

The Catholic Record.

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

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POPE LEO XIII SPEAKS TO AMERICA.

Full Text of the Encyclical of the Holy Father to the Archbishops and Bishops.

The Growth of the Church in This Country—The Mission of the Apostolic Delegate—The Church and Science—Catholics in Labor Societies—A Word to Catholic Journalists—Marriage and Divorce—American Indians and Negroes—Other Matters of Interest Touching Upon.

The full text of the Pope's encyclical to America, as given out by Rev. F. Z. Rooker, D. D., Monsignor Satolli's secretary, is as follows:

To our venerable brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States of North America, Leo XIII, Pope.

Venerable Brethren: Health and apostolic benediction. We traverse in spirit and in thought the wide expanse of ocean, and although we have at other times addressed you in writing, chiefly when we directed encyclical letters to the Bishops of the Catholic world, yet have we now resolved to speak to you separately, trusting that we shall be, God willing, of some assistance to the Catholic cause amongst you. To this we apply ourselves with the utmost zeal and care, because we highly esteem and love exceedingly the young and vigorous American nation, in which we plainly discern latent forces for the advancement alike of civilization and of Christianity.

Not long ago, when your whole nation, as was fitting, celebrated, with grateful recollection and every manifestation of joy, the completion of the fourth century since the discovery of America, we, too, commemorated, together with you, that most auspicious event, sharing in your rejoicings with equal good will. Nor were we on that occasion content with offering prayers at a distance for your welfare and greatness. It was our wish to be in some manner present with you in your festivities. Hence we cheerfully sent one who should represent our person.

Not without a good reason did we take part in your celebration. For when America was as yet but a newborn babe, uttering in its cradle its first feeble cries, the Church took it to her bosom and motherly embrace. Columbus, as we have elsewhere expressly shown, sought as the primary fruit of his voyages and labors to open a pathway for the Christian faith into the new lands and new seas.

Keeping this thought constantly in view, his first solicitude, wherever he disembarked, was to plant upon your shore the sacred emblems of the cross. Wherefore as the ark of Noah, surmounting the overflowing waters, bore the seed of Israel, together with the remnants of the human race, even thus did the barque launched by Columbus upon the ocean carry into regions beyond the seas as well the germs of mighty states as the principles of the Catholic religion.

This is not the place to give a detailed account of what thereupon ensued. Very rapidly did the light of the Gospel shine upon the savage tribes discovered by the Ligurian. For it is sufficiently well known here, many of the children of Francis as well as of Dominic and of Loyola were accustomed during the two following centuries to voyage thither for this purpose; how they cared for the colonies brought over from Europe, but primarily and chiefly how they converted the natives from superstition to Christianity, sealing their labors in many instances with the testimony of their blood. The very names newly given to so many of your towns and rivers and mountains and lakes teach and clearly witness how deeply your beginnings were marked with the footprints of the Catholic Church.

Nor, perchance, did the fact which we now recall take place without some design of Divine Providence. Precisely at the epoch when the American colonies, having, with Catholic aid, achieved liberty and independence, coalesced into a constitutional republic, the ecclesiastical hierarchy was happily established among you; and at the very time when the popular suffrage placed

at the helm of the republic the first Bishop was set by apostolic authority over the American Church. The well-known friendship and familiar intercourse which subsisted between these two men seems to be an evidence that the United States ought to be conjoined in concord and amity with the Catholic Church. And not without cause, for without morality the State cannot endure—a truth which that illustrious citizen of yours whom we have just mentioned, with a keenness of insight worthy of his genius and statesmanship, perceived and proclaimed.

But the best and strongest support of

morality is religion. She, by her very nature, guards and defends all the principles on which duties are founded, and, setting before us the motives most powerful to influence us, commands us to live virtuously and forbids us to transgress. Now what is the Church other than a legitimate society, founded by the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ for the preservation of morality and the defence of religion? For this reason have we repeatedly endeavored, from the summit of the pontifical dignity, to inculcate that the Church, while directly and immediately aiming at the salvation of souls and the beatitude which is to be attained in heaven, is yet, even in the order of things, the fountain of blessings so numerous and so great that they could not have been greater or more numerous had the original purpose of her institutions been the pursuit of happiness during the life which is spent on earth.

That your republic is progressing and developing by giant strides is patent to all, and this holds good in religious matters also. For even as your cities in the course of one century have made a marvellous increase in wealth and power, so do we behold the Church, from

grown with rapidity to be great and exceedingly flourishing. Now, if, on the one hand, the increased riches and resources of your cities are justly attributed to the talents and active industry of the American people, on the other hand the prosperous condition of Catholicity must be ascribed, first, indeed, to the virtues, the ability and the prudence of the Bishops and clergy, but in no slight measure also to the faith and the generosity of the Catholic laity. Thus, while the different classes exerted their best energies, were you enabled to erect unnumbered religious and useful institutions, sacred edifices, schools for the instruction of youth, colleges for the higher branches, homes for the poor, hospitals for the sick, convents and monasteries. As for what more closely touches spiritual interests, which are based upon the exercise of Christian virtues, many facts have been brought to our notice whereby we are animated with hope and filled with joy, namely, that the numbers of the secular and regular clergy are steadily augmenting; that pious sodalities and confraternities are held in esteem; that the Catholic parochial schools, the Sunday schools for imparting Christian doctrine, and summer schools are in a flourishing condition; moreover, associations for mutual aid, for the relief of the indigent, for the promotion of temperate living, add to all this the many evidences of popular piety.

The main factors, no doubt, in bringing things into this happy state were the ordinances and decrees of your synods, especially of those which in more recent times were convened and confirmed by the authority of the Apostolic See. But, moreover (a fact which it gives pleasure to acknowledge), thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America and to the customs of the well-ordered republic. For the Church among you, unopposed by the constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance. Yet, though all this is true, it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church; or that it would be universally lawful or expedient to

be, as in America, dissevered and divorced. The fact that Catholicity with you is in good condition, may, is even enjoying a prosperous growth, is by all means to be attributed to the fecundity with which God has endowed His Church; in virtue of which, unless men or circumstances interfere, she spontaneously expands and propagates herself; but she would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority.

For our part we have left nothing undone, so far as circumstances permitted, to preserve and more solidly establish among you the Catholic religion. With this intent we have, as you are well aware, turned our attention to two special objects: first, the advancement of learning; second, a perfecting of methods in the management of Church affairs. There already, indeed, existed several distinguished universities. We, however, thought it advisable that there should be one founded by authority of the Apostolic See and endowed by us with all suitable powers, in which Catholic professors might instruct those devoted to the pursuit of learning. The design was to begin with philosophy and theology, adding, as means would allow, the remaining branches, those particularly which the present age has introduced or perfected. An education cannot be deemed complete which takes no notice of modern sciences. It is obvious that in the existing keen competition of talents and widespread and in itself noble and praiseworthy passion for knowledge Catholics ought to be not followers but leaders. It is necessary, there-

fore, that they should cultivate every refinement of learning and zealously train their minds to the discovery of the truth and the investigation, so far as it is possible, of the entire domain of nature. This, in every age, has been the desire of the Church; upon the enlargement of the boundaries of the sciences has she been wont to bestow all possible labor and energy.

By a letter, therefore, dated the 7th of March, in the year of our Lord 1889, directed to you, venerable brethren, we established at Washington, your capital city, esteemed by a majority of you a very proper seat

for the higher studies, a university for the instruction of young men desirous of pursuing advanced courses. In announcing this matter to our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church, in consistory, we expressed the wish that it should be regarded as the fixed law of the university to unite erudition and learning with soundness of faith, and to imbue its students not less with religion than with scientific culture. To the Bishops of the United States we entrusted the task of establishing a suitable course of studies and of supervising the discipline of the students; and we conferred the office and authority of chancellor, as it is called, upon the Archbishop of Baltimore. And, by divine favor, a quite happy beginning was made. For, without any delay, while you were celebrating the 100th anniversary of the establishment of your ecclesiastical hierarchy under the brightest auspices, in the presence of our delegate, the divinity classes were opened. From that time onward we know that theological science has been imparted by the diligence of eminent men, the renown of whose talents and learning receive a fitting crown in their recognized loyalty and devotion to the Apostolic See. Nor is it long since we were apprised that, thanks to the liberality of a pious priest, a new building had been constructed in which young men, as well cleric as lay, are to receive instruction in the natural sciences and in literature. From our knowledge of the American character we are fully confident that the example set by this noble man will incite others of your citizens to imitate him; they will not fail to realize that liberality exercised towards so great an object will be repaid by the very greatest advantage to the public.

No one can be ignorant how powerfully similar institutions of learning, whether originally founded by the Roman Church herself from time to time, or approved and protected by her legislation, have contributed to the spread of knowledge and civilization in every part of Europe. Even in our own day, though often instances might be given, it is enough to mention the University of Louvain, to which the entire Belgian nation ascribes its almost daily increase in prosperity and glory. Equally abundant will be the benefits proceeding from the Washington University if the professors and students (as we doubt not they will be) mindful of our injunctions and, shunning party spirit and strife, conciliate the good opinion of the people and clergy.

We wish now, venerable brethren, to commend to your affection and to the generosity of your people the college which our predecessor, Pius IX., founded in this city for the ecclesiastical training of young men from North America, and which we took care to place upon a firm basis by a letter dated the 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1884. We can make this appeal the more confidently because the results obtained from this institution have by no means belied the expectations commonly entertained regarding it. You yourselves can testify that during its brief existence it has sent forth a very large number of exemplary priests, some of whom have been promoted for their virtue and learning to the highest degrees of ecclesiastical dignity. We are, therefore, persuaded that you will continue to be solicitous to send hither select young men who are in training to become the hope of the Church, for they will carry back to their homes and utilize for the general good the wealth of intellectual attainments and moral excellence which they shall acquire in the city of Rome.

