The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BI[illegible]EZ.

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(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

IN THE VALLEY OF OVOCA.

A HOLIDAY SKETCH

III.

The men who annihilated the infamous "North Cork" at Oulart and Ennescorthy, and whose gleaming pikes struck terror into the foe on "Tubbercreering's day" are worthy of a glorious place among the heroes who have fought and died for the Old Land

The thoughts of our driver Billy Roche must have been running much in the same line as my own, for as we left the little town I could hear him "humourin" a popular rebel ballad, "The Boys of Wexford." As I had heard the song not long before at New Ross sung by a "Wexford boy" at the present generation I was able to join in with Billy in the chorus:

"For we are the boys of Wexford
"Who fought with heart and hand
"To burst in twain the galling chain
"And free our native land."

Our way lay now back around the other side of the village, passing the little hostelry we entered the region of the "Meeting of the Waters," about a mile and a half above it. Neat little villas adorn the road-side here and giant elms and sycamores everything. Nearly, through fairy glades and meadow flows the river. We crossed the romantic ivy covered old bridge over the Avonbeg, alighted from the jaunting car, and passing from the road under a verdant hedge of white thorn, found ourselves on the spot immortalized by Moore, where "the bright waters meet." The picturesque old stone bridge over the Avonbeg which we had just crossed is about thirty yards above the junction of the currents. The Avonbeg mingles its shallow stream with the deeper Avonmore and the united waters run sparkling on, now oddying over the smooth, round sand-stone, now fretting the green banks, and laughing softly as though joyful at the union, like friends long-parted. The Avonmore, the more impetuous of the two, enters the "Meeting" from the right, after having also passed under an old arch of stone, ivy-covered and picturesque. All things seem to combine to make the scene here more and more beautiful and romantic. The gleaming waters, the green sward that runs up between them, the great overhanging oaks and elms with vistas of flowery mead seen between, the rustic bridges half hidden by festoons of ivy vivid-green, the liquid twitterings of the gold-finches and linnets in their shaded bowers. All these things were an affirmation of the words of the poet:

"There is not in this wide world, a valley so sweet
"As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

It was a scene never to be forgotten and the sense of its serene and peaceful beauty comes upon me now, as my memory recalls it, just as vividly as it did that August day years ago.

On the grassy plot which last divides the streams is a large tree whose hanging branches almost touch the ground. Beneath this, Moore is said to have written the first lines of his song. The authenticity of this legend seems to be taken for granted by most tourists, for the bark of the great tree is hacked and cut in the cruellest manner, by the penknives of admirers eager to bring away a souvenir of the romantic spot. Sitting near by was a blind man. He was playing on an old flute much the worse for wear, and kept from falling asunder by a liberal application of waxed-ends.

A hairy little dog snoozed comfortably between his feet An iron chain was affixed to the dog's neck and the blind man had tied the other end around his own leg, to keep the little brute a prisoner. We listened, the blind flutist was playing the air of the "Meeting of the Waters." How sweet and sad it was, The notes seemed to die away with a sob, and the waters erstwhile laughing, sobbed in unison! Again the blind musician took up the air and the echoes like fairy voices answered back from grove and dell. The plaintive melody of the flute harmonized with the quiet beauty of the scene, and we felt it in our hearts. When we went over to our entertainer, a glow of surprise lighted up his pale face, for coins were pressed in his outstretched palm with unusual liberality.

We then asked him to give us an Irish jig and soon the woods were ringing to a lively tune, the name of which he told us was "The Miners of Wicklow." Alas for the discouraging effects of alien rule there are no miners with their happy families in Wicklow to-day. The great derricks and windlasses stand unused on the hillsides, the shafts are clay-choked: parts of the streams are still tarnished with the rich ore, but where are the miners and their once happy families. Who can answer! Hepty as Goldsmith says:

"Through torrid track with faltering steps they go
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woo."

