If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains. That surround each other's lives. See the naked heart and spirits, Know what spur the solion gives, Often we should find it better, Furer than we judge we should—We should live each other better. If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,

If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the efforts at in vain. And the butter disappointment, Understood the loss and gain. Would the grim, external roughness Seem. I wooder, just the same? Would we help where now we ninder? Would we pity where we biame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action Is less turbid at its source, ing not amid the evil il the golden gains of good: we'd love erch other better we only understood.

-Woman's Work.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXII. THE BLUE BODY-COAT WITH GILT BUT-TONS —ABSENCE OF MIND,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

"Mat," exclaimed Barney, brightening up suddenly, "ye'll have a great night uv id at Ned Brophy's weddin. Is id at the young woman's house the weddin' is to be?"

"No," Mat replied, putting on his coat; "they're on'y goirg to be married there. The weddin' is to be at Ned's." "'Twas said there was to be no wed din'," observed Tom Maher; "how was

that?"
"Well, the girl's father is hard," replied Mat, "an' the priest is chargin' a
show uv money for marryin' em, and so
the ould fellow wouldn't sgree to the

"Some people do be very cute," said "And," Mat continued, "Ned's mother

stood cut agin him till I brought her round, and she gev into id at last." Sho'd skin a fint," returned Tom Maher.
"The divil a lie in that," replied Mat,

shaking his head.
"Sure the divil a bone in her body I

"Sure the divil a bone in her body I don't know," continued Tom; "an' good raison I had, livin' in one house wud her for two years an' three months."

"I won't contradict you," said Mat, "though she's my own fust and second countn'."

"Do you remember what you tould her about the strabout?" Tom asked, eyeing the Thrasher with a smile.

"What was that?" said Mat.

"You tould her to bring out the pot an' empty id on the top of Corrigeen Hill, sn' the divil a greyhound in the barony would be able to ketch id afore id got to the bottom. We got betther stirabout ever afther."

Well, to give her her due," returned Mat, "she slways minded anything l'dsay. Ned himself could get no good uv her about the weddin' till I persuaded her. Not that I cared about it myself, only I didn't like to have Ned get the name of bally's agreen."

bein' a screw.

call Ned a screw," said Tom Maher.
'There's not a decenter man from this to himself for his manes."

"He is that," replied Mat.
"No eign of anything here this turn, "No sign of anything here this turn," Tom observed, with a motion of his thumb towards the house. "Though they say there's many an eye after her. Fatth, Kitty tells me," he added, dropping his voice, "that she has the heart across in this young fellow from England. An', begor, a nice fellow he is, although he has no property, on'y what'il buy a commission for him."

"I don't cay Mles Mary 'd think uv him," replied Mat, "no matther what he had."

had."
"I don't know that," returned Tom
with a wink "She's mighty sweet on
him. But Kitty tell me," he added,
"she'll never think of any man but the

"Who is that ?" What are you delayin' for?'
"I was thinkin' of waitin' till the mes

ter'd be home to know how is pigs. If there was a stir I'd sell them two I have, male is so dear." "I'd like to see you in a farm of your

said Tem, 'like every wan be I don't know that, Tom," Matrejoined.

"A man ought to be continted; an', thanks be to God, I was never in the want uv a shillin'. An' maybe if I hal what you say I wouldn't lie down to night wud as also a mind as I have now." a mind as I have now. "Here is the masther," exclaimed Bar-

mey, running out to take the horse. Mat followed, to inquire about to inquire about the price of pigs; and, after being satisfied on that head, he turned to Tom Maher, who was locking the barn door, and asked him to "take a walk over."

"I can't stir till Mc. Richard and Mr.
Lowe comes home," Tom replied. "I
must pat up the horses. Au' a d—d hard
job I'll have uv id, for I must have 'em
like a new pin."
Mat Donoran weet on him.

Mat Donovan went on his way alone. There was a feeling of melaucholy upon him which he could not shake of; and inshortening the road" snatches of old songs he fell into deep

For the first time in his life he began to feel discontented with his lot. It was quite true, as he had just eatd to Tom Maher, that he never wanted for a shilling. He had constant employment, and, as he was never a "spender," he found his earnings sufficient for his wants. His mother he found his earnand sister were "good managers," and their poultry and eggs went far to keep them decently clothed—with the addition of even a little inexpensive fluery for tervals. The year he had the wheat or barley on his own "little spot," the potatoes were supplied by a half-acre of "dairy ground" or "dung ground." The dung ground, we may inform the unintitated reader, is ground upon which the peasant puts his own manure, in return for which he tas the potato crop—the farmer being repaid for the use of his land for one season by the corn crop of the next, for which the land, owing to the peasant's manure, is in proper condition. For the dairy ground the peasant pays a rent—and often an unconsciousably high rent—the land in this case either being manured by the farmer, or capable of manured by the farmer, or capable of yielding potatoes without manure—gen-erally a "bawn" or newly-ploughed pas-

ture field.

