but your time would not be wasted in finding prompt and adequate relief for the present and urgent distress of thousands of our best and worthiest working men, with their wives and children. Hitherto this has not been done by the *Times*. I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

†HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal-Archbishop.

Archbishop's House,
Westminster, S. W., Feb. 2nd.

The cudgels were taken up for the editor of the *Times*, and the following reply by His Eminence appeared in the *Times* of the following Tuesday:

SIR,—Your correspondent "G." complains sensitively of the words "heartless and headless," as applied to his former letter in your columns. I had no wish to wound an unknown person, but I cannot regard my words as inapplicable to his former letter. His letter of to-day does not, in my judgment, clear what he wrote from the censure I expressed; but I willingly assure him that I accept the explanation of his intention. He asks me who are my older and higher teachers in political economy, and I will gladly tell him; but he forces me to speak of personal matters which I should not have written. In the years 1829–1832, when I had other thoughts of the world before me, I read no little of political economy, beginning with Ricardo. I was intimate with some of the chief members of the Political Economy Club, and I had the honor of dining with them, and hearing the discussions of such men as Archbishop Whately, Mr. Grote, Mr. Tooke, and others. More recently I have read much of Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett, and from them I hope to justify my answer—that transient relief in time of distress, as defined and limited in the careful letter of Mr. Loch in the *Times* of to-day, has nothing to do with national workshops.

We have, indeed, lately been told by a high authority that the giving of relief in the form of work, "to those who in the time of destitution came under the Poor Law," is the same thing as "national workshops." This opinion was further accentuated by the assertion "that any attempt on the part of the State to step into the place of the ordinary employer, and to establish a relation between it and the working classes similar to that between the employer and the employed, would only result in the long run in producing far more frightful, widespread, and permanent misery than it was designed to remedy." I am also of that opinion; but I cannot admit that the giving relief, either by the Poor Law or the action of private efforts, to men able and willing to work, but unemployed, in times of severe and protracted distress, is one and the same thing with national workshops, or equivalent to asking the State to step into the place of the ordinary employer, and to establish a relation between it and the working classes, similar to that between the employer and the employed. It will not be difficult to show why the latter proposition can be peremptorily and consistently repudiated, and the latter proposition urgently and anxiously recommended. I need not use any argument of my own, but I will give the judgment of one who was certainly not ignorant of the rudiments of political economy. John Stuart Mill, in his "Vindication of the Provisional Government of the French Revolution," in February, 1848, writes as follows:

"There remains another measure of the Provisional Government, which opens a still wider field of difficult and important discussion than the preceding—the recognition of the *droit au travail*; of an obligation on society to find work and wages for all persons willing and able to work, who cannot procure employment for themselves. . . . To one class of thinkers the acknowment of the *droit au travail* may very naturally appear a pretentious blunder, but it is curious to see who those are that most loudly profess this opinion. It is singular that this act of the Provisional Government should find its bitterest critics in the journalists who dilate on the excellence of the Poor Law of Elizabeth; and that the same thing should be so bad in France, which is perfectly right in the opinion of the same persons in England and Ireland. For the *droit au travail* is the Poor Law of Elizabeth and nothing more, aid guaranteed to those who cannot, employment to those who can work. This is the Act of Elizabeth, and this is the promise which it is so inexcusable in the Provisional Government to have made in France. . . . On the English parochial system, the law gives to every pauper a right to demand work, or support without work, for himself individually. . . . It appears to the Provisional Government, as it must to every unselfish and open-minded person, that the earth belongs first of all to the inhabitants of it; that every person alive ought to have a subsistence before any one has more; that whosoever works at any useful thing ought to be properly fed and clothed before any one, able to work, is allowed to receive the bread of idleness. These are moral axioms."

Mr. Mill then affirms that the declaration of the *droit au travail* was followed by the erection of the *ateliers nationaux*, "which, indeed, was its necessary consequence." He goes on to say: "It was the misfortune, not the fault, of the Provisional Government that the numbers requiring employment were so much greater at that moment than before." Thence, he says, came the outbreak in June, and Socialism. (Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions," volume I., p. 384.)

It is obvious that the Civil State and all its legislative and executive action is nothing more than human society administering, protecting, and developing its own welfare. Its whole action upon itself must be social; but between social and socialistic there is an impassable gulf. The public life of a Civil State is the aggregate of the domestic life of its members. Whether the execution of its laws flows from a single person who is accepted as the representative of the whole society, or from more persons than one to whom the society may commit that trust, the framing of the laws, which is impossible to the whole political body numerically, is, in the case of every well-ordered commonwealth, intrusted to those who, by election of people at large, more or less adequately represent the welfare. In this sense, therefore, all legislation is social; even the privileges of railroad companies are justifiable only on public—that is, social—utility. The perfection of legislation is its adequate and intimate provision for the welfare of society at large. All legislation, therefore, and all government is, and must be, strictly social. If it fail to be so in any measure, in that measure it is bad. But in all this there is not a tinge of Socialism. It describes the elaborate and mature jurisprudence of a well-ordered State; and in this sense the whole written and unwritten law of England is social.

