

Is this the kind of freedom of which British subjects boast? We confess we do not wish to stir up anew the religious broils which in days past raged in united Canada; but the struggle has been forced upon us, and we know now that we cannot trust ourselves to the mercy of those who have proved themselves implacable enemies. We must maintain our rights and those of our co-religionists throughout the Dominion. The responsibility must rest with those who have forced on the struggle.

On a recent Sunday there was a curious exhibition of card, roulette and faro playing with all the paraphernalia of the games. A hymn was sung and the manipulator of the gambling apparatus was introduced. He was a reformed gambler, and displayed his skill in the use of the tools of his old trade on a stand near the preacher's desk, and then addressed the congregation. He said he had been a professional gambler for twenty-five years and saw the error of his ways after having been unjustly condemned to a term of imprisonment which he served out, the charge against him being playing a bunco game. He dealt out faro hands, showing how faro can be played and the hands dealt out at will. The professional poker player has means to tell every card in his adversaries' hands. He gave poker hands to the congregation to illustrate this, and could tell the hands by the back of the cards which looked quite innocent and unsuspecting. At roulette he could so twirl the wheel as to place the ball in a red or black pocket as he wished. He said, "professional gambling is not even a game of chance. It is systematic robbery." All this is very true, but no doubt the revelations of the curious convert will enable many of his auditors to play more successfully than they were able to do before. They will thank him for the light he has given them on the game.

IRISH ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN FUND.

Archbishop's Palace, Kingston, August 9, 1892.
To Justin McCarthy, Esq., M. P., House of Commons, London:

DEAR SIR—With great pleasure I forward you herewith a draft on London for £400 (sterling), the amount contributed by the clergy and laity of my diocese towards defraying the expenses of your recent electoral campaign. It is their voluntary and absolutely free offering to the land of their fathers, the early home of many amongst us, in sustenance of Ireland's efforts to regain by peaceful and constitutional methods her native legislature, of which she was deprived nearly a century ago by fraud and violence combined with shameless corruption. My people are chiefly of Irish origin, and whilst they yield to no section of the community in loyalty to the crown and ready submission to the Government and the laws under which they live in secure enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, they cherish an ardent attachment to the dear old country, and their liveliest sympathies are with her in all her vicissitudes of fortune, in her sorrows and joys, her reverses and triumphs. They are at present full of hope, and are eagerly looking forward to the day when they shall send a delegation from Kingston—the Archbishop and others—to assist at the solemn inauguration of the revived Irish Parliament in College Green. May God speed the day!

I remain, dear sir,
Yours most faithfully,
JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
Archbishop of Kingston.

St. Mary's Cathedral (including £20 from Dr. O'Sullivan, Q. C., Toronto, and \$16.25 from Montreal). \$230 00
Madoc. 40 00
Tweed. 35 00
Ballycane. 25 00
Brower's Mills. 71 50
Marysville. 42 50
Bellevue. 82 50
Napanee. 75 00
Trenton. 30 00
Toleno. 50 00
Perth. 60 00
Merrickville. 52 25
Kempville. 40 00
Smith's Falls. 150 00
Prescott. 55 00
Erinsville. 30 00
Morrisburg. 25 00
Gananoque. 125 00
Spencerville. 30 00
Carleton Place. 50 00
Picton. 35 00
Chesleville. 50 00
Brockville. 160 00
Wolfe Island. 25 00
Frankford. 25 00
Westport. 80 00
Camden. 65 00
\$1,351 85

The Burgomaster of Ober-Ammergau has publicly declared that the "Passion Play" will not be performed at the Chicago Exposition by the Ober-Ammergau peasant performers.

Rev. Brother Abnis, who was for years in charge of St. Mary's school in Toronto, has been appointed Director of St. Patrick's school, Ottawa, for this year, and Rev. Brother Edmond, who was in St. Patrick's, has been appointed to St. Mary's, in Toronto. Brother Patrick, of Hamilton, Ont., has arrived in Ottawa, and will take charge of St. Bridget's school there.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Irish World.

