

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

NO. 881.

Little Schoolhouse in the Glade.

Little school house in the glade,
Where are the children's faces,
The band that round your porches played,
And ran in merry races?
Where are the footsteps at the door!
The ringing, happy voices?
I listen; but no more, no more
You call with song and rejoices;
O little school house in the glade,
Gone are the happy voices!

O little school house in the glade,
You bring sweet memories to me,
Once I about your porches played,
Ere care or trouble knew me;
Once I a careless, laughing child,
Along your pathway wandered,
The path that now in grasses will
And tangled weeds be ended;
O little school house in the glade,
Once that pathway wended!

O little school house in the glade,
Your children are departed,
They leave your dear old walls to fade;
I bless them, broken-hearted,
Your windows small so grim have grown;
Your pleasant ways are dreary;
You stand like one who, left alone,
Awaits death and weariness;
O little school house in the glade,
Your ways have all grown dreary!

O little school house in the glade,
I knew the happy faces,
I knew the band that laughed and played,
And ran in merry races,
Some roam the world as poor as you,
And some know sorrow never;
And one, my joyous boyhood knew,
Sleeps on the hill forever;
But, little school house in the glade,
Some think of sorrow never!

O little school house in the glade,
The wintery winds may shake you;
Yet all the scars by seasons made
Shall only fairer make you;
My heart shall ever hold you dear;
You live on Memory's pages,
A name that calls a happy tear,
And many a pain assuages;
O little school house in the glade,
Your light on Memory's pages!

O little school house in the glade,
If it be true that Heaven
Contains the joys of earth that fade,
With all that hope hath given,
I know that I shall find you there,
With all your happy voices,
And see your merry faces fair,
Where every tongue rejoices;
O little school house in the glade,
Safe are the happy voices!

—EARNEST WARBURTON SHURTELL.

RIGHT USE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Catholics do not deny the right and duty of private judgment. Cardinal Newman, in "Loss and Gain," says: "It need not be denied that those who are exterior to the Church must begin with private judgment. They use it in order ultimately to supersede it, as a man out of doors uses a lamp in a dark night and puts it out when he gets home. What would be thought of his bringing it into the drawing room? There is no absurdity or inconsistency in a person first using his private judgment and then denouncing its use. Circumstances change duties."

A man is convinced of the truth of Christianity: he believes in general that God has given us a revelation of divine truth. But he sees a hundred contending sects and denominations, all claiming to be the true exponents of that revelation. It is his duty to use his judgment in determining which of these claimants is entitled to credit. This he is to do not by examining and testing each point of doctrine taught—this he is incapable of doing. The very supposition of a divine revelation implies a system of truth external to us, and which we are bound to believe and accept on the authority of God Himself. Such a system of divine truth implies a divinely-constituted teacher. Where is that teacher? Which of the organizations claiming to be the legitimate inheritor of the original deposit of faith? This question must be decided by the exercise of private judgment and by external marks and characteristics.

There are certain marks which indicate the true Church and they are susceptible of determination by private judgment without presuming to sit in judgment on the principles and doctrines themselves. We cannot make the doctrines the test of the true Church because we must learn the doctrines from the Church which is the divine teacher. When we have decided in our minds which Church has the undoubted marks of legitimacy—the external characteristics of the divine teacher, all we have then to do is simply to submit our judgment to this divine teacher—the true Church of Christ—and believe what she prescribes.

There are four marks or characteristics which indicate and determine the true Church, viz., unity, sanctity, catholicity and apostolicity. The Church is one, it is holy, it is Catholic it is apostolic. It is one in doctrine and in organization, having a head and center of unity which Christ Himself appointed and without which there can be no true unity. It is holy in its teaching and in the millions of saints which it has nourished in ages past and which now feast upon the divine banquet which is always spread in her penitential and believing souls. It is Catholic in that it is designed to be, and, in fact, is universal, being spread throughout the world and being distinguished from all the various heretical bodies that have from time to time arisen in the world. The very name Catholic indicates her character. It is apostolic in that it is united with the apostles by a regular, legitimate succession of authority from the apostles;

and by teaching the apostolic doctrine which she has preserved and handed down from the original deposit of faith.

These four undoubted marks of the true Church are the lamp which is to guide the inquirer into the blessed mansions of truth and peace in Holy Church. When he has reached those mansions the lamp is no longer needed, and it is laid aside. The enquiring soul has reached the center of light and truth, and it has naught to do but to submit its whole being to the guidance and direction of that light.

This divine teacher may require faith in some things that are mysterious—that cannot be fully comprehended by the human mind. All things go out in mystery. It is not to be expected that the deep things of God can be fully comprehended by the finite human mind. But what has been revealed is easily understood. The humble Christian does not trouble himself about mysteries. He has implicit faith in the infallibility of the divine teacher, whom he has chosen as his guide in the great work of saving his soul and fulfilling the end of his being. He is found, of course, to use his intellect in finding out what this divine teacher teaches—not, indeed, to judge whether it is true or not; that has been decided by the very act of choosing his teacher, but that he may become more intelligent, better instructed in the great and important truths of revelation which are embodied in the Church's system. To him the voice of the Church is the voice of God. He does not care to construct a religion for himself. He is glad to be relieved from so painful, uncertain and unsatisfactory a labor. He is glad to go out of himself and rest upon the authority of Almighty God. He trusts His divine teacher with implicit confidence, and he experiences that peace which surpasseth all understanding and which keeps his heart and mind in Christ Jesus.—Catholic Review.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

Synopsis of a Sermon preached by Rev. R. P. Dixon, of St. Luke's, Halifax, at St. Peter's Cathedral, on 9th Sunday after Trinity.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. Examiner, Aug. 23.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." (Psalm cxli, 10.)

Education does not consist in merely cramming the mind with facts as you would load a ship or a railway car or pack a barrel with herring or apples, or fill a hole in the ground with sand. In its truest and best meaning it isn't putting anything whatever into the mind. It is developing or drawing out what is already there. Education, therefore, is the developing of the whole man. Now, man is a threefold being. He is composed of body, mind and spirit. True education therefore will be physical, mental and religious. To neglect any one or more of these things is to render education fatally incomplete. It would be like building a house without doors, windows or chimneys, teaching a child to use his arms but not his legs.

And no otherwise perfectness can make up for the loss of one of these essential factors. Strong legs won't make up for weak arms. A good foundation won't make up for rickety walls. Our system of Common school education in this Dominion is consequently fatally incomplete. It neglects the very highest and noblest part of the child, his moral nature. Strictly speaking, it is unworthy of the name. Imagine the study of navigation without the compass and you have one system of so-called education which leaves out the most vitally important—the central elements because education is first and last, and always, the building of character.

Now, whose fault is it that religion and education have been divorced in Canada? It is the fault of every one of us. It is the direct result of our sectarian jealousies. The Government is not to blame. They say, "You can't agree among yourselves, so we will solve the problem by secularizing the schools."

What a thought that, in this Christian land, in which thousands of dollars are annually raised for providing Bibles for the heathen, we have kicked the Bible out of our own schools! The children of the Zulu and the Crow Indian are, in this respect, a great deal better off than more than half the children in Canada. No wonder that crime is increasing among the young in this country, as it has, to a frightful extent, in France and Australia, where the schools have been secularized. But some will say, "What of the Sunday school?" In my opinion we have lost incomparably more than we have gained by Sunday schools. They have supplanted, instead of supplemented, daily religious education. They have supplied an excuse for banishing the Bible from the schools. They have given parents an excuse for neglecting the religious training of their children at home. They have taught children to despise religion. How this last? Sunday schools have taught children that religion isn't part of the serious business of life. They get twenty-five hours per week secular instruction, and only half an hour's religious teaching. And then such teaching—without system or discipline, and by amateurs. Fancy teaching the three R's as we teach religion!

No wonder children learn to despise it! Let us be consistent on this point. If religion is true, it is worth teaching every day. If it isn't worth teaching every day, it is a waste of time. Be consistent. If you think religion of less importance than secular instruction, say so. If you believe that it makes very little matter whether or not it is taught, say so. If you believe that more than half an hour a week at it is a loss of time, say so.

But don't cloud the issue with high-flown phrases about "home influence" and "the mother's knee," etc.

Why are so many Protestants careless about the religious education of their children? Why will they put their political or sectarian hatreds before their children's eternal welfare?

Consider the case of the Roman Catholic. He says: What are political parties, earthly prosperity and government to my child's eternal salvation; and the Protestant says the same, with this difference, that it too often only ends in words.

Can you wonder that the Roman Catholic would die in the last ditch or shed the last drop of blood for his religious schools? And no religious person, of whatever denomination, if he is honest, can blame him. An unbeliever might; but no man who even respects religion can. Now, I see three solutions of this unhappy state of affairs—1st, That all denominations, including the Roman Catholics, should agree upon some common basis of religious instruction; 2nd, That, failing the Roman Catholics, a common basis might be arranged between the other denominations, including the Church of England; such as, for instance, the Creed and Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and a simple syllabus of Bible lessons, to be arranged by representatives from all the denominations; 3rd, That a certain portion of the school time be set apart for religious instruction by the clergy of the various denominations. The second, I feel persuaded, is perfectly feasible. Such a basis, I know, could be arranged by an interdenominational conference in half a day; and I believe such a scheme would enormously accelerate Christian union. The various bodies would soon learn how much they had in common. And surely there is enough Christian forbearance among us to make such a scheme practicable! For myself, I am so profoundly impressed with the tremendous importance of religious education that I would willingly give the schools over to the Salvation Army sooner than that they should be utterly Godless. Any religion is better than none. Any religion that takes a man out of himself, that turns him from the worship of self to the worship of God, that puts duty before gain, is better than none. Any school is better than a Godless school. But so blinded are we by partisan bigotry, so jealous and suspicious are we of each other, so mortally afraid are we that some other body may steal a march upon us, that we have robbed our children of this priceless boon of daily systematic religious instruction. We have relegated it to that poor, miserable, paltry thing called a Sunday school—and wholly and solely on account of our divisions. For if there were no religious divisions religion would be taught as a matter of course. Sectarian jealousy lies at the root of it all. We can't trust each other. Think of this, oh! Christian people of Canada!—the land of open Bibles and churches. Just ponder this fact, that not a Public school teacher in the Dominion dare teach the Ten Commandments! It would be as much as his place was worth. And yet this is a Christian land! We prate about an "open Bible," while in our schools it is practically a sealed book. Not a teacher dare teach one verse of it, as a lesson. Think of that, Bible loving, Bible-worshipping Canadians. The Bible, for purposes of instruction, is as much a sealed book as the Koran or the Revelation of Joseph Smith.

And all because of our insane jealousies. To get a slap at the Roman Catholics we deliberately heathenize our schools. Good, however, I believe, will come out of this noble stand made by the Roman Catholics for this sacred principle. All honor to them! And I find all over the country that thoughtful Protestants, of all denominations, are waking up to the tremendous importance of this question. They are beginning to see matters in their true light. They are beginning to see that it is not mere stubbornness or "cussedness" on the part of the Roman Catholics, but loyalty to an eternal principle. And they are beginning to look at home, and to realize the monstrous mistake they made in allowing religion to be banished from the schools. There are signs of this on every hand. Every synod of the Church of England in Canada that met this year passed a resolution in favor of religious education, as also did the Presbyterian General Assembly, and I believe the Methodist Conference. May we all wake up to this great burning question! "Righteousness exalteth a nation." To banish religion from the schools is to poison the well springs of national life. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of the foundation, the seed, the root of wisdom.

What of the rising generation of Canadians whose whole "education"—i. e., the really serious part of it—has

consisted in the inculcating of Mammon worship? Disguise it as you may, this is the summing up of our Canadian system of education. It is simply teaching a child how to get on in this world. This and nothing more. How to succeed in life—how, in other words, to "make money," is the Alpha and Omega of our common school system. What sort of a citizen will such a system produce? What will be, what can be, his ideas of duty and the higher responsibilities of life? You virtually tell him that religion is a mere side issue—that it is not part of the serious business of life. Can you wonder that he will grow up to regard it as a poor, paltry thing, when it is degraded so incomparably lower than his secular studies. The inference to the child is irresistible. As you rate religion, so will he. I beseech you, therefore, fellow-citizens, of whatever creed or party, to disabuse your minds of all prejudices in the matter. Look at it upon its own merits. Don't let your sectarian, anti-Roman, prejudices run away with you. These hatreds, when analyzed, are largely racial. They are only another phase of the age-long struggle between the Celt and the Saxon. They are the outcome of base and evil passions. It is a grievous misfortune that this great question has become entangled with racial hatreds, and denominational rivalries, and political parties. Look at it, I beseech you, therefore, on its own merits. Suppose the Roman Catholics were contending for British connection, would you, therefore, oppose it? My brethren, "in malice be children; in understanding be men." To cut off your nose to spite your face is a poor policy. Two wrongs don't make a right. Be honest with yourself. Clear your minds of cant. If religious education is right, it is right by whomsoever supported. But don't try and turn the matter off by violent denunciations of the Roman Catholics, or, what is worse, by pretending that daily, systematic religious instruction is contrary to the higher interests of religion.

