

A BEAUTIFUL HOME RULER.

Miss Gonne is now thrilling France with her tale of Irish wrongs.

Miss Maud Gonne, a beautiful Irish Home Ruler, is now making a tour of France. Her purpose is to pour into the ear of France a recital of Ireland's wrongs.

This picturesque advocate of the Irish cause is the daughter of an officer in the British Army, who is now dead. Her father belonged to an old Irish family, and he was known in a quiet way, to be in sympathy with Irish aspirations for autonomy.

Under the influence of the lovely scenery in which her girlhood passed Miss Gonne became passionately attracted to Ireland. She was fond of listening to the stories of the peasantry about daring rebels who, in struggle after struggle against the oppressor, were often forced to seek shelter in the fastnesses in the rugged mountains.

After completing her tour of Europe, it is said to be Miss Gonne's intention to lecture in the United States in support of the Irish cause. — N. Y. World.

land's fair pleader: "A brow crowned by a halo of golden hair; large eyes, which are now fired with indignation, now bathed in tears of pity; a graceful, slender and supple figure; the gestures large and noble; the whole appearance stamped with a character of supreme elegance—such is Miss Maud Gonne. Miss Gonne has made it her mission to gain the attention of France, and, through France, of Europe, for her tale of Ireland's sufferings and wrongs. Her patriotic efforts have been crowned with success, attended by large subscriptions to a fund for the relief of Irish distress. Men of the highest rank in literature and politics—authors, deputies and ministers—have appeared on her platforms, and everywhere she has been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

"Speaking the purest French, in a voice which commands every note of passion and tenderness, Miss Gonne delivered a discourse on her country's history which held a great audience spellbound. Miss Gonne possesses true oratorical instinct—she knows at once how to inform and to persuade. Each great epoch of Ireland's history is summarized in a few brilliant and clear-cut sentences, which sometimes glow with passion as she recounts the more tragic episodes of that unhappy story."

LOYALTY TO THE TRUTH.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

What is truth? Pilate asked the question of our Lord, but he did not wait for an answer. He was evidently favorably impressed with the sayings and the demeanor of our Lord, for He went out to the people, who were determined to have Him condemned, and told them that he found no cause in Him; and he actually proposed to release Him. He knew that for envy they had delivered Him. He had every reason to believe that He was not only innocent but that He was a very extraordinary man. There was enough prima facie evidence upon the truth of His claims to impose upon him the obligation of not only asking carefully, but of examining candidly the foundation of the claims of this extraordinary person and satisfying himself of their truth or falsity. Why did he not do so? In one word, he feared the people. He was evidently a politician and he feared to lose his popularity. There was a great struggle for a while. More than once he appealed to the people to let our Saviour go as an innocent man. But when he found that it was no use—when they were bent upon His destruction and preferred a robber to Him—what did he do? Did he honestly say: "I believe He is innocent and therefore I cannot conscientiously sanction His condemnation," and let Him go free? No; he actually scourged the innocent and delivered Him to them to be dealt with according to their wishes.

Then, see the hypocrisy of the man. He knows he has done wrong; but he wants to throw the blame upon the people. So he ostentatiously washes his hands before them and with a lie in his mouth says, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man." As if the stain of a deep and damning sin which had scarred his soul could be washed away by any mere external, ceremonial washing.

We have instanced this case of Pilate as typical of a large class of persons in modern times and in our own country. We call ourselves a Christian people. There is a general, albeit a falling faith in Christianity. But owing to the confusion and uncertainty resulting from the radical tendency of Protestantism, the people do not know what to believe. They do not like to give up faith in Christianity altogether. They are naturally a religious people, and they still retain more or less of the Christian traditions of the fathers; but they are all at sea as to any definite, positive system of belief and practice. Is there any adequate remedy? We say, yes, here is the old original Catholic Church in our midst which claims to be just what they want. It has a settled, fixed system of belief and practice. It is not dependent upon the ever shifting and varying opinions of fallible men. It satisfies the intellect of the profoundest thinker and the most devout aspirations of the religiously inclined. It is indeed a wonderful system which the more it is studied the more it is seen to embrace the combined wisdom and experience of the ages and to be perfectly adapted to the wants of man as a religious being.

How is this system received by the great mass of non-Catholics? Is it welcomed as the great boon from heaven which it really is? Alas, no. And why not? Is it for want of evidence? No, the evidence is abundantly sufficient if the people would only examine it. And it is worthy of special note to remark that the prima facie evidence in its favor is sufficient to impose upon every one the obligation to look into it more closely and to investigate it thoroughly with a candid and unprejudiced disposition, to accept it if true.

