REV. DR. LAMBERT.

An Interview With the Catholic Register.

His Views on the Educational Problem in the United States and Canada—Catholics Have Nothing to Complain of in Ontario—The Manitoba School Question is a Matter of Justice and the Honor of Confederation.

It was a great disappointment to many on the closing day of the Pan-American Congress to go without an address from Rev. Dr. Lambert, the editor of the New York Freeman's Journal. Every one in the great audience knew Dr. Lambert by name. The sophistries of Ingersoll have been utterly confounded by him, and his fame as a Catholic writer has gone to the ends of Christendom. He made an excellent chairman of the Congress; brief and practical in all his remarks, but if the meeting had the Chairman in hand instead of the arrangement being vice-versa the distinguished visitor would have contributed nothing less than a speech

Short as was his stay in the city Dr. Lambert found time to give an interview to a representative of THE REGISTER. His practical methods displayed at the Congress were softened in conversation by that graciousness of manner which is characteristic of all great men and certainly of none more so than great Catholic priests. But he is extremely business-like at the same time. If journalists are the easiest prey of interviewers Dr. Lambert is only an exception to the rule in so far as he conducts the operation himself in a large measure, and never permits it to drag.

"Now what exactly is it you wish me to say?" was his first question. This with a quick concentration of attention summoned to his keen face.

"Your views on the broad question of education as you have observed it, both in the United States and Canada."

"Very good. Now the whole difficulty lies in this fact, both in Canada and the United States, that the people are all mixed up. They belong to all the various denominations. That is what we have to confront. While I think the great majority of people, both in Canada and the United States, recognize the fact that religion is necessary to good order and good government, and especially to the perpetuation of the Christian state, yet, inasmuch as they are all split up into the various sects, the difficulty is to get any practical system by which religion can be taught to the children which is not contrary to the convictions of the parents. There is the whole problem."

"And what do you think of it?"

"It may possibly happen that the people will come at some future time, it is hard to say when, to recognize as an evil the banishment of God from the school room, and when they do that they may come to some agreement on the basis of a denominational system."

"You are speaking of the problem as it affects you in the United States?"

"Yes; I think you have a system here in Ontario, I have been looking into it at St. Catherines, which ought to be very satisfactory. The tax payer has the right to say how his taxes for school purposes shall be devoted to public education. Catholics can have nothing to complain of in such a system. We hav'nt it that way in the United States; we have had for some years what as Christian people we regard as a compromise. In a nutshell it amounts to this: you are Protestants and we are Catholics; let each teach their religion at home. Such is the theory of it. Your system in Ontario is certainly just to every parent, whether Protestant or Catholic.

The Manitoba school question is exciting a great deal of attention in the United States.

Yes; all the papers are watching and commenting upon it. As we see it over there it is simply a matter of justice. When Manitoba entered into Confederation there was a distinct contract made that the Catholics should continue the schools they then had in operation. Now any change from that is breaking the contract which concerns the dignity of the Dominion just in the same way as if one of the States of the union should dishonor the confederacy of the United States. It is simply a question of justice affecting the honor of your confederation.

This is a beautiful city, continued Dr. Lambert, departing abruptly from the subject of the interview. The Congress I attended to-day speaks well for the intelligence and good understanding of your people upon such questions as we have been discussing. Your newspapers ought to be creditable and the Catholic press should be strong even if circulates in Toronto only.

A. O. H.

The annual excursion of the various Divisions of Toronto and vicinity will take place on Wednesday, August 14, to Niagara Falls, N.Y., per palace steamers Chippewa and Chicora. This will be an unusually interesting event, as the excursionists will be joined by the Hibernians of the Falls and Buffalo, as well as the brethren of the Canada side of the Bridge. Ample accommodation has been provided as to meals and sight-seeing at the Falls, and the amusements and games will be very attractive. The excursion promises to be both large in numbers and enjoyable from point to point down the lake.