One of the lighter spirits amongst our party feeling the contagion of the music "getting into his heels," here proceeded to give us 'a few steps" much to the edification of two members of the ubiquitous Royal Irish Constabulary who lounged in graceful attitudes over the parapet of the old bridge. The fury soul of Mitchell revolted against the presence of a British frigate in the placid waters of Cork Harbor, and here in like manner Billy Roche seemed to take umbrage at this intrusion of English power on the scene. "Fine looking men those peelers are Billy" I remarked moving over to that individual. "Fine lookin' eh?' snorted Billy disdainfully, as if the idea had never once occurred to him before, "sure 'tis easy for 'em to be fine lookin' with brand new shuffs on, an' shiny belts, an' a split in their hair as straight as a ramrod. Sure they have nothin else to do but swaggerin' formint the girls, an' the Irish colleen that d turn her eyes on 'em I wouldn't give that for her," snapping his fingers, "sure the turncoats ud evict her father next day if they war ordhered." And Billy finished this long oration quite out of breath, glaring savagely at the two tall policemen who were delightfully unconscious of the storm they had aroused.

The setting sun was now poising over the haughty crest of Lugnaquilla and his last rich beams, touched with fire the ripples of the meeting waters. There was something almost heavenly in the scene around, so peaceful and happy it appeared Making one of our party was a well-known and talented singer, from the "Marble City" of Kilkenny, and as we all stood there on the bank we hear as we could get to shore "the bright waters meet," the voice of the singer was uplifted in that delightful melody. The exquisitely modulated strains rose and fell in thrilling cadence, and were echoed back from the graves in waves of delicious harmony; and when the softened tones died away the passing waters seemed to take up the burden of the song and bear it on with them adown the vale laughing and sobbing. The time and place so appropriate made that song a thing never to be forgotten and we left the beautiful vale; our cars haunted with the melody of the closing lines:

"Sweet vale of Ovoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best!
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

SLIAV-NA-MON.

Death of Mr Maurice Londregan.

PETERBOROUGH, Jan. 12.—The death of Mr. Maurice Londregan occurred at his residence lot 29, 8th concession, Otonabee on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 7th. after an illness lasting only from the previous day. A short time since he was kicked on one of his legs by a horse, but recovered so as to be able to move about. On Friday he was seized with an attack of heart disease and died on Saturday afternoon. The deceased was sixty-seven years of age, and was probably the oldest Canadian born resident of the township. He was held in very high esteem by his neighbors and all who knew him. The very large number that followed his remains to the Catholic cemetery in Peterborough, Monday morning, was an evidence of the high place he held in the esteem of the community. May his soul rest in peace.

A Genial Visitor.

Mr. Stephen Walsh of Arthur village was a visitor in THE REGISTER office last week Mr. Walsh is a very popular figure in his own district and has a wide circle of friends throughout the province. He is a warm admirer of THE REGISTER recognizing it as an indispensable voice in the journalism of the Dominion Neither party favoritism nor sensitiveness influences the public esteem in which the paper is growing Mr Walsh, who has been an active Liberal partyman for many years tells us the paper is admired for its intelligent expression of Catholic teaching and opinion, its steady and watchful interest in Irish news and Ireland's national cause and its outspoken advocacy of Catholic interests in the social and public life of Canada.

Death of James Henry, LL.B.

On Dec. 31st, Mr. Myles Henry, Peterborough, received a telegram announcing the death of his brother, Mr. James Henry, LL B., formerly of the firm of Dumble & Henry, Peterborough. Mr Henry was 38 years of age and was born and lived in Peterborough till about ten years ago, when he removed to Chicago. He was educated in Peterborough, afterwards in St Michael's College, Toronto. His brother, Redmond, who lives in Chicago, took charge of the funeral, and the deceased was buried with American military honours. The burial took place at Mount Olivet Cemetery, about 16 miles from the centre of Chicago, but within the limits. The Rev. Father Cox, chaplain of the regiment, was present at the grave.

Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., Preaches a Mission.