Mat Donovan labored cheerfully during

Mat Donovan labored cheerfully during the six days of the week, returning generally at night to his own house, where he sat by the bright little hearth as happy as a king. But this evening we find him returning to that happy fireside with something very like a heavy heart. Let us listen to him, and we may be able to divice the cause of this:

"I know," said Mat Donovan, looking towards a hill on the left-hand side of the road, "I know she has a respect for me, an' slways had; an' she was never a shy or ashamed to show it either. She kem and sot next to me the night at Mrs. Murphy's, an' her grandfather an' a lot uv farmers and dacent people there." And here Mat raised his head with a decidedly consequential look; for he remembered when the reckoning was called after "the night at Mrs. Murphy's," he, Mat Donovan, fluog down a half crown while many of the farmers gave only a shilling, and it required some crewing to get an additional skypence out of them when it was found the collection fell short of the sum required. "She did then," continued Mat, "an' didn't mind'em wan taste; but talked to myself so pleasant and friendly; and reminded me uv the time, long ago, when she was a little thirg goln' to school, when I used

pleasant and friendly; and reminded me uv the time, long ago, when she was a little thing goin' to school, when I used to throw the churries over the hedge to her. An' faith," he added, "I b'liteve 'iis lookin' at her copy paper, when I'd meet her on the road in the evenin', that made me able to read writin', as Barney said I was—for 'tis little I minded id whin I was goin to school was given by the read which is the state of the was—for 'tis little I minded id whin I was goin to echool myse'f. My heart warmed to her when she kem up to me at Mrs. Murphy's wud such a smile, and shook hands wud me, afternotseein's sight uv her for goin' an two years, while she was at her aunt's in Dublin. But, sure, I know a poor mun like me have no right to think uv her. An' for all, her smile is before me every hour way at me a dear.

to think uv her. An' for all, her smile is before me every hour uv the day; an' bed cess to me but I think, this blessed mint, 'tis her hard I have a hoult uv instead uv this fluit that I am bringin' home to put a new ged on id. 'Tis dhroil," he con thued, shaking his head. "I, that had my fling among 'em all, an' never lost a wink uv sleep on account uv any girl that ever was born, to be this way! Saily Mockler called me a rag on every bush, no later than last night. Faith, I wish it was thrue for her—but, for all that," he added, with another shake of the head and a sorrowful smile, "I b'lieve if I could dhrive her from my mind in the mornin' I wouldn't thry."

mornin' I wouldn't thry."
"God save you, Mat!" exclaimed two or three young men who came up with him. "Fatth, you're takin' your time." 'God save you kindly, b'ys. I am takin' the world sisy."

"Any strange news?"
"No, then," Mat replied; "nothin' worth relatin."

"Is Ned Brophy's match settled for "Well, I b'lleve so."

"Sure, you ought to know. But there
was talks uv id bein' broke,"
"Well, no; 'tis all settled. They're to
be married next Wednesday."
"People wor sayin' be was thinkin' uv
Nancy Hegan—but she hadn't the shiners."

"People say many things," replied Mat,

"People say many things," replied Mar, as if he wished to dismiss the subject, "Begor, Nancy'd be good enough for him; she's the purtiest girl in the parish. Was he lorg afther this wan he's get-"I don't say there was much courtship

between 'em," said Mat. "But as you're afther remindin' me uv id I'll run into Phil Lthy's to see have he my coat made —as I'm to be Ned's sidesman."

to pay such a complaint to a "labouring

"Good night, b'ys," said Mat, on coming to the beech-tree opposite Phil Lahy's

"Good night, Mat-good night," they responded, cheerily, as they quickened their pace and passed on through the ham-

their pace and passed on through the ham-let without stopping.

"Now, I wondher what are they up to?"
sald Mat to bimself. "I thought 'twas goin' to play for the pig's head they wor, but there they're off be the bog road. A wordher they never said where they wor goin'. Might id be for the lend uv long John's grey hound?'
Guessing was no use, however; sc, put

ting his arm over Honor Lahy's half-door, and pushing back the bolt, he passed through the shop into the kitchen, which

was also the tailor's workship.

Mat was gratified to find Phil Lahy ditting cross-legged on his shop-board. But his smile gave place to a rather blank inquiry when he saw that Phil instead of plying his needle, was poring over a solled and dog eared volume which rested on his knee.