As religious people, as those who believe the words of the Master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," as parents, as patriots, as citizens, I appeal to you to give this great question your most earnest and candid consideration. Don't allow yourselves to be carried away by catch cries, or by party watchwords. Keep your heads cool and clear. Don't allow yourselves to be dragged at the tail of any party contrary to your convictions. Think over the matter, pray over it, and may God guide us all to his happy successful solution.

"THE ANGLICAN POSITION" AS EXPLAINED IN THE "LIVING CHURCH"

In late numbers of our esteemed contemporary the *Living Church*, a series of articles was published, under the title of "The Anglican Position," which were very remarkable for their hostility to the Catholic Church. In fact some of them were so bold and outspoken and at the same time so radical in their treatment of the Church that they became quite amusing and were calculated to awaken a smile of pity—we will not say of derision—rather than a feeling of resentment. The writer is evidently in earnest and apparently very much annoyed by the strength of the Catholic position. He seems to be specially disturbed by the universality of the application of the true Catholic to the "Roman" Church. He says:

"In books, in conversation, in newspapers the Roman Church is referred to as the 'Catholic Church.' To the million this confusion of terms (we can't see any confusion may seem a matter of small importance. 'What's in a name?') In this case we may truly say with Lord Beaconsfield 'Everything.'"

We agree with our friend entirely: there is "everything" in the name Catholic, for it expresses the difference between truth and error—between heresy and orthodoxy. It expresses in one word the difference between the true Church of Christ and all pretenders, of whatever name or denomination.

We are not surprised, either, that our friend is annoyed at the universality with which the term Catholic is spontaneously and as a matter of course applied to the Roman obedience. He may, perhaps, remember that that was the unanswerable argument to which St. Augustine appealed in condemnation of the Donatist schismatics, who, like the Anglican Church of the present day, had set themselves up in opposition to the authority of the Church and presumptuously called themselves Catholics—the only true Catholics.

"We must hold fast to the Christian religion," said the great doctor, "and to the communion of that Church which is Catholic, and which is called Catholic, not only by those who belong to her but also by all her enemies. Whether they will it or not, the very heretics themselves, and followers of schism, when they converse not with their own but with outsiders call that only Catholic which is really Catholic. For they cannot be understood unless they distinguish hereby that name by

which she is known throughout the whole earth."

It was this argument from the Donatists presented by Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review* that had great influence in the conversion of John Henry Newman. That article brought home to him forcibly the absurdity of a national establishment setting itself up against the authority of the old, original and universally recognized and acknowledged Catholic Church, and he had the grace to abandon his untenable position. Yet, strange to say, the theory which he originated and then abandoned is advocated with the greatest persistency by those High Church Ritualists who have not the logical consistency, the courage or the grace to follow his example.

The folly of their contention was well illustrated by the conduct of the High Church Episcopal minister in Columbus, Ohio, some years ago, who was in the habit of insisting very earnestly upon the Catholicity of the Anglo-American Church. On leaving his church one day after the service he was met in the vestibule by a company of Irishmen who had just landed from the Old Country and who enquired respectfully if that was the Catholic church? Spontaneously, and with unconscious simplicity, he replied: "No, my good man, that is the Catholic church, yonder, where you see that tall spire with the cross on it." Of course, a moment after when it occurred to him that he had so innocently given himself away, he was quite disgusted with himself, but in that simple act he had demonstrated the folly and absurdity of his position. They may talk Catholic, and teach Catholic, doctrine and insist that they alone are "true Catholics—not Romanists, you know," but they never can induce the world to recognize their claim. Their Protestant friends of other denominations will only ridicule their pretensions, while a majority of even their own brethren not only reject the name, but what it stands for, and declare with all the energy of deep conviction that the doctrine which they teach under the name of Catholic is another Gospel—not the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yet, in the face and eyes of this fact our *Living Church* writer does not hesitate to declare that there are three great divisions of the Catholic Church, of which the English Church is one; that it has always remained Catholic; that the idea that "The Old English Church went down amid the shifting sands of the 'Reformation,' is all a delusion." And then, with apparent unconscious inconsistency, he proceeds to declare that the Roman Church in this country is not only not Catholic, but it is not even a branch of the Catholic Church. It is simply, he avers, an "Italian Mission," and "that non-Romanist ought to know that there is no way in which he can more effectively help on the cause of Rome than by speaking of the Roman Church as the Catholic Church," and much more to the same effect.

We suppose there may be a portion of the more unintelligent readers of the *Living Church* who will be influenced by this kind of writing, but we must confess we are not a little surprised that the able, and, upon the whole, the most candid and level-headed of the Episcopalian journalists should have admitted such crude, illogical, presumptuous and absurd disquisitions to his columns.—Catholic Review.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention For September. MISSIONARY NUNS.

Heathenism had, as all the world knows, ignored the attributes and immeasurably lowered the condition of womanhood. In the eyes of Pagan sages and economists, those of the weaker sex belonged to an inferior order, and were but degraded and despised factors in the household.

It was a merciful dispensation that of the Redeemer of mankind, and under it woman was reinstated in her former dignity. She was enthroned like a queen, and held sway in the Christian home. Her rehabilitation was complete when Mary was chosen spouse of the Holy Ghost and Mother of the God-man. But woman's usefulness, in the new economy, was to extend even beyond the family circle. From the very time when our Lord began to announce the coming of His Kingdom throughout the towns and hamlets of Judea and Galilee, she was associated with those who accompanied the Master in His journeyings.

"And it came to pass afterwards, that He (Jesus) travelled through the cities and towns, preaching and evangelizing the Kingdom of God, and the twelve with Him, and certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary who is called Magdalene, out of whom seven devils were gone forth, and Joanna the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others who ministered unto Him of their substance." (S. Luke viii.)

Acting in the same spirit as her Divine Founder, the Church, not satisfied with placing on woman's brow the crown of a motherhood without dis-

honor or of a virginity full of merit, did not disdain to call her to the sublime ministry of the Christian Apostolate.

Therefore the Christian woman, incorporated by a willing oblation into a religious order of her choice, bids farewell to the civilized world, and in some far off field of the Divine Husbandman ploughs her own furrow as a laborer in the Catholic missions. An impassioned zeal for the glory of God has wrought a change, weakness itself has become strong, and timidity itself intrepid; retiring and humble virgins are transformed into heralds of the Gospel.

There are two things which invariably awaken an echo in the heart of a fair-minded unbeliever, a wandering savage or a half civilized heathen; his children and his sick. The missionary nun will bring up his children and nurse his sick through the purest and most disinterested love of Jesus Christ.

On this foundation—all of sacrifice and self denial—will the Kingdom of the true God be established in the souls of men. The cross, planted by the missionary priest midway between the school and the hospital, becomes an object not of aversion, but of love, placed as it is under the guardianship of these angels upon earth, whose devotedness effects more for civilization than all the civil administrations, scientific and official missions or treaty stipulations any nation could devise.

In asking Almighty God this month to bless all the holy religious women who have left the comforts of home and severed themselves for ever from relatives and friends, to go forth at the Master's bidding in quest of souls to save, we shall be praying for many a member of our own Canadian communities. We find them already scattered over this continent, we mean through both Americas; in the north beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the south on the slopes of the Andes. Thank God, too, that He has so far deigned to honor religious congregations indigenous to the soil of the Dominion, by associating them with the older religious orders, of exotic growth, in the great work of foreign missions. It is a sign of exuberant health and vigor when the vine extends its branches far beyond its own native enclosure, and its tendrils clutch at supports beyond, when its fruit hangs in tempting clusters in sight of the stranger and wayfarer.

God bless such fecundity! And may the roaming savage or untutored Indian quench his thirst for God's truths beneath its grateful shade.

When our native land is threatened with some impending calamity, in punishment of our own evil doing, and we have little of our own merit to interpose so as to avert the chastisement, whether the calamity be in the supernatural or natural order, contagion from without, stagnation of trade within, or, what is of greater import, the faith and morals of our little ones threatened with a compulsory and godless education, we have something to offer God more precious in His sight than *ten just souls*; we have the merits of the self-sacrificing apostles, who, though no longer among us, still belong to us, to hold out in propitiation.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the Missionary Nuns who, far from country and home, are toiling for the conversion of unbelievers, that their vocation may be strengthened, their numbers increased and their labors crowned with success. Amen.

Go to Confession Often.

A young man who used to belong to the Holy Name Society said to us last Sunday after seeing the members of that excellent organization receiving Holy Communion at St. Patrick's Church: "I'm sorry I dropped out. I find that it is much easier to go to confession often than seldom."

So it is. Confession keeps us from committing sin. For, first, on the human side, we are restrained from evil by the knowledge that we must later strive to be sorry for it and then go through the shame of acknowledging it; and, second, on the divine side, we receive strength in the sacrament itself, for it bestows not only pardon for the past but also grace for the future. God uses penance to reward the humiliation attending its reception and to apply to our souls the Precious Blood of Christ—the Blood that washes away the sins of contrite hearts. The Blood that makes virgins, the Blood that, as it were, unites us to the Deity.

Nowonder, then, that it is easier to go to confession often than seldom, for there is less to tell and there is more desire for the Eucharist; there is more peace of conscience and less remorse; there is more sunshine and less bitterness in the soul.

Happy is the man who goes to the sacraments once a month, and happier still—more innocent, richer in good works and surer of Heaven—is the man who goes once a week.—Catholic Columbian.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

Told So The He Who Runs May Read.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

The story of "The Wealer" which is found below, and which appeared in the Arena for May presents to the reading public a thoughtful picture skillfully drawn. The portrayal of the mill owner and the mill worker will be recognized by every one. Both types are familiar. The closing of the mill with the incidents that follow form a narrative pathetic for its very truth.

Peter Hinson was a millhand. He was a steady man, a good worker. He had been for twenty-two years in one situation and had always made good wages. He was married, and had a little home, rented, of course. There had been too many children to admit of his buying a house, but they had a very comfortable home. His wife was frugal and industrious. The children went to school. The pair had more than a hundred dollars in the bank.

One day the proprietor of the mill where Peter worked made a little speech to his men. He was a kind, just man. The men all liked and respected him. He had never cut wages in all his business career; not even in slack times. He told the men the mill was to shut down. Work was not to be done. They were running full time. He was very sorry to tell them this piece of bad news, but he could not help himself. It was this way. He had joined a milling trust. The manufacturers in his line had all combined, and he had combined with them. They had thought it would be a good thing to have a centralization of interests among mill owners. He had himself thought so. The trust had decided to concentrate their efforts, and limit the output of manufacture. They had voted to close the mill. He was very sorry. He was sorry for each one of his two hundred employees. He hoped they would soon find employment elsewhere. Fortunately it was the summer season. They would have several months before winter set in, in which to look for work. But he was sorry to sever the relations which had so long existed between him and his men. He was sorry to say "Good by." His voice faltered as he spoke the words. He had been proud of his business. He hated to see it closed up. The change meant no loss to him financially. He was an officer in the trust and shared in the profits of the combine with the rest; but he was sorry for his men. He shook hands with each one of them as they filed to the cashier's desk to receive their pay.

The mill was shut down next day, and Peter started in to look for work. He had gone into the mill when he was eighteen years old. He was now forty. He tried to get a job in some other mill, but there were no chances open to him. Then he tried in other directions. He was strong and willing, and he picked up a number of odd jobs, but nothing permanent. Finally even the odd jobs became few and far between. The city was full of idle men. One month he had but two days' work. The summer was gone; it was the middle of autumn; winter was near at hand.

Then Peter heard that mill men were wanted in a neighboring State. He and his wife divided what was left of their scanty capital. Peter took barely enough to pay his train fare. The family would find the balance little enough. When he arrived at his destination there was no work to be had. A detachment of the Industrial Army had passed through the section and a number of the "soldiers" had found employment.

As Peter passed through the streets of a town one street urchin called to another,—"Hi, Jimmie! Git on ter de wealer!" This decided him. He would push forward and join the Industrial Army. Who knew what good might not come of the march to Washington? He had no money for travelling. He had only a little silver in his pocket. He started out, however, and walked to the next town. There, too, no work was to be had. He was footsore and dusty from his journey, and he was a stranger. One man said to him: "We've had enough of the wealers here. What the country ought to do is to put you all in the workhouse. You'd get enough exercise then, without tramping the State this way." The next day he struck out into the country. He remembered, vaguely, having often read in the papers that there is always work for a man on the land. He inquired at every farmhouse for work, but the season was over. Farmers were letting men go instead of taking new ones on.

At the end of a week his money was gone, and he had found no work. One farmer gave him a job at wood cutting. He took it, gladly, but he was a miller, and city bred. He had never cut down a tree in his life. At the close of the day the farmer discharged him and told him that he had never yet seen a tramp who was worth his salt to work.

