

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 5.

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PASTORAL LETTER
OF
His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa
ON NEWSPAPERS, &c.
JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL,
By the mercy of God and the favor of the
Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Ottawa,
Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, &c.
To the Clergy, Religious Communities
and the Faithful of the Diocese of
Ottawa, Health and Benediction in the
Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,
Many are the duties incumbent on a
Bishop. One of the most important is
undoubtedly that of preserving the de-
posit of Christian faith and morality in-
tact in the hearts of his spiritual children.
In order to fulfil this obligation properly,
the Bishop, according to the advice of St.
Paul, should "preach the word, be instant
in season, out of season; reprove, entreat,
rebuke in all patience and doctrine."
2 Tim. IV, 2.

Those who govern in the House of God,
feel that in the evil days in which we live
this duty is a most imperative one. In-
deed, the time seems to have come, that
was foretold by St. Paul, in the following
words: "For there shall be a time, when
they will not endure sound doctrine, but
according to their own desires, they will
heap to themselves teachers, having itching
ears." (1 Tim. IV, 3.)
In the same way, our souls are forced
to declare, that good Catholics are not
alarmed, as they should be, at the per-
verseness with which wicked men labour
to inspire the minds of all, but especially
of youth, with notions contrary to Catho-
lic doctrine; not sufficiently indignant at
the hypocrisy with which some endeavor
to impress on their hearers the idea, that
the Church being persecuted everywhere,
it is out of place not only to insist upon
her enjoying her rights, but even to teach
those rights in unmistakable language.
These good persons are not alarmed, as
they ought to be, at the ardent zeal with
which men who pretend to speak in the
name of Catholic prudence, prevent youth
from knowing, that human laws are bad
when they are opposed to the natural or
divine law; or subversive of ecclesiastical
law; nor are they surprised when these
same men carefully avoid teaching the
natural and divine law, for the express
purpose of leading Catholics to believe in
the authority of civil laws only.

Dearlly Beloved Brethren, our heart is
filled with grief, at seeing that these men
are not satisfied with speaking thus, but
give vent to their ideas in a multitude of
books and newspapers, which they scatter
broadcast as intellectual food for persons
of every age and condition. Therefore we
have resolved to raise our voice against
so great an abuse and to remind you of
the precaution you must take in order to
prevent the evils which would result from
such books and newspapers.

In modern society the Press is an im-
mense power. Cognizant of all that takes
place, and prompt to publish all it knows,
it reaches, with the swiftness of lightning,
the lowly village and the wealthy city, and
penetrates alike into the proud mansions
of the rich and the humble cottages of
the poor. This power is fraught with
good, when, as should always be the case,
the writer has in view to enlighten all
classes on their rights and duties, and thus
to encourage them in the practice of
Christian morality. It is truly an apostle-
ship blessed by God and the Church, when
the writer valiantly defends everything
that is sacred and courageously protects
the poor and the weak. Alas, Dearlly
Beloved Brethren, all do not understand
this sublime mission of the journalist. If
there are some who fulfil this mission,
with heroic devotedness, there are others
who rush in a direction diametrically
opposite and whose pens distil only calu-
mny, impiety and immorality. They
deserve to be compared to birds of prey,
for like to them, coming oftentimes from
afar, they alight among us, only to tear
to pieces that respect for authority hard-
ened down from father to son, that faith
for which our ancestors bled, and that mor-
tality which has always been our safeguard
and our glory.

It was of such newspapers, Our Holy
Father Leo XIII, spoke, when on the 22nd
of February, 1879, he said: "the daily
press is one of the principal sources of the
deluge of evils which inundates us and of
the wretched condition to which society is
reduced."

Hearken, My Dearlly Beloved Brethren,
to the grave warning of our wise and
learned Pope, and be very prudent in the
choice of the newspapers that you allow
to come under your roof. How brilliant
soever they may apparently be, if they
teach error, they cannot properly be called
brilliant; for beauty is the splendor of
truth and they contain only error and
falsehood; if they do not exalt virtue they
cannot be good; for, although they some-
times clothe themselves with a showy veil,
it is often only a cloak for vices which
they endorse; and vice, as you know, is
worse than danger, it is evil itself. For
us, Catholics, and in fact for every one
possessing common sense, the only true
science is the science that bows before the

cross, the only true happiness is that
which virtue gives and the only real joy
is the peace of a good conscience.
Therefore, whenever there falls into
your hands any publication preaching
revolt against ecclesiastical or civil author-
ity, or making itself the echo of unhealthy
or of what is still worse, immoral litera-
ture, We beseech you, not to read it and
not to permit it to be read by any mem-
ber of your family. If you allow it to
enter your house, its presence will be the
cause of irreparable ruin, it will soon
weaken those principles of faith and
morals which you have impressed on the
minds and hearts of your children.

II.
Dearlly Beloved Brethren, a very
serious question will now naturally
present itself to your minds,
and it is this: Have our Canadian news-
papers remained Christian in their ten-
dency, and can we subscribe for them or
read them, indiscriminately?

