

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every day is a new world made new. Every day is a new day of sorrow and suffering. Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you.

DO WE HATE ENGLAND?

AN AMERICAN ANSWER TO PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH. EDITOR OF THE "NATION."—In the May number of the North American Review, Professor Goldwin Smith makes a violent one might almost say a bullying, demand that Americans shall love England at once and fondly, whether they feel so inclined or not.

Now, if one may be so bold as to differ with the energetic Professor, we may as well say at once that Americans do not "hate" England. If we do not love her with passionate devotion, that is another matter. Kissing goes by favor. If we were guilty of indulging a blind and baseless hatred toward our neighbor across the sea, then should we be open to the reproach of being in that degree both unchristian and unwell; but if by "hated" is meant merely an absence of yearning affection, then our reply is that love is not constrained. It goes where it listeth, and is accountable to no man.

But when Professor Smith proceeds to defend all of England's actions toward us, and, incidentally, all of England's actions toward the rest of the world, he exhibits an artless British effrontery which moves our mirth rather than our resentment. He proposes, at this late date, to teach us history all over again. That he is the schoolmaster, and that we are to be the pupils, is evident, and it seems almost indecent for us to sneer; but we cannot help it, for we know that Master must be joking, in his quiet yet side-splitting manner. And what he says is so funny!

Coming along down the line with this amusing apologist, we learn that we were wrong and England right (as usual) in the war of 1812. As for England's attitude during our civil war, it was a model of guilelessness, virtue and good-fellowship. In the end she was wrong in permitting the South to seize the national property and bombard the national forts without a protest.

Arthur Mark Cummings. A touching and very rare ceremony took place recently in the city of Ottawa. The Bishop of that diocese installed on the same day as Cures of two neighboring parishes the twin brothers and priests, Rev. Henri and Rev. Auguste Tollemer. These two installations occurring on the same day and in the same city, one in the morning and the other in the evening, and their subjects two priests who since their birth at the same hour have never been separated, excited an extraordinary interest.

The Cathedral of Carlow, Ireland, has just been enriched by an exquisite example of Irish art in the form of a memorial altar to the late Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The cost of this magnificent testimony to Irish worth, gratitude and devotion has been borne by the parish priests of the diocese, the religious establishments and the people of Carlow parish.

complacency. When Rebellion lay crushed in the dust, and the United States of America, with dripping sword, and with blood at fighting heat, turned to England and said, "Now please explain," Britain was suddenly seized with a conviction of her sins. Her "technical responsibility" impressed her as it never had before. She paid us what we demanded, without stopping to ask for a bill of particulars. Yes, the "Alabama" is one of the things in England's record that have been atoned for.

We feel certain that Americans as a people are far from hating England. Moreover, most Americans would be glad of a chance to feel rather more affection towards her than is now possible. Of course, so long as her characteristics are what they are, she must expect to be regarded with the sentiments which these characteristics naturally and properly arouse. We may admire her military prowess without at all admiring her record in the Punjab and the Sudan. We may admit that she is strong and rich, and yet consider her disgustingly greedy, overbearing and mercenary. If she has ever had any other motto than that which makes right the most microscopic examination of her career of aggression and bloodshed falls to reveal it. We might wish that she had never forced opium upon China; that British soldiers had never been sold like Hottentots to fight under savage princes; that English prison ships had not left a name imperishable while the history of human infamy endures. We might wish that England had not insisted on her full tale of taxes from starving Ireland at the time when this country was fitting out ships and sending bread to relieve the ghastly famine. Even at the present day we are sometimes tempted to think that it is rather a scurvy trick for a great nation to ship her paupers to our shores at \$5 per couplet.