A fearful scene was witnessed last Sunday in the compartment of a railway carriage as the train stopped at Polignio, Italy. It was the mutilated and bleeding body of Bishop Frederick of Polignio who was murdered and robbed on the train. As it was learned that the Bishop had a considerable sum of money with him it is believed that robbery was the motive of the murder. The head of the murdered prelate had been beaten in a shocking manner and his skull fractured in several places, besides several stab wounds in the breast and neck. The assassin effected his escape. A number of assaults have been reported during recent years in those locked compartment carriages in use on European railways which could not have been possible in the American-made railway carriage, in which every passenger is always within sight and reach of the guards and fellow-passengers. The superiority of the American cars is so apparent that they have already begun to be introduced in Europe, and it is high time that the locked compartment system would be abandoned and the American cars substituted in their stead.

Buffalo Union and Times.

It is innocently believed that slavery no longer exists in this country. This delusion will quickly vanish when one reflects upon the vast array of pale-faced, half-fed toilers that every evening emerge from their virtual prisons in the shops and factories of our great cities. And in those countless thousands, sad-eyed women and delicate young girls prematurely old from a very large contingent. Their youth is shrivelled and their bloom blighted in those inhuman shambles. The miserable pittance they receive for all their dreary toil means little more than starvation. A summer outing by the breezy sea or to the woods and green fields is a luxury they can hardly hope to enjoy. They live the lives of slaves. How pathetically poor D'Arcy McGee pictures this sad state of white slavery when he sang:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to overtaxed nature,
The darkness, the silence, the rest of the grave;
O dig it down deep, kind fellow-creature,
I'm weary from living the life of a slave."

These lines were written when McGee was struggling with the octopus of poverty—well nigh to despair. They breathe the mournful *De Profundis* of darkness and desolation. How many a white slave in every land might echo in his own inner consciousness the same sad verse.

All the foaming bear in Jena cannot drown Bismarck's wrath at the way—as he says—he has been foiled in all his schemings by the Centre or Catholic party. He declares that he swore a mighty oath to found a Protestant German Empire, which he doubtless foolishly dreamed would eclipse the glories of the "Holy Roman Empire" of Charlemagne. But he bluntly confesses that Windthorst and his fellow-Centrist wouldn't let him. And because Catholic votes still tell in the Reichstag, the quondam "Man of Iron" grows garrulous and frets and fumes at Wilhelm and Caprivi.

Boston Republic.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is disgusted by the tone of the American press in discussing his candidacy for Parliament. He threatens never to come to America again because of the unfriendliness of the comment made. Well, America can stand it. Does the husband of Dorothy Tennant, the deserting adventurer, intend to go back to Africa? If so, what will be our gain will be the dark continent's loss.

As illustrating the extent of the Tory appeal to ignorant bigotry in the recent elections this fact may be cited on the authority of the Countess Kearney, who published it in the *Times*: In some of the counties in England the country constituencies were warned, and a number of them actually believed, that if Mr. Gladstone came into power and carried a Home Rule Bill, they would be forced to become Roman Catholics, and if they refused they would be burned at the stake on the village green.

The Catholic who undertakes to keep in with the world, and flesh and the devil, and at the same time tries to lead a virtuous life, has set out to do an impossible task. He is like the fabled Sisyphus, everlastingly rolling a stone up the hill, only to find it coming back to the bottom, when he thinks the top is reached. Of all the fools in the world this kind of a Catholic is the biggest. The world has produced many fools, but this the worst. He may think his religion, as he practices it, is good as far as it goes, but it never goes far enough, it will not save his soul. When the deluge comes, he will not be in the ark.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The secret of the dismissal of Bismarck by Emperor William is out. The Emperor proposed to honor Herr Windthorst, the Catholic leader, by attending the banquet given him by his colleagues. Bismarck objected. "Am I to be dictated by you in even what I shall eat, when I shall eat it, and with whom?" The one Iron Chancellor changed his tone to one of supplication. "To recognize Windthorst," said he, "means to repudiate me. I shall resign." "Resign then!" exclaimed William. This comes out as the result of Bismarck's garrulous mood. As we had long ago believed, the Catholic leader was the personal as well as the public cause of the Bismarckian fall. The recognition of

