

A CARDINAL'S ADVICE

Be not Ashamed for the Catholic Church or of Ireland
From the Sidney Freeman's Journal.

The land of the West is fair indeed among the nations. Nature, spreading out her richest gifts with no stinted hand has given to her noble harbors, majestic rivers, a genial soil. Erin's hills are green, her fields luxuriant, her climate mild. Her people are wise, her daughters are her pride, her sons are brave. Her music, so sad and yet so sweet, breathes a melody peculiarly its own. Love of country is the birthright of her children. A patriotism which time cannot chill and which seems only to gain strength by distance from the land which they love. Be not ashamed of Ireland. In the history of the Church there is perhaps no picture more beautiful than that which Ireland's early ages present. Her schools her sanctuaries, her monasteries were the pride of Europe, the joy of Christendom. Pure as the refreshing water of her holy wells was the faith and the Christian life of her children. The prophetic words of Isaiah were fulfilled to her—"The land that was desolate and impassable was glad and the wilderness rejoiced and flourished like the lily: then did it bud forth and blossom and rejoice with joy and praise." Her sons went forth with a heroism which has never been surpassed to renew in the fairest countries of Europe that Christian civilization which had been swept away by the barbarian invasions at the time of the great sea. If the ruthless barbarian has changed into a Christian man, if the foundations were laid of that grand civilization which for centuries diffused over the fairest regions of Europe the blessings of peace, and piety, of true charity and religion, it was mainly the work of Irishmen. Their names are to this day cherished in Germany and France, throughout Belgium and Switzerland. Churches enshined their relics on the bank of the Danube and the Rhine. Pilgrims flocked to their sanctuaries in the depths of the Black Forest and in the silent recesses of the Alps. Even the slopes of the Apennines and olive groves of Toronto, and the vine-hills of Florence resound to the praises of the sainted missionaries from Erin. Nor was the sister island less indebted to her heroic sons. When the natives of Caledonia were as yet unenlightened by the rays of divine faith, it was St. Columba and his brother missionaries that gave them the rudiments of Christian civilization and religion. When the Saxons fell away from the teaching of St. Augustine of Canterbury, it was Aidan and his associates from the island of Saints that renewed amongst them the light and life of the Divine truth and grace. Centuries rolled on. Lawless bands of sea-faring mail-clad marauders overran England and a great part of the Northern Europe.

They failed to conquer Ireland for her sons have ever proved themselves as brave in the battle field as they were heroic in their piety. Again, for three centuries they left nothing undone to crush out the religious belief of her people. This was indeed a season of dreary winter, a blighting winter, a winter of ruins, a winter of temper, a winter of tears. And yet the Faith did not die out. Other nations more favored with the wealth and power of this world bent before the storm. But in Ireland it was not so. The same heroism that guarded her shores against the Danes guarded the hearts of her children against the assaults of heresy. The more violently the tempest raged, the deeper did the tree of divine faith strike its roots in the affectionate of her sons, and Erin won from Christendom a peerless aureole as the martyr nation of holy Church. Be not ashamed of Ireland. The winter is already passed, the springtime has come—the sunshine and the smile of summer is already upon the green fields of Erin. Addressing you on this great Easter festival, may I recall to mind that our Divine Lord lay three days entombed in the sepulchre and arose again glorious and immortal! So does the church of Christ, after being hidden in the recesses of the bogs and mountains of Ireland for three centuries, come forth in our days renewed in life and vigor and arrayed in the comeliness of her early years to partake of the glory and triumph of the resurrection. This glorious victory is given to Ireland to reward the fidelity of her people. Look through the annals of her Church. You will find no other people more truly Christians, more truly Catholic. Amid the trials her fidelity to religion has been inviolate and unstained. Her inheritance of sorrow only serves to enhance the merit of her spiritual triumphs. But if bright and peerless is this aureole of Ireland's faith to day, we must never forget that we are indebted or it to the heroism with which our

fathers sustained the unparalleled sorrow and sufferings of a prolonged martyrdom. But it is not the Church alone in Ireland that has arisen from the tomb. Her national spirit, too, has been revived, and Ireland stands before the nations of Christendom to day arrayed in a moral force against which the enemies of justice struggle in vain, and asserting her national rights in the calm dispassionate accents of freedom, and demanding constitutional independence as her inalienable birthright. At no distant day the great statesman who now holds the helm of Empire will, by granting this legislative independence, add another to the unfading laurels which he has already won in dealing justice to the Irish people, and this legislative freedom will be the crowning triumph of the peaceful struggle for justice which Ireland's sons through good report and evil report, have carried on for centuries. We hail with joy the rising sun, of this new era of prosperity and peace; its rays shall soon bathe with glory the emerald gem of the Western World and, reflected upon many distant lands shall bring consolation and gladness to the sea-divided sons of Ireland. And here I may be permitted to adopt the words with which the immortal leader of the Irish people, O'Connell, congratulated his countrymen on their first great victory of emancipation. "The men of Erin know that the only basis of liberty is religion. They have triumphed because the voice they raised on behalf of their country had raised itself in prayer to God. Songs of liberty may now make themselves heard throughout our country, whose sounds will travel through hill and valley with voice of thunder, and be wafted along the courses of the rivers and streams proclaiming far and wide that Ireland is free." Go on, then, gentlemen; pursue with courage and perseverance and earnestness the course of beneficence on which you have entered. Let religion and virtue guide your steps. Fear not those enemies who, here as in the home countries, persistently heap obloquy on everything that is honorable and good. Combat them only by the weapons of forbearance and charity, for the golden words of St. John Chrysostom should never be forgotten, "Christians are not to overthrow error by the use of violence or constraint, but by persuasion, instruction, love and charity."