Still, though these things may explain why our affection for England is not more lively, they by no means tend to show that we hate her. Hatred is usually based on a certain degree of fear, and fear of England is a sensation that we are never again likely to experience. If we were inclined to feel any strongly antagonistic sentiment towards some of her actions, the sentiment would be that of contempt. As it is, we are chiefly amused. The strange turnings of the wheel of fate are, beyond a doubt, in process to avenge us of the petty wrongs which our fond parent has done us. We need lift no finger, we need speak no word; we need not even smile. The avenging fox of jealousy is gnawing with ever sharper and sharper teeth at the vitals of our sturdy British brethren; a hundred tokens show it from year to year. Our wealth, our marvellous progress, our serene impregnability, tend more and more every year to weigh upon our gentler cousins like lead. As long as we were in our back woods era, English travelers could revile us to their hearts' content. Our language, our manners, our race characteristics were all fearfully excoriated. We suffered keenly under the lash, and were meekly afraid that we deserved it. But the last fifty years have changed all that forever. It is, we believe, true that intelligent and cultured Americans to-day care less for the opinions of our British cousins than the cousin care for ours. We are altogether too sure of ourselves and our position to be greatly concerned about the impression that we make upon foreign visitors to our shores. The American boom is pervaded by a serene conviction that in the race for wealth, power and splendor the young Republic is leaving the "effete monarchs" of the Old World simply nowhere. We read as agreeable humor the tales of that gifted liar, Mrs. Trollope, under which past generations withered. And the plunging frenzy of a Sir Lepel Griffin only makes us laugh and think involuntarily of Mr. Lowell's striking simile of "a short-tailed bull in fly-time."

Nowadays Englishmen are far more prone to cultivate us than they were formerly. We hear from them frequently that we are only an offshoot of British stock. This fact was not so prominently urged by them at the time when they found "Sam Silek" such delightful reading. We learn with modest diffidence that "you are really part of us, don't you know?" Our Uncle Pumblechook is beginning to fuddle us with mistaking ferret. Let the work of amity go on, nor let us too churlishly inquire how far he is influenced by the glitter of our success. We surely bear England no malice. British gold finds our mines and breweries and ranches very attractive investments. We treat her sons kindly when they come to our shores. We even give our daughters to some very melodorous members of her better class. And we have forever passed the stage where we are to be put out by the British stare. Englishmen are much more anxious that we should be impressed by them than we are that they should be impressed by us. We can look the British lion in the face without emotion, and can even smile carelessly at some of the more ridiculous fables of that thin-skinned beast. His fangs are pulled, as far as we are concerned; and we do not cherish hatred because we once felt them in our flesh. At present we feel amiable enough toward him, though we could respect him much more if he could abandon his predatory slaughter of helpless barbarians. Perhaps in time we may even be able to return the carmine that Uncle Pumblechook is so warmly pressing upon us.

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THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM IN SCOTLAND.

London Universe, June 21.

The growth of Catholicism in Scotland since the Scottish hierarchy is, perhaps, more marvellous even than the advance of the Church in England. Monsignor Gilbert, at the presentation of the jubilee offering to the Cardinal Archbishop, gave a detailed account of the progress of Catholicism during the last forty years. When the time comes to review all that has been done in Scotland since the hierarchy was restored, it will read in the hearts of Catholics gratitude and admiration. Scotland is the last stronghold of Protestantism in Europe. Scotchmen are thorough in all things; earnest in religion; keen in controversy. But they detest State interference in religious matters. And the liberty of action which they claim for themselves they accord to others. Hence it came to pass that when the Pope restored the hierarchy to Scotland it excited no such storm among Scotch Protestants, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians as that which on a like occasion, in 1850, shook for a time the Protestants of England out of their senses. The "Papal Aggression" agitation, when the big drum-ecclesiastical was beaten on every pulpit and platform throughout the benighted kingdom, found no counterpart in Scotland when the Scottish hierarchy was re-established. Fanaticism, no doubt, here and there held hole-and-corner meetings; and there was a little furious scribbling, but it was a storm in a tea-cup. Appeals to fanaticism, calls upon the civil power to restrain the liberty of action or the freedom of conscience, found no response in the great heart of Scotland.

Scotchmen are logical. They look facts and things in the face. They judge by results. The result of the renewed organization and fuller development of the Church in Scotland is, that it has brought face to face with the people. Its works are seen of all men. Its spirit of charity is recognized in the care of the sick, its active and unceasing solicitude for the poor, in its zeal for the public welfare. The Catholic Church appeals, likewise, to the people of Scotland by its reliance on the voluntary principle, on the support of its own flock.