"God save all here!" said Mat, looking around him as if he didn't know well what to think.

"God save you kindly, Mat," replied Honor Laby, placing a chair for him near the well-swept hearth. "Sit down an" But Phil was too deeply absorbed in his

book to take any notice whatever of the visitor,
"Phil," said Mat, after a moment's sil

ence, 'are you going to disappoint me?"
"Is that iron hot?" Phil asked, without raising his eyes from his book. Tommy, who was reading too-crouch-Nelly, who was a belie in her way—and a couple of fat pigs 1 ald the rent. The little "garden" he held—by which we do not mean the "haggart" where Tommy Lahy had his crib set among the "curly" are made a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a crop of wheat or barley in the in—and a couple of the bouls and knees on the significant in the Ministry" as a drowning man will grasp at a straw. But scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when he reproached himself for his sturplicity for never once having thought of the bull-bait, which was comparatively a crop of the definition of the ministry as a drowning man will grasp at a straw. But scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when he reproached himself for his sturplicity for never once having thought of the bull-bait, which was comparatively a crop of the definition of the manner which we do not deem it necessary to describe—though and a crop of which we do not collar, which were the words out of his mouth, when he reproached himself for his sturple in the in—and in the

very well, and Phil felt greatly relieved when he heard his wife say, without having alluded in any way to his forgetfulness in reference to the silver: "What hurry are you in, Mat? Can't you rest a start?"

we grieve to say we have seen the same test applied when the smoothing from was of smaller dimensions than the tailor's goose, and when the hand that held it was very much fairer than Tommy Laby's— he brought it to his father, who attempted to take hold of the bandle with its woollen to take hold of the bandle with its woollen cover without raising his over from the dog-eared volume. But his finger coming in contact with the hot iron, Phil Laby said "hop," and commenced slapping his thigh in a rather fractic feshion. After rubbing the burned finger in the hatr of his head, Phil reached to the further end of the shop heard, and to Mat Donovan's great relief and comfort pulled from under some other articles, by which it had "Miss Mary was here to day, and stopped

under some other articles, by which it had been accidently concealed from view, a new blue body coat with glit buttons

new blue body coat with gilt buttons
Seizing his lap-board he commenced
"pressing" the coat with great energy and
belikness of action.

Mat Donovan left his chair and stood

Mat Donovan left his chair and stood close to the shop board, trying to look unconcerned and perfectly indifferent. We'd like to see the individual who ever was indifferent under such circum-Mat took up the dog-eared book and

made believe to be reading it—while not a twickle of the git buttons escaped him, as Pail turned the blue coat over and over, smoothing every seam, and plucking out the basting threads with his teeth. Mat at last did read a line or two of

out the basting threads with his teeth.

Mat at last did read a line or two of the book, and remarked:

"Tois is the Prophecies,"

"Yee, Mat," replied Phil—and the words seemed to have been jerked out of him, as the iron came down with a thump upon the sleeve of the blue body-coat.

"But," he continued—leaning his whole weight upon the fron and working with his wrist as if he were grinding something—"but 'den't the genuine wan afther all I got id from Andrew Dwyer, an' as id belonged to his grandfather I thought id might be genuine But," added Phil Laby as he drew the lap-board out of the sleeve, "I was disappointed."

'Do you think there's any truth in 'em?" Mat akked.

"Mat," replied Phil, selemnly, "there's a great dale"—here he snapped viciously at a basting thread which held its ground so tenaciously that when one end was plucked from the sleeve of the blue were

so tenaciously that when one end was plucked from the sleeve of the blue coat,

he other was stack fast between Laby's front teeth—"there's a great dale in 'eu comin' to pass, Mat."

"Now, what sinse could you pick out uy this?" And Mat read a sentence which it would also have been paid to the sentence which it would be the sentence with the sentence with

which it would, indeed, be hard to pick sense out of.

"That's James the Secord's time," re-"That's James ine Second's time, replied Phil, as if it were all as plain as that two and two make four. "Come," he added, pushing away his goose and lapboard, and biowing away the yellow besting threads from the coat, which he held up by the collar as high as his hand held up by the collar as high as his hand could reach—'Come, throw off that ould

Mat Donovan proceeded to divest him Mat Donovan proceeded to divest himself of his old frieze—making desparate efforts to look grave and even sorrowful. He got bimself tato the blue body oost, and Phil Laby, standing behind him, wrapped his arms round the Thrasher as if he were trying to span the "big tree" at Gloonaver, and buttoned the coat in

Then feeling him all over, and rubbing him down the arms and back, Phil Leby, slapping the Tarasher on the shoulder,

"Well wear !"