On Thanksgiving day he found himself on the outskirts of a small town. It was raining miserably. He had eaten nothing the day before. His bed that night had been the damp ground in the shelter of a strawstack. He was wet to the skin. He went to a farmhouse and asked for food. He was dirty and unkempt. His eyes were bloodshot from cold and weeping. Straws clung to his coat. He had a straggly stubble of unevenly growing beard. His features were sodden with the rain. The farmer's wife who opened the door to him shut it again and ran back. Then a man came and

ordered him off the premises. As he was leaving the man suddenly called out,— "Did you sleep in my barn last night?"

"No," Peter said. "Lucky for you," growled the man. "I'd have turned you over to the constable this morning if you had."

At the next house the door was not opened. A servant girl appeared at the upper window with a gun in her hands and threatened to shoot if he did not go away. The people of the house had all gone to church and she was afraid of him.

He went on, and presently sat down by the roadside. Some young men who drove by gazed at him, sitting there in the rain. One of them asked him where he had left Coxy. Peter made no reply. He was light-headed and dizzy from hunger. His hands trembled so from the cold that he could hardly draw his coat together to shut out a little of the drenching rain. He rose to his feet and staggered a little further along the road. It was past noon. People were coming from the church where they had been returning thanks to God for the blessings of the year. Peter accosted a man who was walking.

"In the name of God," he said, "give me work or money, for I am starving!"

The man eyed him as he stood trembling in the rain. "You look as if you wanted work, you do," he said. "What you want is whisky. Come now, own up, isn't it? I don't mind standing a drink for you on Thanksgiving day."

Peter shook his head. "I've eaten nothing since the day before yesterday," he said.

The man drew back the hand he had put into his pocket. "That story won't wash in this country," he said. "You could get a meal at any house along the road. No, I've nothing for you. You'd have been more polite to tell the truth, my friend." And he went on.

Peter stumbled along toward the town. He met several people, but they were all driving. They were all going to spend Thanksgiving with friends, or else hurrying home to receive guests. The rain was slacking some. As Peter shambled over the road his downcast eyes caught the gleam of something in the mud. It was a silver dime. He stooped and picked it up. He turned it over and over, gazing at it. He bit it to see if it was good, and finally kissed the coin as it lay in his palm.

It was raining scarcely any now, and he hurried forward with a light heart. In the town he would buy food. He reached the town and hurried down its one little street looking for a bakery. When he reached it it was closed; the baker had gone home to eat his Thanksgiving dinner. He travelled the thoroughfare. A Sabbath stillness reigned. Every store and shop was closed. Here was a hotel on the street—a country tavern, with a bar-room. Peter went in and demanded food. The proprietor was playing cards with some men. He asked Peter where his money was. Peter showed the dime. The man laughed, and without rising from his chair the landlord told him to get out.

He wandered back along the street, and at the end of it came to a place that was open. There was a card in the window that read:

FREE TURKEY LUNCH TO-DAY.

Peter went in. "What'll you have?" the barkeeper asked.

Peter stared at him, stupidly, saying not a word. He put his dime down on the counter.

"Whiskey?" asked the barkeeper, and Peter nodded.

"Straight?" and Peter nodded again.

He gulped the whiskey down, raw and burning, and clutched eagerly at the big turkey sandwich the barkeeper put before him, on a wooden plate.

The place was very warm. The unwanted stimulant set his blood to tingling and filled his brain with bright fancies. He finished his sandwich.

"Have another," the barkeeper said, noting his famished look. While he stood eating it two men came in. They ordered brandy and the barkeeper set out a bottle for them. They stood chaffing with him as they poured it into their glasses. One of them set the bottle down close at Peter's hand. As Peter saw it a mad desire seized upon him for more of the cheering stuff. Unconsciously his hand stole nearer the bottle. The barkeeper turned to reach for a box of cigars.

The two men were busy talking, seeing nothing but their glasses. With a quick movement he grasped the bottle and filled his glass to the brim. The barkeeper turned back just in time to see him drain it off. He set down the cigars and, rushing from behind his bar, seized Peter by the collar, dragged him to the door and kicked him into the street.

Peter picked himself up. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining. He felt like a different man. He did not mind that he had been kicked into the street. He did not care for his wet garments. He was no longer hungry; he was no longer cold; his heart was as light as a feather. He could scarcely feel the ground beneath his feet. He snapped his fingers at the hotel as he passed it. He went through the little town and out again into the country. His way skirted a wood. As he walked he picked up a stout oak cudgel and went on, twirling it joyously and striking it against the trunks of the trees he passed. He met no one, for all were within doors, celebrating Thanksgiving.

His thoughts ran confusedly from one thing to another. He was growing drunk; he did not know this—he only knew he felt like a king.

He sat down by the roadside to think about it. When he arose, an hour later, the liquor was in his feet as well as in his head. He walked at random, and his thoughts were very thick. He left the main road and followed a foot-path into the wood. A little distance along it he saw some one approaching—a little girl about thirteen years old.

At sight of her the brute in Peter's body awoke. The liquor was burning in his brain. He was no longer a man, only a beast. He stepped across the child's path and stopped her progress. She was startled, but not frightened. She had never seen a drunken man before. Peter seized her by the shoulder and drew her from the pathway. At this she was filled with terror, and opened her mouth to scream, but he covered it with his hand. He was like a savage. His face was distorted out of all human semblance. He told her he would kill her if she made a sound. He dragged her swiftly after him, a little distance into the woods. Then he turned and released her for an instant.

Crazed with terror the child started and ran, shrieking like a wild creature as she did so. Instantly Peter rushed after her and caught her again. He struck her with the cudgel he still carried, and she fell forward, unconscious. To his brute passion was now added brute rage. He became a mad man, and rained blow after blow upon her, until her skull was beaten in, and his hands and face were spattered with her blood.

Suddenly, in the midst of his fury, his ear caught the sound of a hall. It was repeated, sounding nearer. Some one was answering the child's scream.

He could hear footsteps breaking through the brush. For an instant his frenzied brain cleared. Horror-stricken at what he had done, he turned and fled into the depths of the forest. After running for a few minutes he plunged down a ravine and hid in a dense tangle of brambles. Far in the distance he could hear cries, and the noise of breaking branches. It grew dark, but the woods became alive with voices. He could distinguish the shouts and curses of angry men, the screams of excited women. The whole countryside was searching the woods. They were looking for him. Once or twice he saw lights gleam through the trees, but they always faded again. No one stumbled upon his hiding place.

Then the brandy resumed control of his brain, and he slept. It was broad daylight when they found him and dragged him forth. He was covered with mud from the stream in the ravine. His face and hands were red, with blood, and he was still besotted with the brandy he had drunk. "Send all the women home!" cried a voice from the crowd. In a moment every woman had disappeared. He did not know what was being done to him. His brain had not yet recalled the incidents of the day before. He thought the farmer had had him arrested for sleeping in his barn.

From somewhere in the crowd a rope appeared. They had gathered under a tall sycamore tree. One man remonstrated. "Le: The law deal with him," he said. "No, no!" echoed a dozen voices. "We've had enough of The Law's dealings with tramps. We will take The Law in our own hands this time." Presently they all went away and left him hanging under the sycamore tree.

MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI.

V.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Lemmi proved himself worthy of the confidence of Mazzini, the Italian archconspirator who had pointed him out to General Pike as a worthy successor in the political leadership. Garibaldi, too, was loud in Lemmi's praises, saying that without him (Lemmi) nothing serious could have been done in the destruction of the Catholic Church. Hence Lemmi received abundant means from the English and American Masons to establish lodges all over Italy and to uproot the Church. But Lemmi, like a good Jew, used over 400,000 francs of this money in private, in unscrupulous speculations, with the connivance of Phileas Wader.

In 1881 Lemmi held a Masonic conference at Milan under the sanction of General Pike, at which strong anti-Catholic resolutions were adopted, among which the following are the most important:

I. The Pious Works (that is, institutions founded by the Church for assisting the poor) must be taken over by the government.

II. Female lodges are everywhere to be organized as soon as possible.

III. Lodges of laborers in the cities and country are to be started.

IV. A body of secret messengers depending only on the central authority of Italian Masons is to be constituted.

V. A body of propagandists (walking brothers) shall be created who are to operate throughout Italy without visiting any lodges, so that the fact of their being Masons would remain secret.

VI. Persons of high social standing may be secretly initiated by one of the highest officers alone.

VII. The solution of the social question and the extinction of pauperism is the great object of Freemasonry.

VIII. The liberal powers of Italy must be so organized in secret that the majority of parliamentary representatives be secured in favor of Freemasonry.

IX. For the present Freemasonry must aim: a, to get control of the whole patrimony of the Church; b, to destroy the last vestige of clerical influence in laws and politics; c, at the complete destruction of religious orders.

Lemmi immediately acted in conformity with these resolutions, and in a short time had anti-clerical circles formed in every city and town of Italy and also in foreign countries, which began at will to act under the direction of the great political chief. Margiotta gives the texts of a number of circulars addressed to the lodges of Italy, all breathing the same spirit of hatred against, and destruction of, everything Catholic. This was not yet enough for Lemmi. On November 21, 1888, he wrote to General Pike: "Help us to fight the Vatican, you whose authority is supreme; and, under your leadership, all the lodges of Europe and America will espouse our cause." General Pike replied: "The Vatican possesses a tremendous power, under the control of a single will. His resources are immense. Freemasonry has placed itself at the head of the armies of the people. It will not lack the means to carry on the war. It can tax its (the churches) wealth, dry up its resources and weaken it in every way. At the instigation of the dissident lodge of Palermo many Masons who did not like Lemmi's means of uniting Freemasons, by bribing its chiefs, went to work, in 1889, to organize an Independent Federation of Italian Masons, in opposition to Lemmi, and at once obtained acknowledgement from foreign Masonry. Lemmi bribed the Scelsi brothers with 10,000 francs to destroy the opposition Federation, in which they succeeded, at least, partially.

In 1890 Lemmi, who enjoyed the profits of the tobacco monopoly in Italy, had privately bought ten million pounds of Kentucky tobacco. Then he made an arrangement with the Italian finance minister to purchase this tobacco, the price of which had in the meantime increased the market price immensely. Thus at one stroke, Lemmi and his agents made several millions at the expense of the Government and people. The facts having become public, an investigation was called for, but ended in nothing, as might be expected from a Freemason parliament. But the press and some honest politicians began to look more closely into Lemmi's record. Then the journals got a hold of his Marcellian theft and condemnation and published some of his other rascalities, in spite of his denials and threats of prosecution.

A few days after Lemmi's tobacco scandal had been suppressed in parliament Tommaso Crudele, one of the members, spoke publicly at Arezzo about Freemasonry, to which he had belonged from his early youth. He was delegated early in the 60's to obtain the union of Sicilian Freemasonry with that of the mainland. He failed, and says, the reason was because "All the brigandage and the Mafia of Sicily formed a part of Masonry." He said, further, that, in 1871, he had left the brotherhood in disgust, because "Masonry had become a band of individuals who joined the society in order to be able to take."

He concluded that same speech, deploring that the brotherhood had penetrated all ranks of society, had seized public administration and was tyrannizing everybody and everything at its pleasure. Another apostate Mason, N. Cavagnari, wrote about the same time: "We shall prove that Freemasonry is threatened by more than forty articles of the penal code and that Adrian Lemmi and all his thirty-three will end, sooner or later, in the penitentiary;—later if they do not commit the folly of ridding themselves of us, sooner if they commit it. We, too, have brothers,—friends who will send our body in pieces into the sixty provinces of Italy if the assassins kill us, and who will use those pieces as a labarum (standard) of vengeance and extermination."

Similar evidence of Freemason rascalities and crimes might be indefinitely multiplied—all taken from public speeches, pamphlets and newspapers charging individuals and the whole body of Masons with crimes without number and not one prosecution for defamation or libel has as yet been heard of. Surely, then, Freemasons as a body and as individuals must either care nothing for their reputation or they acknowledge by their silence that they can not clear themselves of those charges.

Through life man is liable to error, and requires check, rebuke and counsel. He should be his own good spirit, hovering over himself in moments of passion, temptation and danger, and reminding himself that he owes a duty to his Maker with which the world has nothing to do.

We, in this world, are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune, we lose in fineness of quality, and, when the Great Leader of this earthly orchestra waves his baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books.—M. F. Egan.

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula, for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength and happiness.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

An Interesting Interview With Mrs. (Rev.) F. B. Stratton—Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Emaciated and Unable to Stand Fatigue—Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Napanee Beaver.

The Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Selby, is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the President. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Beaver was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefited. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health; and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue, as Mrs. Stratton's mother, the late Mrs. Weaver, of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken, at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes, against which the public is cautioned.

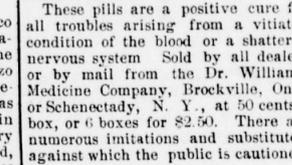
Missions to Non-Catholics.

The Rev. Fathers Elliot, Kress and Muehlenbeck will resume their missions to non-Catholics in Cleveland, beginning in October. The excellent results achieved by them in that diocese during the past winter have led to arrangements for their continuance at the work. The sermons will be preached in Music Hall, Cleveland, and funds to defray the expenses have been raised by the Catholics of that city.

That Tired Feeling.

Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. Etc.