The love which we cherish towards Catholics of your nation moved us, likewise, to turn our attention to the very beginning of a third plenary council of Baltimore. Subsequently, when the Archbishops, at our invitation, had come to Rome we diligently inquired from them what they deemed most conducive to the common good. We finally, and after mature deliberation, ratified by apostolic authority the decrees of the prelates assembled at Baltimore. In truth, the event has proved and still proves that the decrees of Baltimore were salutary and timely in the extreme. Experience has demonstrated their power for the maintenance of discipline, for stimulating the intelligence and zeal of the clergy, for defending and developing the Catholic education of youth. Wherefore, venerable brethren, if we make acknowledgment of your activity in these matters, if we laud your firmness tempered with prudence, we pay a tribute to your merit; for we are fully sensible

that so great a harvest of blessings could by no means have so rapidly ripened to maturity had you not exerted yourselves, each to the utmost of his ability, sedulously and faithfully to carry into effect the statutes you had so wisely framed at Baltimore.

When the council of Baltimore had concluded its labors the duty still remained of putting, so to speak, a proper and becoming crown upon the work. This, we perceived, could scarcely be done in a more fitting manner than through the establishment by the Apostolic See of

AN AMERICAN LEGATION. Accordingly, as you are aware, we have done this. By this action, as we have elsewhere intimated, we have wished, first of all, to certify that, in our judgment and affection, America occupies the same place and rights as other States, be they ever so mighty and imperial. In addition to this we had in mind to draw more closely the bonds of duty and friendship which connect you and so many thousands of Catholics in the Apostolic See. In fact, the mass of the Catholics understood how salutary our action was destined to be. They saw, moreover, that it accorded with the usage and policy of the Apostolic See. For it had been from the earliest antiquity the custom of the Roman pontiffs, in the exercise of the divinely bestowed gift of primacy in the administration of the Church of Christ, to send forth legates to Christian nations and peoples. And they did this not by an adventitious but an inherent right. For "the Roman Pontiff, upon whom Christ has conferred ordinary and immediate jurisdiction, as well over all and singular churches as over all and singular pastors and faithful," since he cannot personally visit the different regions and thus exercise the pastorate office over the flock entrusted to him, finds it necessary from time to time, in the discharge of the ministry imposed upon him, to dispatch legates into different parts of the world, according as the need arises, who, supplying his place, may correct errors, make the rough ways plain and administer to the people confided to their care increased means of salvation.

But how unjust and baseless would be the suspicion, should it anywhere exist, that the powers conferred on the legate are an obstacle to the authority of the Bishops. Sacred to us, more than to any other, are the rights of those whom the Holy Ghost has placed as Bishops to rule the Church of God. "That these rights should remain intact in every nation in every part of the globe we both desire and ought to desire, more so since the dignity of the individual Bishops is by nature so interwoven with the dignity of the Roman Pontiff, that any measure that benefits the one necessarily protects the other. "My honor is the honor of the universal Church. My honor is the unpurged vigor of my brethren. Then am I truly honored when to each one due honor is not denied." Therefore, since it is the office and function of an apostolic legate, with whatsoever powers he be vested, to execute the mandates and interpret the will of the Pontiff who sends him, far from his being of any detriment to the ordinary power of the Bishops, he will rather bring an accession of stability and strength.

His authority will possess no slight weight for preserving in the multitude a submissive spirit; in the clergy discipline and due reverence for the Bishops, and in the Bishops mutual charity and intimate union of souls. And since this union, so salutary and desirable, consists mainly in harmony of thought and action, he will not doubt bring it to pass that each one of you shall persevere in the diligent administration of the diocesan affairs; that one shall not pry into the counsels and conduct of another; finally, that with disagreements eradicated and mutual esteem maintained, you may all work together with combined energies to promote the glory of the American Church and the general welfare. It is difficult to estimate the good results which will flow from this concord of the Bishops. Our own people will receive edification, and the force of example will have its effect on those without, who will be persuaded by this argument alone that the divine apostolate has descended by inheritance to the ranks of the Catholic episcopate.

Another consideration claims our earnest attention. All intelligent men are agreed, and we ourselves have, with pleasure, intimated above, that America seems destined for greater things. Now, it is our wish that the Catholic Church should not only share in, but help to bring about, this prospective greatness. We deem it right and proper that she should by availing herself of the opportunities daily presented to her, keep equal step with the republic in the march of improvement, at the same time striving to the utmost, by her virtue and her institutions, to aid in the rapid growth of the States. Now, she will attain both these objects the more easily and abundantly in proportion to the degree in which the future shall find her constitution perfected. But what is the meaning of the legislation of which we are speaking, or what is its ultimate aim except to bring it about that the constitution of

the Church shall be strengthened, her discipline better fortified? Wherefore, we ardently desire that this truth should sink day by day more deeply into the minds of Catholics, namely, that they can in no better way safeguard their individual interests and the common good than by yielding a hearty submission and obedience to the Church. Your faithful people, however, are scarcely in need of exhortation on this point, for they are accustomed to adhere to the institutions of Catholicity with willing souls and a constancy worthy of all praise.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. To one matter of the first importance, and fraught with the greatest blessings, it is a pleasure at this place to refer, on account of the holy firmness in principle and practice respecting it, which, as a rule, rightly prevails among you. We mean the Christian dogma of the unity and indissolubility of marriage, which supplies the firmest bond of safety, not merely to the family, but to society at large. Not a few of your citizens, even of those who dissent from us in other doctrines, terrified by the licentiousness of divorce, admire and approve in this regard the Catholic teaching and the Catholic custom. They are led to this judgment not less by love of country than by the wisdom of the doctrine. For difficult it is to imagine a more deadly pest to the community than the wish to declare dissoluble a bond which the law of God has made perpetual and inextinguishable.

Divorce "is the fruitful cause of mutable marriage contracts: it diminishes mutual affection; it supplies a pernicious stimulus to unfaithfulness; it is injurious to the care and education of children; it gives occasion to the breaking up of domestic society; it scatters the seed of discord among families; it lessens and degrades the dignity of women, who incur the danger of being abandoned when they shall have subserved the lust of their husbands. And, since nothing tends so effectually as the corruption of morals to ruin families and undermine the strength of kingdoms, it may easily be perceived that divorce is especially hostile to the prosperity of families and states." (*Encyc. Arcanum.*)

As regards civil affairs, experience has shown how important it is that the citizens should be upright and virtuous. In a free state, unless justice be generally cultivated, unless the people be repeatedly and diligently urged to observe the precepts and laws of the gospel, liberty itself may be pernicious. Let those of the clergy, therefore, who are occupied with the instruction of the multitude, treat plainly this topic

THE DUTIES OF CITIZENS, so that all may understand and feel the necessity, in political life, of consciousness, self-restraint and integrity; for that cannot be lawful in public which is unlawful in private affairs.

On this whole subject there are to be found, as you know, in the encyclical letters written by us, from time to time, in the course of our pontificate, many things which Catholics should attend to and observe. In these writings and expositions we have treated of human liberty, of the chief Christian duties, of civil government, and of the Christian constitution of States, drawing our principles as well from the teachings of the gospels as from reason. They, then, who wish to be good citizens and to discharge their duties faithfully may readily learn from our letters the ideal of an upright life. In like manner, let the priests be persistent in keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the third council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the virtue of temperance, the frequent use of the sacraments, and the observance of the just laws and institutions of the republic.

Now, with regard to entering societies, extreme care should be taken not to be ensnared by error. And we wish to be understood as referring in a special manner to the working classes, who assuredly have the right to unite in associations for the protection of their interests, a right acknowledged by the Church and unopposed by nature. But it is very important to take heed with whom they are to associate, else, while seeking aids for the improvement of their condition, they may be imperiling far weightier interests. The most effectual precaution against this peril is to determine with themselves at no time or in any matter to be parties to the violation of justice. Any society, therefore, which is ruled by and servilely obeys persons who are not steadfast for the right and friendly to religion is capable of being extremely prejudicial to the interests as well of individuals as of the community; beneficial it cannot be. Let this conclusion, therefore, remain firm—to shun not only those associations which have been openly condemned by the judgment of the Church, but those also which, in the opinion of intelligent men, and especially of the Bishops, are regarded as suspicious and dangerous. Nay, rather, unless forced by necessity to do otherwise, Catholics ought to prefer to associate with Catholics—a course which will be very conducive to the safeguarding of their faith.

THE LABOR QUESTION. As presidents of societies thus formed

among themselves it would be well to appoint either priests or upright laymen of weight and character, guided by whose counsel they should endeavor peacefully to adopt and carry into effect such measures as may seem most advantageous to their interests, keeping in view the rules laid down by us in our encyclical *Reveram Novorum*. Let them, however, never allow this to escape their memory—that while it is proper and desirable to assert and secure the rights of the many, yet this is not to be done by a violation of duty, and that these are very important duties: Not to touch what belongs to others; to allow every one to be free in the management of his own affairs; not to hinder any one to dispose of his services when he pleases and where he pleases. The scenes of violence and riot which you witnessed last year in your own country sufficiently admonish you that America, too, is threatened with the audacity and ferocity of the enemies of public order. The state of the times, therefore, bids Catholics to labor for the tranquility of the commonwealth, and for this purpose to obey the laws, abhor violence and seek no more than equity or justice permits.