"Tie a grand fit," exclaimed Honor, moving the candle all round Mat to the imminent danger of the new coat. Norah turned round her head and said, too, while there was something simost like humour in the sad, black eyes-

"Well, wear, Mat." "Thank'ee, Norsh, thank'ee," replied "Hank'es, Norse, teamk'es, replied Met, as he unbuttoned the new coat, "What way is she comin' on?" he seked, turning to her mother, 'Eligant," was her reply, as she looked

iato Norah's face. And what a look that "The divil a dacenter man'll be there," said Billy Hefferman, who sat, silently as

usual, in the corner, with his flute across his knees.
"Tis thrue for you," replied Hosor Lahy; "an' if some farmer's daughter takes a fancy to him, 'twould be no won-

dher in life

Phil Lahy began carefully folding the new coar, seemingly unconnectous of the unwinding of the string.

Mat Donovan counted some pieces of silver and dropped them into Phil Lahy's hand. His wife fixed her eyes upon him, but Phil was so preoccupied putting his spectacles in his waistcoat pocket, that in a moment of absence of mind he put the silver in with them.

ilver in with them.
"Mat," said Phil Lahy, "I'll want you to do a little job for me"
"What is id?" Mat asked.

Phil looked straight in his face, but renained so long ellent that Mat's face inindicated considerable surprise,
"We'll talk about id another time," said Phil, at length. "Did you hear the

news ?" "No," replied Mat, bluntly. "What is id?"

"I'm tould"-and here Phil looked so tard at his questioner that Mat began to feel slarmed, and somehow the image of "somebody" flashed across his mind. though there was no earthly reason why it should—"I'm tould," said Phil, "that there's likely to be a change in the Min-

istry"
'Ob, is that ail!" returned Mat with a sigh of relief. "There's talk uv that in the papers these three weeks.

the papers these three weeks.

Now, the fact was, that Phil Lahy
having—in a fit of absence of micd—put
the money in his pocket, wanted to turn away his wife's attention from it, by say-ing something; and so he began with the "little j.b" that he wanted Mat to do for him. But being abruptly asked what the little job was, Phil's invention failed him; and not being able to name any job, big or little, he put the subject off to 'another time," and took refuge in the "news."
And being abruptly asked for particulars again, Phil grasped at "the Ministry" as a

"I must be goln'," Mat replied; "I on'y called in on my way over from Mr.

a whole hour wad Norah."

I partly guessed," he replied, "twas
to see Norah they wor gold when I see
'em comin' in this way instead of turnin'
up to the forth." Mat Donovan sald, "Good night to ve."

Mat Donovan said, "Good night to ye," and waiked out with his new blue body-coat under his arm. And Phil Lahy said-denly became very basy folding and putting away the things on his shop-board. "Come, Billy," said he, as he drew a chair to the fire, "can't you give us a tune to put a stir in us these dull times?" He spoke in an unusually cheerful tone, and, holding his hands over the fire,

seemed disposed to be coctable, and, in

seemed disposed to be coclable, and, in fact, mildly jolly.

Billy Heffernan immediately struck up "The Priest in his Boots."

"A mighty purty tune that is, Billy; but I think it goes better on the pipes."

Taking the torgs in his hand, he built up the fire very carefully, and seemed asxious to make himself both agreeable mad concerning marful. But some thought and generally useful. But some thought struck him, and putting his hand to his forehead, he said

'See how I should forget telling Mat 'See how I sature long that message?" his wife asked.
"About goin' to throw the sledge wud the captain," replied Phil.
"There wasn't anything said about a message." returned his wife.

mess-ge," returned his wife.
"Didn't he say that out of eight hundred men in the regiment he couldn't get wan he wasn't able to bate; an' that he'd like to have a throw wud Mat the

"He did," rejoined Honor ; "but not be way uva message."
"You don't understand these things.
I'll take a walk up and tell him about id.

Maybe he's out uv practice; and 'twould be a bad job if he was called on too sud-Honor Lahy shook her head as if there

Honor Lany snoor her head as it there were no help for it.

"Wisha, Billy, said she, after plying her knitting needles 'n silence for five minutes, "why don't you talk?"

Billy looked into the five, and blew C natural by way of reply. He might have said, with the poet:

"Why should feeling ever speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

Norah raised her eyes and smiled. light than on the cold, frosty day when her pale face so shocked Mr. Lowe and

"Play 'Auld Lang Syne,' Billy?" Billy snatched up his old flute to com-ply; but something had get into his throat which he was obliged to gulp down before he could get out a single note.