Before giving an answer, it is necessary
to distinguish between Catholic and non-
Catholic newspapers.
As regards the latter, the faithful must
not forget that every non-Catholic pub-
lication treating of religious questions, ex-
cept as strictly forbidden. Of many rea-
sons, we may give one. In these publica-
tions, whether encouraging the most
shameless impiety, or religious error,
Christian truth is disguised, offending
misrepresented, and too often most un-
justly held up to the reader. How can a
Christian peruse such writings. We will
not say, without danger, but even, without
a blush? Besides these publications,
written by men devoid of all conscience,
there are others, also deserving of blame;
these newspapers which from time to time
direct their poisoned arrows against the
Church, her doctrines or her ceremonies,
or else against lay or her ecclesiastical
persons. One day it is a whole column,
next day, a short paragraph, another day,
a few sentences in a leading article, or in
the letter of some correspondent. You
can generally recognize them by the
eagerness with which they publish a
scandalous telegraphic despatch, or a story
more or less true, that may turn to the
disadvantage of Catholicity. It is evi-
dent, that such newspapers are out of
place in a Catholic home, and that to tol-
erate them there is a great imprudence.

Do we mean by this, that we would
wish to see you shut your doors against
every newspaper that is not Catholic?
No, Dearlly Beloved Brethren, for there
are some, the editors of which are true
gentlemen, who courageously pursue the
political, industrial or civilizing end which
they have in view, and who, for all the
world, would not stoop to propagate
lies or calumnies against Catholics or
Catholicism. These newspapers and their
editors are in every sense of the word,
respectable, and it is not our wish to
oppose, even in the least, their conscien-
tious efforts for the good of the country.

III.
Let us now speak of newspapers that
are Catholic, or at least edited by Catholics.
Have they always been entirely blame-
less? Whether by mistake or ignorance,
do they never contain false or dangerous
ideas? Are their editors as scrupulous as
they should be, when there is question of
morality? We do not wish to be too
severe, but we must point out to you
some abuses that are very serious and too
frequent. Be convinced, that our only
motive in giving you advice is to put
you on your guard and to warn you against
the errors of the day.

First of all, certain newspapers, other-
wise good and respectable, do not give a
becoming prominence to Catholic questions.
Entirely devoted to politics, they seem to
take no interest themselves, and not to
wish to interest their readers, in matters
relating to the Church. As far as they
concern, the editors are concerned, one would
think that the Pope, a prisoner in the
Vatican, is a stranger, and that the inter-
ests of religion are of no importance.
Catholics as we are, our hearts should
beat in unison with those of Catholics, all
over the world, and we should desire to
know all that concerns them. Silence is
sometimes a fault; want of discretion is
another, and at least as great a one.
Under pretence of giving, as some
indefinite or simply non-Catholic papers
do, the greatest possible amount
of news, it happens often and too often,
that these newspapers contain many most
pernicious sensational despatches; or else,
or prominent persons amongst them, in a
false, or very doubtful, light. Others,
carried away by a restless zeal, rush, with-
out waiting for the word of command from
the chiefs that God has given to lead them,
and even against their order, into the very
foremost line of the most delicate and
difficult questions. Be careful lest by con-
tact with such ideas, you might easily lose
the spirit of obedience and of respect
towards ecclesiastical dignitaries, or at least
you might feel in your hearts that respect
growing weaker, whose sentiments are so
wholesome, and at the same time, obliga-
tory.

On the 13th of last October, Our Holy
Father, in an Allocution addressed to the
French pilgrims, said: that the first con-
dition of union and concord was submis-
sion and obedience to the Bishops. Why
should we not profit by this fatherly ad-
vice? Especially, why should not those
who write for the public, conform thereto
in their conduct and their writings. It was
to St. Peter and to the Apostles, and
through them, to the Pope and to the Bi-
shops, that Our Lord entrusted the care of
governing His Church. To them it belongs
to teach, to arrange matters of discipline,
and to interpret with authority, the deci-
sions of this same Church. Journalists
should keep this constantly in mind and be
guided by it. They would then be more
prudent, and they would not endanger the
sacred interests of religion in their party

quarrels or rivalry; and politics thereby
would gain by being more free and less
changeable. Let them read and ponder on
the Encyclical of Leo XIII, to the Bishops
of the Spanish nation. They will there
find that rule full of wisdom, that should
be their guide, both in attacking error and
in defending sound principles. This Ency-
clical ought to be published in all the
newspapers of the country.

For some time back, a custom against
which we must energetically protest, has
been adopted in some at least, of four news-
papers. Unable to find easily, thrilling
serial stories, likely to attract subscribers,
they borrow them, to a great extent, from
the most fashionable, but, let us remark,
not the most harmless novels. They do
not seem to be aware that this literature
even expurgated, contains in itself and
carries with it a germ of most dangerous
efficiency and voluptuousness. These
different scenes therein pictured, as unreal
as they are immoral, begot a thirst for an-
sual gratification which leads to reading of
the worst kind, and thereby to crime and
ruin. What must we say of that compla-
cency, with which the most minute
details of a scandalous story are described;
or again of the tone of levity, in which
facts utterly opposed to all Christian mor-
ality, are related? It is plainly impossible
for us not to condemn such a style of writ-
ing.