A general mission to last four weeks is being held in St Anne's parish, Montreal. Four missions will occupy a week The Rev. Father Grogan, of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, and a native of Quebec, is preaching throughout all the missions.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to DR THOMAS ECLECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years standing It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

A NOTABLE DECISION.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

There was a decision rendered by the Supreme Court of the state of Michigan some time last month, which is worth taking notice of. It is not remarkable for any great originality of thought or special soundness of judgment displayed. But the matter to be adjudicated lifts it above the ordinary, and will, I think, make it often quoted.

In Michigan, as every place else the world over, there is difference of opinion as to whether and how far religious instruction should be introduced into the schools. To effect a sort of compromise between the contending parties a committee of three—consisting of a Catholic a Protestant and a Jew—was instructed to make such selections from the bible, as would be most pleasing or at all events least displeasing all round, and have them printed as a reading book for the schools. A taxpayer objected to this arrangement on the ground that it violated the constitution of the state, which makes it unlawful to compel any one to pay tithes, taxes or other rates for the support of any minister of the gospel, or teacher of religion."

Then the matter got into court, and after the usual expriences found its way before the supreme tribunal; the advocates of the readings maintaining that the charter of the old Northwest Territory, of which Michigan is a part, overrode the constitution which it antedated. The court, however, disregarded this issue altogether and decided on quite other grounds. It declared that the book—that is the bible readings—had no religious significance or purpose whatever. It was merely a reading book, and as such might be read, as long as there was no religious comment, like any other book; and so the matter ended.

What I would invite attention to is this, that the first judges of the state affirm the truth of the principle always contended for by Catholics, and as vehemently denied by Protestants, namely, that a mere book is not by itself a teacher. The bible, the whole bible, and nothing but the bible, the religion of the Protestants, has proved a very serviceable cry, in its day and even yet is the shibboleth of many. The Michigan judges take a very opposite view, and decide that the basis of the cry is humbug, a book, by itself and without comment, that is without something quite outside and beyond itself, not being a teacher at all except of the mere art of reading.

This decision as far as it goes is in accord with the church's teaching. The bible she values, and has always valued, as one of the great gifts of God, "profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice," (2, Timothy 3-16.) when it is in the hands of those who know how to use it, not otherwise. It is the text book of the science of God, and like all other text-books intended primarily for the teacher. Only he can open its sense, and originate knowledge of it in minds so far ignorant of its meaning. The book itself has no more power to do this than a treatise upon mensuration or algebra has power to make surveyors or algebraists out of everyone who can read And to claim for it a power it does not possess is as superstitious as to expect a fortune from seeing the new moon over your left shoulder through the limbs of an apple tree

There have been as many fortunes gained by such a conjunction of circumstances as there have been unbelievers converted by a mere book.

But this is too old a question to need description here.

What we write for is to express a curiosity to know what effect, if any, such a decision would have on the members of the bible societies. As far as it goes it puts them and their occupation out of court altogether. For if the reading of even carefully selected extracts has no religious significance or purpose whatever, what earthly use can there be in spending millions in the printing and distribution of the whole book? Charity is a great virtue, even philanthropy is not to be despised. But where is the charity or philanthropy in putting yourself to great or to any expense, when you know beforehand your work can benefit nobody?

We are speaking of course of bibles printed and distributed for the conversion of the heathen, whether he live in the far east or right here amongst ourselves. And we know that, year by year, there are millions and tens of millions of copies thrust upon men who have all the ignorance of the eunuch mentioned in the eighth chapter of the Acts, without any of the humility that made him say. "And how can I understand unless some man show me?" They are scattered about, too, in China and India and such places for the supposed benefit of men who usually can't read them, or even if they could are quite unable according to these Michigan judges to gain any religious instruction whatever from them.

Now these books have to be paid for by somebody Paper and printing and binding are expensive, and the annual outlay must be enormous. Why is it made? Why do shrewd hard headed men, when at meetings of bible societies, pay out their money and encourage others to pay for a purpose which the same men when sitting on the bench declare can not in any manner whatever be promoted by mere bible reading?