Windthorst by the Emperor was simply the crowning of a victory already won—a triumph which the iron will of Bismarck, and the might of Prussia could not forestall. The monstrous egotism of the Chancellor prevented him from seeing what the ineffectuality of his efforts and the fruitlessness of his attempts to coerce the Church were proofs sufficient to every one else.

In the English papers there has been a good deal of discussion on a subject recently noticed editorially in the *Freeman's Journal*, viz., the action of certain prominent English Catholics in supporting the Tories in the late election and issuing a public manifesto against Home Rule. This latter shameful proceeding was initiated by the Duke of Norfolk, who had the effrontery to assume the role of lecturer to the Catholic Bishops and clergy of Ireland. It did not probably occur to the Duke that this conduct was, as Father Arthur Ryan, of Tipperary, has suggested to him in a letter to the *London Tablet*, somewhat impertinent. The Bishops of Ireland are surely competent enough to take care of their politics as well as their religion without any help from English dukes. As to religion, we might venture to hint that in view of the facts of history it hardly becomes English Catholics to appear in the character of counsellors on the subject to Irishmen, much less to Irish Bishops. When it was very dangerous to belong to the Catholic Church—when lives were to be lost in its defence—all the world knows where Ireland was and where England was in the fight. The recollection of those times ought to make English Catholics a little modest, not to say grateful to Ireland. It is gratifying to note that some of the English Catholic papers, notably the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, have vehemently protested against and condemned the shameful action of the Norfolk party.

Ave Maria.

In the "Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne," a recent publication of special interest, is a discussion of the influence of pagan literature on the education of youth. The principal charge which the holy prelate formulates against the classics is one less common, but far more important, than others which from time to time have been against the study of the Latin and Greek authors. It is that the classics foster pride. He writes:

"It is nonsense, I affirm, to say that a youth may drink in for years, day by day, hour by hour, the most delicate essence and aroma of human pride, the growth of hearts in which there was no God recognized, and most certainly no faith; and then, when I say, to affirm that a youth, himself by nature inclined to pride and with the root of it in his soul, imbibes not the spirit of pride in such a process. Pride is the prime essence of paganism, and its politics are rebellious or conquest."

Whether or not one considers this danger as grave as evidently did Archbishop Ullathorne, certain it is that very little reflection will suffice to convince one that the danger is real. All the more necessary in consequence becomes the thorough and persistent religious training that alone can counteract the baneful influences to which the youthful student of the classics is exposed. The atmosphere of Christianity, Christian theory daily explained, and Christian practice daily exemplified, must be opposed to the miasmas of paganism that assail the moral organism of the youth who pores over the literature of the ancients.

Baltimore Mirror.

The opposition to the performance of the Passion Play of Oberammergau in Chicago during the exposition is of so vehement and determined a character that the project will almost certainly be abandoned. The scheme proposed is to bring over about six hundred persons from Oberammergau and construct a large theatre, in which will be presented the play of the Passion of our Lord, with imposing scenic effects. The representation will be, as far as possible, a reproduction of that in the famous village in the mountains so often described by travellers and so renowned. The affair is under the cunning care of speculators, whose one and only object is to make money, although, with hideous cant, they announce that the purpose is to advance the cause of Christianity. The American people, without regard to demonism, have several times placed themselves on record in regard to the play. Years ago there was a family of foreigners, named Kellar, who travelled through the country giving representations of the Crucifixion, and the leader in the troupe is said to have come to a bad end. Later, a man named Salini Morse appeared in a similar spectacle in New York. A little while afterward, crazed with despair, he drowned himself. While there was no rejoicing over the fate of the blasphemous, most persons were impressed with the conclusion that it was a judgment.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

Oh! for the old Catholic family customs—by which grace was said at meals, prayers were offered in common at night, novenas were made together for special graces, the *Angelus* was regularly recited, a fixed portion of the household's income was set aside for the poor, and frequent Communion made the Lord a welcome guest of all!