We also condemn those newspapers that
make it a point to belittle ecclesiastical
persons and others worthy of defence and
respect, as well as religious communities
and institutions that are eminently Catho-
lic. These writers, alike cowardly and
ungrateful, wish, it would seem, to destroy,
by one stroke of the pen, the purest and
most admirable works of charity, zeal and
heroism. Therefore not satisfied with
attacking the living, they assail even the
memory of the dead. History in their
hands, is nothing but a series of scandalous
or ridiculous facts, the perusal of which is
far from tending to improve the
present generation. By what rale of
criticism and with what good faith do
they proceed, in that, to them pleasing
anecdotes, of private crimes, it is not
their object to examine here, but
certainly the effect produced is most
injurious and deserves our fullest condem-
nation. Therefore We remind such
writers and those who read their such
rules of these rules of Christian conversation,
framed by the Great Apostle: "But fornication
and all uncleanness or covetousness,
let it not so much as be named among
you, as becoming saints: Or sensuality,
or foolish talking, or scurrility, which is to
no purpose." (Ephes. V, 3, 4)

Let us, Dearlly Beloved Brethren, keep
in mind this warning, full of wisdom,
since it was inspired by the Holy Ghost; it
is intended to secure not only our happi-
ness in this life, but also and above all
our happiness in eternity. How can a
sincere Catholic take delight in either
writing or reading what his conscience
condemns? How can he have so little
shame as to relish blasphemies against
Jesus Christ and His Church?

IV.
What we have said with regard to news-
papers, equally applies to a multitude of
books published in our day. In them,
faith is ridiculed in the name of false
science, and morality is insulted without
any restraint. Under pretence of paint-
ing scenes true to nature, the writers
give themselves up to all the wanderings
of their imagination and often also, they
make anatomy of passion that is most
watchful, do not permit any of those
books to be brought into your house, for
they will bring with them dishonor
and ruin. Let us remind you, Dearlly
Beloved Brethren, that no book should be
read by any member of your household,
until you have examined it yourself, or
have had it examined by a priest, or by
some one, who, by his wisdom and Chris-
tian piety, is a competent judge. Want
of prudence in this matter has been the
ruin of many. In conclusion, Dearlly
Beloved Brethren, we wish to repeat, that
the remarks we have made, are not ad-
dressed to the good newspapers of our
country; for no person can surpass us in
our appreciation of the devotedness of
their editors. These men, in labouring
for the good of the country, are working
for God and His Church. Encourage them,
assist them, and We would add, be faith-
ful in paying your subscriptions. But be
on your guard and do not allow those
men to introduce themselves among you,
who come in sheep's clothing, but are in
reality, roaring lions seeking whom they
may devour. Especially, be careful not
to subscribe to such newspapers, or story-
papers, as have by name been condemned
by ecclesiastical authority; be careful,
never read them.

The present Pastoral Letter shall be
read and published, either altogether or
in parts, with suitable explanations, at
the principal Mass in Churches and par-
ochial Chapels open to public worship, on
the first Sunday after its reception, and
be continued on the following Sundays,
if necessary.

Given at Ottawa, under Our hand and
the seal of the diocese, and countersigned
by Our Secretary, this second day of
February, eighteen hundred and eighty-
three, the Feast of the Purification of
the Blessed Virgin Mary.

+ J. THOMAS, Bp. OF OTTAWA.
By Order,
J. SLOAN, Priest, Secretary.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE RECORD.

Ottawa, Bishop's Palace, Feb. 2nd, 1883.
Thos. Coffey—Dear Sir:—I am fairly
delighted with your excellent journal.
Please find two dollars enclosed, and con-
sider me a subscriber for the coming year.
With best wishes,
J. A. SLOAN, Priest.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY
OF THE
**VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF PON-
TIAIC.**

1st. Our Hopes.—2nd. The Association of St.
Francis of Sales.—3rd. The Propagation of the
Faith.—4th. Powers.—5th. Dispensations.—
6th. Collection for the Pope.—7th. The sixth
Collection of Quebec.—8th. Our wishes.

Pembroke, 21st December, 1882.

I. OUR HOPES.
Dearlly Beloved Colleagues,

Three months have now elapsed
since we received episcopal consecration.
Having taken up an abode in this city of
Pembroke, chosen by us as the place of
our residence, and having recovered from the
deep emotions produced in ourselves by
the imposing ceremonies of the 21st
September, with the spirit of calm restored
to our mind, it became our duty to cast
our eyes about us and study the situation
which Heaven had made for us. We
came to understand more than ever the
importance and the difficulties of the work
entrusted to our pastoral efforts, the im-
mense extent of the territory placed under
our jurisdiction, the multiplicity of needs
under which our young Vicariate labors,
as well as the slenderness of the resources
at our disposal to meet so many wants.
Without going into a lengthy examination,
we saw at once the amount of work,
fatigue and privation reserved for us in the
accomplishment of the task laid upon our
shoulders.