Is it that the bible societies are not a religious body at all, but a huge Trust on the part of publishers who find it more profitable to their trade to adopt a religious name? The whole business lends plausibility to this suspicion.

Uneasiness in Belleville.

Hamilton Herald — The only trouble of any kind that we have noticed in connection with the organization of the three new councils, Belleville, Chatham and St. Catharines, which have returned by the vote of all the electors, boards of aldermen reduced in number has arisen in Belleville as a result of narrow religious prejudice. It seems that the chairmen of the two important committees of the new Belleville council are Roman Catholic gentlemen, and that that fact has caused some jealous grumbling among certain citizens who perhaps, fancy that the coincidence may be evidence of a conspiracy to overturn the Protestant religion. But it can hardly be regretted that these objections petty and foolish as they are, were made for they have drawn from one of the Catholic chairmen a capital letter to the Belleville papers which must have caused a good deal of fun and served to lay the dust of sectarian jealousy The writer is Thomas Hanley, chairman of the Board of Works. He finishes his letter in this strain of good natured irony

Really, I do not feel like holding the office, if by doing so some of our worthy citizens are likely to lie awake nights, and will, therefore, most willingly hand the office, honor, salary, and good-will to any orthodox Protestant in the council who may be chosen to fill the position. If, however, I am permitted to hold the magnificent sinecure, I shall promise you this, that I shall see that no dangerous fluids of the nature of holy water shall be allowed to lurk beneath the sidewalks. I shall see, moreover, that there shall be no distinctly Catholic or Protestant sidewalks or streets built with civic funds. I shall do my best to build streets and sidewalks, so far as the funds at my disposal will permit, upon which the dust from all our shoes alike may mingle together in harmony and peace."

Obituary.

Mr. Michael Doyle, for the last fifty years a resident of Toronto, died at his house on Duke street on Thursday, Jan. 12th. He was born in the county of Kerry, Ireland, in 1821, and came to Canada in 1847—living in this city continuously from that date till his death. Mr. Doyle was extensively engaged in the fish trade, which he largely controlled, and in which he was very successful. Like all his countrymen he had a warm heart; and when anything of a Catholic or national character needed assistance he gave generously. His funeral (which took place on Sunday) was numerously attended, the Rev. Dr. Treacy officiating in St. Michael's Cathedral and at the burial in St. Michael's cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John Landers, Edward Foley, M. O'Halloran, James Aiken, W. Hunter and Patrick Boyle—who, with many others, paid the last sad tribute to their departed friend. May his soul rest in peace.

Death of Hon. Nelson Dingley.

WASHINGTON, D C., January 14.—Hon. Nelson A. Dingley, of Maine, leader of the Republican side of the floor of the House of Representatives and representing the Second Congressional district of Maine, in that body, died here last night at half past ten, of heart failure resulting from extreme weakness due to double pneumonia. To within a few hours before his death the family firmly believed, as they have throughout his illness, that Mr. Dingley would recover.

J. M. J. D.—Athens Church Debt.

Athens' Church Debt.
Reduced from $2,000 to $1,242.

All those who will send me $1 (or more) I promise them that they will have part in all my Masses, offices, prayers, and all the other good works that may be done by me, until my death.

REV. J. J. COLLINS,
Trevelyan P.O., Leeds County, Ont.

Post Office Orders payable at Athens, Ont.

Branch 94, C. M. B. A.

Branch 94, C.M.B.A, Ottawa, has installed its officers. They are as follows:—president, Ralph Slattery; 1st vice-president, Hugh O Neill; rec.-sec., M. J. O'Farrell; ass. rec. sec., Denis Behan; fin. sec., Alex. Hunter; treas., James Mundy; marshall, Jas. Kearns, guard, John Reardon, trustees, James Gleeson, John Casey, M. Daley, S. Teakey.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

The Triumph of Ireland's Faith.