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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having references, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Sept. 7, 1895.

OFFICIAL.

The clergy of the counties of Essex and Kent will meet in conference at Windsor on Thursday, September 19, at 11 a. m.; of the counties of Huron, Perth, Oxford and Norfolk at Stratford on Tuesday, September 24, at 1 p. m., and of the counties of Middlesex, Elgin, Bothwell and Lambton at London on Thursday, September 26, at 2 p. m. A full attendance is requested.

By order of the Bishop, THOMAS NOGANS, Secretary. London, Sept. 5, 1895.

THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT AND THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

There has been a good deal of speculation of late regarding the possibility of a settlement of the Manitoba school question without its being necessary to bring the matter before the Dominion Parliament at all, and the latest intelligence on the subject is an article which appeared a few days ago in the Calgary Tribune intimating that "no political party seeks to take advantage of the question, and that a round table conference such as that suggested by Mr. Gladstone in regard to Home Rule might be held for its settlement in a satisfactory manner."

We would be glad if we could believe without reserve the Tribune's statement: for if there is any question which should be approached in a spirit of friendliness and conciliation, a question of education, and of the religious convictions of a large section of the people, is such a question. For both of these reasons, the Manitoba school question is one which ought to be approached from all sides with forbearance and good will.

We are sorry to say that even the Tribune itself did not show a spirit of forbearance in the former stages of the debates which grew out of the questions and that the violent language to which it gave utterance when the remedial order was sent to the Government of Manitoba did not indicate much disposition to deal with the matter from a non-political standpoint. What else was it but a seeking to take advantage of the question for a political purpose that it raised an anti-Catholic agitation as soon as the policy was announced which the Dominion Government proposes to pursue? And what made this course the more to be deplored was the fact that it was pretty well understood that in all this the Tribune was the mouthpiece of the Greenway Government, and it was fairly to be inferred that that Government was quite ready to keep the reins of power in its hands, even by the despicable means of exciting religious hatred and discord.

But the new attitude of the Tribune appears to be an extending of the olive branch, and it is asserted that it has also been inspired by the Government. If this be the case we may take it as indication that the Government has become sensible to the false position in which it now finds itself, and that it is at last willing to make some atonement to the Catholic minority for the five years of injury it has inflicted on them.

We are pleased to see that the Dominion Government maintains with firmness the position assumed by it from the time the final decision of the Imperial Privy Council's judicial committee was made known.

The first act of the Dominion Government, after becoming officially cognizant of the Privy Council's decision, was to communicate it to the Manitoba Government, pointing out that, according to the decision, the Catholic minority has a grievance justifying that it should make appeal to the Governor-General in Council and to the Canadian Parliament for redress, and asking that the Manitoba Legislature take such steps as will render it unnecessary for Parliament to interfere.

This was the course which at this stage of the proceedings the Government was in reason bound to pursue,

and the Manitoba Government and Legislature should therefore have promised immediate redress. But it did not choose to do this. It preferred to return a defiant answer to the moderate suggestions of the Federal Cabinet. It would now appear that it finds it necessary to retreat from its attitude of defiance, by getting its Calgary organ to announce that no party wishes to make political capital out of the school question!

We do not assert positively that the Tribune's words certainly indicate that Manitoba will recede from its position; but appearances are to the effect that this is the case, and the position which the Tribune occupies as Mr. Greenway's organ justifies this supposition, which is very universally held.

The policy to be pursued by the Dominion Government in the settlement of this troublesome yet important matter was the subject of the speeches of several Dominion Ministers at a public banquet given a few days ago by the Liberal-Conservative Association in Sydney, Cape Breton, in honor of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

On this occasion the Hon. Messrs. Tupper, Foster and Curran all gave the most satisfactory and straightforward assurances that the Dominion Government will not swerve one iota from its pledge that it will see justice done to the Catholic minority in Manitoba. These gentlemen expressed the hope that Manitoba itself will redress the grievances it inflicted, but should that Province neglect its duty they give the most unqualified assurance that the Dominion Government will take the necessary steps to do so.

Sir Charles Tupper, who spoke for over two hours, left the full treatment of the Manitoba question to his colleagues, but both on this and on former occasions he declared most unequivocally that the Ministry are a unit in their determination to uphold the guarantees given to minorities, whether in Ontario, Quebec or Manitoba.

Mr. Foster, as leader of the House of Commons, referred to the Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, admitting that he is an Orangeman, yet pointing to the fact that, before he became Premier, he was proud to serve under Sir John Thompson, a Catholic, and that, at the present moment, Protestant or ultra-Protestant though he may be, he has pronounced for justice to the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba.

On a question of this kind," said Mr. Foster, "agitating a mixed population, there should be no mystification. Every public man should take his stand fearlessly, or he is wanting in his duty to the State, and our Government stands committed to the policy of securing justice to the minority in Manitoba. This minority happens to be Catholic. It might have been Protestant. There is a Protestant minority, however, in Quebec, and the Province of Quebec has given a grand object lesson to the Protestant portion of Canada. Protestants have their Separate schools in that Province and they receive State aid. Can the Protestant majority of Manitoba afford to be less liberal minded than the Catholic majority of Quebec? These minorities look to the constitution and to the Federal Parliament for protection. They are bound to have it. They will have it." (Cheers)

Language cannot be plainer than this, and we give the Government due credit for its desire to maintain the constitutional guarantees. We believe its promises will be carried out.

The Hon. J. J. Curran was the last speaker. Mr. Curran is one of our ablest public men, and his brilliant and manly speech fully justifies the reputation he has earned in this regard.

We shall not enter upon the purely political matters dealt with by Mr. Curran, as the CATHOLIC RECORD has always endeavored to avoid in its columns the discussion of merely political matters. We may say, however, that he referred very justly to the great future which lies open before Canada, and the hope we may entertain for her progress and prosperity through "the one grand brotherhood which is to unite her children from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to make all feel an honest pride in the title of Canadian."

We may say to this that if these expectations are to be fulfilled there must be mutual toleration between creed and creed: there must be no effort on the part of any aggressive faction to force its religious convictions upon any minority. There are some who are inclined in this way, but if the country is to prosper as a union these inclinations must be suppressed by the central authority.

Mr. Curran spoke extensively on the

school question, and he was no less explicit than Mr. Foster to the effect that the Government is determined to have justice done to the Catholic minority in Manitoba.

Mr. Curran said:

"As far as the Parliament of Canada is concerned this question is not a religious question in any sense. It is not a question whether one system of schools is preferable to another. Those who will be called upon to vote in this respect are not supposed to deal with the merits or demerits of the Separate school system. The whole question is whether the rights of the minority in Manitoba are to be respected and held inviolate. To talk of coercion of the majority or the desire to impose upon the Province a system of schools repugnant to any section of the community is rank rubbish. It is a question whether privileges secured to the minority, which at the time was most likely to be a Protestant minority, are to be maintained, or if matters which have been declared by the highest tribunal in the Empire, a parliamentary compact, are to be treated as waste paper and cast to the winds."

We have said that there are indications that the Manitoba Government and Legislature will withdraw from the defiant attitude it has hitherto maintained. We hope this will prove to be the case, as it will simplify greatly the matters in dispute; but we repeat what we have said before now, should that Legislature neglect its duty, it will be necessary for the Parliament of Canada to intervene in such a way that the solemn compact under which Manitoba became a Province of the Dominion may be kept inviolate.

THE ANARCHISTS AGAIN.

A new Anarchist outrage which took place in Paris a few days ago has greatly shocked the world. This was a serious attempt on the life of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

A large and heavy envelope was received at the Rothschild's bank addressed to the Baron and was opened by his confidential clerk, and while in the act of being opened it exploded with great force, tearing out the clerk's right eye and blowing off several fingers.

The envelope was examined by the police and was found to contain an infernal machine, made of pieces of cardboard and bound together, the whole being so arranged that the contents of fulminate of mercury would explode when the outer cover would be torn off.

The package was a bulky one, but it was made up so as to resemble such packages as are frequently received at banks, when money, securities, or other valuable are sent to them. In consequence of this, no suspicion was aroused by the receipt of the package, and the clerk proceeded to open it in the usual way, whereupon the explosion took place.

There was surprise expressed by the police that the package, which came through the mail, did not explode while being stamped in the post office.

This infernal instrument was similar in construction to a number of machines sent in 1891 to many French Deputies in boxes which were made to appear like packages of books. A strenuous effort is being made to discover the guilty party or parties, and already, it is said, that a postmistress in one of the Paris districts has identified the package as having been mailed in her office, and as the person was noticed who deposited the parcel, it may be that the guilty one will be discovered — and we sincerely hope this may be the case.

The object of the Anarchists in making this attempt upon the life of the great banker it is difficult to imagine. Baron Rothschild, with all his wealth, has shown a sympathy for the poor which has seldom been manifested by persons of his vast resources, and though his own countrymen of the house of Israel have been the chief ones who have benefited by his bounty, we are not disposed to blame unreservedly the charity which begins thus at home, and we give the Baron due credit for a desire to diminish the amount of human suffering which exists in the world, even though his own co-religionists, and fellow-countrymen have been the chief objects of his solicitude. It can be nothing but the most extreme misanthropy which could lead the Anarchists to wish to assassinate him. Yet this is not the only proof we have of the hatred entertained by the Anarchists for the whole human race. The crimes, or rather the agglomeration of crimes, committed by the Chicago Anarchists in 1886 when bombs were thrown amid a crowd of people in the midst of a thoroughfare, shows the utter recklessness of Anarchists in regard to human life, when

they do not expect to be themselves the victims.

The same thing is shown us by the outrages of the Anarchists in the Barcelona theatre, in the churches of Seville and Paris, and in the French Chamber of Deputies. But there was reason to hope that the condign punishment inflicted upon the Anarchist murderers Ravachol and Santo Cesario would serve as an object lesson to deter others of their class from the commission of similar crimes. This has not proved to be the case, and it is a question whether or not the apathy which has been sometimes shown even by the authorities in France, is partly the cause why these atrocities are repeated in that country in hope that the perpetrators will meet with impunity. But France has learned from the frequency of Anarchist outrages that it will not suit at all to let the enemies of society go unpunished any more, and there is good reason to believe that in the future the trial of Anarchists will be short and decisive, and their punishment suited to their deserts. The fear is now rather that the public demand for retribution may create the danger that public vengeance may fall upon innocent persons unjustly suspected, rather than that the guilty should escape if they become known.

There is little doubt that the attempted murder of Baron Rothschild will be duly punished if he can be discovered, but the chief fear is that some innocent person who cannot prove satisfactorily his non-complicity may, on some insufficient circumstantial evidence, be held to be guilty, and be punished accordingly.

Even if it were justifiable to exterminate the race of millionaires, it would be a folly to attempt it after the manner of the Anarchists. The murder of Baron Rothschild, or of half a dozen millionaires, would not exterminate the race of the wealthy or of the aristocracy.

The murder of a king would not destroy monarchy, as "the king never dies." The man may be killed, but the office survives, and the king has one to succeed him the very day, nay, the very hour, when the king dies. And so it is with millionaires. Baron Rothschild's possessions will pass to his heirs, who will be millionaires in his stead; and even if he had no heirs, there would be others to use the business opportunities he has made use of to build himself up by amassing a huge fortune. Anarchy, therefore, is as much a folly as a crime, but it is an intolerable folly, and no reasonable person will regret it if a half a dozen Anarchists suffer death to atone for each life of which their conspiracy deprives the world. This is the only remedy for Anarchy, and the Anarchists would soon see the wisdom of not putting their principles into practice if they thus recoiled upon themselves.

By this mode of procedure, also, the world would be rid of Anarchy long before the Anarchists would get rid of the world; and this is the state of things we would desire to see come to pass.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

The Methodist organ of Detroit, the Christian Advocate, has an item which savors of the old spirit of hatred and love of calumny against Catholics, and Irish, and foreigners generally.

The Advocate says:

"If it is a policeman's duty to keep an honest, hard working man from getting a drink on Sunday, I want to go back to Ireland, said an Irishman in New York last week Monday. That's right. Other people will wish Patrick a safe voyage. Policemen's duties in most of our cities include the item specified. And if strict attention to this feature would send back to the old country the Sabbath drinking foreigners who want open Sunday saloons, the mass of our people would say, let the closing law be well enforced."

The object of this is to make it appear that in Ireland there is full scope for a rollicking toper, and that, especially on Sundays, the saloons are a centre of assemblage for a set of jolly companions of whom "Patrick" was one—and of course it is implied that Patrick is a Catholic.

Now the fact is that for a quarter of a century the saloons of Ireland have been closed on Sundays, so strictly that only a real traveller can get a drink of any intoxicating liquor on that day. The exception to this is in a few cities where Protestant influence was powerful enough to prevent this otherwise general law from being carried out. There are heavy fines and imprisonment on both seller and buyer if the law is broken, and the dealer, if convicted of a violation of the law, loses his license. The law is rigidly enforced, and there is less drinking in Ireland on Sunday than in almost any

State in the American union, and certainly much less than there is in either New York or Michigan. There would be no object, therefore, in the Christian Advocate's imaginary Patrick going back to Ireland to escape the rigor of the Sunday closing laws.