Neither this spectacle, however, nor the
sense of our own weakness, can either
crush or even lessen our courage. Sacrifice
is the seal and the mainspring of holy
and lasting deeds. What is impossible to
man's debility is as nothing to the almighty
power of God. At the point where human
methods terminate, the divine operation
begins. The Apostle says: *Fideles vocacionem
vestram, fratres, non multi sapientes scien-
dam curam, non multi potentes, non multi
nobilitate sed quia deo sunt mundi deus
Deus ut confidat operibus et fides, et
improbis deus, et contemptis deus deus,
et ea que non sunt, et ea que sunt deestur-
unt non gloriantur omnia caro in conspectu eius.*
(1 Cor. I, 25-29.) But beyond this, the
agreeable relations which we have had
with you, Beloved Colleagues in the
Holy Ministry, the tokens of respect, and
the professions of obedience reaching us
from all sides, the favor with which all
our flocks have greeted our arrival at the
head of this Vicariate, the good wishes
and kindnesses daily bestowed upon us by
you and the more intimate knowledge
which we have acquired of your truly
apostolic labors, all unite in showing us
that, in the pursuit of our zeal, we may
implicitly rely upon your desire and devo-
tion, as well as on the willing co-operation
of our Christian people.

II. THE ASSOCIATION OF ST. FRANCIS OF
SALES.

Mensis quidem multi, operibus autem pauci.
(St. Luke, x, 2). These words of the
Saviour may be applied in all truth to
that part of the Lord's vineyard confided
to our care, and indeed the dearth of
evangelical workmen, Dearlly Beloved
Colleagues, should be and is the first ob-
ject of our solicitude. It is true that
several young men of this Vicariate are
preparing themselves in different colleges,
to embrace the ecclesiastical state; certain
generous souls among you devote their
savings to train levites for the holy altar;
we ourselves furnish the means of educa-
tion three youths full of promise, but the
restricted number of prospective auxiliaries
and pressing requirements of the present,
and especially of the future, demand
Catholic immigration, and pouring into
our borders, the forest is invaded from all
sides; villages rise as by enchantment
along our great line of railway; missions
are being established, and from the depth
of their woods, the Indians stretch out
suppliant hands, asking for the bread of
the divine life and the living waters of the
sacramental fountains. Pray the Lord to
sow in the hearts of our youths the seed
of a holy vocation; carefully mature those
tender plants, so soon as you see them
opening to the sunshine of grace; encour-
age fathers and mothers to make sacrifices
in favor of the ecclesiastical state, and
above all supplicate together the Master of
the Harvest to vouchsafe to send numer-
ous and diligent laborers in his fields.
*Rogate ergo dominum messis, et mittet op-
erarios in messes suas.* (St. Luke, x, 2).

To favor the development of ecclesiastical
vocations among young men who are not
endowed with the gifts of fortune, and to
meet the expenses entailed by years spent
in the seminary, we have found established
in this ancient portion of the diocese of
Ottawa, the Association of St. Francis of
Sales, and we rejoice therein. It is destined
to produce great fruits; the conditions of
application are easy and it offers numer-
ous spiritual advantages.

We pronounce a blessing from our
hearts on this pious association and recom-
mend it in a special manner to your most
ardent zeal. Explain thoroughly to your
parishioners the sublimity of its object, and
the plenitude of heavenly favors which
it may draw down upon them. Above
all see that children take an interest in
it. The aims fetched by innocent hands
produce a double fruit. In furtherance
of this view, you will take advantage of
the catechetical lessons, when you have
the children directly in your hands, and
when you can mould their intelligence
and incline their will according to your
pleasure; you will also attend to the same
in your parochial visits, when all
the families lay open to you their
houses, their purses, and their
heart. Who knows, perhaps a word
of yours, unconsciously spoken, may

give birth to a secret vocation, that will
 blossom with time. Every year in the
month of December, you will forward to us
at Pembroke the amount of the contribu-
tions placed in your hands.

You will receive with the present cir-
cular the new formula prescribed on the
7th of July last, to give the general abso-
lution to such as are entitled to it. Those
who are entitled to this favor are all the
members of the association of St. Francis
of Sales who wear the seraphic cordon.

III. THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.
The Association of St. Francis of Sales
will give pastors to the Church of Pontiac;
the Society of the Propagation of the
Faith will supply it with new sheep,
snatched from the jaws of the infernal
lion and the path of perdition.