SERMON BY REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

On Sunday, Jan 15, the city divisions of the A. O H., paraded in a body to St. Paul's Church, to attend the evening devotions The fine church was crowded to its fullest extent. At the invitation of the Rector Rev. J. L. Haud, the sermon of the evening was delivered by Rev. Father Dollard of St. Mary's.

Present in the sanctuary were: Rev. J. L Haud, Rev. F. O'Sullivan, Peterborough; Rev. Father Devine, Osceola; and Rev. H. J. Canning, St. Catharines

The preacher drew a striking parallel between the history of the chosen people of the Old Testament, and the history of the Irish race in its sufferings and triumphs. God sent His leader Moses who delivered Israel from bondage, leading the tribes through sea and desert into the bosom of the promised land. He announced that he would give them glory, and through them all the nations of the earth should be blessed But the glory he gave to Israel was not the glory of earth. In His eyes earth's glory is vanity and nothingness. He sees mighty empires spring up and dominate the world. The thrones of their kings blaze with jewels and gold The palaces of their great ones are haughty and magnificent. Their strong-walled cities fill the eye with awe and wonder, their armies in serried phalanx make earth tremble to their tread. But God looks down and all this pomp melts away like snow from the sun's face. At His word thrones totter and fall, the proud-walled cities crumble to dust; the mighty armies are swept away like sere leaves before the autumn blast. The glory He bestowed on Israel was the glory of Faith. He sent His Divine Son to her in her hour of humiliation and subjection. He selected her children to spread his word to the extreme ends of the earth.

As he sent Moses of old to deliver Israel, so in the New Law God sent Patrick to deliver Ireland from the thrall and horrors of paganism "out from the House of Bondage," and as by the glow of the fire-pillar, He led the tribes through the salt sea and parching deserts, so scarcely less manifestly He has led our people through the bitter seas of affliction and through deserts of trial and persecution. If He has not given them of earthly glory He has crowned them with the unfading and ineffable glory of Faith triumphant and He has scattered them to the four winds that they may conquer to Him the Kingdoms of the world.

Emphasising this providence of God, the preacher glanced over the successive cycles of Irish history. The golden age of peace and religion, when Erin was the "Island of saints and scholars." The cycle of the Danish invasions and the glorious victory of the cross on the bloody field of Clontarf. The Norman invasion, the Reformation and the culminating horrors of the "Penal Days." No nation of the world ever passed through such a fearful ordeal, but in the end Ireland conquered; and on the 1st of January, 1872, the forces of Heresy acknowledged their defeat, when the Protestant church was disestablished in Ireland.

Where did the Irish people get this grand faith, this sublime perseverance this divine fortitude? It must needs be they were rewarded with this indomitable faith for their wonderful devotion to our Divine Saviour in the great sacrifice of the mass, and to His Immaculate Mother who gave them that love for purity and chastity which is the distinguishing characteristic of the race.

Oh that we had an Irish Rembrandt! What a beautiful picture this would be. It is on a wild Irish hillside, the night-shades still hover over misty vale and sombre mountain peak. We can almost hear the sad night-wind singing a plaintive hymn through under-broken chancel that tells of an Abbey of the olden days

See there the priest whose altar is a ledge of rock. He raised on high the Sacred Host and the the poor people so rich in faith, richer and happier immeasurably in every way than the great ones of earth, they are close around him bending low in reverent adoration and prayer. And in the distance, faintly outlined figures are seen, watching for the coming of the persecutors as Christ watched and waited of old in dear Gethsemane. We have been looking at a Mass of the Penal Days.

We, my dear brethren, would be unworthy children of such heroic ancestors, if we did not prize those holy gifts of religion to preserve which they suffered so much. We would be unworthy of the name of Irishmen were we not proud of their glorious struggle for the olden faith, if we were not ready as they were to suffer and die for the faith of our Fathers. In conclusion the preacher said:

Thank God to-day the church in Ireland after its long centuries of struggle is as strong and vigorous as she was in the days of Patrick. She possesses again her grand schools and her magnificent cathedrals and she sends out her valiant missionaries to every quarter of the world. In the quiet and verdant glens the Angelus bell peals out every day and its sweet tones call the people to prayer as they did in the far-off days fifteen hundred years past. Erin has been tried in the furnace of affliction and has has not been found wanting.