Chicago Catholic Home.

"Don't have murder upon your souls," Father Maurice Donney addressed those words to an infuriated mob last week and they were effectual in saving the life of a man, who mercilessly beat Father Hishen some months ago, and who was trying now to escape the vengeance of a large crowd of citizens for the brutal attack made upon an individual. Father Hishen never prosecuted the blood-thirsty thug for the attack made upon him, and here Father Donney says that thug's

life. Priests preach and practice forgiveness.

London Catholic News.

Dr. Barnardo again! It will surprise many of our readers, no doubt, to learn that the Gossage case, commenced nearly four years ago, is not yet concluded. It may be remembered that the boy Gossage was placed in the Doctor's hands, that an application was made by the boy's mother to have him transferred to a Catholic Home, that the boy was spirited away to Canada "by a gentleman who declined to allow his address to be known," that a writ of *habeas corpus* was granted after legal intervention, that the Doctor carried the case to the Court of Appeal, and, being beaten there, to the House of Lords. And again, the boy-snatching Doctor is shown to be in the wrong, and again he persists in evading the law, and the boy is still in parts unknown. In a short time more the boy if he is still living, which there is nothing to show, will have become a man; the poison will probably have been successfully instilled into him and a soul will have been robbed. How unscrupulous Dr. Barnardo and his backers have been over and over again shown; the present case must have cost them enormous sums of money, but they count no cost too great if they can steal and pervert Catholic children. The case as it stands is a gross scandal and disgrace to the law of the land.

Catholic Telegraph.

Young men have confidence in themselves, and in the capacities God has given you. Shun intoxicating liquor as you would the foul fiend; keep away from the gambling table; seek for friends such men and women as you would not be ashamed your Christian mother should see you with; and having chosen with care the life business to which you are well adapted, pursue it without faltering, and never fear that you will wring success out of destiny.

London Universe.

"This respected aspirant to parliamentary distinction, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, has been appearing in a far more genial and congenial character at a donkey show in the East end. He knows something about the long-eared quadruped; he knows nothing, or the wrong thing, which is worse than nothing, about politics. In acknowledging the vote he thanks on behalf of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the explorer said that he had been enabled to pass through a savage district in Africa half as large as England by means of a donkey named Mirambo, who used to bray in a most stentorian manner at the word of command, and frighten all the natives; and when the expedition left Africa homeward bound, the last thing they saw was the donkey perched on a cliff braying a sad farewell. It is easier to frighten natives in Central Africa than to influence voters in North Lambeth."

CATHOLICITY AND THE AMERICAN MIND.

By George Parsons Lathrop, of New London, Conn.

It has been said that Catholics and Protestants live in two different worlds; and this, as you all know, is in some senses true.

The world of clear, coherent faith; of serene insight into the supernatural and the divine; and the world of mere opinion, of individual, private judgment which leads always to difference and indifference, which professes to divorce belief from reason, and ends too often in helpless, naked rationalism—these two worlds of men certainly cannot be one and the same. Yet this fact does not necessarily prevent us, who dwell in humble but direct communion with Him who is called "Wonderful," "God," "The Prince of Peace," from coming directly into relation with those—our neighbors, acquaintance and friends—who dwell just over the border, in that dazzling but somewhat begoggled region which may be termed the Debatable Land, or the Land of Endless Debate.

In fact, we do meet and converse with them every day. We trade and fraternize with them, and love them. We can understand perfectly all that they think and feel. But they cannot understand us. There's the pity. And there, too, is the problem. How shall we lead them to understand us and the simple yet sublime truth to which we are loyal?