Towards these objects much may be contributed by those who have devoted themselves to writing, and, in particular, by those who are engaged on the daily press. We are aware that already their labor in this field many men of skill and experience, whose diligence demands words of praise rather than of encouragement. Nevertheless, since the thirst for reading and knowledge is so vehement and widespread among you, and since, according to circumstances, it can be productive either of good or evil, every effort should be made to increase the number of intelligent and well disposed writers who take religion for their guide and virtue for their constant companion. And this seems all the more necessary in America on account of the familiar intercourse and intimacy between Catholics and those who are estranged from the Catholic name, a condition of things which certainly exacts from our people great circumspection and more than ordinary firmness. It is necessary to instruct, admonish, strengthen and urge them on to the pursuit of virtue and to the faithful observance, amid so many occasions of stumbling, of their duties towards the Church.


CATHOLIC JOURNALISTS. It is, of course, the proper function of the clergy to devote their care and energies to this great work, but the age and the country require that journalists should be equally zealous in the same cause and labor in it to the full extent of their powers. Let them, however, seriously reflect that their writings, if not positively prejudicial to religion, will surely be of slight service to it unless in concord of minds they all seek the same end. That those who desire to be of real service to the Church, and with their pens heartily to defend the Catholic cause, should carry on the conflict with perfect unanimity, and, as it were, with serried ranks; for they rather inflict than repel war if they waste their strength by discord. In like manner their work, instead of being profitable and fruitful, becomes injurious and disastrous whenever they presume to call before their tribunal decisions and acts of Bishops, and, casting off due reverence, cavil and find fault, not perceiving how great a disturbance of order and how many evils are thereby produced. Let them, then, be mindful of their duties and not overstep the proper limits of moderation. The Bishops, placed in the lofty position of authority, are to be obeyed, and suitable honor befitting the magnitude and sanctity of their office should be paid them. Now this reverence, which it is lawful for no one to neglect, should of necessity be eminently conspicuous and exemplary in Catholic journalists. For journals, naturally circulating far and wide, come daily into the hands of everybody and exert no small influence upon the opinions and morals of the multitude.

We have ourself on frequent occasions laid down many rules respecting the duties of a good writer, many of which were unanimously inculcated, as well by the third council of Baltimore as by the Archbishops in their meeting at Chicago in the year 1883. Let Catholic writers, therefore, bear impressed on their minds our teachings and yours on this point, and let them resolve that their entire method of writing shall be thereby guided if they indeed desire, as they ought to desire, to discharge their duty well.

Our thoughts now turn to those who dissent from us in matters of Christian faith; and who shall deny that, with not a few of them, dissent is a matter rather of inheritance than of will? How solicitous are we of their salvation, with what ardor of soul we wish that they should be at length restored to the embrace of the Church, the common mother of all, our Apostolic Epistle *Proclara* has in recent times declared. Nor are we destitute of all hope, for He is present and hath a care whom all things obey, and who laid down His life that He might "gather in one of the children of God who were dispersed." (*John xi., 52.*) Surely we ought not to desert them, nor leave them to their fancies, but with mildness

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

ASTHMA, Distressing Cough, SORE JOINTS AND MUSCLES.



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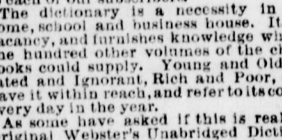
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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.
CHAPTER XXVI.

It was quite true that Egerton, in a spirit of adventure and curiosity, had accepted Duchesne's invitation to accompany him to Brussels. Of course, "you will not hear anything of the business of the meeting; but you will see many of the most famous leaders of this great movement, and you cannot fail to be impressed by personal contact with them."

Egerton, who understood thoroughly the object of the invitation, had no doubt of being impressed, but considerable doubt whether this impression would take the form Duchesne desired. Nevertheless it was an opportunity, an experience, which he could not let slip, though he hoped the intelligence of it might not come to Arminie's ears. "For she would not understand," he said to himself; and then he was suddenly struck as with the force of a new sensation by the thought: "Why should she care so much interest—why should she care so much—whether or not I yield to her father's influence?"

It was a question which it had not occurred to him to ask before, so entirely had he accepted Arminie's interest as a part of Arminie's self—something which did not conform to ordinary rules, but was the more simple and charming for that. And it has been already said that he had not much of the vanity of his sex, so that he was not inclined to interpret that interest as a man of coarser nature might have interpreted it. It had been so directly expressed, it had felt so little to do with him personally, that he had accepted it simply as the manifestation of the girl's strong feeling on the subject which had most deeply colored her life. Yet now, in his hope that this Brussels journey might not come to her knowledge, he was startled into asking himself whether such interest was indeed entirely impersonal—if he was merely a brand which she wished to snatch from the socialist burning, or one who had been fortunate enough to excite in her something of more than ordinary interest.

However that might be, he felt quite sure of the interest which she had excited in him—an interest deeper, he said to himself, than any he had ever known before. "Falling in love," in the conventional sense, seemed commonplace and poor compared to this emotion, blent of so many subtle elements—admiration, interest, pity and a sense as if she could give something of which he stood in need, some spiritual light or moral strength. But he knew too much of the human heart in general and of his own in particular to be certain that this sentiment, fine and delicate as it was, possessed either endurance or strength. "I was delighted to see her," he thought, recalling the day when he had suddenly come upon her graceful presence by the fountain in the old palace garden; "but was it not as if I might have been glad to open again a book that had fascinated me, or an interesting study that I had not exhausted? And have not the days always come when I have exhausted every such study? Yes, they are right—Winter and Miss Bertram, and D'Antignac too, no doubt, if he spoke what he thought—when they declare that I have no strength or conviction of feeling. The enthusiasm to espouse a cause, and the passion to love a woman, seem alike lacking in me!"

Notwithstanding this conclusion, however, it was interest in Arminie—the recollection of their conversion in the Luxembourg Garden, and the desire to know more that was going on in her mind and soul—which moved him to seek her father again, else he would probably have suffered that enthusiastic Socialist to pass out of his life. He called at the apartment in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, saw Duchesne and received the invitation to accompany him to Brussels, but did not see Arminie. There was no mention of her beyond Duchesne's brief reply to his hope that she was well; he was not asked to enter the *salon*, and some instinct that all was not well between father and daughter prevented him from begging to do so.

It was an instinct well founded, for in truth father and daughter had never in their lives been so far apart in feeling and sympathy as they were at this time. Arminie's foreboding of some

deeply seated change in her father was more than realized. Since the day at Marigny, she had never been "like herself," and instead of the kind and indulgent father she had known all her life he was now suspicious, harsh, and severe. She had reluctantly spoken of this change to the D'Antignacs; but it was greater than she was willing to acknowledge, and had become more marked since she parted from them. For when, after much mental struggle and debate, she had taken D'Antignac's note to the priest to whom it was addressed, she found all that he had promised of instruction, comfort, and encouragement; but she was told that before she could be received into the Church she must acquaint her father with her intention. The girl knew what she would bring upon herself, but it was not in her to quail from anything in the form of a duty. She told her father of her resolution. And then the storm burst.

It was a storm such as she had never known before, such as she had hardly conceived possible. She had been brought to Duchesne regarded the Church with animosity, but she had not classed him with those who are so virulent in their hatred that there is only one explanation possible of the spirit which animates them. She had supposed that he condemned and disliked that which was the chief bulwark against the spread of ideas to which he had devoted his life, but she could not have dreamed that he was capable of that unreason of blind rage which French atheism betrays whenever it touches upon the question of religion. It was quite true that she had not lived so long among the professed disciples of freedom of thought without learning what freedom of thought means from their point of view—to wit, freedom for themselves and intolerance for every one else—but the loyalty of the girl's nature had asserted itself in this, as in all else where her father was concerned. She had refused to believe that he could be so narrow in the name of liberty, so tyrannical in the name of freedom, as others were around him.

But incredulity was no longer possible. The proud faith in which she had lived—faith in his reasonableness and nobleness, however mistaken it might be—lay shattered at her feet; and it is not too much to say that a great part of her life lay shattered with it. For 'his faith had sustained the affection for her father which was the strong centre of her existence. To spare him pain she had been almost ready to deny her God—at least by such passive form of denial as lies in its acknowledgment—now she felt that if with her own hand she demolished the ideal she had loved.

For that ideal had little in common with the man who in violent words forbade her ever to approach a priest again, who spoke of religion in terms of bitter hatred, and told her that henceforth she could be trusted no longer, but would be placed under strict surveillance. "For I find that you have had too much freedom," he said. "I forgot too easily that folly and deception make up the character of woman. But I will take care that you see no more of those who have taught you to array yourself against me, and to betray, as far as lies in your power, that cause of freedom which is dearer to me than my heart's blood. We shall leave Paris soon; until then I will place you with the wife of one of my friends, requesting that she will exercise over you the closest watchfulness."

This meant, Arminie felt sure, a species of imprisonment; and she was not mistaken. Even more violent and intolerant (if such a thing were possible) than the men are the women who array themselves under the banner of free-thought. And such a woman was here—a woman against whom every instinct of nature and her taste revolted. But she could do nothing save submit. Even appeal, she felt, would be useless, and she made no attempt to change or soften her father's resolution. She was only able before leaving his house to send a little note to the priest, which the latter took to D'Antignac—a few pathetic words saying that she had followed his counsel, and that the result was what she had feared: her father, deeply incensed, had forbidden her to see him again, and to enforce his command had removed her to stricter guardianship.

"My poor Arminie!" said D'Antignac when he read these lines. "My heart aches for her. I know well what she is suffering."