What, then, is Socialism? It is the vision of society governed by the law of nature only, under which the State is the supreme and therefore really the only landlord, and the supreme and therefore really the only employer of labor. It is, therefore, the negation of all progress and of all the social laws which wisdom, justice and experience have sanctioned and matured. It is also an attempt to arrest or to reverse the natural inequalities resulting from the intrinsic inequalities, intellectual and moral, of man—an impossible task, and a theory replete with every kind of injustice to men and to society. It is needless to say that the Poor Law of Elizabeth is profuse with social compassion, without a tinge of spurious socialism, and Mr. Mill with his large foresight readily perceived the difference between the right of sustenance or of work in a parish, and the *droit au travail* in the *ateliers nationaux*. Nevertheless, he pointed out the identity of the principle, and justified the principle, and at the same time repudiated its use as supremely inexpedient in the hands of any government, and liable to produce both outbreak and Socialism; outbreak in the disappointed and demoralised, and Socialism in the sharp and perverse wits of their leaders. It can hardly be necessary to draw out the reasons, and if some, whose intelligence is so high and balanced, had not failed to express, for they must clearly know, the distinctions of parish relief and national workshops, I would not weary your readers by detailing them.

First, and above all, to make the State, beyond its own legitimate duties, of which we will speak hereafter, the public employer of labor is an exaggeration of the worst danger in politics, coupled with the worst form of that danger—namely, exaggerated centralization. Even the centralization inevitable and necessary for the ordinary administration of government, involving large patronage with all its evils, is sufficiently dangerous in any State. The number of official persons is always large, but necessarily selected (or ought to be) for intelligence and fitness. But to make the State—that is, the government of the day—the only employer of an unlimited number of the populace at large, who must necessarily be the least skilled, successful, and, to a great extent, trustworthy of the people, would be a public danger, fatal, sooner or later, to any commonwealth, and in such a commonwealth as ours of certain and speedy disorder. The safety of this country, as M. Odilon Barrot wrote in the beginning of the second empire in France, is its great decentralization. He then prophesied the collapse of the second empire, by reason of its extravagant centralization of power and profit in the hands of a government ubiquitious in its innumerable salaried servants.

National workshops in this country would destroy the labor market; would become a political influence in all the alternate conflicts of factious parties; a source of the wildest and lowest patronage, ravenously sought by all kinds and conditions of men; a close field for every kind of job in the cloud of officials created by it, and an open waste of demoralization of the people at large. In what single point has this any resemblance to the local and transient relief of the unemployed in a moment of distress, within the limits of a parish, and under the eyes of vigilant care? The administration of the Poor Laws, from the sixteenth century downwards to our days, has been sufficiently fluctuating in wisdom, prudence, profuseness, and severity, but nevertheless there has been no shadow of danger of Socialism or of national workshops.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

† HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal-Archbishop.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W., Feb. 6.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Student Life in Rome.

(Charles Warren Stoddard, in Ave Maria.)

At the time of which I write, his Eminence the late Cardinal Franchi was prefect of the Propaganda, and patron of the American college in Rome. It was my good fortune to be present at a college *festa*—I think it was Washington's birthday, or possibly the ever-glorious fourth of July—when the Cardinal presided at dinner. It was one of those days when the American college boys feast heartily, sing the old songs of home with gusto, and forget for the time that they are a very long way from their native land, beneath alien skies, and under a flag which they have little reason to respect.

You who have been in Rome will perhaps remember the Via della Umilta, a narrow street, upon which all the houses seem to have deliberately turned their backs. The windows near the pavement are, as is customary in Italy, heavily grated; the walls are bare and forbidding; there is scarcely so much or so little as a cornice visible from one end of the Via to the other. It is indeed the street of humility.

As you turn from the Corso into the Via della Umilta, and cross a very small piazza dignified by the inevitable chapel, you come upon a blank wall, into which a few windows have found their way, apparently by accident. It was once a convent of nuns, but they were deposed by the revolutionary government, and the building passed into the hands of the American college, a branch of the Propaganda.