It is heartrending to reflect that, in the
northern portions of this Vicariate, under
the shadow of our great woods, in the
midst of our labyrinth of mountains, on
the banks of our numberless lakes, there
wanders savage tribes still wrapped in the
darkness of idolatry. Doubtless, zealous
priests have undergone much fatigue and
made great sacrifices to form flourishing
missions in those distant parts, thus show-
ing to the world, once again, that in the
Church of God, the spirit of the Apostles
is ever alive. But the lack of pecuniary
means has prevented them from penetra-
ting everywhere and establishing residences
in many places, where they would be neces-
sary to watch the growth of divine seed
sown by them in the souls of the Indians.
Who will send apostles to these disin-
herited people; who will cause them to
hear the word of Jesus Christ, thus bear-
ing to them the treasure of faith? For,
as the apostle says: *Quomodo credent ei, qui
non audierunt Quomodo autem audient sine
predicatore? (ad Romanos, 10, 14.) Ergo
fides ex auditu, auditus autem per verbum
Christi (ad Romanos, 10, 17).*

Who will support the existence of these
apostolic men in the midst of their labors
and ceaseless wanderings? Who will make
the holy water of Baptism flow on thou-
sands of heads which have hitherto borne
no other yoke than that of Satan! Who
will build for this poor and destitute
people the chapels where they may chant
the praises of God, and where they may
purify themselves in the pool of salvation
at the head of the waters of baptism?
In one word, who will prepare for heaven an
infinite number of souls that ignorance
and brutal passions are dragging into the
eternal abyss? Who if not the Society of
the Propagation of the Faith, that living
providence of missions; that most catholic
of all the associations, after the Church;
that work so visibly blessed of God. For
although counting only about sixty years
of existence, it has grown like the grain
of mustard seed, and become an enormous
tree whose branches spread their foliage
far and wide. It extends its beneficent
action all over the globe. Like unto the
spring of the Earthly Paradise, it has
divided into four great rivers, irrigating
all portions of the old and new continents.

To dispel coarse ideas and superstitious
practices, to change the moral condition of
nations, while relieving his material position,
such is the good that the Association of
the Propagation of the Faith has achieved
among all the infidel nations of the earth,
by the introduction among them of our
holy religion. Such is the good that it has
produced in our forests, and which it will
produce on a still larger scale, if we will
only encourage it within the measure of
our strength, and prove ourselves by our
generosity, worthy of its favors.

It is a very remarkable circumstance
that this blessed work, while it gives
succor to unfortunate people, also enriches
the individuals who extend it a helping
hand; it sheds streams of grace at once on
the donor as well as on those who pro-
tect it. All the Sovereign Pontiffs, from
Pius VIII, to Pius XII, Gregory XVI, Pius
IX, and Leo XIII, seem to have
taken pleasure in honoring it by multiplied
eulogiums and enriching it with numerous
indulgences. It would take too long to
enumerate them in this place, but you may
do so, when explaining this devotion to
your parishioners.

And then, when we consider how easy
it is to become a member of the Propaga-
tion of the Faith, what Christian would
refuse to enroll his name? Where is the
man so busy that he cannot find time,
during the day, to say one *Our Father* and
one *Hail Mary*, with this invocation: *St.
Francis Xavier, pray for us.* Where is the
man so utterly poor, that he cannot set
aside one cent a week? Ah! Beloved
Colleagues, make the faithful understand
well that alms is the word which will con-
vert poor infidels, the doctrine which will
enlighten the blind, the bath which will
soften the most barbarous hearts. With-
out going from home, they will preach
with the missionary, baptize with him,
visit abandoned Christian stations, hear
the last sacraments to the dying and open
the gates of heaven. By this means they
will secure perpetuity of faith in the
bosom of their families. A nation of
apostles can never become impious!

In this inviting you so earnestly, my
Dear Colleagues, to establish and spread
the work of the Propagation of the Faith,
I am only carrying out the intentions of
Our Holy Father Leo XIII. In an ency-
clical letter, dated December 3, 1880,
he says to the bishops of the Catholic
world:

"You therefore, Venerable Brethren,
who are called to share our solitude, we
exhort you to work unanimously towards
helping with zeal and ardor the apostolic
missions, putting your trust in God and
allowing no difficulty to frighten you.
The salvation of souls is at stake for
whom our Redeemer sacrificed his life
and has given us, Bishops and Priests, the
holy mission of completing his body."

Hence by remaining at the post where
God has placed each of us, and watching
over the flock confided to us, let us strive
ardently to carry the successors which have
been entrusted since the beginning of the
Church, viz: the preaching of the Gospel,
aided by the prayers and alms of the
faithful. Let those who pray, invoke the
Virgin, Mother of God, who has the power
of destroying all the monsters of evil, and
her Most Pure Spouse, whom several mis-
sions have already adopted as guardian
and protector, and whom the Apostolic
See has lately proclaimed Patron of the
universal church; also the princes and the
whole college of apostles from whom
emanated the first preaching of the Gospel
throughout the universe; in time, all per-
sons eminent for sanctity who have con-
secrated their strength to this ministry
and have shed their blood for it. To
these prayers and supplications let there
be added alms-giving whose efficacy is
such that it will convert those who are
the farthest distant or the most occupied
of apostolic men and the associates of their
labors and their merits. In these times,
many are in straitened family circum-
stances, but let us not be discouraged;
the subscription cannot be a burden to
any, while a number of small sums put
together produce a considerable revenue."