"It is a great privilege to have something to suffer for God," said D'Antignac. "This trial will do her no harm, but much good, if she is made of the stuff I fancy her to be."

"It would be difficult to fancy better stuff than she is made of," said D'Antignac. "If occasion tries her you will find that her soul is heroic in its temper."

"I was very much impressed with her," said the priest. "Even without your letter I think I should have been. One who sees much of human nature must—unless very unobservant—learn to judge character by apparently trifling signs. One of the things which struck me in Mlle. Duchesne was that she said no more than was necessary of herself. But in all that she did say she showed remarkably clear intellect and very fine feeling."

"I suppose I am something of an enthusiast about Arminie," said D'Antignac, smiling. "But I am sure that no one in the world knows her better than I do—indeed, I doubt if any one knows her so well—and my opinion is that she belongs to the highest and finest type of character, to that order

of great souls for whom God has special uses."

Then a gentleman who was looking over a paper at a window glanced up and said: "What do you take those uses to be?"

"Ah!" said D'Antignac, "that I do not pretend to be able to tell. If I did I should probably make a great mistake. But you, Gaston will agree with me that Arminie Duchesne is no ordinary person."

The Vicomte de Marigny—for it was no other than he—laid down his paper and came forward before answering. Then he said quietly:

"My acquaintance with Mlle. Duchesne is very slight, but I certainly think she is no ordinary person. You know"—he hesitated for an instant—"I saw her down in Brittany. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes," D'Antignac replied. "She mentioned it as one reason—or at least one apparent reason—for a great change in her father. It seems that he was never the same to her after he saw her speaking to you at Marigny."

"Poor girl!" said the Vicomte. "I am sorry, then, that I addressed her. I only did so in order to show her that I did not identify her with her father. It is perhaps necessary to explain, M. l'Abbe," he added, turning to the priest, "that her father—the well-known Socialist Duchesne—was in Brittany for the purpose of defeating my election, if possible."

"If one may judge by the majority which returned you, M. le Vicomte, he might have spared himself the trouble," said the priest, smiling.

"Britany is always faithful," said the vicomte.

"Yet even in faithful Brittany was there an attempt upon your life made?" asked the other.

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"Was no further attempt made?" asked the priest.

"None, although I remained at Marigny for several days after. I had no business to detain me, but was simply determined that the instigators of the attempt should not fancy that they had frightened me."

"Whom do you suppose the instigators to have been?"

"Oh! the secret societies that I have so often denounced; there can be no doubt of that. They do me honor by esteeming me a dangerous opponent."

Then the conversation was diverted to the political situation, and it was not until the priest had taken his departure that D'Antignac said to his companion:

"You spoke of a friendly warning, Gaston; may I ask you gave it?"

The Vicomte did not answer. Instead he put out his hand and took up Arminie's note, which had fallen on the couch and been left there by the abbe, to whom it was addressed. He opened it and read it over silently—a proceed- ing excusable on the ground that he had already heard its contents read aloud and discussed. Then he drew from his pocket another note, which he placed beside it and offered to D'Antignac.

There was some difference in the writing of the two—a difference due to the nervous haste and agitation with which the first had been produced—but even with this difference it was sufficiently evident that the same hand had written both. D'Antignac, at least, felt no instant's doubt. He started and said in a tone of deep feeling:

"It was like her; but what it must have cost her, my poor, brave Arminie!"

"I never doubted that it came from her," said the vicomte; "yet my certainty had no proof until now. I had, of course, never seen a line of her writing before."

But D'Antignac, with his eyes still on the note, could only repeat again what was so often on his lips, "My poor Arminie!" Then after a pause he looked at her as well as I do," he said, "every word of this would be eloquent for you. You would understand the struggle which it must have cost her to write it."

"I think I understand," said the other. "I cannot possibly know her as you do, but I know her—somehow. How could one look in her eyes and not know her somewhat? And this note"—he held out his hand for it—"brought me another message than that which it bears on its face: a message of a gentle heart, of a brave soul, of a nature that could not stand by and see wrong done uninvolved, but that, even at the cost of bringing blame where blame was not due, felt bound to send a warning that might save a life."

"She is all that," said D'Antignac,

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Biliousness, Sick Head-ache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and All Stomach Troubles.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not gripe or sicken.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep

BRISTOL'S PILLS

looking at him a little keenly; "but it is strange that you should have learned so much of her on so slight an acquaintance."

"It is strange," said the vicomte, as if he were answering his own question as well as the words of the other, "but it is a curious fact that one learns more of some people at a glance than one learns of others from the acquaintance of a lifetime. Mlle. Duchesne's character is very sympathetic. But what first probably excited my interest in her was the consciousness in my mind of the unacknowledged tie of blood between us."

"How did you discover that?" asked D'Antignac.

"I have always known that my granduncle left a son who called himself Duchesne, and who gave the family some annoyance by asserting that he was the legitimate heir, though he could not prove the marriage of his parents. I might not, however, have been aware that the Socialist leader was his son but for the fact that the latter was at Marigny once—several years ago—to see a man, the son of my granduncle's confidential servant, from whom he hoped, no doubt, to obtain information."

"And failed?"

"Cela va sans dire. What could not be proved at the time was hardly likely to be susceptible of proof at this late date."

"And this fact," said D'Antignac, "the cloud upon his father's birth, had do doubt not only embittered him against the order to which he does not belong, but also against you, who hold what he believes to be his inheritance."

"He cannot possibly believe that," said the vicomte, "since there is not a shred of proof that his grandparents were married."

"He may not believe it, but none the less he feels injured, you may be sure. It is almost invariably the attitude of those who have suffered in this way. It also accounts for his harshness to his daughter when he saw her speak to you."

"Did she know or suspect the cause of his harshness?"

"No. She spoke of it with simple wonder, unable to account for what seemed to her an extent of prejudice simply incomprehensible."

"Then I suppose that I must never speak to her again, unless I meet her here."

"You are not likely to meet her," said D'Antignac. "Her father has forbidden her to see us—chiefly, if not altogether, because she first met you here."

The vicomte looked startled. "I am sorry—I am very sorry," he said. "But I have nothing with which to blame myself."

"Nor have I anything with which to blame you," said the other, "except, perhaps, a little want of thought. Knowing the father to be what he is, I do not think that, in your place, I would have spoken to her at Marigny—or, at least, I should have been content with a mere salutation."

"It was hardly more," said the vicomte, in the tone of one who feels called upon to justify himself. "And her father was not with her. She was standing at the church door, and I had just left the presbytery. What was more natural than that I should have exchanged a few words with her, partly from courtesy, and partly, I confess, because she has always attracted me?"

D'Antignac smiled. "The last reason," he said, "is a strong one—especially since you are not very easily attracted."

"Far from it," said D'Antignac. "It is my misfortune, or perhaps my good fortune, to be insensible to many charms which other men feel. But a face so sensitive and so poetic as Mlle. Duchesne's I have seldom seen, and as seldom have I heard a voice so like a chord of music."

"It may be as well that you are not likely to hear it again," said D'Antignac with some significance. "There can hardly be two people in the world placed farther apart than you and the daughter of Duchesne the Socialist."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA.

The Midnight Mass in the Weid Castle of Kunzenburg.

BY F. P. KOPTA.

It had been one of those beautiful days that we sometimes have in Bohemia in September. The sky had been dark blue all day, and the sunlight had all the brilliancy of summer, but the air, when it fanned our cheeks, brought with it the peculiar chill of autumn, and I had been reminding my young companion of the vanity of earthly joys, and how soon we, too, would be like the withered leaves that we crushed under our feet.

It was near sunset, and the western sky was all ablaze with red and yellow clouds when I first saw the ruins of the castle Kunzenburg, near the town of the same name. It stood on a hill, as most of the castles of Bohemia do, surrounded by almost impenetrable forests. We had been wandering all day, soliciting alms for our convent with little success, and were worn out with climbing mountains, and losing ourselves in the dense forests, to receive at the end a few coppers from some poor charcoal burner or lonely shepherd, whom I pray God will reward. Wearily my young companion (it was his first journey and he was a mere youth) and I trod the rough mountain path that led to the small town. We were footsore and faint with hunger, having eaten nothing since morning, and the people stared at us strangely; perhaps they had never seen any Minorites before, but they showed us gladly where the mayor of the town lived.

He was a pious man—God give him Paradise! When he caught sight of our white habits he bade us welcome in the name of the Lord, and placed black rye bread, with eggs and cheese—the best he had in the house—before us. As we sat at the table and feasted, we spoke of many things, and among others I asked if the lords of the castle were charitable, and if it was likely they would look upon us with favor; that our convent was exceedingly poor, and the prior had been forced to send us to solicit alms from the faithful.

"O Reverend Father," said our host, crossing himself devoutly, "the castle yonder has not been inhabited for half a century. Neither do the lords of the manor reside with us. Outwardly it looks stately enough, but within it is desolation."

"And why do they not repair it, my son? It seems a noble building; are the lords so wealthy as to let such a castle fall into ruins, or is it the other way, and poverty prevents their repairing it?"

"Neither, Reverend Father; it is haunted!"

"Haunted!" said I, crossing myself.

"That is the trouble; no one can find out; many a holy man has exercised the castle, but no one has succeeded in bringing peace."

"This is most strange," said I. "The evil one be far from us! And how is it haunted?"