A coach with liveried footmen stood at the door of the college as I entered, on the occasion above referred to. His Eminence the Cardinal had arrived. A few Dominican monks in their white robes, a few Benedictines in black, some Franciscans in brown, and a goodly number of gentlemen in full dress, had already assembled in the large reception room. The introductions were few and informal; but when we were presented to his Eminence, it was a pleasure to kiss his hand—a salute he received with exquisite humility, and a depreciating smile that was positively fascinating.

How well the grand refectory looked that day. The narrow tables, between which and the walls the students were wont to sit, facing one another from the two sides of the room, were drawn forward and joined in the centre of the floor; the Cardinal was seated upon a throne in the midst, surrounded by the more distinguished clerical guests.

All languages were spoken, all viands tasted, all wines sipped. A profusion of roses broken apart, and their petals scattered thickly over the cloth, in the Italian fashion, gave a very brilliant effect to the richly laden board. It was a feast such as one reads of in the Arabian tale, but far more substantial. I remember that delicious, many-flavored Neapolitan ices were served at intervals; that the servants were numerous and attentive; that everybody was more or less witty; that the students of the college were radiant as they sat at the end of the table, clad in almost jaunty *soutanes*, and each wearing a tonsure about the size of a half-dollar, as is the custom in Rome.

After dinner we passed into the college chapel, one of the prettiest in the city—a small miracle in marble—and there gave thanks in silence. Then the long procession returned through the cloister, where stands the column bearing the statue of the Immaculate Conception, with its nimbus of stars, and re-assembled in the reception room.

Later there was black coffee and social chat, his Eminence the most social of us all. He was singularly handsome; his face wore a half smile even in repose; his eyes danced with delight when he entered into conversation, and his manner was captivating; he was possessed of the gracefullest tact and the most powerful magnetism.

Feast days at the American college are not so frequent as to become monotonous, yet I prefer the normal life there—very greatly prefer it—though there be no Cardinal to trail his gorgeous robes over the plain carpet in the long parlor.

It is a busy life the students lead from one vacation to another; they are manœuvered like soldiers, and every hour is numbered. There is early Mass, followed by breakfast, study, recitation in the college or the Propaganda; dinner, more study and recitation, and then recreation in the shape of pilgrimages to one of the three hundred and sixty-six churches and chapels for which the Eternal City is celebrated; or perhaps there is a stroll on the Pincian hill, or among the magnificent villas, where a game of tag or baseball or football is frequently indulged in; then supper, a little more study, a meditation in the dimly-lighted chapel, and a "good-night" at a seasonable hour; for "good-morning" follows as promptly as the sun.

Many a time have I grown weary of the world—it is sometimes wearisome even in Rome. Many a time have I girded up my loins and strode sullenly to the Via della Umilta, and rung at the great door of the college. The custodian soon grew to know me, and to greet me almost as one of the happy family within. This custodian—a good, faithful soul—was never known to be idle; when the lighter duties of his office were fulfilled, there was always something, *one* thing, which he could fall back upon to while away the empty hours of his existence; he did this from dawn to dark, at intervals, year in and year out—it was blackening his shoes. They were the blackest and the brightest in the United Kingdom.

As soon as I had succeeded in establishing myself in the good graces of the custodian, he admitted me to the cloister, where I went hither and thither without restraint. There is a garden beyond the cloister—a garden in which the date-palm blossoms, where the flowers grow in wild profusion, and a fountain plashes night and day. There likewise the seminarians take their lighter recreation; there they pace, two and two, among the shady paths; and there, in the hour of silence and meditation, they stalk like ghosts, each dumb in the individual solitude of his soul. All this time they are undergoing a peculiar discipline, one through which they are to achieve their triumph, or it will prove their ultimate undoing. It is the best of tests, and unless a priest has endured it and survived it and profited by it, he is unworthy of the name.

You know, one of the first lessons to be learned in the flesh is absolute self-dependence; self-dependence is not of the spirit. God governs that and sustains it, but the priest must look to no man for sympathy or fellowship. If you were a novice in the American college at Rome, for the first week you would be paired off with one of your fellows; you would be expected to pay him the thousand little attentions which one instinctively pays a comrade in whose society he is much thrown. You would walk with him, as the class in double-file marches to and from the Propaganda, and on all the pedestrian excursions of the week. You would talk with him, and be with him whenever you were not alone in your room—no seminarian is quite alone for any length of time—and by the end of the week he may have become almost necessary to your happiness; for man is a gregarious animal—most assuredly the animal part of him is gregarious.

The week following, that chum is exchanged for a new one. Perhaps you will grow to like this one better than the last; perhaps you will fail to discover any bonds of sympathy; his presence may even be distasteful to you; but you must show him the same consideration you found it so easy to show the former. Thus week after week you are blessed or burdened with a new companion, and by acquiring through this experience the art—it is doubtless an art, and a rare one—of adapting yourself to circumstances, and especially to circumstances, you have taken a huge stride in the right direction, and one that will go far toward securing your prosperity and contentment in this changeful life.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Meaning of the Crucifixion.