We have the best reasons for knowing that thousands of people have become favorably impressed with the superiority of the Catholic Church to all the so-called churches of Protestantism; and many have even gone so far as to say frankly that if there is anything in Christianity it must be in the Catholic Church. Yet they pause, and hesitate to take any step toward

satisfying themselves. They dance attendance on the Church; they are almost persuaded; sometimes they are thoroughly convinced of the truth, yet they hesitate to take a decided step and acknowledge their convictions. They vacillate, and sometimes they are found in the ranks of the anti-Pope zealots lest they should be suspected of a tendency "Romanwards." What is it that stands in their acknowledging their conscientious convictions and taking a decided stand? It is want of loyalty to the truth.

Loyalty to the truth implies, first, a deep and abiding sense of the great importance and imperative obligation of the truth, and, second, a firm and unflinching determination to seek for the truth as for hidden treasure, and resolutely to follow it when found. It should be borne in mind that truth is God and God is Truth. If you reject the truth you reject God. If you fail to correspond with the grace of God leading you towards the truth—giving you intimations and favorable impressions of it—God will hold you responsible for your negligence. We ought to love the truth for the truth's sake, and be willing to make any sacrifices for it.

We know of no more pitiable object than that of a man who is almost persuaded—but struggling with his convictions—drawn towards the Church but held back by some of those powerful motives and considerations which are always operating to keep men from doing their duty and being loyal to the truth. It may be political aspirations, or social consideration; pride of opinion; fear of what people will say; loss of caste, and being laughed at by the silly and thoughtless devotees of pleasure. It is a most wretched and uncomfortable slavery, and it is as dangerous as it is uncomfortable.

It is such a great mistake, too. It is the devil's sacrifice to keep us from doing our duty. Ingenious and plausible are his reasons for vacillation. But they are delusive. There is nothing lost by being loyal to the truth. On the contrary, the man who courageously makes sacrifices for his conscientious convictions is always respected. It is an infallible indication of character and inspires confidence at the same time that it commands the admiration even of those pusillanimous souls who have not the courage of a person of true conviction. Resist the devil of doubt and vacillation; rise above the low and grovelling motives that restrain you; resolve to brave all things for the truth's sake, and great will be your reward both in this world and in that which is to come.

How a Methodist Preacher Became a Bishop.

A Methodist minister in Milwaukee told the following last week: "I do not care to mention names, as they will come out if the investigation is made. But I have no objection to giving the facts, which can be supported by sufficient proof when it is required." The clergyman then went on to say that shortly before the last general conference met in New York the ministerial and lay delegates to the Pacific coast were surprised to receive, with the compliments of a United States Senator, who is also a railroad magnate, papers to and from the general delegates, via Washington. The delegates felt pleased and honored by this expression of good will, and when they reached Washington they were still more delighted to accept invitations to a reception given at a palatial home of the Senator and railway magnate.

"A clergyman, who was afterward elected a Bishop, was present as the friend of the magnate, and introduced the delegates to the host. During the evening the railway magnate managed to secure a personal interview with such delegate, at which he asked, as a personal favor to him, that the delegate would vote for the clergyman who had that evening, as the friend of the magnate, introduced the delegates. As a further favor the magnate asked that the delegates say nothing about having been furnished free transportation by him. As every delegate felt under obligation to the magnate for the passes and for the honor shown, it was not difficult to secure the desired promises.

"It was not till several weeks later that some of the delegates opened their eyes to the fact that they had been practically bribed by railroad passes and social honors by one of the most astute politicians in the country to accomplish the elevation to the episcopacy of the clerical friend of the politician.

"The facts stated," the clergyman added in conclusion, "will come out, beyond doubt, if the investigation is at all thorough."

No matter what may be the ills you bear from indigestion, a dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills will ease you without question. Just try them once and be assured: they have much worse dyspepsies cured. You'll find them nice and amply worth the price.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16 residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$2.50; 4th, \$1.50; 5th, \$1.00. Send a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition." Also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Oh, My Head! That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Minard's Liniment cures Gargel in Cows.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

In the last issue the Christian Register makes some very frank admissions concerning public worship in Protestant churches. It depreciates the fact that they so undervalue religious feeling as a motive power that they regard their acts of worship as a mere "preliminary" to the main thing in their meetings, which, of course, is to hear a sermon from the minister. It expresses a fear that their acts of worship are often a mere appearance's sake. The intelligence has been cultivated in them, it thinks, at the expense of the heart, until there is no longer a deep feeling of the presence of God as a comforting, sustaining power.