"Strange noises are heard, as though armed men were carousing in the halls; and when one goes to see, behold, there is nothing! Then there are lights, and some of the villagers, stealing wood, or laying traps in the forest, have told me they heard shrieks, and some would even have it that they had heard strange forms flying through the air, leaving a blue path behind them, and a smell of sulphur. Thou knowest, Reverend Father, people always make more of what they see or hear than is necessary; but things must be bad enough without all this, for the lords could not live in the castle—had to remove elsewhere, and every time that they had nearly sold it to prevent them, something would be this, sometimes that; but the long and the short of it was that they could not sell it, and there it stands a warning to Christians till to-day."

"Ah!" said the mayor's wife, as she cleared the table. "What a loss it is to the town, your reverence. How many fat geese and ducks I could have sold in the castle for good money, along the brave weddings and christenings! Many a holy man has the town besought to try to deliver the castle, but none were equal to the task."

"Friends," I said, rising from the table. "I will go to that castle, even now, and deliver those tormented souls or die in the undertaking. My son," I said, turning to the youth at my side, "you will accompany me in so laudable a work?"

Great was the astonishment of the ma-ior and his wife. At first they tried to dissuade me, pointing out the mishaps of the way, and the danger that might beset me; but I was determined to rescue those precious souls from the evil one, and would not be persuaded. When the mayor and his wife saw that it was useless to speak further with me they set about getting the necessary things for saying Mass; they were stored in their house for safety, as the priest came over from another town, and the church was old and in bad repair.

When everything was ready they called their servants to accompany us and help carry the things; but these flatly refused to move a step. And when the mayor abused them for cowardly knaves, they said they had been hired out to serve people, Christians like themselves, but not to run into the clutches of the evil one, and perhaps lose their souls. The mayor cursed, and the good wife scolded, but I said: "Peace, peace! I and the youth will go alone. Not many things are necessary, nor are they heavy." Com-

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The Vicomte de Marigny—for it was no other than he—laid down his paper and came forward before answering. Then he said quietly:

"My acquaintance with Mlle. Duchesne is very slight, but I certainly think she is no ordinary person. You know"—he hesitated for an instant—"I saw her down in Brittany. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes," D'Antignac replied. "She mentioned it as one reason—or at least one apparent reason—for a great change in her father. It seems that he was never the same to her after he saw her speaking to you at Marigny."

"Poor girl!" said the Vicomte. "I am sorry, then, that I addressed her. I only did so in order to show her that I did not identify her with her father. It is perhaps necessary to explain, M. l'Abbe," he added, turning to the priest, "that her father—the well-known Socialist Duchesne—was in Brittany for the purpose of defeating my election, if possible."

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"Whom do you suppose the instigators to have been?"

"Oh! the secret societies that I have so often denounced; there can be no doubt of that. They do me honor by esteeming me a dangerous opponent."

Then the conversation was diverted to the political situation, and it was not until the priest had taken his departure that D'Antignac said to his companion:

"You spoke of a friendly warning, Gaston; may I ask you gave it?"

The Vicomte did not answer. Instead he put out his hand and took up Arminie's note, which had fallen on the couch and been left there by the abbe, to whom it was addressed. He opened it and read it over silently—a proceeding excusable on the ground that he had already heard its contents read aloud and discussed. Then he drew from his pocket another note, which he placed beside it and offered to D'Antignac.

There was some difference in the writing of the two—a difference due to the nervous haste and agitation with which the first had been produced—but even with this difference it was sufficiently evident that the same hand had written both. D'Antignac, at least, felt no instant's doubt. He started and said in a tone of deep feeling:

"It was like her; but what it must have cost her, my poor, brave Arminie!"

"I never doubted that it came from her," said the vicomte; "yet my certainty had no proof until now. I had, of course, never seen a line of her writing before."

But D'Antignac, with his eyes still on the note, could only repeat again what was so often on his lips, "My poor Arminie!" Then after a pause he looked at her as well as I do," he said, "every word of this would be eloquent for you. You would understand the struggle which it must have cost her to write it."

"I think I understand," said the other. "I cannot possibly know her as you do, but I know her—somehow. How could one look in her eyes and not know her somewhat? And this note"—he held out his hand for it—"brought me another message than that which it bears on its face: a message of a gentle heart, of a brave soul, of a nature that could not stand by and see wrong done uninvolved, but that, even at the cost of bringing blame where blame was not due, felt bound to send a warning that might save a life."

"She is all that," said D'Antignac,

"I have already said that I do not pretend to be able to tell. If I did I should probably make a great mistake. But you, Gaston will agree with me that Arminie Duchesne is no ordinary person."

The Vicomte de Marigny—for it was no other than he—laid down his paper and came forward before answering. Then he said quietly:

"My acquaintance with Mlle. Duchesne is very slight, but I certainly think she is no ordinary person. You know"—he hesitated for an instant—"I saw her down in Brittany. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes," D'Antignac replied. "She mentioned it as one reason—or at least one apparent reason—for a great change in her father. It seems that he was never the same to her after he saw her speaking to you at Marigny."

"Poor girl!" said the Vicomte. "I am sorry, then, that I addressed her. I only did so in order to show her that I did not identify her with her father. It is perhaps necessary to explain, M. l'Abbe," he added, turning to the priest, "that her father—the well-known Socialist Duchesne—was in Brittany for the purpose of defeating my election, if possible."

"If one may judge by the majority which returned you, M. le Vicomte, he might have spared himself the trouble," said the priest, smiling.

"Britany is always faithful," said the vicomte.

"Yet even in faithful Brittany was there an attempt upon your life made?" asked the other.

The vicomte shrugged his shoulders. "A trifling affair," he said. "I am quite sure that the perpetrators were not Bretons. A clumsy affair, too. It was the night after the election, and I was sitting in my study writing, when I heard stealthy steps beneath my window. Thanks to a friendly warning, I had a weapon near me, and I quietly laid my hand on it. The next moment something like a bomb was thrown through the open window and fell at my feet. It was instinct rather than thought which made me snatch it up and hurl it out again. It exploded when it touched the ground, as it had been meant to explode when it first landed at my feet—and it is needless to say that it had done so. I should not be talking to you now. The moment that the detonation was over I rushed to the window and fired at the figure of a man whom I could plainly see making off with great haste. But I missed him, since no one was found when the servants, who hastily gathered, searched the grounds. *Volta tu!*"

"Was no further attempt made?" asked the priest.

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ANGLICAN CHURCH HISTORY.

Our attention has been called to a lecture delivered in St. James' Anglican Church, Guelph, by the rector, Rev. A. J. Belt, upon the History of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England.

It is difficult to tell from Rev. Mr. Belt's address, to what section of the Church of England he belongs, whether High, Low, Broad, or Erastian, for his lecture is, we presume designedly, somewhat nondescript in regard to doctrine.

The very fact of such diversity of claims is enough to show that some Anglican clergymen are willing to grasp at any theory which will give a plausible color to their claim to possess Apostolicity of Episcopal succession.

England was part of the universal Christian Church from the time of the introduction of Christianity by missionaries who were sent by Pope Eleutherius in 183 to baptize King Lucius, and establish the faith of Christ in Britain.

Venerable Bede, who belonged to the Saxon period, gives full particulars of this event, which is also recorded fully by the earlier British writer, Gildas. It is recorded also by Bede and Gildas, and other early writers, that Bishops from Britain sat in Council with other Bishops from all parts of the world.

The Rev. Mr. Belt makes light of the questions of postures and crosses, lights and vestments—but he should know that even Low Churchmen regard these questions as being so momentous that they are at the present time ready to read their Church asunder rather than let it rest in its present position.

The Rev. Mr. Belt has nothing in common with either, yet, strange to say, neither has he any opinion discordant with either of these parties; but he declares in his simplicity that "the English Church," that is to say, this agglomeration of warring parties with all their discordant views, "was, and is, ready to abide by the practice of the early Church."

necessary for us to discuss the question here whether it be expedient or not that a Church should have so flexible a creed as this, but we mention the facts of the case to show how preposterous is the Rev. Mr. Belt's pretence that the Church of England bears any resemblance either to the Primitive Christian Church, or to the Church as it existed in England before the Norman conquest.

On many other points, Mr. Belt's statements are as unreliable as those we have already indicated. It would occupy more space than we could give the subject in the present issue to refute at length all the errors into which the lecturer floundered; we shall therefore confine our present remarks to the consideration of his statement that it was William the Conqueror who introduced into England the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope over the Church of Christ, and for the first time subjected the Church in England to the authority of the Pope.

We must here premise that Mr. Belt's statement ill accords with the claims of many of his brethren, who profess that the Church of England of modern times is one and the same with the pre-Reformation Church in England.

Thus at the last Pan-Anglican Council the Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed himself to be the successor of St. Augustine in the continuity of one Church.

It is some time since these facts were made known, but they were strenuously denied by the Protestant press, not from any positive information which they possessed on the subject, but because the thing seemed too preposterous for belief.

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POLYGAMOUS CHRISTIANITY.

It is well known that, years ago, Bishop Colenso, the Anglican Bishop of Natal, gave permission to his Zulu converts to retain as many wives as they had in Heathenism when they embraced Christianity, but his course both in this respect and in regard to his attacks on the truth and inspiration of Holy Scripture were repudiated by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church in England.

It is not so generally known that at a meeting of the Church of England synod, held at Umata recently, under presidency of the Bishop of St. John's, it was laid down as a rule that chiefs having several wives may be admitted to baptism and the Lord's Supper without putting aside any of their wives.

It is no wonder that the chiefs, who find that they are not obliged to change their Heathenish modes of life, find it a quiet and easy matter to become Christians after the fashion of the missionaries who have invented these new methods of leading a Christian life, and it is said that much of the recent boasted of Protestant success in Christianizing the savages of South Africa is attributable to the easy code of morals to which the converts are expected to conform themselves.