At this mere question, as though by a word of magic incantation, the barriers between the two worlds of thought arise and interpose themselves like a solid wall. The wall, however, is only one of mist. It can be penetrated. I have been a Protestant; and now, happily for me, I am a Christian in the true, uncompromising faith of Christ. Therefore I know something about the two worlds, and a good deal about the barriers between them.

It seems to me that the most practical thing I can do is to give you very simply, in the light of my own observation, a few instances of the way in which the non-Catholics of New England regard Catholicity and its adherents.

In the first place, they are brought up with an indescribable dread of it, which they imbibe in childhood, and before their earliest associations, and before they are even conscious that it is being instilled into them. This indescribable dread—when you come to inquire and try to analyze it—turns out to be as indefinable. It is like the hobgoblin exists, is confident of the sacred nurseries, is confident the hobgoblin exists, and would like to hurt them if he could; but no one of them can explain just what he is, or why he should wish them harm. The terror of these people has no logical

beginning that even the most patient search can trace; and it always, when investigated, falls each upon an absolute defiance of logic.

For example, I have a Congregational friend with whom I have discussed every topic that came into our ken, exhaustively and with the freest comparison of views; not at all the manner of dispute, but simply for the profit of candid intellectual interchange. We had often spoken of religion, and many times alluded to the Catholic Church. On this last subject he appeared to have prejudices which I did not share; and I frequently told him so, giving him my reasons, although I did not then dream that I should ever become a Catholic. When at last I was received into the Church, it was natural to suppose that he would be the first and the most eager to obtain my views on this as on all other matters; and I told him I would gladly answer any questions that might occur to him. But on this one topic, he promptly said: "No we had better agree and disagree. If I thought as you do, I should be where you are; and if you thought as I do, you would be where I am." The utter platitude and vacuity of that reply almost paralyzed me. "But," I said, "I know you have certain ideas about the Catholic Church, which I never thought were correct, and now that I am in the Church I can show you and assure you that they are entirely wrong." He answered: "Oh! those who are inside the Church don't always know about it. Several converts in England have just left the Catholic Church." His inference, of course, was that, since they had abandoned it, they were the ones who really understood and knew all about it. But, since they had been inside, and since he held that those inside could not know the truth concerning the Church, how did it happen that these particular apostates thoroughly knew the Church and were to be trusted, while I, as a convert, could not know what I was talking about?

If I had retorted upon him with his own style of argument, I would have said this: "You declare that members of a religious organization—for example, the Catholic Church—do not really know what that organization is, what it means, and what it aims at. You are a member of a religious organization called the Congregational Church; therefore you do not necessarily know what it means. You assume that those who secede from the Catholic Church are the only Catholics who understand that Church. Therefore, you, who are now a Congregationalist, do not understand your own Church; but, if you seceded from it, you would then understand it. Hence, no one understands any Church unless he is outside of it."

He would have been convicted by his own absurdity. Yet it is just this sort of absurdity that we have to encounter. To this same friend I remarked, later on, that he had conspicuously avoided talking with me about my faith. He replied: "Oh! you may speak freely about it." I answered: "Very well. But it is unlikely that I am going to sit down and expound it all to you without inquiry from you. You have always wanted to know what I thought about every other thing. But on this you seem wholly indifferent." And then he said: "Oh, I never want to talk with a man after he has made up his mind!"

So, then, the conclusion would be that there is no use in an interchange of views when a man has any settled and definite views to express. According to this, the Protestant ideal would be a state of perpetual indolence—a state that might be described as general mindlessness, or Universal Absence of Mind.

And yet this friend is a very bright man in all other ways; a man in active business, who is also an author. If I were a Buddhist, or a Mahometan, or a Mormon, he would be intensely desirous to hear what I might say in explanation of my tenets. As I am only a Catholic Christian, he throws reason and logic to the winds, in his anxiety to escape the possibility of talking with me about my faith; although he is still perfectly ready to converse on any other subject under heaven, without let or hindrance.