Its presence is a standing protest against State interference or control in religion. Its preachers and priests hold no mission from the civil power—owe, as ecclesiastics, no duty to the State. These primary facts are of a character to attract the sympathy of Scotchmen. That is the first step gained. Curiosity is awakened, and the Scotch, in religious as in intellectual matters, are an inquisitive people. They are inclined to push their inquiries into the teaching of the Catholic Church. They are a sermon-loving people; priests and monks in Scotland are zealous preachers, ever ready to give an account of the faith which is in them. Scotch Protestants come into Catholic churches to listen to the preachers; they sometimes stay to pray.

Catholics want no more than to be listened to, to be known, to be judged by the doctrines which they teach. This to-day is the Church's mission in Scotland to those outside its pale. For them who rejoice to be within the fold, the teachers of the Gospel in Scotland work with truly Apostolic zeal in administering the sacraments, in reclaiming sinners, in giving religious education to the children of the poor. Their work prospers. The seed is sown in good soil. We have not space to record the manifold external evidence of the progress which Catholicism is making to-day in Scotland.

New churches are built, new missions are founded, schools and colleges have not only increased in number but have improved in efficiency. The old religious orders—the glory of the ancient Church of Scotland—are again bringing the light of the Gospel and the spirit of true learning to the faithful. Convents and monasteries are once more at their old work in Scotland. We may mention as an illustration the work of the Benedictines at Fort Augustus. To the fine monastery and college they have added a glorious church, which is to be opened in September. The lofty tower and spire, which is to be one hundred and fifty feet in height, looking from its lofty eminence over lakes and islands, will be to all who pass, year by year, through the magnificent highway a beacon of light, and a standing evidence of the growth of Catholicism in Scotland.

DID NOT REJECT THE FAITH. That was a striking and remarkable reply which Cardinal Manning gave the other day to the reporter who asked him the question: "Do you expect England will ever again be Catholic?" The Cardinal answered: "I know no example in Christian history in which a whole people having once been robbed of faith have ever returned to it as a whole. The return of Arrian nations, as Lombardy and Spain, to Catholic unity is no example. But I have an unchangeable hope that both Christianity and the Catholic Faith, which is its perfection, will continue to grow in definitely among the English; because they never rejected the faith, but were robbed of it and have been born innocently into a state of privation."

The College Echo is a quarterly paper issued by the students of St. Edward's Catholic college, Austin, Texas. It is ably conducted and full of interesting reading, especially for those who have been borne by the parish priests of the diocese, the religious establishments and the people of Carlow parish.

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"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

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Table with 2 columns: WORTH and LIST OF PRIZES. WORTH: \$52,740.00 (3134 PRIZES), \$15,000.00 (CAPITAL PRIZE). LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Prize worth \$15,000, 5,000, 2,500, 1,250, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1. TICKET, \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER. 18 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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"Reading, maketh a full man; Conference, a ready man; And writing, an exact man." —LORD BACON.

Had Lord Bacon lived at the present day, he would no doubt have added: "And JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF a strong man."

Worth their Weight in Gold

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. Cured of Gravel. CHAPMAN, N.C., July 30, 1888. Sir:—For years I have been afflicted with gravel and after trying the best doctors in this locality without receiving any benefit, I tried Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills with the result that to-day I am a free man, completely cured. I would not be without them; they are the best I have ever used. Yours, &c., Wm. JACKSON. After 25 Years. PHIBSTON, Ind., Aug. 24, 1888. DEAR SIR:—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with rheumatism of the bowels; I gave up all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my feet at times and was compelled to sit and do my housework. In 1888 your agent called at my house and said that "he could cure me." I asked, "How?" he replied, "By the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." I decided to give them a trial and the result is that I am entirely cured and able to do my own work. All the neighbors around here use your Pills and say that they would not be without them. Yours, &c., CHAS. J. JESSUP. Disease of the Kidneys. QUAKER GRAY, Stokes Co., N.C., July 8, 1888. W. H. COMSTOCK:—Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and commenced giving her two pills every night. Before she had taken all of one box she could walk about the house. Today she is perfectly well and says that Morse's Pills saved her life. Yours, &c., L. W. FRENCHMAN. To save Doctors Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The Best Family Pill in use. W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N.Y. BROCKVILLE, ONT.