There is great jubilation in the Tory camp in England and Ireland because of differences of opinion between members of the Irish Nationalist party, and they have been for some time past busy proclaiming that the question of Home Rule for Ireland is now a dead issue.

We are gratified that we are able to announce that the Home Rule question is far from being a dead issue. It is true that the necessities of the position at present existing have deferred its consideration.

In regard to Home Rule the policy of the Liberals is settled. The latest utterances of the members of the Cabinet have been as unmistakable as they were during the general election campaign, when the whole question at issue was that of Home Rule.

A few weeks ago a certain Liberal member of the House of Commons, Mr. McEwan, of Centre Edinburgh, put it as a conundrum to his constituents: "Is Irish Home Rule dead?" and his own answer to the query was an affirmative.

This question of admitting polygamists to receive Christian sacraments appears to have been long under consideration by Protestant missionaries in Africa, but it does not appear that any decisive action in this direction has been taken officially by any Protestant Church except the Church of England.

The only difficulty in the way of his admission to the Church was the fact of

his having two wives, both of whom desired to become Christians with him, but neither would give him up as a husband.

Mr. Tyler himself expresses the opinion that it is not proper to receive polygamous converts to the Church fellowship, and he explained to the intending convert that polygamy is an evil "not in accordance with the teachings of the gospel."

It may be presumed that even though Mr. Tyler may not have admitted him to full communion as a Christian, he found some other minister more flexible on this point.

We may ask what is to prevent Mormonism in America from being now recognized as one of the Christian (Protestant) denominations, when polygamy is to be allowed in the land of the Zulus?

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THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

It was announced some weeks ago that the Privy Council had reached the conclusion that the appeal of the Catholics of Manitoba against the Acts of the Provincial Legislature abolishing Separate schools in that Province had been sustained, to the extent that it is decided that there is a case for the Catholics to appeal to the Governor General in Council for redress against injustice inflicted upon them by the Manitoba School Acts of 1890.

On the 29th ult. judgment was rendered by the Judicial Committee of the Council, fully bearing out the prospective statement, the decision being to the effect that the Catholics have a case on which the Dominion Government has authority under the terms of union to set aside the Manitoba Acts under which injustice has been inflicted on the Catholic minority.

It will be remembered that in 1892 there was a decision by the Privy Council which does not seem to be entirely consistent with the present one. It was then settled that the Province has the exclusive right to legislate on the subject of education, provided that no religious denomination were deprived of rights enjoyed at the time of the union, and, further, that the Acts of the Provincial Legislature had not deprived the Catholic body of any rights so enjoyed.

Similar effect spoke the Marquis of Ripon, also a member of the Government: "I am as strong a Home Ruler as ever I was at any period of my life. I look upon our pledges to the people of Ireland as pledges of honor which we are bound to fulfill."

In presence of these statements and others to the same effect by Lord Roseberry, Mr. Morley, and other prominent Liberals within and without the Government, Mr. Smalley's inferences deduced from the fantasies of an unimportant individual member, even though he be nominally a Liberal, are of but little significance.

At the present moment it would be useless to bring before the House for the second time the Home Rule Bill. It would be again rejected by the Lords, and therefore the Liberals intend to deal so effectually with the Lords that they will not again have the opportunity of treating it as they did before.

It has been announced, over and over again, by the Liberal leaders that at the next election the issue will be the curtailment of the Lords' power. The constitution must be respected, but the time has come when that portion of the constitution which gives the Lords equal power with the Commons must be reformed.

It is possible that the Liberals may not win the next general election, for we all know how readily popular opinion veers with every gale, when it depends upon a bare majority; but it is certain that the day is at hand when there will be an overwhelming majority of the British public in favor of justice to Ireland.

The differences of opinion among Irish Nationalists may delay the consummation, but they cannot put it off indefinitely, for whatever may be their differences, there is no true Irishman who does not yearn for the day of relief which must bring peace and prosperity to the nation with it.

It cannot be expected that the opinions of Irishmen shall be uniform on all subjects. There is no country in the world where such unity as this exists, and we do not pretend that Irishmen are differently constituted from the rest of mankind.

We publish this week the Encyclical letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. This is the only complete report of the document which has yet appeared in any Canadian paper.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DAWSON.

Ottawa Owl.

"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being examples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. (1 Peter, v. 2)

Having been asked by the conductors of the Owl to furnish them, for publication in their popular periodical, with some of my recollections of our lately deceased and widely lamented townsman, the Very Reverend Dr. Dawson, V. G., I have thrown into the following pages, and now submit, the impressions left on my mind, after an acquaintance of over thirty years, with that eminent scholar and divine. I think I first heard of Father Dawson in 1863-4, when preparing for publication my "Bibliotheca Canadensis. In that work will be found an account of his various literary undertakings from the time when as a very young man he made his first essay as a writer. I was then living in Quebec, but before the appearance of the book, being then, as now, a member of the Civil Service, I came to Ottawa, on the removal hither of the seat of Government, and on that occasion had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Dawson for the first time. It was in the autumn of 1865; and the friendship which was then formed between us, he a man well advanced in years, and I but just come of age, remained firm and unbroken until the end. There were as members of the public service at that time, as there are at present, many ripe scholars and men of fine literary tastes, among whom I recall the late John Langton, the late Dr. Adamson, the late Dr. Alphons Todd, the late Dr. Tache, the late A. Gerin Lajoie, the late Fenning Taylor, the late Etiene Parent, the late R. S. M. Bouchette, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Mr. W. H. Griffin, Mr. G. W. Wickstead and Mr. Arthur Harvey, and it was to many of them, as it certainly was to the younger members of the fraternity, like myself, a matter of sincere pleasure and congratulation to meet among the residents of the new Capital one with Dr. Dawson's refinement and breeding and high claims to intellect and excellence. The opportunities, however, were not many, for cultivating new acquaintances. Owing to a lack of accommodation, many of the public employees were unable as yet to remove their household goods to Ottawa, and there were few, if any, agreeable places of resort, beyond the Russell House and Pat O'Meara's eating-house across the Sapper's Bridge. But Father Dawson was a prominent member of the old Mechanic's Institute and Athenaeum, where he frequently lectured in company with the late Mr. A. J. Russell, the late Major Perry, the late Mr. Henry J. Friel, and our present distinguished townsmen, Dr. Thorburn and Sir James Alexander Grant; and it was in the reading room and library of this venerable institution that the more serious-minded of the newcomers accustomed themselves to foregather during the long winter evenings, either to discuss philosophy or talk over the events of the day.

Father Dawson made everyone at home, and was always much in request in his circle. He, as I have remarked, was a fine scholar, had read largely and diligently in general literature, and in addition kept himself remarkably well informed on all that was transpiring in our daily world. He possessed also, what is so seldom seen associated with one from the land of Macalium More, a bright and ready wit, which was rarely if ever found to be out of place; but what, in my opinion, gave him so firm a hold on the affections of men was his broad minded, liberal, Catholic spirit, so free from all manner of bigotry and intolerance. Such a man could not fail of impressing his personality most particularly upon the mind and heart of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, then in the zenith of his fame, whose especial mission in Canada seems to have been the cultivation of a spirit of unity and brotherhood among all creeds and nationalities. The poet-statesman was at this period a member of the Government, and in the prosecution of his duties came frequently to Ottawa. He formed the deepest regard and friendship for Father Dawson, and when in town would have him constantly near him, along with others of similar worth and merit. I recall an incident at the delivery of one of his lectures in Ottawa. I think it was the last one of a delightful series given by him in illustration of public opinion, life and character, in the old Theatre, Wellington street, not long before his barons assassination. Mr. McGee had on either side of him, on the stage, the venerable Archdeacon Lauder, rector of Christ Church and our departed friend, Dr. Dawson. Rising at the commencement of the proceedings, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he invited attention to the strength of his support. "With Father Dawson on one side of me and Father Lauder on the other, I think," said he, "Church and State are well represented on this occasion!" Later, in 1869, we had here the Ottawa Literary Club, of which the late Mr. W. McKay Wright, a young and popular M. P., was President, and Father Dawson first Vice-President. Among those who took part in our winter course of lectures was Dr. Bourinot, the present clerk of the House of Commons, Col. Gray of New Brunswick, Mr. Sulte, Mr. H. B. Small, Mr. A. J. Christie, Q. C., Mr. G. H. Macaulay, and Mr. Carroll Ryan, but undoubtedly the worthy Father's contribution—in McGee—was the chief d'œuvre of the series. Father Dawson was at this time an occupant of the