To pretend to be converted, and not to be, is imposture and hypocrisy;—and to be converted and not to show it, is weakness before God.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A horse was ridden long before he was shod, and until it was learned how to put shoes on him, his greatest usefulness was not achieved. It is cause for comment that the ancients did not really learn to shoe him long before they did. They did put coverings upon the feet of animals for draught or burden. These coverings were made of leather and even plated shoes of hemp were put upon mules, which, by the way, were oftener ridden in olden times than horses were. By-and-by these were made of metal, not as the animal's foot is faced with iron to-day, but a metal shoe was made into which the horse's foot was placed, says the Horseman,

The mules that drew Nero's chariot were shod with silver shoes while those of his wife's "turnout" were of gold The shape thereof "deponent saith not." An old historian tells us that a people living in Asia used to draw socks over the feet of their horses when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and way off in Kamchatka they cover the feet of dogs in the same way. It seems as if all ancient shoes were put upon the horse and held there by some sort of lacing or strapping. War horses are not shod in any way. Alexander once is said to have marched until the feet of his horses were broken, while in another expedition of ancient days the "cavalry was left behind because the hoofs of the horses were in bad condition.'

The nearest thing we find to the horse-shoe of to-day was found in the grave of an old King of France, who died in 481. There were four nailholes in the shoe, and this is the first mention of nailing on a shoe. It might be well to notice just here, the fact that the horse-shoe "kept evil spirits away" even as long as in the days of this old King, 1,500 years ago and was doubtless placed on his grave for this purpose.

It is now apparent that the fruit crop will be generally short this year—a total loss in some sections. Therefore, all growers whose products escaped injury from the destructive May frosts, should do everything possible to promote the thrift of their trees and vines, remembering that the decreased yield will result in better prices for desirable products. But the horticulturist who would have an abundance of fruit for the market must not now be idle. The orchard and garden require careful watching this season, when voracious insects rapidly increase and devour everything in sight. In most cases, it will be necessary to continue spraying with Paris green, and other insecticides, and if there is any trouble from currant worms or the curculio—which are not exterminated as easily as ordinary pests—they should be destroyed at once by using the proper remedies. If the blight has appeared on your pear trees, cut off and burn the affected branches before the disease spreads. Pruning should also be done now, as the wounds heal more quickly in July than in any other season. But all large wounds ought to receive a coating of melted grafting wax, or thick, coarse paint, to protect them from the weather. The thinning out of fruit must not be neglected where large, fine specimens are desired. Most growers hesitate to perform this operation, but those who wish superior products that will sell easily should practice severe thinning out.

Although it was formerly the custom to allow grass to stand until fully grown to maturity, progressive cultivators have of late years come to favor early cutting, for the reason, now generally recognized, that there is more nourishment in hay secured when it is young, says D. T. Moore, in the Christian Work. There are still some farmers who wait until after the grass has flowered, but their hay is sure to be woody, indigestible, and of comparatively little value for feeding; nor do they obtain so large a second crop as those who cut early. Hay garnered when it is ripened and brown is of small use except as litter, and it hardly pays to cut it for such a purpose. The husbandman who has many acres of cultivated crops to look after, and is inclined to postpone his hay making labors, will find it more economical to hire extra men and get the work done than to allow the grass to grow past its blooming time. The crop is late this season, but the recent heavy rains have caused it to mature rapidly, and all those interested should now get their mowers, tedders, rakes, etc., in shape to commence cutting at the earliest moment practical. Of course, in haying, much depends upon the weather, but when it is favorable, and operations have been started, it is important that they be prosecuted vigorously and speedily until the valuable product is safely under shelter. And hence the necessity of having everything in readiness before the time for mowing arrives—of making sure that the needed men are engaged, and that all tools, machinery and teams are in good condition—so there will be no delays or accidents during the work in the field.

A curious incident occurred at Ascot recently, says the London Daily Telegraph. While a large number of pleasant luncheon parties were enjoying the delights of an open-air repast in the gardens behind the grand stand a great swarm of bees settled down on the guests around a table in a corner. They buzzed and buzzed everywhere. Ladies had bees in their bonnets and gentlemen found their hats turned into striking likenesses of "Catch-'em alive-oh's." Some of the swarm settled on the cold salmon and other members of it tumbled into the champagne cup. In fact, the bees created the greatest consternation in that quarter of the grounds.