When you set all these motives before
your parishioners, to induce them to join
in this admirable work, you will not
forget to insist upon a reason that is peculiar
to ourselves. I mean the assistance of the
Indian tribes living at our doors. They
are our poor, the spiritual paupers
whom Providence designs for our charity.
Who will deem himself obliged to extend
to them a helping hand, if we, their im-
mediate neighbors, remain insensible to
their misfortune? Our contributions will
be detached to the Central Bureau of the
Association at Lyons, whence, let us hope
that, in view of our immense needs, they
may come back to us with large increase.
Through the channel of our majestic river,
the waters of our lakes flow into the sea;
but the generous and fruitful sea returns
them in beneficent dews and rains. You
will interest the pious persons of your
parish in the success and development of
this work. You might resort to the means
suggested by the Board of Directors:
"One subscriber out of ten collects the
alms and pays the amount into the hands
of another member, who has ten hundred
subscriptions." Spiritual goods are not
information be required regarding the
organization, we can be written to. On
this, as on all other matters connected with
our ministry, we are at the disposal of all.
To encourage and sustain the zeal of your
parishioners, you may, on the 3rd of Decem-
ber of each year, say a mass for the asso-
ciates both living and dead, and we allow
you to take the fee thereof out of the
funds of the Association. Every year dur-
ing the month of October, you will send
us the amount of the alms.

May Heaven bless your efforts, to draw
from this good work the most abundant
fruits of grace and salvation.

IV. POWERS.
We maintain in all their force and obli-
gation the synodal statutes and episcopal
ordinances which were in vigor in this part
of the diocese of Ottawa, at the time of its
erection into an Apostolic Vicariate.
These rules of discipline are the fruits of
wisdom and experience, and so long as
circumstances remain unchanged, they
must remain the same.

You will receive with these presents, on
a separate sheet, the renewal of the pow-
ers which our inaugural pastoral confirmed
to you until the new year.

You will observe that you no longer
have, in a general way, the power of say-
ing mass twice a day, nor that of saying
mass in a private house. In the event of
such powers becoming necessary, you will
send address yourselves to us to obtain
authority, taking care to state in your
letters the motives of your demand. De-
crees emanating from the Sacred Roman
Congregation, which we have lately seen
make us understand how desirous they
are at Rome that we should be resolved on
these two points.

V. DISPENSATIONS.
When you send any one to us to solicit
a dispensation from the bond of continen-
tiality, be so kind as to give him a letter
in which you will set forth the canonical
reasons militating in favor of such a dis-
pensation.

Similarly, in transmitting to us the
compendia received by you for dispensation
from bans, you will kindly add the
names of the parties thus dispensed,
that we may keep them in the archives of
the Vicariate, for future reference, if need
there be.

VI. COLLECTION FOR THE POPE.
The august Innate of the Vatican
is our father in Jesus Christ; the
Roman Church is our mother. Both
the one and the other, sorely pressed in
these days of evil, by the encroachments
of the Revolution, are confronted by great
needs. Christian children, let us hearken
to the wants of our father and not over-
look the wailings of our mother. *"Fid,
suscep sanctam patris tui et genitricis matris
tuas in obsequium."* (Ecc. III, 14.)

A Diocesan regulation ordains that, on
the 29th September, a collection shall be
made for the Pope in all the churches.
Several perhaps, owing to the changes
taking place in September last, may have
forgotten to announce this collection. We
trust that they will supply the omission
on the first suitable Sunday, and that they
will send, directly on receiving them, the
offerings which the faithful will have
placed in their hands.

We shall have little to present to the
Holy Father, but we are anxious to give
him this tribute of affection. Doubtless
he will receive with emotion this mite of
poverty. He will smile at our good in-
CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

Jeannette's Hair.

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE—('MILES O' REILLY').

"Oh, Jeannette curls that you wear, Jeannette, Let me touch my hand to your hair, my pet."

"For the world to me had no daintier sight Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white."

It was brown with a golden gloss, Jeannette, It was over that the silk and fluffs, my pet, 'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your curls."

"Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed, 'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet."

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeannette, It was sneaky, bristled and brown, my pet, But warmly and softly it loved to caress Your round white neck and your wealth of tress."

Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet, Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeannette, Revealing the old, dear story, my pet, They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky."

When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly, And they matched with your golden hair, my pet, Your lips—but I have no words, Jeannette, They were fresh as the twitter of a 'n, my pet."

When the spring is young, and the roses are wet, With the dew drops in each red bosom set, And they smiled your good-brown hair, my pet, Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Jeannette."

"Twas a silver and golden snare, my pet, But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore, With my fingers entwined in your hair, my pet, This ever I dream what you were, Jeannette, With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet."

In the darkness of desolate years I roam, And my tears fall bitter over the stone That covers your golden hair, my pet."

TRUE TO TRUST.

OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XIII.

To the traveler of the sixteenth century who approached London from the west, by the way called Oldbourn, a splendid prospect presented itself when, after he had toiled up the steep brow of the hill, he gazed down on the great city—which was not then, as now, enveloped in a dense atmosphere of smoke and fog.