Was it the melancholy music of her rotce or her look?

Or did be know the words of the Sootch ong, and remember that they had

Frae morning's dawn till dine?

Whatever the cause was, Billy Heffernan Whatever the cause was, any hellernan had a struggle with the knobin his throat before he could play "Auld Lang Syne" for Norab Laby.

Scotch tunes were very popular at

Knocknegow, but we have heard none played and sung so often as "Auld Ling Syne"—not the words, but the air; for the words usually sung to the tune were something about

"The river Suir that runs so pure Through charming, rare Clonmel.

Billy Heffernan played on with his eye but trueffind played on with his eyes shut, for a few minutes; and then, affect-ing to thick there was something wrong with his flute, screwed off one of the joints and converted it into a telescope, through which he endeavored to make out some

"The words of the fire.
"How do you like the book Miss Grecalent me, Tommy?" Norsh saked, while Billy prosecuted his researches in the fire. "Tis grand," was Tommy's reply.
"I think she's nicer than you said she
as," continued Norah.

Well she is," he replied reluctantly, as "Well she is," he replied reluctantly, as if a some of the young men, looking at Mat with evident surprise; for it was somewhat unus half for a snug farmer, like Ned Brophy, to pay such a complaint to a "labouring" on his old frieze again, Mat pulled a purse from the breast pocket of his waistcoat, and commenced unwinding the long string with which it was tied.

Phil Laby began carefully folding the of the source of th "I think she's very nice," returned

North "She is, then, nice," said her mother, "She 1s, then, nice," said her mother,
"an' a darlin' little thing."
"She wants me to write down the
"Frolic' for her," Billy observed, meaning,
of course, "Heffernan's Frolic," that he
composed in a dream. "But I don't
know how to write music, though I could
had been the names my the pages was her

tell her the names uv the notes wan by "Wisha, Billy," sald Mrs, Lahy, on seeing him about to leave, "would you take a walk up as far as Mut's, an' see is Pail there, an' be home wud htm. An' sure I know 'tisn't there Phil is," she thought to

Billy promised to do as she required; and, after leaving his flate at his own house, he walked up the hill to Mat Dono-TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pride of His Class.

The Pride of His Class.

He was a bright, handsome boy of sixteen, sunny-tempered, brilliant and engaging, the delight of his perents, the joy of his home, and the pride of his class. But a shadow fell across his bright prospects. It began with a trifling cough: soon came premonitions of consumption, his strength failed, his cheeks grew hollow, and he seemed doomed to an early grave. his strength failed, his cheeks grew hollow, and he seemed doomed to an early grave. Then a friend advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He tried it and was saved. Health and strength returned, his cheerful voice rang out again across the school playground, his cheeks again grew rosy, his eyes bright. He is still "the rosy, his eyes bright. He is still "the pride of his class" and he graduates this year with highest honors.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents,

The preachers have been very busy all this fall and winter lecturing from village to village and holding meetings in country school houses for the purpose of stirring up bigotry against Catholics and of blowing on the smouldering embers of fanati-cism so as if possible to kindle a civil and religious war in the country where peace should prevail. How men pretending to be representatives of the God of peace should so act, and should go so far from home and from their ordinary functions of attending to the spiritual needs of the people confided to them as preachers of the gospel, can scarcely be understood. Rev. John Young, of Niagara Falls, had already made several trips to Goderich for the purpose of lecturing in all the neighboring villages and school houses in the interest of the Equal Rights Party. On Friday, the 10th of January, a meeting was held at the little village of Carlow, at which Rav. John Young was advertised to speak on the all-absorbing subject of "Equal Rights for all and priv ileges for none," Oa a former occasion the rev. gentleman's speech on the same subject, and his inferences drawn therefrom, was criticized in the columns of the Huron Signal, printed in Goderich. It was principally with a view to correct the mistakes purported to have been made by the Signal that Rev. Mr. Young that was being hawked over the country returned to Carlow. The people, however, were determined to hear the cry against Paul, for the sole reason that they believed "the craft was in denboth sides of the story. The editor of the Huren Signal, Mr.