THE OLD CHURCHYARD TREE.

A Prose Poem.

BY CHARLES D. CRENS.

There is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the churchyard. And a child was at play beneath the wide spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands. And a little girl at play among the tombstones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garlands, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh, green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed up on him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make some garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends. Twenty years passed away. Again he was seated beneath the old yew tree in the churchyard. It is summer now; bright, beautiful summer with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume. But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tip-toe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side and his arm was around her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here; and we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place. And he drew her closer to him as she spoke. The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old churchyard. A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the yew tree and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs. Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his

mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription: "HER HEART BREAK IN SILENCE." But the silence of the churchyard is now broken by a voice—not of the youth nor a voice of laughter and merriment, but a voice of grief and anguish. "My son!—dost thou see this grave? and does thou read the record in anguish whereof may come repentance?" "Of what should I repent?" answers the son; and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?" "Is it indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved. "I can well believe I am not," exclaimed the youth, "it is well you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here—mine yonder."

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave. Again a few years are past. It is winter, with a roaring wind, and a thick gray fog. The graves in the churchyard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the church porch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and jingle, like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly wail of one who is now coming to his final rest. There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by, and the dark earth at each side has been thrown up. Then the bearers come, with a heavy pace they move along, the coffin heave up and down, as they step over the intervening graves. Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his father and his mother, but even the same way they had gone—the way which leads to the Old Churchyard Tree.

ST. PAUL'S IMITATION OF CHRIST. St. Paul labored more than the other Apostles in propagating the Faith of Christ. He endured hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, in the discharge of his sacred ministry. From his countrymen, the Jews, he received five times thirty-nine stripes. He was thrice beaten with reeds by the Romans, once he was stoned almost to death, he suffered shipwreck thrice, he spent a whole night and day in the depth of the sea—clinging, probably, to the plank of the wrecked ship. Not satisfied with the ignominious punishment inflicted on him by Jews and Gentiles the Apostle undertook "voluntary fasts," as we learn from II. Cor. xi. 27; he chastized his innocent body and brought it under subjection, fast, after having preached to others, he might become a reprobate (Coloss. ii. 27). Like his Divine Master and Model, St. Paul practiced the virtue which he preached. It was not in atonement for sins committed after his baptism, his holy Apostle led so austere a life, for he was not conscious of any willful transgressions (I. Cor. iv. 4) but in order to become more conformable to the image of his Divine Savior, and to fill up the deficiency of the sufferings of Christ in his flesh (I. Cor. i. 24), that is to apply to his soul the fullness of Christ's Atonement. Is it not meet and just that sinners who are guilty of innumerable offences should imitate to some extent, the Apostle St. Paul.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 3rd December, 1886, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, seventy-four times per week, or more or less frequently, as may be required, between Winnipeg post office and the C. P. Railway Station from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in covered vehicles securely locked; and each vehicle drawn by at least two horses, the vehicles to be appropriated expressly for the mails. The courier to leave the post office and railway station with the mails on such days and at such hours as may be from time to time required; to deliver the mails at the railway station within fifteen minutes after leaving the post office, and at the post office within fifteen minutes after the arrival of each mail train. Each tender to state the price asked per single trip—a single trip to consist of the conveyance of the mail from the post office to the station, or from the station to the post office. Two securities must be bound with the contractor in the sum of two thousand dollars for the due performance of the service. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender obtained, at the post office at Winnipeg, or at the office of the subscriber. W. W. McLeod, Post Office Inspector's Office, Winnipeg, Oct. 15, 1886.



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T. R. COLPITS, ARTIST,
244 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Undersigned and marked "Tenders for a Permit to Cut Timber," will be received at this office until noon on Monday, the 15th of November next, for a permit to cut timber from that date to the 1st of October, 1887, on Section 11, Township 1a, Range 6, East of the 1st Meridian, in the Province of Manitoba. The conditions on which a permit will be issued, may be obtained at the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg. A. M. BURGESS, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. Ottawa, Oct. 27th, 1886.

TENDERS FOR A LICENSE TO CUT TIMBER ON DOMINION LANDS IN THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

SEALED Tenders addressed to the Undersigned and marked "Tender of a timber birth," will be received at this Office until noon on Monday, the 1st day of November next, for four timber births of ten square miles each, more or less, numbered respectively 4, 5, 8, and 9, situated on Kicking Horse River, and Otter tail Creek, a tributary of the Kicking Horse River, near field and Otter tail stations, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the Province of British Columbia. Sketches showing the position, approximately, of these births, together with the conditions on which they will be licensed, may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown Timber Office, Winnipeg, Calgary, N. W. T., and New West Minister, British Columbia. A. M. BURGESS, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. Ottawa, 14th August, 1886.