To the right the parish church of St. Andrews rose prominently from the steep declivity; its massive tower and the corbelled nave surrounded by ancient elms; on the left were the extensive buildings of Ely-house, seated in the midst of pleasant gardens. Farther, in the same direction, might be perceived the gilded spire of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Norman tower of St. Bartholomew's Priory. Immediately below was the river, with its numerous bridges, and a forest of masts belonging to the various ships moored along its quays.

It was to view more at leisure this beautiful, and to him novel, scene that Larry O'Toole drew up his tired horse on the top of the before-mentioned hill, and remained for a few minutes looking with great satisfaction on the city. Many a long and wearisome day's journey had he made since he left the Land's End, and he was not sorry to have at length reached his destination.

The last rays of a summer sunset added a fairy beauty to all the buildings, to which Larry was by no means insensible, as his eye wandered from one picturesque edifice to another. The sunlight gave to the gilded spire a lustre no human hand could have bestowed; that of the noble Cathedral of St. Paul, which rose majestically from the centre of a cruciform church, stood glowing with light in grand relief against the cloudless sky, while the line of high roofs and pinnacled buttresses which dominated over the groups of gable houses, shone as though silvered with lead, formed their own covering.

Having sufficiently admired this his first view of London, Larry began to consider where he should find a night's lodging.

He now, therefore, descended the hill, and soon after, for the refreshment of himself and his horse, put up at a quaint little inn in the outskirts of the city. On the following morning he proceeded in search of his brother, who resided, he knew, with Mr. Norton, in the Strand.

"It is not in London he lives at all, your honor," replied Larry, who with faintly restrained feelings when mentioning the name of Reginald's father, had been questioned by the attendant, and age Cuthbert de Courcy had derived from his brother's misfortunes. Sir Reginald listened attentively to the recital.

"How Cuthbert?" he said, when he had finished speaking. "He has wandered far from the right path, God forgive him, as I do with all my heart!"

Shortly after this all intercourse with the prisoners was stopped. Mr. Norton, notwithstanding, through the influence of some friends, obtained the release of Austin, on condition that he should be security for him, and farther, that the youth should visit the Lieutenant of the Tower at the end of three months, to show that he had not left the kingdom.

Mr. Norton resolved to take Austin into his own house, as the boy had no home to which he could go. To do this was not without some sacrifice to his own comfort; for having no children, and having always lived alone, and being now advanced in years, he disliked all interference with his habits and ways. He did not therefore relish the idea of having a boy of fifteen in the house; but it was an act of kindness and he determined to do it, no matter what it cost.

Larry was sent to the Tower to conduct Austin de Courcy to his new home. He was likewise the bearer of a letter to Sir Reginald, in which Mr. Norton promised to take care of his son until the father should make known his wishes with respect to him.

Twenty Years a Sufferer. R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was stricken on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging, with no benefit, until I tried your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, respectfully, WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Riches in Hop Farming. At the present prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are \$1.25 per lb., and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

Patrick O'Toole had, indeed, been in his service, but that about four years since he had accompanied a nephew on a long journey, and that they had not yet returned.

"And now, my good man," he added, "what brought you hither? from whence came you?"

Larry then related the circumstances which had made him leave Cornwall. Mr. Norton was himself a Catholic, and had suffered many losses on account of his religion. For the last fifteen years he had lived in great retirement, and he felt often the resort of priests, and he felt much interest in the case of fellow-sufferers for the Faith. He told Larry that he would willingly do anything in his power for Sir Reginald and Father Ralph; and having given him the necessary directions for finding his way to the Tower, and instructed him how he might gain permission to visit the prisoners, he dismissed him, with the charge to return on the following day.

To Larry's great disappointment he was not allowed to see either his master or the priest, although it was a relief to him to know that they were still alive. As he was about to withdraw a man called him back, and asked him if he would like to see Austin de Courcy, who was under his charge, and won his favor and esteem by his patient and dignified bearing.

The proposition was joyfully accepted, and Larry was at once conducted to the cell of his young master. On seeing the well-known face of the faithful servant, Austin's countenance lit with pleasure, though surprise for a moment rendered him speechless.

"How is my mother?" were almost his first words. "I have not seen her since my first voyage from Penzance. Larry had frequently considered and planned how he should break the news of Lady Margaret's death; but now that he saw the anxious look and heard the inquiry of the son, he felt that he could not deceive him even for a minute. His voice faltered as he replied, "Alas! your honor, she is dead! God rest her blessed soul!"

A mournful silence followed this announcement. The servant well knew that no words of his could at that moment bring consolation to Austin; he, therefore, stood silent, inwardly sympathizing with the grief of his young master, whose tears fell abundantly.

The gaoler now returned, and told Larry that it was time to leave, when at once he commenced fumbling in his pocket, from which shortly he produced a small parcel, which he opened and presented to Austin. It contained pieces of moss and flowers, the dry and withered appearance of which showed that they had long been safely lodged in the place from which he now took them.

"I gathered them for you on her grave; sure it is very withered they are entirely, but you will like them sure all the same."

The boy pressed them to his lips, and before he could thank Larry the door had closed, and he was alone.