D. McGillicuddy, was invited to be present and requested by a large number of people to address the meeting in reply to Rev. Mr. Young. It was agreed to between all parties that each speaker should be allowed one hour, with Rev. J. Young to speak first, fifteen minutes being accorded to him to roply to Mr. McGullicuddy's explanations. The latter gentleman completely demol ished the castle of cards built up by the

rev. preacher. The following is the closing part of Rev. John Young's address : The statistics of Ontario showed that half the criminals belonged to the Roman Catholic body, although the population was only about one sixth of the Province. was only about one sixtn of the Province. During the past few years there had been a marked increase in the number of separate schools, and that constituted a menace to the Protestants of Ontario. On page 2484, of the Statute, clause forty eight, it was stated that the assessor, if he knew a ratepayer to be a Roman Catholic, should consider that fact prima facie evidence the dence that he was a supporter of separate schools, and assess him accordingly. The consequence was that a Roman Catholic who wished to become a public school supporter would have considerable difficulty in having the matter changed, and would be subjected to great persecution should he had the school and the school a undertake to have the change effected. He was told by one of his elders that a Catholic had come to him and told him that he hoped the Equal Rights agitation would be successful, as at present they were priest ridden to a great degree, and had no control of their actions. The rev. gentleman then made the statement tha he was in favor of the Douny bible being placed in the public schools, alongside of the Protestant Bible, as there was not much difference between it and the Protestant Bible. His own experience was that not much good was done by having the Bible in the school at all, and even if Rights agitation was being conducted it. it was removed much harm would not be done. (?) The Governments truckled to the hierarchy in the matter of appoint ments. In the printing department at Ottawa alone, out of one hundred and Ottawa alone, out of one hundred and forty eight employees eighty eight were french, and sixty only were English, and of the latter he believed one half were Roman Catholics. This showed the manner in which the Government pandered to the French and Roman Catholics, and should ha frowned down by the Protestant electric from the french and the account of the french, and the account of the french, and the account of the french, and sixty only were English, and section where Protestant trustees were appointed, as a matter of course the Donay Bible would be crowded out, and in french and french and french and the frenc tors of Ontario. He then read from the Signal's report of his Goderich meeting the statement in connection with the employees of the Senate and Commons, h was credited to the Christian Leader and cited it as another instance of truck in to the hierarchy. Unless, said the speaker this influence is stamped out where will it end? As it is, we have the spectacle of a Roman Catholic at the head of our

proper position a stop must be put to these methods. The question that had aroused Protes ant sentiment, and opened Protestant eyes to the alarming situation, was the passing of the Jesuit Estates Act, o which he would probably refer after Mr. McGildcuddy had spoken. He thanked the audience for their kind hear ing, and resumed his seat. Mr. M:Gillicuddy, in reply, said he had been invited to attend these meetings, but until the present occasion had no opportunity of attending owing to ill ness in his family. Even although he had attended this evening he had only intended to report the rev. gentleman's address, were it not for the fact that the speaker had gone out of his way to attack the accuracy of a previous report and attribute motives of malice to the re porter. It was well known that the re porter. It was well known that the report of the Goderich meeting did not pretend to be verbatim, but the report was in the main correct. When the rev. gentleman was asked on that occasion for his authority with regard to the figures quoted he held out a flysheet in his hand, and said "Here is my authority." He also said he understood it had appeared in the Witness, and he had not seen it in the Witness, and he had not seen it denied. It could easily have been denied in hundreds of papers without the rev.

NOISY PREACHER SIL-ENCED. the Canadian Newspaper Directory had failed to reveal the fact, and he was of opinion that the item was con-cocted and placed in circulation as a bit of campaign literature for the special use of Equal Rights speakers at meetings use of Equal Rights speakers at meetings where there was no opposition. At any rate, Mr. Young had shown that he considered the report in question fairly accurate by reading on this occasion the figures from the Signal containing the previous report, instead of producing the original fly-sheet. (Laughter) Ha (Mr. McG) was not here to uphold the Roman Catholice. Catholics—he was here simply to see that the paper he represented was not wantenly attacked, and to see that the party politicians got a fair show. At the meeting in Goderich they had been stigmatized as trucklers for votes, and as men who had no principles or honor, but he was prepared to show that there were as honest and honorable men amongst the poliand honorable men amongst the poli-ticians as amongst the apostles of Equal Rights, so called. The present meeting was a specimen of an Equal Rights gathering conducted on Equal Rights principles. We were here to discuss a great question and the greatest plank in the platform was the Jesuit plank in the platform was the Jesuit Estates Act, and yet the speaker of the evening had only barely mentioned it before sitting down, in the hope that, after his opponent had spoken and his lips were scaled, the question could be taken up when there would be no opportunity to reply to the closing speech. That was the Equal R ghts way of doing it, but it wasn't the good old fair play way. Equal Rights was what the politicians wanted—they wanted Protestents and Catholics alike to have Equal Rights, but they had no use for the jag-handled commodity by the clerical gentlemen who had taken up the cry, as Demetrius had taken up