In this case, though, as in many others, I recognize a tacit admission of the intense, overwhelming power of Christ's teaching as embodied and presented by His holy Catholic Church to day. The general Protestant fear of the Church is inherited and traditional, based on long-continued misrepresentation and prejudice. But in the individual Protestant or non-Catholic that fear is especially the dread of a vast idea, an infinite truth which—if they permit themselves to look into it—may engulf them in its immensity. They recoil at the mere chance of surrendering their small individuality to this immensity of the eternal.

It seems to be as hard for them to acknowledge, sincerely and thoroughly in their hearts, their exact relation to it, as it would be for them to jump off from the edge of the earth. There is a mental attraction of gravitation which holds them down. Yet in recognizing the vast truths of astronomy they surrender themselves willingly to the infinite of space. They admit that the whole solar system is visibly progressing through space towards some goal that no one is able to sight by the human eye, or by the telescope, or by private judgment. All this, they concede, is going on according to one great principle—one fixed order of logic and law. Yet when it comes to consideration of the moral and spiritual infinite, which also moves toward a great unseen goal, they cannot bring themselves to admit the same fixity of

law and supremacy in one all-embracing truth of religion. In this department—or rather, in this aspect—of the universe, they would persuade themselves, the truth is, *i. e.*, the principle of things—need no longer be single and unvarying, but may be several and changeable according as it is interpreted by different men and groups. It is this inconsistency of theirs that we must first gently make plain to them, before they can comprehend us or grasp Catholic verity. Meanwhile it will continue one of the most perplexing among barriers, because by its very nature it obliges them to shift ground constantly, and try to escape from logic by a variety of excuses or side-issues. Nevertheless, the non-Catholic dread is, at bottom, an admission that Holy Church is the earthly representation or portal of the Divine Infinite.

It has also happened to Mrs. Lathrop and myself that Protestant friends, and even simple acquaintances, who never broached the subject before, have written to us—since we became Catholics—asking us to pray for their dead; their departed kindred. Of course they would not dream of petitioning for such prayers in the own churches and denominations. Others have sent us ask our prayers for some member of a family undergoing illness or surgical operations involving great danger. In all the years that we were outside of the Church they never made such a request, although they were as sure of our friendship then as they are now.

This is another and touching evidence of the fact that Protestants feel, if they do not perceive, some peculiar virtue in the Catholic Church. They turn to it instinctively, in these cases, as meeting the needs of the heart and soul with a supreme efficacy not found in their own organizations; a power that they may oppose, yet inwardly realize.

A Presbyterian teacher of high standing, intellectual, accomplished, and of considerable renown, said to me heartily that, in becoming a Catholic, I had taken the noblest and truest attitude a man could take, and that he wished he could do the same. A friend who has suffered much told me that he often went into the Catholic Church—as it was open every day in the week—and simply sat there meditating. He knew nothing of Catholic prayers and could not follow any; but he always came out feeling purer, better and stronger. A lady of Puritan descent wrote to us that the Catholic Church was the only one she could ever join; yet that, if she ever found herself inclining that way, she would instantly buy and read all the books against the Catholic Church that she could obtain. This was another form of tribute to the strength of Catholicity. So, too, was that of a most distinguished scientific man who said to me that for a year in his youth he had gone to early Mass every day, without ever inquiring or learning anything about the service and sacrifice, but simply because it made him feel good. He now—still omitting to inquire—scolds mildly at the Church; but, with a large experience of Protestant denominations and pastors, he says: "I have known lots of Catholic priests, and they are the best men I ever knew."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The great Catholic college at Stonyhurst, England, has just celebrated its tercentenary. It was founded in 1592, by Father Robert Parsons, and has been ever since in charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

Coughing

St Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough, since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure.

—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.
"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctor gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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