They were gradually drawn off from the luncheon party by a gentlemen to whom occurred the happy idea of treating them to a little music on a metal tray under a tree. After the tapping or tinkling on the article had continued for two or three minutes the queen bee settled on the branches above to listen to it, and was at once followed by the swarm. It was an extraordinary sight to see hundreds of the insects hanging like great black and gold clusters on the branches of the tree while the tinkling continued. It ceased with the luncheon, and the bees did no more harm. In the earlier part of the performance a lady was pretty severely stung.

DOMESTIC READING.

It is easy to find reasons why other people should be patient.

Responsibility must be shouldered. You cannot carry it under your arm.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Making music is a religious rite which can only be performed by one in perfect charity with all men.

The memory of one good man is a light which sheds the brightest rays that fall on the lives of thousands.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them their happiness.

> There is no place where earth's sorrows
> Are more felt than up in Heaven;
> There is no place where earth's failings
> Have such kindly judgments given.
> —Faber.

Blessed is the memory of the man who hides his poor deeds behind the grateful memory of God's good deeds.

People glory in all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbour.

Great talent should be held to be a guarantee for good character; the loss of the one makes the other dangerous.

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.—Rom. XV. I.

A woman has her ideal as well as a man; she loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice more than a man does.

The mistake from the beginning has been that women have practised self-sacrifice when they should have been teaching men self-control.

You can do nothing without enthusiasm. You cannot carry on a charitable relief society or a political club, with cold-blooded men.

> For whom the heart of man shuts out
> Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
> And fences them all round about
> With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

Love, when true, faithful, and well fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life; without it, the soul cannot reach its fullest height of holiness.

Little lies are seeds of great ones. Little cruelties are germs of great ones. Little treacheries are like small holes in raiment, the beginnings of large ones.

Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being dispraised. What thou art thou art: neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.—Thomas a Kempis.

Do you know what a joyful sorrow is? Ah! something that makes one feel warm and forgiving in the midst of one's regrets—a delicious feeling; when it takes possession of you you cease to be hard and cold and fierce, and want to do good.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

All need both to give and to receive encouragement in this practical, hurrying world; and how better can the wheels of life be made to run smoothly than by comforting and upholding in every way, and by seeing and openly acknowledging the fitness and special gifts of our follow-creatures?

What good it does us to admire! Admiration is the breath of the soul—I had almost said its greatness. A narrow mind will not admire, neither will a conceited one. In order thoroughly to admire, one must needs get out of self. Admiration, that supreme independence, is a conqueror as well as a revealer. To admire is to possess.

Is the nature of affection to be ever ready to render service to every one, to supply the evident needs of those about us, to divine their hidden needs; in a word, to remove or alleviate the sufferings of others, even at the expense of our comfort and repose. Affection is composed of little attentions, delicate kindnesses, considerate forethought; it may be translated by the simple words, "giving pleasure."

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

To every one of us there come now and then moments of genuine self-revelation, when the clouds of egotism and perverse misrepresentation, through which we usually behold our own personality in a glorified halo, fade away before the piercing light of truer introspective analysis, forced suddenly upon us by some disillusioning incident or accident of the moment; and then for one brief flash we have the advantage of seeing ourselves as we really are.

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra—a strange indefinable something—which we call personal influence, which has it effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we want to have it, and then lay aside at will, as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower.

If we love our country we will love religious influence; and as I heard a few moments ago the band playing the beautiful Christmas hymn sung in the Catholic churches, the "Adeste Fideles," it seemed to me to be a text and I was about to take it for the sermon, the union of religion with patriotism. Of course it would be better, a thousand times better, if we were all united in the same sanctuary, under one Lord, one faith, one baptism. There is a yearning for this in many hearts, but until it may come let us be united in patriotism, united in a kind feeling towards each other, for the charitable must precede the dogmatic union.—Archbishop Ryan.

FIRESIDE FUN.