Bishop's Palace, doing duty with that exemplary priest and excellent gentleman, Vicar General Dandurand, to whom, with the late Bishop Phelan, the Catholics of Ottawa owe the erection of their magnificent cathedral church. Afterwards he moved into private lodgings on Ashburnham hill with the late Father Collins. I frequently visited him and he as often came to see me at my bachelor's quarters, at Matthew's hotel, now the Rideau Street Convent. We took many pleasant walks together, and I may here remark, as an evidence of his nice feeling of delicacy, that never during the entire period of our long and close acquaintance did he at any time broach in conversation any matter of a controversial religious character, or seek in any way to influence my judgment in that regard. He knew that I belonged to another Church, and like the true gentleman that he was, respected my individual convictions. Sometimes, however, I questioned him, and I remember on one occasion asking his opinion of heaven. His reply was characteristic of the purity and loveliness of his nature. "To my mind," he said, "Heaven is like a beautiful garden, full of beautiful plants and beautiful flowers, and where we walk about and hold converse with saints and angels, and all is endless peace and joy." Many a dainty and pleasant little repast I have had with the dear old gentleman either at his private rooms or at Matthew's or O'Meara's, the latter of whom's fame as a chef, like the flavor of his dishes, lingers fondly in the memory of many of his former guests. Alas! how few remain with us to day of the many delightful friends and companions of the past. Gone to his reward is the good Bishop, and gone his devoted secretary, the ex-priest of St. Patrick's; gone also Dr. Tabara, Father Bennett, and that other true and faithful servant of Christ, Father Douglas, and gone the Armstrongs, Wrights, Skeads, Curriers, Thompsons, Goodwins, Sherwoods, Fellowes, Lyons, Fries, Bells, O'Reilly's, Cruices, Walters, Himsworths, Lees, Powells, Lind says, Haringtons, Wises, Mackays, Montzamberts and others whose well-remembered forms come back to us not infrequently in memory. I remember, especially, one notable gathering at Matthew's, which building, by the way, has associations with our political history, in that it was the home of the Nova Scotia "repellers" at the dawn of confederation, and later, witnessed within its walls the birth of "Canada First." Foster, Mair, Haliburton, Shultz, Father Dawson and the writer being there to rock its cradle. The occasion was a large public banquet, having for its two-fold celebration the departure from Ottawa of Benjamin Suite the historian, and the arrival here of Sangster the poet. His Worship Mayor Friel, an old journalist, occupied the chair, and there were present with us many representative men. Father Dawson favored us with an original poem in Sangster's honor, and subsequently responded to the toast of "The memory of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee," which was drunk in solemn silence. About this time, Dr. Dawson was induced to join the Rideau Club, his proposer being Mr. Under Secretary Meredith, before mentioned. He remained a member of the Club until his death, and as such was daily brought into contact with some of the most eminent of our statesmen and public men. He knew intimately all the great political leaders of his time, including Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Howe, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Laurier, as well as the several Governors-General, and was oftentimes an honored and privileged guest at Government House, as an Imperial Federalist and an unwavering upholder of everything tending to the strength and solidity of the Empire, he enjoyed the particular friendship and regard of such men as the late Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, the Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Lieut. Governor Schultz, and last but by no means least, of our eminent townsman Dr. Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. The marked respect which he always received was the tribute offered by old and young to one of his years, position and merit. On one occasion Principal Grant was lecturing in Ottawa. He was in the midst of one of the finest passages in his address, when the door opened and there passed slowly up the centre aisle a bent and venerable figure. It was Father Dawson, come out in the midst of a violent snow storm to lend encouragement by his presence to the cause in hand. The lecturer, recognizing the new-comer, instantly stopped, and walking half-way down the hall to meet him, cried out as he grasped his outstretched hand: "Father Dawson, I am proud to welcome you among us; you have paid us a great compliment in coming out on such an inclement night." The good priest was led in triumph to a post of honor on the stage, but so loud and frequent was the applause that it was some considerable time before the lecturer was enabled to proceed by the audience.

In 1866 Dr. Dawson was selected for appointment as Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Queen's troops, Ottawa in that year becoming a garrison town by the arrival here of the right wing of H. M.'s 100th Regt., or Royal Canadians. On their departure he fulfilled the same duties in connection with the several other regiments that successively followed, among which were the 1st. Batt., Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. the Right Honorable Lord Alexander Russell, C. B., the 1st. Batt. 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps,

Lt. Col. R. J. E. Robertson; and the 4th Batt. P. C. O. Rifle Brigade, Lt. Col. H. R. L. Newdegate. Service for the R. C. troops was held with the permission of the Bishop, in the crypt of the cathedral now the Basilica. As chaplain, Father Dawson was regularly invited to dine at the officer's mess, and as there were always among the officers of the regiments some who professed the Catholic faith, the sections of old English country families like the Wickhams, Bunbury's, Macdonell's and Cliffords, the chaplain never found himself otherwise than completely at home on these festive occasions. Sir Francis Turville, Lord Lisgar's Secretary, who was here at the same time, belonged also to the Catholic Church and attended Dr. Dawson's services for the troops. I have been told that the venerable Father was a great favorite with both officers and men, and exercised a little influence, especially in the orderly room when pleading "in arrest of judgment" for some erring warrior. His was ever a kind good heart, ever flowing with love for the fellowman; always open to the cry of sorrow, and always ready for any work of mercy either for the bodies or the souls of men. I could relate many stories in illustration, but two will suffice. One of these has reference to his exertions in behalf of a condemned convict in the West. The case, to my mind, was an aggravated one, but the good priest, after an examination of the papers, felt convinced there was a miscarriage of justice somewhere in the premises. Acting on this idea, he left no stone unturned to secure a commutation of the sentence—going frequently to interview Lord Lisgar, the Governor-General, on the subject. The prisoner was a friendless Irish Catholic, and had no claims upon the priest save that of being a fellow-creature in distress. Father Dawson could not save him, however, and at the appointed time he was duly executed. The other case was that of a personal friend—the late Mr. W. L. Gane, known in the annals of literature as "The Lowe Farmer"—who lay at the point of death. Mutual friends urged Father Dawson to visit Gane, but as the sick man was a Protestant the former, with that nice appreciation of the circumstances I have previously touched upon, hesitated and held back. At length word came that Gane was in extremis, and then putting all other considerations aside, the Father no longer hesitated. In relating the circumstance to me, he said: "I just went to the door of the room, and looking in, saw our poor friend Gane in his bed all propped up with pillows. I waited until I caught his eye, and then without entering farther, I said to him: 'Oh! Mr. Gane, have faith in God—put your whole trust in God!' He nodded his head in assent, and I knew that he had heard me." Then, who has not heard of his personal exertions as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. It was acts of kindness, of gentleness, of mercy such as these which made the old man's life beautiful and blessed, and that doubtless led my friend Robert Haliburton to observe to me, that when he should himself be in extremis there was no one he would sooner have near him at that supreme moment than Father Dawson. But I must hasten with what remains to be told. After the departure of the troops, Father Dawson resumed his duties at the Palace, and later, was appointed by the late Bishop Guigues, to be parish priest of Osgoode, in succession to the well-known Celtic scholar, the Rev. Thomas O'Boyle. Here he remained for eight years, and as he had a comfortable presbytery and was surrounded by a prosperous, intelligent and contented people, I take it he was reasonably happy. Indeed, I am sure of the fact, judging from the tone of his letters to me. Writing July 16, 1873, he says: "Should I miss you on coming to town, the only remedy will be that you come to spend a few days with me in the country. My notions about town and country are far from being Canadian. They are rather homespun, and too many people must appear so in more senses than one. I hold to them, however, and would have everybody brought to believe that there is more enjoyment as well as more elegance and refinement in rural abodes than in crowded cities. Nobis placant ante omnia sylvae."

No doubt, the leisure he now enjoyed was turned to good account in more ways than one, and we probably owe to the preparation of one of his masterpieces: "Plus IX, and His Times." On examining the list of his works in the Owl, for June, 1892, it will be seen that he contributed to literature a very large number of translations, essays, poems, histories and critical writings, many of which are of great value and merit. His literary fame, as I have said elsewhere, will not unlikely rest upon the work first named, and upon "The History of the Catholics of Scotland," and his "Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope," the latter of which was highly eulogized in the London press by one of the Wilberforces. Dr. Dawson wrote with elegance, force and vigor, and he had the power of compressing an immense amount of research into a small compass. On looking over some of the papers which have come into my possession, as his literary executor, I find among his early poems one of the massacre of Ozmiana in Lithuania, which he was induced to write by a friend of Poland in 1844. Although the lines were intended merely as an expression of sympathy with the unfortunate Poles, the late Lord Dudley Couthe Stuart, then the vice president of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, deemed them of sufficient importance to indite a letter of thanks to their accomplished

author. "The Christian and truly noble sentiments," writes His Lordship, "with which this short poem is replete, and the vigorous and poetic language in which it is expressed, fill me with admiration, and I determined to take the liberty of conveying to you directly my thanks for the gratification which I had derived from the perusal of it. It is always most gratifying to me to find others sympathizing with me in my feelings for Poland, and that sympathy is still more grateful when it comes from men of reflection, of learning and of talent; and I must add most sincerely that it comes from more grateful than when it comes from members of that sacred profession to which you belong. * * * It gives me the liveliest pleasure to find that that great cause has in you a friend who appreciates its merits so fully, and who expresses them so felicitously." Among others of his poetical pieces which I have always admired are the well known lines on the "Heroines of Vercheres," and the poem in blank verse, "Zenobia."

It ought here to be stated that Dr. Dawson had the honor of writing the first book ever issued from the press in Ottawa; and that he was one of the first, in the lecture field, to call attention to the resources and capabilities of the great North West, a country with whose history and development two other members of his family have been closely identified. I find also that in a lecture on China, delivered in 1861, he projected the establishment of steam communication between Canada and the far East, and that, in another lecture, in 1865, he urged the appointment in the British metropolis of a permanent resident representative of Canada. What chiefly marked his lectures, like his other literary productions, was the extraordinary research and depth of learning he brought to bear on his subjects. On one occasion, when lecturing on the Catacombs of Rome, the late Mr. James Stevenson, general manager of the Quebec Bank, was one of his hearers. He took an especial interest in the subject, having personally explored the Catacombs some time before, and at the close of the lecture was anxious to know when Dr. Dawson had last visited the interesting scenes he had so eloquently described. When informed that Dr. Dawson had never been to Rome at all, and that all his information on the subject was derived from books, Mr. S. exclaimed: "Oh! it isn't possible; why he knows more about the Catacombs than I do."