We did not need the Register to tell us that our separated brethren are not satisfied with this state of things. There are many signs that their hearts yearn for something better than mere preaching, accompanied by a few prayers, which, so to speak, are often offered at a venture. They may express what a preacher himself feels, but how can they be prayers from the hearts of the people, whose aspirations, fears, sorrows and trials are unknown to him, and perhaps wholly different from his own. It is no wonder that we see the Episcopal Church trying, by the help either of timid symbolism or bold ritualism, to increase in its public service the spirit of worship, or that the Presbyterians are agitating the question of having a liturgy, instead of "preliminary exercises" and a sermon.

The Register well describes the condition of the separated Church as like that of people in a nightmare. They want to go from where they are, but do not know exactly where they want to go, and are perplexed as to how they shall get there. Those of them who have no authorized liturgy will be satisfied, if the soul of the minister was always so full of feeling and desire as to kindle a like flame in the hearts of the people. But if it is not—and how often must it be that it is not—there is a positively immoral performance in the language of deep religious feeling where it does not really exist. The method of worship by a set form of prayers "never sinks so low in heartlessness as this. But the great objection to it is that it leaves no room for that spontaneous utterance which religious feeling sometimes demands."

As neither is wholly satisfactory, an attempt has been made to combine the best features of each. And we are told that the Church which first succeeds in offering to the men and women of this age a method of worship best suited to their needs will perform a service for the world that will meet with swift recognition.

This last assertion is a great mistake. The world has had, in the Catholic Mass, just such a form of worship for nineteen centuries. But it has not met with swift recognition from many who confess their need of just what it alone would supply them. In what it has offered the fullest, freest, most satisfying expression of every feeling of the human heart towards its Creator, of sorrow and mourning, or even that conscious spiritual languor which the soul beanoins in itself, and which the most eloquent preaching and the most beautiful liturgies are often powerless to heal. In it there is no dependence upon the man who offers it. Its benefits, its comfort and consolation, are as great to those who assist at it when the celebrant is secretly cold and unmoved himself, as when he is full of the fire of love and zeal. The experiences of countless millions in all ages prove that it is the Holy Sacrifice itself that satisfies the soul, whether the offerer be the most eloquent or the dullest preacher.

What is the secret of the power of its attraction? Why is it that the poor and the lowly, the world over, will crowd around the Catholic altar, not on Sunday alone, but day after day, in winter's cold and summer's heat? Why is it that Newman could say he could assist at it forever without being weary of it? It is not alone because its liturgy contains that for which our separated friends are longing—a set form of prayers and praises of surpassing beauty and sweetness, yet elastic enough to meet the wants of the soul in all its varying moods. All these it has. Its Gloria, Sanctus and Preface have never been approached by any songs of praise in any other Church. Its Miserere and Agnus Dei have made many a sorrowing heart a fountain of penitent tears of love.

But these are not the real source of its sweet attraction. That lies in the Real Presence of Jesus upon the altar. Just as the Godhead was present in His person, when He lived and moved visibly among men, by presence in a mode different from His omnipotence in the universe, so at the words of Consecration, He comes down upon the altar by a real, actual, sacramental presence, different from that by which He is in the home or closet, or in the streets or the fields. The words of the Mass are but beautiful expressions of adoration which we owe to this Divine Presence. But no one is confined to those words alone, any more than every one was obliged to approach Jesus in the same way, while He was visibly on earth. Some may follow the priest, using the same words—others may pour out their souls in language of their own. One whose spirit is attuned to joy and gladness may make continued acts of praise and thanksgiving,—another whose spirit is bowed in grief may prefer to meditate upon the sufferings like his which Jesus

once endured. Very often not a word is read or spoken. The soul is simply engaged in silent, devout adoration of its God. Even those who are conscious of spiritual languor and coldness are sweetly drawn to the Divine Presence, by the feeling, "If we may but touch the hem of His garment, we shall be healed."

How strange, then, to the Catholic to hear other Christians speak of wanting a more satisfactory mode of public worship. It is to him as if a child should study out a way of addressing his father when in his presence. And how strange too, may we not say, to see them so anxious to have a beautiful and appropriate way of coming into the Divine Presence in the early temple of God, while denying that He is there in any other way than He is present everywhere else.

A Front Door Scandal.