A Good Investment.—Customer: "I like that umbrella stand, but I don't think it is worth $12." Salesman: "Why madam, the very first umbrella that is left in it may be worth more than that."

Jeweller: "The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring, I understand, is Marcellus to Irene?" Young Man (with embarrassment): "Yes, that's right But—er—don't cut the Irene deep."

> The lovely and graceful New Woman
> On man will with patronage look—
> But when she mends clothes like a tailor
> And cooks like a frisky French cook—
>
> Then the man will look fondly upon her
> In all her sweet lights and her shades,
> Oh! then she will be the New Woman—
> Of whose kind there will be no old maids.

Foreign Tourist: "Let us have breakfast at once I'm in a great harry. The cataract is not far from here, is it?" Waiter: "No, sir; only about five minutes' walk." Tourist: "Very well, then, let it know I am coming. I am an oculist."

At a negro wedding, when the clergyman red the words, "love, honour, and obey," the bridegroom interrupted and said, "Read that again, sah; read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married befo'.

When the bellows gave out and the organist in a Rockland church was unable to get anything but a few groans from the instrument, the pastor remarked: "The organ has failed us at a vital moment; let us rise and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

"Are you aware, sir," said an irate nobleman in Yorkshire to a farmer whom he thought wanting a proper respect, "are you aware, sir, that my ancestors came over with the Conquerer?" "And if they did," replied the farmer, "I reckon they found mine here when they comed."

She was going Home.—"I am going home to mother," said the young wife, "and what is more, I am not coming back till I hear you have eaten that pie I took so much trouble and pains to make for you." "I am glad to hear," meekly said the young husband, "that you think enough of me to attend my funeral."

Still Unsatisfied.—First stranger: "Sir, my wife says you have been staring at her for the last half-hour. I want an apology." Second stranger: "Certainly. I may have been looking at your wife, but I was in a deep study and did not see her at all." "Gee! When she hears that she will be madder than ever."

A smart, well-dressed young woman of the new school sailed into a post-office the other day and, with a supercilious air, said: "Give me a postage stamp." It was given to her, and as she pitched across the the penny she looked disdainfully at the clerk. "Must I stick it on myself, sir?" "Well no, madam; ye'd better stick it on the letter."

Professor Lloyd, of Southport, has been fined for trespassing on a railway bridge at Preston. The Professor did not want to stay there. All he wished to do, and all that he actually did, was to dive off into the water below. He is an aquatic Professer, and informed the Bench that he was obliged to do these things to keep up his reputation.

A Hopeless case.—"Father!" She knelt by the dejected figure and fondly kissed the drooping hand. "Father, can I not keep the wolf from the door by my singing?" He was without hope, though he smiled. "My child,' he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anybody from the door, but the wolf is pretty pluckey you know."

A lady was showing a visitor the family portraits in a gallery. "That officer there in uniform," she said, "was my great-great-grand-father. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she added proudly, "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

Speaking Up For Old Ireland.—An English gentleman addicted to field sports arrived in Cork last autumn and engaged a car and driver to convey him to a village some miles from the city. On the way the traveller remarked: "Ought to be a good country for game, eh?" "Game is it, yer honor," was the reply. "Shur there's oshins av it." "Any snipe?" "Ay' is there! there's more snipe nor peelers, an' more peelers nor praties, an' that's sayin' a good dale." "Plenty of pheasants and grouse too, I suppose?" "Faith, there's no supposin' at all about it; there's millions av, em—so there is!" Having proceeded some miles and not seeing a feather, the Englishman observed sarcastically: "H'm, yes; plenty of small game; but I don't think there are any phonographs in these parts." "Arra'! don't be talkin'; shure, after a bit av a frost the whole country side, and more 'speshly the ploughed lan', does be swarmin' wid them!" No more questions.

Dr. A. claims to be an adept in the art of diagnosis. On being called in to see a lady, directly he had been admitted he remarked, with a knowing smile:

"I see what your complaints is; you are suffering from a disordered stomach and nervous spasms"

"Sir!"

"Let me finish; your temperament is somowhat exacting——"

Here the lady interrupted him: "Why, it is not myself who is ill, it is my uncle!"