The next matter to which the rev. gen-

a new party necessary was that some Pro-testants allowed their daughters to be educated at convent schools. That was a matter of private concern, and surely the Government could not be held responsible for it. The speaker did not think the little hearsay stories of the preacher about convent life were of moment in this discussion, as, after all, there was no direct evidence submitted, and in any event people who were shouting for freedom should not hinder others from getting their children educated where it educated at convent schools. ting their children educated where it suited them best. One thing was certain, the hierarchy could not make the Government compel Protestants to send their daughters to convent schools to be educated. The rev. gentleman had also stated that the Bible had been taken from the schools by Catholic interference, and a Scripture text-book substituted. This was not the case. The Bible remained in any school that the trustees wished, but, the convenience of teachers, and at the instance of the representative minis-ters of the Protestant denominations, a Scriptural text book had been prepared by an ultra Protestant—Mr. Kerr—for Striptural text book had been prepared by an ultra-Protestant—Mr. Kerr—for use in the schools, so that indiscriminate Bible reading by inexperienced teachers would be obviated. When the proofs of the text-book were submitted copies were sent to the heads of the various religious bodies for their approval, and amongst others to to the late Archbishop Lynch. That gentleman suggested that in the Lord's Prayer the word "who" should be substituted for the word "which" in the sabstituted for the word "which" in the opening sentence, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and that was the extent of bierarchical interference. It only showed that the Archbishop was a sound grammarian, and on grammatical grounds the charge was made. The rev. gentleman had also stated that he was in favor of the Donay. Eithel in the rebustle for the Donay. the benefit derived from Bible teaching in the schools did not amount to much. From the manner in which this Equal Rights agliation was being conducted it certainly looked as if the latter part of his contention were correct; but the putting of the Donay Bible and the King James of the bonay Bible and the King James version into the public school side by side and the abolition of separate schools would

Bible would receive scant courtesy, and the Protestant pupils would suffer; so that instead of all having equal rights, nearly every one would have equal wrongs. In the conjuct of the separate schools it was contended by the rev. gen-tleman that two glaring injustices existed. The first was that whereas in the public schools it was necessary that the "author-ized" text-books should be used, in the Militia Department, a Roman Catholic as the leader of the great R form Party, and separate schools it was only necessary that a "uniform" series should be used. The object was to have uniformity in the tuition of all public schools, and also a Roman Catholic Minister of Justice If Protestantism was to maintain its uniformity in the tuition of all separate schools, but if the books and teaching were to be the same in the public and separate schools what would become of the rights of the separate schools, which were guaranteed by the British North America Act at Confederation, and which could not be abolished except by Imperial legislation at Westminster? Rov. Mr. Young could not aboltsh them, Rev. Dr. Young could not abolish them, Rev. Dr. Caven could not abolish them, Hon. Oliver Mowat could not abolish them, and Sir John Macdonald could not abolish them, unless the B. N. A. At was amended by the Imperial authorities. The rev. gentleman had also found fuffithat while the public school trustees were elected by hallet, the separate school elected by ballot, the separate school trustees were elected by open vote, so that the priests could elect the trustees that suited them. Well, that was a curious contention when everybody knew that the Equal Rights people were eternally shouting that even under the ballot the Catholic vote was a corporate vote, carried in the pockets of the priests, and at their behest in every case. If the Catholic vote was a corporate vote, and owned by the priests, as was contended by the rev. gentleman and his friends, what did it matter to them whether the vote was open or by ballot? Fault had also been found with the ingentleman seeing it. Besides, the item was credited to the Caristian Leader, and crease in separate schools. Well, that was a thing that could hardly be hindered it was a question in his (Mr. McGilli cuddy's) mind if there was such a newscuddy's) mind if there was such a news-paper in existence. An examination of was on the increase. The accommodation had to be increased almost yearly for both public and separate schools, but it was not true that special eff ris were being made by the Catholics to increase them. No case was cited by the rev. gentleman when he made that statement. As sgainst that contention, it was a fact well known to many in the andience that at a Frovincial election a few years ago one of the cries raised against the member for this constituency and the Mowat Government was that while the Protestants wanted the public school at Kinsbridge changed from a public to a separate school the Catholic opposed the scheme, and were successfu oppeed the scheme, and were successful in having it continued as a public school, which it remains to this day. It had been also stated that one half of the criminal population of Oaturio were Catholice, and it would be well to know where the data was obtained by the rev. gentleman.

Rev. Mr. Young—From the blue book.

Mr. M. Gillieuddy — Indeed. Well, world were the fluxes. Mr. McGellizuddy — Indeed. Well, would you kindly give me the figures. Rev. Mr. Youa, —I haven't them with

Rev. Mr. Youa, —I haven't them with me and don't remember them.