Ireland is still a temperate country, though since the great Father Mathew movement it has slightly departed from the very high character for temperance which it attained during the lifetime of that hard-working temperance advocate. It is still ahead of both England and Scotland, and ahead of the United States also, notwithstanding the sneers of our Christian contemporary.

The Christian Advocate expresses the hope that "Patrick" may have a safe voyage back to Ireland, and seems to give a general invitation to foreigners, whom it designates as Sabbath-breakers, to return to their respective native lands.

It is a matter of notoriety that it is not the foreign element of the United States that constitute the class of Sabbath-breakers, thieves and outlaws of the land; and all the appeals to native Americans against foreign importations into the country are the merest balderdash. The Irish, especially, have been the backbone of the country, and have contributed more to its welfare than any other nationality, whether by cultivating the arts of peace or by sustaining the cause of the Union during its critical periods of warfare.

We say without hesitation that it was the Catholic majority in Ireland which entered the passage of anti-liquor legislation there. This was the only point on which Ireland ever succeeded in forcing the British Parliament to accede to the wishes of the Irish people as to how they should be governed, and the consequence is that Ireland has more effective prohibitory laws against saloon-keepers than any other portion of the united kingdom.

THE KAISER AS SUPREME BISHOP.

The New York Herald publishes a special despatch from Berlin to the effect that during his holiday trip to Sweden the Emperor William II. determined to make use of his prerogative as Supreme Bishop of the established Church of Prussia by delivering a religious oration or sermon from the pulpit on the occasion of the solemn inauguration of the magnificent new church which has been erected to the memory of his grandfather, William I.

The church is to be inaugurated on September 1, and this will be the occasion for the first overt public assumption of the functions of a clergyman by the Emperor, though during his yachting excursions he made it his practice to read the prayers and to deliver short sermons to the comparatively small congregations which were on board his ship, and this he did even when his chaplain was present. This was not regarded as a direct assumption of the clerical office, as it was rather a private devotion, and his doing so was passed over in silence; but the announcement of his present intention has caused a great sensation throughout Germany, and the so-called "orthodox" party are greatly scandalized at his presumption.

The matter has been discussed in the public press, and very divergent opinions have been expressed upon it. Even the comic side has not been overlooked, and the cartoonists make it a source of merriment and a subject for their cartoons, that he who is placed over the people to guard the temporal interests of the community should assume to be in consequence their supreme spiritual guide and ruler.

To the Apostles Christ committed the government of His Church, and to St. Peter above all was given the commission to feed the sheep and lambs of the flock, and to confirm his brethren; but nowhere do we find any warrant in Scripture or ecclesiastical Tradition, authorizing the Neros, the Caligulas, the Domitians, the Diocletians, to be the spiritual directors of Christian consciences by virtue of their imperial authority.

This authority was not assumed by Constantine or his Christian successors in the imperial office, but all respected the office of the Supreme Bishop who was St. Peter's successor, until the Eastern schism divided the East from the West, and made the Eastern churches local affairs under the domination of the Constantinopolitan emperor.

Queen Elizabeth in England undoubtedly ruled with a rod of iron the new Church of England of which she was in a great measure the maker, but

even she did not assume the purely ministerial office of preaching, nor did any of her successors on the English throne do so, if we except Cromwell, who assumed ministerial functions, not by virtue of his office of "Protector" of the Commonwealth, but because, according to his belief, and the current belief of his party, any layman who had the "gift of the gab" would gallop "could preach and expound Scripture to their heart's content."

It is said that the German press are looking into history for precedents for the Kaiser's course. Perhaps the most appropriate precedent is to be found in the claim of Core Dathan and Ahiron, to set themselves up for the priesthood, supported by "two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly, famous in the congregation, men of renown;" but the result was not favorable to the Kaiser's assumption. (Numbers xvii., xviii.) We are not aware that, until Henry VIII. usurped the supreme headship of the Church in England, any Christian prince ever asserted that by virtue of his temporal rule he was entitled to exercise spiritual authority, but even he did not go to the length of the Kaiser's assumption, and we believe that history will be searched in vain for a precedent which will exactly cover the present case.

The rule for the Christian priesthood is laid down by St. Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews:

"Neither doth any man take the honor (of the priesthood) to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was." (v. 3.)

However, at the present date, when every man imagines that he may assume with impunity the office which God conferred only on the apostles and those who act by their authority through regular succession from the apostles, we do not see any greater incongruity in the assumption of the episcopal office by the Emperor William, than in its assumption by Matt. Parker and his colleagues under Queen Elizabeth's authority, from which is derived the whole episcopal authority of the Anglican Church at the present day.

Referring to the versatility of the Kaiser's talents the Herald quotes Shakespeare's saying:

"Axe cannot wither him, nor custom stale His infinite variety."

The citation is appropriate, and to it we may add the description of versatility by another poet:

"His talk is like a stream which runs With rapid changes from rocks to rocks: He slips from politics to puns. Passes from Mahomet to Moses; Beginning with the laws that keep The planets in their radiant courses. And ending with some precept deep For dressing eels or shoeing horses."

It is rarely possible that the versatile Emperor will change his plans before the 1st of September, but a few days will decide the matter one way or the other.

A NEW SECT.

A curious result of the principle of Congregationalism, to allow every congregation to have the pastor of its choice, teaching such doctrine as will suit the majority, has occurred at Bellaire, Michigan.

It is scarcely to be expected that under such a regime, pastors and congregations will be always in accord, or even that the members of the same congregation will agree with each other, and so there must be a compromise of view on doctrine, otherwise matters will not go on harmoniously, and this is what occurred in Bellaire, with the exception of the compromise part of the usual understanding. There was no compromise in Bellaire.

The recent pastor, the Rev. Paul Guard, holds what are called advanced views, by which is meant that he is disposed to tolerate a great laxity of belief even in regard to the most important doctrines of Christianity, while the congregation, or most of them, at least, are of what is generally styled the more orthodox mould. Hence the disagreement is on the point of admitting free-thinkers to full membership in the Church.

The pastor declared that the Church as at present constituted has not sympathy enough with laboring men, and to correct this condition of affairs he proposed the adoption by a two-thirds vote, of a resolution to admit to church membership such persons as desired to lead a Christian life, independently of their belief in so-called fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

It was understood that the main purpose of this resolution was to admit to membership an individual who wished to become attached to the Church, but who refused to be tied down to the ordinarily accepted Christian doctrines. The majority of the congregation, however, refused to accede to the free and easy theology of the minister,

and his proposal was voted down. In consequence of this the minister was so indignant that he then and there severed his connection with the Church, put on his hat and walked out of the room in which the congregational session was held.

As the minister's views did not prevail, it is said that Rev. Mr. Guard and his proposed converts will open a new Church, in which their views will be acted upon.

It is in this way that so many new sects originate, even at the very moment when there is most talk about the reunion of Protestantism into one fold.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE are yet some people, we are astonished to note, who hold the conviction that Orangeism is, in some way or another, the guardian of civil and religious liberty. The editor of the Whitty Chronicle appears to be one of these. Surely it must be a want of intelligence which would lead any sane man to such a conviction!

the Government, and the Apaisists will have to foot the bill. It is thus that the braggart patriots show their respect for the laws and institutions of their country, to uphold which they pretend their association was established.

It is stated on good authority that the Mormons are making numerous converts among the people of Summit City and throughout Grand Traverse County in Michigan. It is worthy of remark that while the Protestant religious press speak constantly of the superstitions of Catholics, the Mormon and Spiritualistic superstitions, and those of the Flying Roll and Jacob Schweinfurth find their proselytes solely among the Protestants of the localities in which they make their appearance.

Two Coptic villages in Egypt have recently petitioned to be received into the Catholic Church, and the city of Sahag has made petition to the same effect. The Pope's recent letter to the Copts inviting their return to the one fold is said to have given a great impulse to the movement for a return of the Schismatic Church to Catholic unity.

The Conservative victory achieved by the recent elections in Great Britain, when looked at from the point of view of the number of seats gained, appears enormous, as a majority of 152 in a House of 670 is certainly a large preponderance; but when the number of votes cast is taken into consideration, the victory is not nearly so great as it otherwise seems to be.

THE ESCAPED NUN.

How the Authorities of Baltimore Prevented the Sacking of a Convent.

The Baltimore correspondent of the Freeman's Journal recalls a memorable incident in this history of the local Carmel. The Carmelite Nuns of this city appropriately celebrated their festival day last Tuesday at their convent, southwest corner of Caroline and Biddle streets.

It was on a day in 1838 that one of the nuns escaped from the institution, or, more correctly speaking, walked out of it, for there were no bars or locks to prevent her, and, taking refuge in a neighboring family, told in the most violent manner a most frightful story of life in the convent, and the cruelties and indignities to which some of the nuns were subjected.

city authorities had become fully apprised of the intended movement, and when the mob reached the scene it found the premises under the protection of a strong military force, headed by the Mayor. That official at once gave notice to the howling crowd that the story of the escaped nun was the vilest falsehood, and that any further attempt to injure the property or its inmates would be visited by the most serious consequences.

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

A Heroic National Song Would Help to Unite the Irish People.

A man of Irish blood and American birth, who has lived all his life in New York, entertained some members of his singing club with a new notion about the needs of Ireland. "I believe," he said, "that one reason why the land of my sires has been downhearted for ages, is that she is one of the few countries in the world which has not a heroic national song fitted to stir the souls of all her children and unite them all in a common pride.

"Look at a Frenchman when he hears the 'Marseillaise.' I once went to a French celebration of July 14, and when the band struck up the tune of the great French hymn, every body got inspired with a kind of frenzy, joined in the chorus, and shouted so loud that I wanted to become a Frenchman myself.

"Next look at the German, when the 'Wacht am Rhein' is heard. I went to the Schutzenfest a while ago, at Glendale Park, when the heroic strains of the German martial song were played and sung; and I can tell you that every German there, whether he were a Saxon, Bavarian or Prussian, whether he were a Junker or a Socialist, whether he were a Lutheran or a Catholic, or a Freethinker, felt the thrill which unites the people of a country proud of itself.

"Look once more, and look this time at any body of Scotchmen, the world over, when Robert Burns' magnificent song, 'Scots Wha Hae,' is sung to the piercing music of the bagpipe. I was once at a Scotch affair, when the band raised the notes of the heroic national war song of Scotland, and every Scot there seemed ready to grasp his claymore at the sound of the pibroch and defy the world.

Turn again towards any festival of patriotic Americans when the music of 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played and sung. Whatever political party we belong to, whatever State of the Union we were born in, it makes no difference when the notes of that song are heard; we are all Americans, with one flag, one country and one spirit.

thought of their country. In them all the lesser distinctions are lost.

"At last, as for Ireland. Why is it that she has not a heroic national song, accepted by all Irishmen and sung at every gathering of the race, regardless of politics or religion, nor less suitable for Redmondites than for McCarthyites, nor for Healyites than for Dillonites, not less so for Maynooth than for Belfast? I wish that old Ireland had such a song, which would give her people the feeling of nationality and would enable them to realize that at least upon one thing they were united, and that, notwithstanding a hundred things, they are all Irish.

It is an error to say that only some old song would fill the bill. Nearly all the heroic songs I have spoken of, which are regarded as national treasures, originated in modern times; and it is not yet too late to compose the words and the music for a heroic song for Ireland, not one like 'Tara's Harp,' but rather like the French marching song. Ireland has poets, and she has had memorable episodes in her history, and she has a spirit. I wish that some one of her poets would see his opportunity for writing a song that would strike the Irish soul as the 'Marseillaise' strikes the soul of France.

A CATHOLIC PALACE.

Mammoth Structure to be Erected at the Paris Exposition.

It is a veritable monument that the Catholics of France propose erecting for the Exposition of 1900. It promises to contrast strongly with the *laic fin de siècle* spirit of the enterprise. It may even extinguish by its magnitude the scientific scheme of showing Mars at a yard's distance through a gigantic telescope, and may possibly prove to be the "key" of the Exposition.

It is to take the form of a building of iron, in the Byzantine style, over 1,200 feet long, 1,000 feet in width and 1,000 feet high. As the Cathedral of Cologne, that largest of Gothic monuments, might be put into the transept of St. Peter's, at Rome, so St. Peter's would find ample space in the Catholic palace of the Exposition. There are to be two belfries of unheard of dimensions and chimneys as powerful as harmonious. Elevators will lead to a terrace around the dome on the outside, where will be hanging gardens. The chief nave will be consecrated to the Virgin, a recitation of costumes and surroundings, a reproduction in chronological order of the images of the Virgin from those of the earliest times found in catacombs to those of Lourdes, banners, pictures—everything relating to the subject.

The circular nave will contain everything relating to the Eucharist. The central dome will be devoted to the Papacy. The history of the lives of two hundred and sixty Popes and of the Cardinals will surely suffice to fill the area of a dome of almost any conceivable dimensions.