The doctor, quite unabashed: "I suspected as much!"—[Le Nain Jaune

"Keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded—and forbye, it makes them far madder than anything else ye could say."—[Tit-Bits.

They never fail—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

There is always danger to those who have to talk much about religion, that the religion may become that of the head rather than the religion of the heart.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The opening of the Summer School at Madison Wis., was signalized by the arrival, from various points, of well-organized excursion parties of considerable magnitude, people who have neither time nor means to remain even one week, have in this way shown their appreciation and their interest. These zealous bands, headed by their reverend pastors, have not only displayed their own filial devotion to a movement approved by the Church, but have encouraged those who originated the plan, and cheered those who hope to benefit by it. Thus Madison was a scene of much activity on Sunday week, there was the cream of Chicago's Catholic society, the Columbus Club; there were some of Milwaukee's noblest sons, members of the Catholic Order of Foresters of St. Gall's Court; there were large numbers of zealous Catholics, who came in on a special train on the Illinois Central from Freeport and neighboring towns under the auspices of Freeport's Columbus Club.

Rev. Dr. H. A. Brann rector of the church of St. Agnes New York after reviewing the educational work of the Christian Brothers says: The memory of these devouted teachers shall be cherished by you also, young gentlemen, and the older you grow the more you will realize the debt of gratitude you owe to them. All honor, therefore, to these noble Brothers of the Christian Schools! They have taught you to be true Christian men—that is to be pure, honest, truthful; men of principles and of courage. They have equipped you to be leaders and champions in the old Church, that never yields to human respect, to human prejudices or passions, but is always ready to go back to the Catacombs, if necessary, rather than compromise a dogma, or trim a precept of the doctrines of Christ. Stand bravely by her in the battle of truth against error. Soldiers of truth, stand by your flag and guns, and the final victory will be yours, for the "truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

The Buffalo Union and Times calls upon Inspector De Barry to deport two local mail carriers of whom it says: "We learn on reliable authority that two of Uncle Sam's hired servants paraded in St. Catherines on Orangemen's Day in honor of King William and the white horse. The two men who are said to have done this are William H. McKenley and Henry J. Shipman, mail carriers in our Buffalo postoffice. No one who takes the Orange oath can be a true American citizen.

The managers of the Total Abstinence convention to be held in New York early next month are up-to date and thoroughly appreciative of the good to be derived from informal meetings of the delegates representing widely separated parts of the country and different habits of thought. The social side of the convention will not be neglected and the delegates will find plenty of opportunity for forming acquaintances. Among other things there will be an excursion up the Hudson on Saturday, August 10. A steamer has been chartered especially for the occasion. The excursion will be under the auspices of St. Paul's Temperance Guild, which is one of the most flourishing temperance societies in New York. It has a refreshing way of trying new experiments, which help materially in its good work. Among the latest is a public refreshment room, which has been opened at its headquarters at 427 West Fifty-ninth street.

Father Sveinsson, S. J., an Icelandic Missionary, sends some particulars to The Catholic Standard about leprosy, especially in Iceland. He reminds us that in the middle ages leprosy was spread all over Europe, which in the days of Louis VIII, is said to have contained no less than 19,000 leper settlements. Now it is practically confined to a few limited parts of Norway, some spots on the shores of the Mediterranean, Caspian, and Black Seas, and especially Iceland. At the beginning of this century that far-off island was believed to be free for ever from the foul disease, but this was a mistake, and latterly it has been found to be again spreading in an alarming manner. Last year the Danish Government sent a Copenhagen physician, Dr. Ehlers, to examine the island. Accompanied by Dr. Hausen, he spent several weeks in traversing part of the country, and although he surveyed only a third of the while, he found and examined 141 lepers. The total number is, therefore, probably treble. Hitherto no effort has been made to alleviate the lot of these unfortunates but one of the chief tasks of the new mission which Mgr. Euch by order of Leo XIII., is sending to Iceland under Father Sveinsson, will be the spiritual and temporal care of the lepers.

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