Mr. McGdiffenddy —I didn't expect you had the figures, and I can't believe that the fact is as reated, for it certainly does not accord with the columbal statistics of Huron county, the second in population in Ontario. These is here merely a baid statement by the rev. gentleman, and, as in every other assertion he has made, there isn't a shred of evidence that he is able to produce in support of it. The next point raised by Mr. Young is that in the Government Printing Burean at Ottawa thate are eighty eight French printing employed and only saxy Eegith, of whom he betteves full half are Catholica. printers employed and only saxiy English, of whom he believes fail half are Catholica. He tries to bring in the race question here, by showing that excess of French over English. Well, that circumstance is easily explained by the fact that, owing to the larger field in Outario and Quebec for printers in English, the Frenchman who can work in both languages has the better chance for emthe Frenchman who can work in both languages has the better chauce for employment. As a result the French compositers can almost all speak and set type in English, and are therefore able not only to do their share of the Government work more half of which is done in French—but they can also do English work, and a man that can make himself useful to both languages, other things helps could be han that can have those being quish has the preference. Again, Ottawa is located in a French and Catholic section; and the workmen in all caldings in every town are in proportion to creed and nationalit in proportion to creed and nationality. The rev gentleman had unearthed another iniquity also, and that was that the head of the Minita Department, the leader of the great Reform Party and the Minister of Jastice were Catholics. Was not that a great cry to rates against these men by an exponent of Equal Rights to all? It could not be decided that each of the contract and against a second was about any all. gentlemen named was abundantly quali fied for the office he filled; they were al brilliant and abis men, and it was because of their ability they held their present of their ability they held their present positions, and not because of their creed Why, cir, the first Premier of this Province at Confederation, and the one who laid the foundation of the present pregress and prespectly of Orland, was a Catholic—the Hon. John Sancfield Macdonald—and, although opposed to many of his political principles, and differing from him in creed, I firmly believe his name and fame will endure in the history of this great country when all the so-called lenders of the Equal Rights egitation will be forgotten. Yet the apuatle of Equal Rights wanted to have them debarred because they did not worship God. will be forgotten. Yet the aposite of Equal Rights wanted to have them de barred because they did not worship Goat the same shrine as he did, although the every other way they were emply qualified to hold office. If this was specimen of Equal Rights no honer man could endouse it. Capacity should be the qualification for office, and a man cred should be there down nor exalt his any more than the color of his hair or homelesson. Yet this was the key not of the Equal Rights agitation, and with out such appra's to intolerance and signs the movement would die. What would his mission to go from place to place over the Province endeavoring to etit up religious strice, angender like feeling and rail bad blood between neighbor and neighbor as these Equal Rights preachers are doing We would tall him to go back to pulpit and attend to the flice to which I was ordained, and we would do right when was ordeled, and we would do right whe we did so. And in like manner to meddlesome ones of all denomination should be dealt with. They tell us to Catholics are priestridden, at the the when they want to ride over us, and the

was mighty little difference between being priest ridden and preacher-ridden, (Her hear) And now a word or two about to question of the constitutionality of to Junit Estates Act. In this discussional the speaker, I have not had the constitutionality of the speaker, I have not had the constitution are represented as the speaker. portanity of making a prepared speed nor of rehearsing an old address to n audience so that I could deliver it wi gusto, as my reverend friend has had. neve been forced to follow him in I wanderings after matters of little momen and, as you all know, he almost ignor he vital question during his enti ldress, hoping, doubtless, as I said before to discuss it in his own way when my it were sealed. I will briefly allude to t question and touch only the salient point and for every statement I make I produce the proof if called upon, a bold a copy of Hauserd in my hand; a no man has a right to come before an religent audience, be he priest, prese or lay man, and discuss a public quest without his proofs. At the time of conquest of the French by the Eagl the Jesuits held certain properties, and the conquest there was no confiscation.

the conquest there was no confiscation, the conquered were allowed to hold rights previously held, with the addition acknowledging British sovereign Things remained so until 1770, will be a control of a control of the Jesut Estates. Lord A herst's heirs claimed the estates, but pulle protest was so strong that the Government dared not make good its pron ment dared not make good its pro ment cared not make good its prongranting them. When in the year I the last survivor of the old Jesuits die Government eschented the estates, i according to the old law, which had

been abregated, the property should h reverted, in the event of no heirs, to

Odinary of the Diocese—the Bishop Quebec or the Bishop of Montreal One different occasions, between February 1793, and January 2, 1885, protests w