The naves of the transepts are to contain all that relate to the religious orders, from the Benedictine, Trappist and Franciscan up to the Perles Blancs; also specimens of monasteries, libraries and cloisters, both Oriental and Occidental.

The naves at the right and left will set forth the history of the great men of the Church—martyrs, saints, evangelists, writers, Charlemagne, the Crusade, Peter the Hermit, German, Slav, Polish and English literateurs and orators of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which will include Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gibbons, Manning, Amfere and many others; artists, Gustave Dore, Flan-drin, Hoffmann; great sovereigns, St. Louis, Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles V.; poets, Dante, Petrarck, Tasso, Racine, Milton, Goethe, Lamartine, Victor Hugo.

Christian art will fill five large rooms, one of which will be devoted to architecture, one to sculpture and the others to painting, carving in wood and mosaics. Originals or faithful copies of Fra Angelico, Giotto, Fra Lippo Lippi, Memling, Perugino, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Veronese, Murillo, Velasquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ary Scheffer, and on down to Purvis de Chavannes and other modern names will be displayed.

Architecture will be set forth in all its gradations. Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian, Chinese, Hindoo, Gothic and the renaissance, pagodas, mosques, Solomon's Temple, the Acropolis of Athens, the Forum, Cathedrals of Milan, Cologne, Seville and St. Peter's, of Rome, will be found in models.

And lastly, a large theatre will be constructed. In this will be given musical and dramatic performances, an immense chorus and an orchestra of 800 performers and an organ greater than any hitherto known. The first sacred opera the "Conversion of St. Paul," by Baverini (1440), and the first modern opera, "Orpheus," by Politien (1490), are to be given.

The oratorios since 1550 up to Handel and Haydn and the works of modern masters, French, Italian, Russian, German and Swedish, are to be performed. We shall listen to the chants of Palestrina and to the adorable music of Lullai and Pergolesi. And we shall hear the greatest works of Mozart, Weber, Gossec, Beethoven, Cherubini, Rossini, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Auber, Chopin, Verdi, Wagner, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Gounod and Berlioz.

theatre, Greek and Latin, as well as the mysteries of the middle age. The Passion Play of Oberammergau and Parafal are also to be given.

The minor rotundas will set forth the work of foreign missions, each continent occupying three rotundas.

Lastly, twelve panoramas representing the principal religious events from the time of Christ to Leo XIII. and the most celebrated pilgrimages of Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

It is admitted by the designers of this grand scheme that the idea originated with the Parliament of Religions of the Chicago Exposition.

PUTTING SOUL INTO IT.

In the little book, "Hiram Golf's Religion," the old man who calls himself a "shoemaker by the grace of God," says to his young pastor: "All work is noble and honorable and it'll take a good deal of argument to show me that all work isn't about equally important.

Everything depends on the way we do our work; and as for that it's just as necessary for the people to have good shoes as good preachers." The writer recalls an old man that he knew more than a score of years ago. His was a very humble occupation—just a common shoveller on the streets. He had never travelled in a parlor car. Nobody ever thought of inviting him to a banquet. It was as much as he could do, in the way of learning, to sign his name to the receipts for his pay. His name never got into the newspapers and nobody ever called him great.

But he took an interest in his work. Keeping the gutters clean and levelling and shaping the streets was a matter of grave concern to him. It appealed to his pride. No connoisseur ever examined a painting or a piece of statuary with more zest than he examined a day's work on the streets. With the regularity of the sun he could be seen wending his way in the early morning to his place of toil, swinging his dinner-bucket, and very likely, carrying his shovel. His step was firm, with a just perceptible show of hurry in it. And at night he returned home with the air of a man who had done something worth while. If you were near enough you might hear him whistling low to himself some bit of a hymn or song that had sung itself into his soul. A plain man he was, with as work day a life as one could imagine, but he put his soul into what his hands found to do.

He was an artist with the pick and shovel. He has been dead this many a day—this brother of the Common Lot; but the other day the writer went back, after some years absence, to that old home place, and more than one thing brought to his recollection the face and form of the old shoveller. There was the garden that he kept so neat and clean, and the porch on which he sat many an evening after his work was done, and the little creek to which he daily drove his cow. It was all as commonplace as could be thought of. But the man—full honestly, as one of God's noblemen—he had done his long day's work.

You, my good painter, who shall win immortal fame; and you, my fine statesman, who shall live as long as the chapter that records the struggle for liberty; and you, my poet, whose lines shall be sung by millions yet unborn—you can do no better. But you can do as well. A song sung with soul in it, a sermon preached for the judgement day, a statue made in a fine frenzy of spirit, is as good in its way. Better? Let Him say who is to judge the work.—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis.

Where the Garb is Welcome.

There is one spot in this country where the garb of the Sisters of Charity is not ostracised or legislated against just now. We refer to the leper colony of New Orleans. The State authorities having failed to secure nurses for the stricken ones here, as a last resort, applied to the Sisters of Charity to take charge of the place, and Archbishop Janssen's permission having been given, the Sisters cheerfully responded. Indeed they were only too anxious to carry comfort and hope to the afflicted, realizing once more the lines of Gerald Griffin's poem on the Sister of Charity:—

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapor of death."

The correspondent of an esteemed contemporary, in commenting on this case, says: "What struck me most forcibly was that our patriotic orders that are always so solicitous for the welfare of the nation had taken no measure whatever to prevent the Sisters from gaining an entrance into a public institution. When they sought to teach in our Public schools these patriots were up in arms, but when nurses were required for the most loathsome of diseases, the authorities were forced to apply to the Sisters. The A. P. A. is certainly very negligent in not having introduced a garb bill into the Legislature of Louisiana prohibiting any one in a religious garb from nursing in the leper colony." The point appears to be well taken. Evidently the A. P. A. is neglecting its duty in New Orleans.—Scranton (Penn.) Truth.

"So long as God permits me to live upon earth I will be faithful to my total abstinence pledge. My tongue will be ever ready to bless, and my arm ever ready to work for the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America."—(Archbishop Ireland to the

delegates at the twenty-fifth annual convention of the C. T. A. U.)

A FAVORITE MAGAZINE.

One who knows where to look will find in the pages of the time-honored *Atlantic Monthly* spiritual and intellectual nuggets of fine gold which are absent from the illustrated and more popular periodicals. In the August number a Puritan of Puritans thus refers to Westminster Abbey:

"We are shown by the verger through aisle and chapel, peopled only by the effigies of those who lie below; and we feel indignant that a building raised as a house of prayer should be treated so nearly as a museum of medieval art. We think of the Westminster verger who roughly disturbed the devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, saying, 'Hif this sort of thing goes on, we shall soon 'ave people praying hall hover the Habbey.'"

"A Poet's Yorkshire Haunts" is especially charming. To him who loves to delve in the history of that time when Christian England was slowly evolving from the shadows of paganism, the ruins of the cloisters at Whitby, in the north of England, have a peculiar charm. It was there, or near there, the author tells us, where the fragrance of the life of St. Hilda still lingers, that the poet James Russell Lowell loved best to spend his vacations. From his favorite window in the quiet cottage, now shown with reverent care to chance visitors, he looked out upon the cliffs, where the ruins of the Abbey are yet to be seen. One of his most cherished books is kept by the Sisters—two shy Yorkshire women—who were his landladies. It is a history of the Abbey and the region about, and contains a little slip of paper, placed there, the Sisters say, by the poet's own hands. The passage thus indicated is this:

"The pious abbess [St. Hilda] not only labored to enlighten their minds, but to improve their hearts and regulate their conduct. She pressed upon them the exercise of every grace and the practice of every virtue; above all, she earnestly inculcated that true Christian love, which excludes selfishness and is attended by humility and a contempt of the world. In her monastery, as in the primitive Church, there were none rich and none poor; for they had all things in common, and no one challenged anything as his own."

These Sisters have nothing but high praise for the Yankee poet; and are fond of relating how, when his guests were telling by what they wished to be remembered, he himself said: "I think I should wish to be remembered by kindly acts and helpful deeds." Surely not a bad wish for any one to entertain!—Ave Maria.

A GENEROUS PROTESTANT.

He Presents a Church to a Catholic Congregation in New Hampshire.

A very pretty ceremony took place recently at Bethlehem, N. H., in the little new church of St. Theodore.

Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, came to confirm the children and bless the bell, which had been placed in the sanctuary and which was dressed in green and flowers. The church was crowded with visitors of many different mountain resorts. Among them was ex Mayor Grace, of New York. After an eloquent sermon, preached by the Bishop in which he compared the bell to the voice crying in the wilderness "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," he paid a graceful tribute to the congregation and also to the great benefactor of the church.

After the Mass, the blessing of the bell took place. It was rang first by the Bishop, then by the pastor and afterwards by the sponsors, and all the congregation, among which were several Protestants. All deposited generous offerings towards defraying the expenses of the church. The choir from Littleton, several miles distant, came to sing during the Mass and added thus to the impressiveness of the ceremonies.

The church is yet unfinished, and the altar is a temporary one, but the church displays a great deal of taste in its structure, and its style suits the hills and mountains, in the midst of which it has been erected. It is greatly owing to the generosity of General Cruft, the owner of Maplewood, that Father Paradis has been able to erect it. General Cruft is a Unitarian. He gave the land on which the church stands, also a large sum of money towards its building. Last winter he was in Rome and bought for the altar the crucifix which was blessed by the Pope, six large and four small candle sticks, the cards, a beautiful chalice and an ostensorium. The stained-glass windows have been presented by different members of the congregation.

"There can be no affiliation between the Church and the saloon. The Church will not and can not permit that the drinking den shall flourish beneath the shadow of the consecrated house of prayer."

A man cannot be a good Catholic, a faithful and docile child of the Church and continue in the unbecoming business of conducting a liquor saloon.

The appeal of Peter's successor to the priests of America to 'shine as models of abstinence' gives a fatal blow to the insolent assumption that the ministry of Christ's Church could possibly remain indifferent while the vile work of the saloon was devastating their flocks.—(Rev. M. J. Cleary at the 25th annual convention of the C. T. A. U.)

THE JESUITS.

Inherited Misunderstanding of the Spirit and History of Their Noble Order.

In the American school of anti-Catholic criticism no pupil can be considered a proficient who has not mastered the special branch of invective against the Society of Jesus. It is a pity that an enlightened country like ours, whose broad spirit generally finds place and favor for everything that professes to aim at the social and moral advancement of our people, should look askance at a body of men whose helpful labors for the good of American citizenship are coeval with the republic itself, but, unfortunately, the shadows of calumny and suspicion which have enveloped the Society of Jesus in European countries, have spread themselves through our more liberal atmosphere of thought, producing in a vast number of minds the gravest doubt and misapprehension regarding the aims of the Society in our land.

It is a singular fact, too, that the historic cloak of patriotism, which has ever masked the enmity of the opponents of the Jesuits in other nations, is likewise the garb assumed by their American adversaries. Love of the republic, resentment of so-called foreign institutions, the protection of American forms and ideas, are the apparent mainstays of hostility in the American anti-Jesuit.

In many cases, doubtless, the patriotic motive, though inimical to the society, is a sincere and honest one. There are two classes of American Jesuit haters. The first and most prominent are men and women of fanatical intellects and narrow hearts, dogmatic in assertion, ill-informed in knowledge, intense in hatred, and reckless in accusation, who convey the impression that antagonism to something, no matter what, is the sole purpose of their existence, as well as their chief hope and source of maintenance. This class, not being susceptible to reason, merits no consideration and receives none from us. The second class, however, comprises American citizens of more generous minds and feelings, of broader sympathies and more liberal opinions, whose lives, training and occupations have been so remote from the opportunity for accurate knowledge of the great forces of Catholicism, that, more by force of circumstance than by malicious intent, they oppose and decry what they in reality do not understand. This class of opponents, knowing only that the Jesuits bear through history the burden of most serious charges, that their preponderance in Europe has been regarded by their enemies as the cause of the political and moral decay of nations, naturally look upon the presence of the society in the United States as a menace to republican institutions and a peril to a high-toned moral American citizenship. It is to this widespread, earnest, though unjust, prejudice against the Society of Jesus that this article addresses itself, on the principle that the good in anything is best discovered and developed in the light of the honest, even though mistaken, positions taken against it.

If it were to be stated as a first proposition in the discussion that the Society of Jesus is among the most beneficent of the institutions of the republic, our honest antagonists would at once take exception. American institutions, they would say, are those alone which spring from American soil and embody American ideas, which represent American thought, are controlled by American management, and are directed to the development of American citizenship independent of sect or class. Your Society of Jesus, they would add, even admitting its innocence of all that has been laid to its door, is a foreign institution, introduced here, but not indigenous to the soil, tolerated but not sanctioned, in the republic but not of it, limited in its operations to a certain sect, and hence out of unison with the broad development of American character as a whole.

The limitation of the idea of an American institution contained in this objection is unfair to millions of native and adopted American citizens. In the complex structure of our nationality, any association, whether of native origin or foreign introduction, should be assimilated into the body of our institutions, provided its objects are directed to the physical, intellectual, social or moral benefit of any class of American citizens, whether that class be of restricted or continental extent.