Let us pray, my dear brethren that the light of that heavenly faith will shine forever on our dear land, and let us resolve to be ever true to the principles and teachings of that religion for which our fathers suffered and died.

After vespers the members returned to St Ann's Hall where speeches were given by the following members, Bros. P. Boyle, Jos. Rutledge, C. J. McCabe and Jas. Conlin. Bro. Boyle eulogized the rev. Father very highly, for his eloquent discourse on Ireland and the Irish A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the rev Father for his magnificent address.

Vicar General Kelly at Smith's Falls.

The Rideau Record, of Jan. 12, publishes an account of the sympathetic address which Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, the life long friend of the late Archbishop Cleary, made to the congregation of St. Francis de Sales church, Smith's Falls, the congregation addressed him on the recent changes in Kingston Archdiocese. On Sunday Vicar General Kelly took the service at St. Francis de Sales In referring to the changes whereby Father Stanton had been removed and he became their pastor Father Kelly said he felt a good deal of embarrassment in announcing himself as such, but he thought he could not begin better than by sympathizing with the congregation in the loss of their beloved pastor. He had known him personally for a good many years and to know him was to honor and respect him in the highest degree His removal, he knew, would be a distinct loss to the congregation, but at the same time a decided promotion for Father Stanton. It was a high tribute from the Archbishop that he should be singled out from every other priest in the diocese to be his (the Archbishop's) successor. It was an evidence of confidence in their late pastor's ability, in his power as an administrator, and it was a great compliment to Father Stanton and to the whole congregation Changes, he said, were advantageous sometimes, even though they often meant the breaking up of dear associations. They were also a reminder of the great change that would overtake us all sooner or later. He then read the Archbishop's letter of appointment, in the absence of Rev. Father Stanton to introduce him. In conclusion he said he felt it to be a great task to undertake to fill Father Stanton's place, but in all other respects he felt it to be a privilege to take the pastorate of St Francis de Sales church. The character of the people of this parish was known all over the diocese, and he hoped the pleasant relations which had existed between pastor and people for so long would be continued for many years to come. He would be glad to give each and every one every possible assistance and would endeavor to do his duty to the best of his ability."

Galileo and the Church.

The following narrow and ill-informed article, which appeared in The Globe last week, hadwe are glad to say called forth the reply from Mr. Thomas Mulvey, barrister, which we publish in this issue but which The Globe has declined to publish, contrary to its custom: "Galileo, who died 237 years ago, is sometimes regarded as one of the early martyrs of science, but he was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was not, like his great countryman, Giordano Bruno, prepared to die for his opinions. He was summoned before the Inquisition to answer for his scientific opinions, which were declared to be heresies. He was condemned by his judges to abjure on his knees his scientific creed, and he yielded. The story goes that after having abjured the opinion that the world moved, he whispered as an aside, E pur si muove (but, nevertheless, it does move). The belief that he thus abjectly renounced are now recognized as the commonplace truths and laws of nature. He died in his 78th year, eight years after his recantation. Galileo's great contributions to science have been somewhat dimmed by his yielding to the enemies of free inquiry and suppressors of truth."

The leading physicians of Toronto patronize and recommend Lemaitre's Pharmacy, 256 Queen St. West, opposite the Fire Hall. This is a fact well worth knowing if you have anyone sick at home, Lemaitre's Pharmacy has long enjoyed the best reputation for careful dispensing and pure medicines Bicycle messengers call for prescriptions and promptly deliver medicines at all hours. 'Phone 1033

Sunday Entertainments Stopped.

At the request of Archbishop Bruchesi the family entertainments or soirees de famille, given at the Monumental National on Sunday evenings have been discontinued, His Grace having been desirous that there should be a more rigid observance of the Sabbath.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chests.