Col. Russell, says Truth, is the Tory candidate for East Aberdeenshire. The colonel and Mrs. Russell, having met the schoolmaster of Old Deer, and his wife, asked them to call on them. This they did, but, on calling, Mrs. Russell asked them their business, and showed them the door; this somewhat cool welcome being followed by the receipt of the following letter from Col. Russell's factor. The letter is interesting, as showing how Tory candidates regard the relation that ought to prevail between them and their neighbors whom they do not deem of the same social standing as themselves. Note, schoolmasters, that if you want to see a Tory candidate, you must understand that the front door is for your betters:

"DEAR SIR—Mrs. Russell of Aden has instructed me to inform you that she is very much surprised at you and your wife coming to the front door and asking to see her without any reason. Mrs. R. wishes it to be distinctly understood that she never receives visits from any of the people in this district; she could not receive one without many others. If she wishes to see anyone she sends for them, and expects that they will come by the back door. If at any time anyone wishes to speak to Mrs. R. on any business connected with the social or moral or intellectual interests of the community, or for any philanthropic purpose, Mrs. R. will be obliged if they will let her know beforehand, in order that she may fix a time to see them which suits her own convenience, and she will give them an interview in the business room set apart for that purpose. In any case of illness or trouble Mrs. R. is always ready to assist, but the application should be made by letter, for she cannot possibly permit unauthorized interviews upon her privacy. Mrs. R. begs me to add that she feels convinced that your conduct arose from ignorance of the world and its customs, and not from any intentional impertinence. She is, therefore, ready to forgive what has passed, but begs that it may not occur again."

Three Things to Remember. Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most unequalled success. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest cures. Is it not the medicine for you? Constipation is caused by loss of peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver. C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail 156 bottles of D. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician prescribing it for several days to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in three or four of my children this winter, it never failed to relieve almost immediately."

Nothing So Good. DEAR SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as this proved itself to be.

A Sure Reliance. GENTLEMEN,—We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past ten years in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaints. It never fails us and has saved many a doctor's bills.

J. T. PARKINSON, Granton Ont. No bogus testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

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Christening.

To-day I saw a little, calm-eyed baby where soft lights rippled at the top of the church's shelter arc. Peacefully wondering, to the White-rolled and sweet, in a flower. White as the daisies that adorne. Born like a gift—the young dower—offered to God as her most precious thing.

Then ceased the music, and the pastor spoke, the pastor's words trembled. But she, the child, knew not a word. And suddenly yielded to a flood of tears. As helpless as the cry of a child. Whose untired wings for flight.

How like in this, I thought, to the blessing falls: we call it. And fancy that we wear a sorrow. Even at the moment of our birth. Pure daisy-child! Whatever of dream or doctrine—or of faith. A hand may touch our heads, Of grief and doubt, to bleed.

A voice may sound, in measure. The words we know not, the meaning. Be clear as dew, and sure as a scattered star from some one's eye. Was it the ancient sacrament. This weeping cry of a child. With a prayer or an offering. To Him whose hearts of men searches.

We are like the babe who, again. Within her mother's cradling. Bright as a new bud, now, in the April of her hair, it seemed. Rested.

—George P. Five-Minute Smoke. Fourth Sunday after

HOW TO SUFFER. Brethren: I reckon that this present time are not worth the glory to come, that is in us (Ephesians of the Day). I think, my brethren, few good and faithful do not have, as they joy life, a fair share of and sufferings. So crosses are not noticed people, but they are the those who have to be priest hears more of the world, as well than any one else; very old story to him own trials, too, in many think that in his has mostly avoided them and suffering seem to they really are, the Christians, happiness; tion; unless we are what some call happening the law of God.

Now this is a very but it is a fact, and will. But how shall we That is a point which consider.

Shall we simply because we cannot be little as we can, because makes it worse? Comfort by thinking the same plight as believing, though perhaps it, that our luck, no harder than that around us?

These would be ways of getting along no better. But it is for us to fall back on has faith should be at way than either of them. "Yes," you may what you mean: a God resigned to God are taught and we things come to us by God; that He is all-hard to hear, we know be done, and know for the best."

Now I do not want against this way of it is a good way, and way: none more, sometimes it is the seem possible. But exactly what I mean what the great Apocryphal glorious and triumphant life of suffering, we that of St. Peter to immortal words which "I reckon," says ferings of this pro worthy to be compared to come, that shall be That is his consolation. He says to us, "I a but what is it for bitter it is true, but against an eternal which God is going souls. Truly it is compared in its part the ocean of delight earned for the future the little price which for that future; speaking of when will bring."

Indeed, my brethren matter of astonishment it ought to be so little of the prepared for us. In it; we do believe seem to forget all have it if we very crosses and tr are a sign that we to force us on us. more of heaven; forward to it. Th was the joy of martyrs; why constant support tians, too?

Is there anything having you anything more delicious than Cook's Friend. Try it and be convinced. Love's secret things for God, cause they are Father E. W. F.