To determine the value or the detriment to the republic of the Society of Jesus along the lines designated, it will be necessary to glance at the republic itself. It is not surprising that many Americans, dazzled by the brilliant surface view of our conditions, our many-sided characteristics, our amazing successes in politics, education and finance, fail to appreciate the underlying necessities of our system or the dangers which threaten its prosperous and perpetual continuance. They are blind to the fact that, side by side with our wonderful march of progress in every material direction, are keeping pace elements of moral, social and political abuse whose preponderance at any time in our history would mean incalculable injury to our institutions if not their utter subversion. So keen an observer of our country as Mr. Bryce has this to say of us in his chapter on our social institutions:—

"Sometimes standing in the midst of a great American city, and watching the throngs of eager figures streaming hither and thither, marking the sharp contrasts of poverty and wealth, an increasing mass of wretchedness, and an increasing display of luxury, knowing that before

long a hundred millions of men will be living between ocean and ocean under this one government—a government whose own hands have made—one is startled by the thought of what might befall this huge yet delicate fabric of laws and commerce and social institutions were the foundations it has rested on to crumble away."

Was it not a phase of this same thought which Bishop Keane dwelt upon in his address at Harvard college, when, in discussing the republic's present needs, and the means to be used to perpetuate our institutions, with all their blessing to posterity he dwelt upon the foundations of our stability as a nation in these words:— "The great need of America to-day is the moulding of American character and the guiding of American intellect upon the principles of Christianity, and the great danger for America in the future lies in the possibility that she may be false to the eternal principles bestowed by Christ upon mankind."

Now if the learned prelate's estimate be true, the test of the Society of Jesus as a worthy institution of America will be found in answer to the query contained in his statement, and which may be thus set forth: "Are the Jesuits contributing towards the moulding of American character and the guiding of American intellect upon the principles bestowed by Christ upon mankind?"

It is to be noted that no special plea is here made for the Catholic religion, except in so far as it is one form of Christian faith and Christian principle. In the present view of the Jesuits, limited as it is to the question of their usefulness in the republic, it is necessary to consider them only as they appear upon the broad platform of Christianity, which all other teachers and ministers of Christian truth and practice in the republic occupy.

In this respect, then, contemplate them in their various labors throughout the nation. In almost every large city is their church, in very many their college, in every State are their missionary activities, and in their universities and houses of study are pursued their individual researches and the dissemination of the knowledge acquired, to their students and parishioners.

The first phase of their activity which invites our attention is their devotion to the education of youth. To establish the value of the Jesuits as educators of our youth we have the unchallenged verdict of history as well as the republic's own experience for nearly a hundred years. The Jesuits can afford to answer the aspersions cast upon their influence over youth, by simply pointing to the hundreds of young American citizens graduating from their institutions all over the country year after year, and asking what colleges of similar grade to their own send forth into the duties and affairs of life, young men of higher mental or moral attainments, or more devoted to the best principles of our citizenship.

They have rightly been called the "greatest educators since the revival of learning." At the time of their suppression in Europe, Frederic II., the Protestant king of Prussia, recognizing their invaluable services as teachers, not only refused to carry out the Brief of suppression in his domain, but even invited the proscribed Fathers from France and Italy to provide for the instruction and training of his youth.

The republic may well feel grateful for a system of education which, while forming the mind with knowledge, fortifies the character with deep moral cultivation—a system whose first object is to make its pupils good Christians, its second to make them good scholars—a system which imparts to its subjects all the refinements of the Christian gentleman, as well as the qualities which form the good citizen.

Their second line of effort for the moulding of American character upon the principles of Christianity may be sought in the social organizations of young men attached to many of their parishes throughout the country. According to the maxim of St. Ignatius, that he who guides the youth, directs the destiny of the man, and from mankind's common experience of the potency which intercourse and example have upon the formation of character, some opinion can be formed of the power for good which such associations have upon the minds and lives of their members. United for social intercourse under the direction of men of elevated minds, such as one who knows aught of the Jesuits will deny them to be, and banded for this purpose at a time in the lives of these youths when they are peculiarly susceptible to noble impressions, and more readily imbued with high ambitions and correct principles; it may not truthfully be disputed that the associations prepared over by the Jesuits are direct means for the instilling into American young men of the purest sentiments of duty in their relations to the social and national fabric of which they form a part.

It is, however, in their special capacity as priests, as preachers of Christian faith and inculcators of Christian morality to the people in general, that we must glance for the results of the labors of the Jesuits in the republic. It is true their endeavors, while extending far beyond the limits of their own churches, are mostly centered in a special class, being exercised chiefly among the Catholics of the nation. No valid objection can, however, be raised on this account, since American Catholics are still American citizens. Who that has watched the progress of Catholicism in our country will hesitate to say that its influence is to be a per-

manent and growing one among us? It is inextricably planted in those United States, as the religion of nearly 10,000,000 American citizens. It is here, Spain and every other foothold will, and is destined to, remain here to the end of the republic as part of our religious life, asserting itself, not aggressively—God forbid!—but knitting its principles, its standards of human life, and of the obligations of society, its recognition of human duty and responsibility, into the very fibre of our national character. In laboring within the fold of Catholicism, therefore, the Jesuits are contributing a quota of unequivocal assistance towards the preservation of the republic's morality and good citizenship. Reduced to its simplest elements their teaching is this, that the maxims of Christ should be the maxims of a man's every action, the guiding principle of his thought, and the rules for the dealings with his fellow men and his relations to his country. Is not an American citizen, trained by the Jesuit and whose life is a practical illustration of this teaching, a living argument in favor of the Society of Jesus, and the most powerful and most practical refutation of the calumnies against it?

If further proof is wanted of the fitness of the Jesuit as a teacher of Christianity to the people, let his long years of arduous study and pious discipline, of special evidences of vocation and ability required in him as a novice, the natural aptitude of the man—an important consideration in the society—made answer. This society has been called with truth "a vast mechanism for guiding the minds of men, and growing them by the dominion of an idea." And when this mechanism is employed promulgating and exemplifying the power and beauty of Christian faith, education and practice, is not the sacred trust which the nation reposes in all its teachers, perfectly safe, and through its organized forces will not the moral necessities of the nation as far as the influence of Jesuits goes, receive adequate provision?

The lingering objection of the society on account of the charges made against it in European countries in former times, will be swept away by a fair, impartial course of reading. The vindication of the Jesuits from every charge brought against them as a body has been pronounced, over and over again, by the lips and pens of those who have investigated the subject for themselves. Of this statement let a single instance answer the limitations of the present article. Paul Feval, the learned and witty French writer, while yet a virulent enemy of the society, was engaged to write a book against it. In pursuance of his commission he collected all sorts of historical documents in which the connection of the Jesuits with the course of events in Europe was shown, and, giving himself up to their earnest investigation, he perceived the following immortal lines to his publishers:—

"I have abandoned my work and burned my manuscripts. After reading your documents I find I have undertaken to calumniate at so much a line, men, not only innocent of all crime, but who are useful citizens, benefactors of mankind, soldiers of science, peaceful conquerors, heroes, saints, whose only fault is having excelled all other bodies of men, in bringing out by the strength of their arms, their sweat, their blood itself, what is perhaps the most astonishing work of the civilization of modern times."

But there remains yet another special reason why the Society of Jesus should be honored and respected by every true American—a reason drawn from American history itself—which shines resplendent from the traditions of the past, and casts a halo upon the labors and aims of the society in the present. If we look backward through the pages of America's story for examples of a great and lofty manhood which shall serve as a stimulus upon our own lives and motives in the present we will find that the grandest deeds recorded in American history were inspired by Jesuitism and performed by Jesuits.

In the murky dawn of our country's existence, long before civilization displaced the savagery of the wilderness, and while all the horrors of barbarism prevailed over the whole continent, there is seen through the frightful glare of the Iroquois death fires, a series of magnificent accomplishments and heroic sufferings, the splendor of which countless ages of time cannot efface. An admirer of the Society of Jesus has declared that Jesuitism is only another name for charity. The sixteen years of American history describing the Jesuit missions among the Hurons, from 1630 to 1650, gloriously prove the truth of the assertion. Where, for instance, can a better example of devotion to duty be found than in the act of the Jesuit Chabanel, who, when his whole nature revolted against the barbarism, filth and hardship of his Huron surroundings, bound himself by a solemn vow to remain among the Indians to teach the salvation of the gospel until his death? Where is there recorded a greater example of heroic perseverance under the most direful suffering than in the career of the Jesuit Jogues, that magnificent figure of missionary zeal and martyrdom, who elicited the most enthusiastic admiration of the historian Parkman? Where have philanthropy and human charity ever been better illustrated than in the lives and deaths of Jesuits Daniel and Garnier, who earned a martyr's palm while administering the consolation of Christianity to dying savages?

Where, in fine, have ever been given more sublime examples of indomitable will, fortitude, and patience than in the deaths of the greatest of the early Jesuits, Brebeuf and Lallemand, who preached Christianity to their fiendish captors amidst the most hellish tortures ever devised by the cruel instincts of savagism?

Two centuries and a half have passed away since the Jesuits first began their labor for the welfare of America. Honest critics of the society may be assured that the spirit of the Fathers to-day is the same which inspired the grand deeds of their predecessors, the early missionaries. Their labors enter into the progress of the American nation. Impelled by the example, and inspired by the memory of their ancestors in Christ, the American Jesuits of to-day are applying to America's changed conditions and necessities the same spirit of their great founder—the spirit which actuated the heroes of the Huron missions, and which was to teach men, above all things else, "to love their country, their family, and their God"—three branches of human duty, which shall exist for America, as for all other countries, as long as Christianity has vitality and predominance and power to enforce them.

THE IRISH MEMBERS.

NATIONALISTS.
William Abraham, North-east Cork.
Michael Austin, West Limerick.
Edward Blake, South Longford.
Thomas Condon, East Tipperary.
Thomas Sexton, North Kerry.
Michael Davitt (2 seats), Kerry and Mayo.

John Dillon, East Mayo.
Timothy M. Healy, North Louth.
Maurice Healy, Cork City.
Thomas Healy, North Wexford.
Peter French, South Wexford.
Alfred Webb, West Waterford.
Patrick J. Power—East Waterford.
James F. X. O'Brien, Cork City.
Andrew Connors, North West Cork.
James C. Flynn, North Cork.
James Gilhooly, West Cork.
Charles K. D. Tanner, Middle Cork.
Arthur Donelan, East Cork.
Edward Barry, South Cork.
Justin McCarthy, North Longford.
John Pinkerton, Galway City.
John Roche, East Galway.
David Sheehy, South Galway.
William O'Malley, West Galway.
Denis Kilbride (2 seats), Galway and Kerry.

Major Jameson, West Claire.
John Finucane, East Limerick.
Sir Thomas Esmond, West Kerry.
James O'Connor, West Wicklow.
—Englewood, South Wicklow.
—Doogan, East Tyrone.
James Daly, South Monaghan.
James Gibney, North Meath.
Daniel Gibney, North Meath.
Daniel Ambrose, South Louth.
Robert Ambrose, West Mayo.
Daniel Crilly, North Mayo.
Bernard Colleary, North Sligo.
Patrick A. McHugh, North Leitrim.
Jasper Tully, South Leitrim.
George Murnaghan, Middle Tyrone.
Edward Vesey Knox (2 seats), Derry and Cavan.

Patrick J. Kennedy, North Kildare.
James Tuite, North Westmeath.
Donal Sullivan, South Westmeath.
Timothy D. Sullivan, West Donegal.
James S. McNeill, South Donegal.
Thomas Curran, North Donegal.
Michael McCarran, South Mayo.
Samuel Young, East Cavan.
Daniel McAleese, North Monaghan.
James Jordan, South Fermanagh.
Jeremiah F. Mandevill, South Tipperary.

John F. Hogan, West Tipperary.
Arthur O'Connor, East Donegal.
Thomas P. O'Connor, Scotland Division, Liverpool.
Patrick J. O'Brien, North Tipperary.
John Hammond, Carlow.
Samuel Morris, South Kilkenny.
Sergt. Homphill, North Tyrone.
Eugene Crean, Ossory, Queen's Co.
M. A. McDonnell, Leix, Queen's Co.
Joseph F. Fox, Tullamore, King's.
Bernard C. Molloy, Birr, King's.
Edward McHugh, South Armagh.

REDMONDITES.
John E. Redmond, Waterford City.
William Redmond, East Clare.
Patrick O'Brien, Kilkenny City.
Edmund Leamy, North Kilkenny.
Timothy Harrington, Harbor Division, Dublin.
James O'Kelly, North Roscommon.
Luke P. Haxden, South Roscommon.
William Field, St. Patrick's, Dublin.
Joseph E. Kenny, College Green, Dublin.
John J. Clancy, North Dublin.
John Daly, Limerick City.
William J. Corbett, East Wicklow.