As a preacher he took exceptionally high rank, and his gifts of oratory, especially in his earlier days, when serving under the Bishops of Edinburgh and Southwark, were such as to draw forth very marked encomiums from those entitled to speak in that connection. His funeral sermons on Father O'Boyle, Mayor Friel, Rev. Dr. O'Connor and the Hon. T. D. McGeen have been printed in pamphlet form, as well as his discourse on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Needless to say, had our venerable townsman not been tempted to take up his lot in Canada, he would very many years ago have been advanced to the Episcopate in his native country. He would have been Archbishop of Edinburgh, in succession to Dr. Gillis, and who shall say that the exalted office would have lost in talent, strength or dignity by his elevation.

In the character and habits of Dr. Dawson the results of early home influences were largely discovered. He was a true Scot, and a loyal, brave, good man, loving life well, as Daniel did of old, but loving God better. Above all he could claim the grand old name of gentleman, because with manhood and gentleness, he possessed that frank and winning courtesy which seems to have been inborn in the men of his day (and generation). To the learning of a Whewell he united the simplicity of a child—but undoubtedly his greatest charm in the society in which he lived and moved with such singular ease and grace, was his entertaining conversational powers. "We have missed making £500 apiece," said an Englishman to me as recently as in November last, after meeting Dr. Dawson at luncheon. "How's that?" I asked. "By not having a short-hand writer with us yesterday," he replied, "to take down Father Dawson's talks. His recollections of Canning and Wellington, of Grey and Peel, the Manning family, Cardinal Wiseman, the agitation for the Corn Laws, the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Emancipation Act, and all the other matters he touched upon, would, if put together, form one of the most interesting volumes ever issued from the press. Dear, real-hearted and devoted friend! How little we thought, as we sat chatting and gossiping over the walnuts on that bright Sunday afternoon, that even as we laughed and talked, the Unwelcome Guest was knocking at the door, and that we were listening for the last time to the good old priest's cherry reminiscences. He is now gone from us, but not to die; for the recollection of his many noble qualities and of the example he has left behind him in his completed Christian life—in love and unity with all men—will serve as a quickening impulse and inspiration for future generations. To me who knew him so long and so well, it is unexpressedly precious and consoling to remember now how highly his merits were recognized, how full of happiness and contentment his life was made. While the chief seats of learning throughout the country took an especial delight in bestowing upon him some of their highest honors, the representative of his Sovereign was pleased to call him to the Supreme

Guild of Literature; while the Queen's daughter, our beautiful and accomplished Princess, was proud to admit one—to use the language of Bishop Macdonell—"of his humble priestly life," to the inner circle of her counsellors and friends, and to order the execution of his portrait for her private collection; the Church he loved with such ceaseless devotion, was not unmindful of him in distributing her dignities. Had he lived till April next, he would have been privileged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the holy priesthood, but that consolation was denied him. Yet what greater comfort his: he died in the full possession of his noble intellectual faculties, and enjoying to the full the love and reverence of every one. Truly, in summing up his character, we may say of him as we well said of another, that he was one.

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour. Nor paltered with Eternity for power; Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow. Through either babbling world of high and low. Whose life was work—whose language rife With rugged maxims born from life: Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke All great self-seekers tramping on the right: Greatest, yet with least pretence. Foremost hearted of his time. Rich in saying common sense. And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity, sublime.

HERVEY J. MORGAN. Ottawa, January 14, 1895.

The Law of Common Sense.

A Spanish soldier who was leaving a tavern, met a Capuchin, a stalwart man and vigorous, but who was following his road with the utmost composure, his eyes on the ground, never looking at any one. The soldier taking it into his head to insult him, put himself directly in his path. "Father," he began, "I want you to smoke a cigar." "Permit me to pass, my son." "You'll have to smoke." "I can't." "You'll make me angry." "I am aware of it, but bear in mind that I am forbidden to smoke." "Will you smoke?" "No." "Then take that," and suiting the action to the word, he dealt the poor Capuchin the finest blow on the cheek that ever a drunken soldier gave a friar. "God commands me to pardon thee," said the Capuchin, humbly, "and I pardon thee." "Ha! ha! a man as strong as you are to do this!" answered the soldier, breaking into a hoarse laugh. "Nay, more: God commands me to offer the other cheek, and here it is." "Ah!" exclaimed the soldier, "then take another," and he delivered a blow, twin sister to the first, on the cheek that the priest was holding to him. "God be my aid," said the friar, as he threw off his cowl and rolled up his sleeves. "And now what does God command you?" ironically inquired the ruffianly soldier. "He commands nothing. He leaves me at liberty." And with this he flew at the soldier like fury, felled him as if he was a straw man, and left fall on him such a hail of buffets and bruises that left him half dead.

Then he covered his head again with his hood and tranquilly pursued his way, saying: "The Gospel says, if one strike thee on the right cheek turn to him also the other, and further than this it commands nothing. Well, then, when the laws speak one must obey; when it is silent, common sense is law."

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions. It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

POON DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday After Epiphany.

THANKSGIVING.

"Giving thanks to God the Father." (Col. iii. 5.)

Although thanksgiving to God in the time of prosperity, dear brethren, is a thing often left undone, this neglect at such a time is not because giving thanks is a difficult performance.

It is in adversity that the duty of giving thanks becomes hard, and the difficulty of submitting to God great, because the operation of His providence is at variance with our views.

My brethren, if there is any one truth more certain than the rest, it is unquestionably this: that God is dealing with us individually in a spirit of mercy and love.

Behold Israel in Egypt! The faithful nation is subject to hard masters. The dark night of bondage is upon the race.

The Jewish race and God's dealings with it are but types of the soul and divine Providence, which is constant and active for each of us, disposing the means to the end, and the end is God Himself.

The Church in Scotland.

The rapid growth of the Church in Scotland is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Hugh Marvey, the patriarch of Glasgow, who died last month in that city, at the age of ninety-two, was a connecting link between the present era of magnificent churches and the days when a few scattered Catholics met to worship, often at a great risk, in a small, plain building which served as church and school.

Common Sense

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action to the alimentary canal.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

The Beggar of the Steps of St. Roch.

A TRUE STORY.

CONTINUED.

"The young ladies, poor things, were as merry as if there had been no such thing in the world as the Revolution, and, except in my discontented and restless heart, there was peace in the old castle, till the day when a commissaire from Paris took up his abode in the neighboring town, and drew up a list of persons accused of being counter-revolutionists and enemies of the people.

"My master's name was foremost in the list, and he received a friendly message that informed him of the fact, and enjoined him to seek a place of concealment for himself and his family.

There was something in the priest's manner which awed and subdued the hitherto intractable sinner. He meekly complied with the injunction, and in a voice broken by sobs he made a general confession; and when he had accused himself of having, Judas like, betrayed his master, for the first time his tears flowed freely.

"And now," said the Abbe, "now that I have reconciled you with God, it only remains that I add to His pardon my own forgiveness."

"Yours, M. l'Abbe!" faltered the penitent. "How have I offended you?"

"Jacques," he solemnly replied the priest, "it was my father, my mother, and my sisters that you sent to the scaffold. I am the little Paulin whom you once carried in your arms up that mountain peak. Our Blessed Lord has forgiven you, and I, too, forgive you with all my heart."

Jacques fixed his eyes on the priest's face, gazed on him as an instant in an utterable astonishment, gave one deep groan, fell back and died.

"The cross?" said the Abbe. "The cross!" Jacques exclaimed. "She sent me this cross. She never knew that I had betrayed them. She was grateful to me for having favored

A FUTILE CONTEST.

"They engage in an unequal contest who wage war against the Church of the Living God, who hath said to its head: 'Thou art my Son: this day have I begotten thee.' Ask of me and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possessions."—Ps. l. 7. 8.

"The priest gazed a moment at the cross and then at the picture. He had retired to the opposite side of the room, and knelt down in silence. There he remained for a few minutes, with his face buried in his hands, while Jacques watched him with a secret uneasiness.

"Jacques," he said, "there is no sin which the Precious Blood cannot wash away. It is never too late to repent; and if you repent—as I know you do—I can absolve you from this and all your other sins. I charge you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, your God and mine, instantly to make your confession, and to seek that pardon which I am authorized to bring you."

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A Worthy Protestant Prelate.

If all Protestant Bishops were as outspoken as Dr. Dowden, of Edinburgh, in vindication of the truth, even when charges are made against those who differ from them, Christians of various denominations would respect one another far more and understand one another much better.

The Rev. Dr. Teape, incumbent of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, a member of the extreme Evangelical party, at a recent meeting of the Irish Society, assured his hearers that "the Roman Catholic has no Saviour, no Bible, no Heaven."

The Bishop at once took Dr. Teape to task, and the reverend gentleman in reply made a lame and impotent attempt to defend his assertion, with the result that the Bishop again wrote to him as follows: "The words, as they appeared in the report, seemed to me so monstrous an outrage upon truth—not to say charity—that it was impossible for me to pass over in silence such a statement made by a clergyman holding a responsible position as an incumbent in the diocese.

Some correspondence has since passed between us, but the upshot (as I deeply regret it) is only that you acknowledge the accuracy of the report, and attempt by argument to justify your words. I cannot enter into discussion but must content myself with simplicity, as your Bishop, severely censuring the employment of such language, and expressing my sorrow that you could have allowed yourself to be betrayed into making a public charge so base and so offensive."

By this manly letter Dr. Dowden not only gives proof of his love of honesty in controversy, but does honor to himself and to his Church.

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

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