(From the Catholic Record.)

The world is a mystery. Life, time, death, doubt, good and evil, and the uncertainty which hangs about our eternal lot, are all mysteries. They lie burning on the heart at times. But the Crucifix is the meaning of them, the solution of them all. It puts the question, and answers it as well. It is the reading of the riddles, the certainty of all doubts, and the centre of all faiths, the fountain of all hopes, the symbol of all loves. It reveals man to himself, and God to man. It holds a light to time that it may look into eternity and be reassured. It is a sight to look upon in our times of joy: for it makes the joy tender without reproving it, and elevates without straining it. In sorrow there is no sight like it. It draws forth our tears and makes them fall faster, and so softly that they become sweeter than very smiles. It gives light in the darkness, and the silence of its preaching is always eloquent, and death is life in the face of that grave earnest of eternal life. The Crucifix is always the same, yet ever varying its expression so as to be to us in all our moods just what we most want and it is best for us to have. No wonder saints have hung over the crucifixes in such trances of contented love. But Mary is a part of the reality of this symbol. The Mother and the Apostle stand, as it were, through all the ages at the foot of the Crucifix, symbols themselves of the great mystery, of the sole true religion, of what God has done for the world, which He created. As we cannot think of the Child of Bethlehem without his mother, so neither will the Gospel let us picture to ourselves the Man on Calvary without His Mother also. Jesus and Mary are always one; but there was a peculiar union between them on Calvray. It is to this union that we now come, Mary's fifth dolor, her Crucifixion.

The way of the Cross was ended, and the summit of the mount had been attained a little before the hour of noon. If tradition speaks truly, it was a memorial place even then, fit to be a world's sanctuary; for it was said to be the site of Adam's grave, the spot where he rested when the mercy of God accepted and closed his nine hundred years of penance. Close by was the City of David, which was rather the City of God, the centre of so much wonderful history, the object of so much pathetic divine love. The scene which was now to be enacted there would uncrown the queenly city; but only to crown, with a far more glorious crown of light, and hope, and truth, and beauty, every city of the world where Christ Crucified should be preached and the Blessed Sacrament should dwell. It was but a little while, an hour perhaps, since the last dolor; so that only four hours have elapsed between the fourth dolor and the consummation of the fifty. Yet in sorrow and in sanctification it is a longer epoch than the eighteen years of Nazareth. In nothing is it more true than in our sanctification, that with God a thousand years are but one day. Those hours were filled with mysteries so divine, with realities so thrilling, that lapse of time is hardly an element in the agony of Mary's soul. She comes to the Crucifixion a greater marvel of grace, a greater miracle of suffering, than when an hour ago she met the Cross-laden Jesus at the corner of the street.

They have stripped Him of His garments from the shame of which stripping His Human Nature shrank inexpressibly. To His Mother the indignity was a torture in itself, and the unveiled sight of her Son's Heart the while was a horror and a woe words cannot tell. They have laid Him on the Cross, a harder bed than the crib at Bethlehem in which He first was laid. He gives Himself into their hands with as much docility as a weary child whom his mother is gently preparing for his rest. It seems, and it was really so, as if it was His own will, rather than theirs, which was being fulfilled. Beautiful in His disfigurement, venerable in His shame, the everlasting God lay upon the Cross, with His eyes gently fixed on Heaven. Never, Mary thought, had He looked more worshipful, more manifestly God, than now when He lay outstretched there, a powerless but willing victim; and she worshipped Him with profound adoration. The executioners now lay His right arm and hand out upon the Cross. They apply the rough nail to the palm of His hand, the hand out of which the world's graces flow and the first dull knock of the hammer is heard in the silence. The trembling of excessive pain passes over His limbs, but does not dislodge the sweet expression from His eyes. Now, blow follows blow, and is echoed faintly from somewhere. The Magdalene and John hold their ears; for the sound is unendurable, it is worse than if the iron hammer were falling on their living hearts. Mary hears it all. The hammer is falling upon her living heart; for her love had long since been dead to self, and only lived in Him. She looked upward to Heaven. She could not speak. Words would have availed nothing. The Father alone understood the offering of that heart, now broken so many times. To her the nailing was not one action. Each knock was a separate martyrdom. The hammer played upon her heart as the hand of the musician changefully presses the keys of his instrument.

FABER.

Clergyman, examining a Sunday-school class—"Now, can any of you tell me what are 'sins of omission?'" Small scholar—"Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.