TORIES.
W. McCartney, South Antrim.
R. M. Dane, North Fermanagh.
C. C. O'Connor, North Antrim.
Arnold Foster, West Belfast.
William Kenny, Stephen's Green, Dublin.
Horace Plunkett, South Dublin.
Edward Carson, Dublin University.
David Plunkett, Dublin University.
I. A. Runtell, East Down.
Lord Arthur Hill, West Down.
Col. Waring, North Down.
Sir Thomas Lea, South Derry.
John Atkinson, North Derry.
Sir E. Harland, North Belfast.
Capt. McCalmont, East Antrim.
R. T. O'Neill, Middle Antrim.
G. W. Wolf, East Belfast.
William Johnston, South Belfast.
Col. Sanderson, North Armagh.

The composition of the new Parliament is as follows:
Conservatives 338
Unionists 73
Liberals 177

Irish Nationalists 70
Parliamentaries 12
Total 670

THE VIRGIN'S RING.

It is Viewed by Cardinal Gibbons in Perugia.

While Cardinal Gibbons was in Perugia he had the privilege of viewing the espousal ring of the Blessed Virgin. The relic is in the Cathedral and is exhibited to the public gaze twice in the year. It is preserved in a safe to which there are fourteen keys which must all be brought together to the opening. These keys are held by fourteen different societies and religious brotherhoods. The Archbishop holds one, the municipality another, the merchants' guild another, and so on. Some of these keys are excellent specimens of the locksmith's art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. All having been produced here at about 11 o'clock in the morning the shrine was opened in the presence of a notary from the municipality, who made a record of the event, a process verbal as it is termed, and of the cause for which it was opened, namely, the visit of Cardinal Gibbons. This notary remained during the ceremony until this most interesting relic was restored to its original place and closed up again.

The ring of the Madonna hangs from the top of a little temple like shrine formed of four tiny columns supporting a small cupola. Between each pair of columns a seated statue of a prophet wrought in the best style of art adds a marvelous beauty to this very artistic work. The shrine was made in the very best period of Italian renaissance art, close upon the end of the fifteenth century, and is distinguished by the reserved and tasteful application of very excellent ornament.

The ring itself is entirely formed from one piece of Oriental alabaster, and was not intended for constant wear, but was only used as a ceremonial ring. It is remarkable for the beautiful opaline tints it has, which shine from it as it is moved about in the light. The tradition of it goes back to apostolic times. As related to the Cardinal in Perugia, it was given by the Madonna to St. John the Evangelist, who preserved it until his death. After this event it passed into the hands of a Jew, from whom it was obtained by St. Musiola, who brought it to Chiusi, where she was put to death as a martyr for the Christian faith and became the saintly patroness of the city. Here it remained until 1473, when it was taken away by a Franciscan friar named Fra Winthelus, of Mayence, who brought it to Perugia, where it has since been preserved with great honor and devotion.

In the Canonica—the residence of the cathedral canons—an inscription placed in the wall relates the bringing of this ring to Perugia by Fra Winthelus.

A hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to chronic bronchitis. No prompt remedy can be found than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effect is immediate and the result permanent.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Er. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea-sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera, if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The Cook's PUZZLE
How to avoid sodden pastry?
The PROBLEM is solved by the production of our NEW SHORTENING COTTOLENE

Which makes light, crisp, healthy, wholesome pastry. Mrs. Mc Bride, Marian Harland, and other expert cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. YOU can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

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"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my Rash was cured. I am now well and happy."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Bradford, Ont.

Free from Eruptions

Free from Eruptions. My business, which is that of a dealer in real estate, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned. My Rash was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. —THOMAS A. JOHNS, Bradford, Ont.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Should be used. If it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible flour is the result from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McLaughlin's Cook's Friend.

OBJECTS OF THE New York Catholic Agency

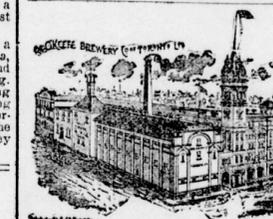
The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are as follows: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the whole outside of the metropolis, and has complete such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual filling of orders. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there may be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses using a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. 6th. Business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you wish to send your orders to

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE POWER OF GRACE. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh...

The two-fold principle in man, of which the apostle here speaks, is a matter of our common experience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals.

The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles.

For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both of these masters. You cannot be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil.

Take courage and be consoled by the experience of St. Paul. Thrice he sought the Lord that a grievous temptation might depart from him.

But, perhaps, you doubt which master you are serving, because your soul is the battle-field for that conflict of which the apostle speaks...

No-Popery People.

Sydney Smith—the great English wit and divine—once wound up an article in the Edinburgh Review on Catholics...

To the no-Popery fool: You are made use of by men who laugh at you and despise you for your folly and ignorance.

To the no-Popery rogue: A shameful and scandalous game to sport with the serious interests of the country in order to gain some increase of public power.

To the honest no-Popery people: We respect you very sincerely, but are astonished at your existence.

In your blood is the cause of that tired, languid feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes rich, red blood and gives renewed vigor.

A GIRL-BOY.

A group of young people were seated one summer afternoon in the shade of a great oak tree on the lawn of a Southern watering place...

"I can't help what you say, Tom," declared one clever-looking girl, with a decisive shake of her head...

"Just wouldn't you, tho'!" remarked Will Sothorn, Bess Hardman's cousin, as he watched a busy little ant rushing frantically over and down his racket while he lay on his back in the grass...

"Yes, partly that; tho' I'd like to have Professor Dryden hear you say it is 'stuff,' young man! But it isn't altogether those articles that have set me to going, Will."

"Get up, then, by all means," said Will, fanning himself with his hat. "On second thoughts I guess I won't rise; I'll just make it where I am."

"No, indeed," replied May Brennan, rearranging some daisies she had picked and put in her hat; "we think it a very nice walk and a very nice day, don't we?"

"Just hear them!" continued Jack; "there they sit, under those parasols in the shade, while we have to stay out here in the sun and fairly broil!"

"What in the world are you children doing way out here?" she asked, checking the restive little animal as she spoke.

"We don't know, Miss Grace," answered Tom, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I assure you we had nothing to do with it. The girls said come on, and we came on."

"These boys are positively getting too lazy to move," declared Bess, indignantly, "and we decided the time had come when we must stir them up or they would go what the professor is always saying—vegetate, I believe it is."

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"Just for a ride," answered her sister, smiling at them all as she looked down upon them.

"That is just what I'm fond of doing; this vacation, at any rate," said he, in the low, quiet voice which had first raised Bess' ire.

"You're a chap after my own heart," cried Tom, springing to his feet and picking up his racket, which leaned against the tree.

vals of every three minutes, to get some of these lazy boys and girls to give me a set, but they won't do it. Come on now, if you will, and we'll have a game before dinner."

"Tom seems to have begun the training which you insist the 'girl-boy' needs, Bess," remarked Jack, as they disappeared.

"He does, truly," replied Bess, swinging gently in the hammock and industriously dropping grass and seed down her patient cousin's neck.

"Half an hour later, as they were all making their way into the dining room for the noon meal, Tom dropped behind with Bess for a moment, and there was a meaning twinkle in his eyes as he asked:

"Well, did you see the fresh air boy play tennis?"

"No," replied she, laughing quietly; "but I can imagine what it was like. Did he even know which side of the net to stand on?"

"I'm afraid he did," replied Tom, dryly. "He beat me six games without stopping." And then, before Bess could gasp out an astonished "What!" he was gone again, and taking his place at the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to make a remark," said Jack Bradley the next morning, seating himself as he spoke upon a bowlder at the side of the road and mopping his hot face with a handkerchief.

"Go ahead," said Tom, leaning with his elbows on the fence and watching a big bird of some sort sailing lazily about far over their heads.

"That morning walks are a nuisance and an abominable fraud," declared Jack. "Don't you think so, girls?"

"No, indeed," replied May Brennan, rearranging some daisies she had picked and put in her hat; "we think it a very nice walk and a very nice day, don't we?"

"Just hear them!" continued Jack; "there they sit, under those parasols in the shade, while we have to stay out here in the sun and fairly broil!"

"Why didn't you bring parasols, too?" inquired May, but Jack, deeming this frivolous remark beneath his dignity, went on:

"I vote that we move on to the shade before we melt and disappear entirely."

"I'm going to take a picture of that road," gazing down the long, dusty path as he spoke. "It must be fully a mile to the toll gate, isn't it, Jack?"

"Well, we'll see what kind of a picture it will take. It's straight enough to be a lesson in perspective."

"For the girl-boy?" asked Bess, mischievously.

"But Tom did not hear her. "But it makes a pretty picture. Look pleasant, please—chin a little higher. There you are. And he didn't move an eyelash!"

"What nonsense are you up to now?" asked Will.

"But his enquiry was cut short by the sudden appearance behind them of a spirited little black horse, upon whose back sat Miss Grace Hardman, Bess' older sister.

"What in the world are you children doing way out here?" she asked, checking the restive little animal as she spoke.

"We don't know, Miss Grace," answered Tom, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I assure you we had nothing to do with it. The girls said come on, and we came on."

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new boy spoke, and then as Will lifted his cousin lightly to the saddle, he whispered:

"I say, Bess, what do you think of your girl-boy now? Rather a surprise to find he rides a wheel, isn't it?"

"Let him out, Bess; I want to catch an instantaneous view of him, if I can."

"Be careful, tho'!" cried Miss Grace, warningly; "he is very foolish this morning."

"He has bolted!" cried Jack, springing to his feet; and they all realized the truth of what he said at once.

"The toll gate!"

"No; they won't know," answered Tom, staring like one fascinated after the runaway horse.

"No, indeed," replied May Brennan, rearranging some daisies she had picked and put in her hat; "we think it a very nice walk and a very nice day, don't we?"

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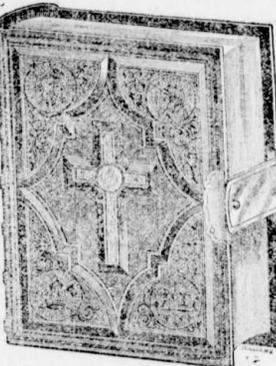
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boy on the bicycle could hear him:

"For heaven's sake, ride!"

For a moment it almost seems as if, instead, his speed has slackened, but the next second Jack shouts delightedly:

"He's gaining—he's gaining! He'll catch that little beast yet!"

Nor is this unlikely now. Like a wise runner Fred has saved his strength until the last, and the time has come for its use.

Like a suddenly released bird the light machine springs forward and the pedals fairly whirl as they spin around.

The horse is beginning to breathe hard, and Fred realizes this as he glances quickly at him and down again.

Pastor and faster go the glistening wheels, and slowly the machine creeps on to the very heels of the now laboring animal.

Now the bicyclist is only ten feet from him—eight—six! Then, with a last mighty effort, the boy stands in his saddle for an instant, and the bicycle, like something alive, shoots forward past Prince's heels, his middle, his shoulders—up to his head!

Grasping the bridle with one thin hand, the boy throws his whole weight on the stout leather. This can but retard the animal's progress, and his quivering head bends sideways; his speed is slackened for a second, and that second is what Fred Wright has worked for. Quick as a flash he shuts the brake with all his force. The bicycle stops dead still. Prince stumbles, slides a few feet, one forefoot goes crashing through the safety of the front wheel, and Fred is pulled down to the ground.

The with it, still holding the rein. The foaming horse gives one half-hearted rear as if to get away, his hind quarters strike the tollgate itself; he stops, lowers his head and breathes a long sigh—and the race is won!

Dazed and dizzy, Fred pulls himself up to his feet and looks about him just as Bess slips from Prince's back and runs to the boy's side.

"I hope—hope you aren't hurt, are you," he asks before she can speak and holding to the fence for support, as he tries to stand up straight.

"No," answered Bess, with a funny little sensation in her throat, "but you are!" and tho' he remonstrates feebly she leads him into a house near by.

When the rest of the party finally reached the tollgate, tired and hot but happy beyond expression, they find Bess, with the aid of the tollkeeper's wife, bathing Fred's forehead, which carries a ragged cut. He is very white, and nervous, now that it is all over; but he insists on getting up as they come in. Tom is the first to reach him, but all he can say as he grasps his hands in his own is:

"Fred Wright, you are a brick!"

"I—thank you!" says he, smiling and returning the warm pressure of his friend's grasp.

And as for Bess, standing in the background and watching the two—the so-called "girl-boy" and Tom—she knows then and there that she has learned a lesson which she will never forget.—The Independent

The Church's Maternal Love.

Like unto a mourning dove, the beloved Spouse of Christ, the Church, never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful departed until they have arrived at the port of eternal bliss.

She renews, in Holy Mass, our divine Redeemer's sacrificial death, offering it up to His Heavenly Father; she invites the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persevering prayer for the Church suffering.

What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living to profess a religion so comforting; to console the dying who though cleansed from all mortal sin by the holy sacraments yet are uncertain whether they shall be found sufficiently pure and worthy of heaven, but rest assured that the Church triumphant and militant will come to their aid after death; comforting for their suffering friends, because they continue to show them their affection in case they should stand in need of their assistance in the purifying flames. Hence we can never be having called us to a religion whose maternal care, charity and zeal go beyond the confines of our earthly pilgrimage and follow us even after our eyes have been closed in death.

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