O'Toole returned the following day to Mr. Norton, who, being in want of a servant, had hired him into his employ. Larry would bring him to the Tower, and his former master escape from the Tower and want him as a servant, he should be at liberty to go back to him. Subsequently he was allowed to see Sir Reginald and Father Ralph. The former had heard from his son the sad news of Lady Margaret's death, and learnt from Larry particulars concerning her end. It was a great comfort to him to know that his little daughter was with good people, who would bring her to the Catholic faith.

Sir Reginald told his faithful servant that both himself and the priest had received sentence of death, though for some reason unknown to them it had not been carried into execution, but it might be any time.

"Larry, I have a brother," he added, "and before I die I should like to see him. He has abandoned his religion, but maybe the words I should now address to him would have more effect than those I have spoken to him in the days of my prosperity. He lives on the Strand, and here he made aware that I was here, surely he would come to visit me."

"It is not in London he lives at all, your honor," replied Larry, who with faintly restrained feelings when mentioning the name of Reginald's father, had been questioned by the attendant, and age Cuthbert de Courcy had derived from his brother's misfortunes. Sir Reginald listened attentively to the recital.

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Mr. Norton was agreeably surprised with his young visitor, who seemed most grateful for the kindness shown him, and warmly thanked his benefactor. His presence was not in any way inconvenient; for being naturally of a grave and thoughtful disposition, the late misfortunes of his family had rendered him still more so. Occasionally he spoke with his little sister, or his mother, but at other times he was silent and reserved, which suited Mr. Norton very well, for he was a man of few words.

One thought troubled and afflicted Austin. It was the remembrance that, while he enjoyed liberty and the comforts of a home, his father and the good priest whom he loved so well were deprived of both, and in momentary danger of death. Nothing but the express command of his father, in doing so, had been disappointed in the hope that he might be able to devise some means for their escape from the Tower, and comforted himself with the thought that he would be allowed to visit them. At the end of three months he had not seen them, and had been disappointed in the hope of their deliverance.

The silent grief of the boy lay increased and drew the notice of Mr. Norton. "Austin," said the old gentleman one evening, after they had looked at a long time without speaking, "you seem to me to be very sad. You are not your usual self. Tell me what saddens you. Perchance you are longing after your mother, and miss the home you have been homeless. I am waxing old, and maybe you find this but a dull existence."

"No, no, sir; it is nothing like what you mentioned, that grieves me," said Austin earnestly. "You are to me a kind friend, and you have given me a home, when other wise I should have been homeless. I am not so ungrateful to Providence as to forget these benefits, nor do I desire those things which I can no longer obtain. No, sir, that which makes me unhappy is the remembrance of my father and the priest who are in the tower, whom I can neither see nor relieve. 'O,' he added, with still greater earnestness, "could they not, with our help, escape from thence?"

Mr. Norton, while he fully sympathized with Austin's sorrow, could not here enter into his views, and he was extremely prudent, and feared the ill-consequences of a failure. His young companion said no more; but he did not abandon his project. To him the accomplishment of his favorite design seemed easy, and he hoped in time to convince Mr. Norton of its feasibility.

At length, though not without reluctance, he obtained the consent of his kind host that he might make the attempt, with the promise that he would help him as far as he was able, though he was strictly warned to be very prudent in his dangerous undertaking.

Austin remembered that the little tower in which his father was imprisoned had a side door which led to the roof; and though the door was usually locked, he thought that Sir Reginald might yet succeed in forcing it, and once out on the leads, by means of a rope which their friends would bring, Father Ralph and he might make their descent.

This plan being communicated to his father, it was agreed that without delay they would attempt the execution of the project. The day for carrying out the plan came. It seemed a long one to Austin. Midnight was the time fixed. Everything was prepared. He had earnestly recommended the entrance of the night, and the shadows of night at length drew down. Mr. Norton and the youth were sitting in silent expectation. The old Dutch clock in the hall struck eleven, when Larry, in another servant who was to accompany them, entered the room, and said, "May God bless you, and your endeavors!" said his aged friend. "Were I young and vigorous I would go with you, but as it is, I fear I should be of no use to you. So I must needs wait here for your return, hoping you will bring with you the two prisoners. Farewell, my son!"

It was a clear October night, the wind was somewhat cold, as though by its keenness wished to warn the unwary that autumn's days were almost sped. With rapid steps Austin and his companion proceeded towards the Tower. Now and then they passed an armed watchman, whose flaming torch lit the way; in some of the houses, the lighting of the lamps, as if by magic, seemed to be a signal to the citizens, who suspended at their pleasure many or few lamps, as generosity or parsimony might prompt them.

It wanted but a few minutes to twelve when the party reached the outer bailey of the tower, where a boat was waiting for them, which they quickly entered and rowed towards the Tower.

At length the rope was fixed at the top of the Tower, and Sir Reginald was about to commence the arduous descent when the lights were seen on the opposite side of the moat. The two then lay down on the leads that they might not be seen, and the party in the boat pushed close to the tower, where the dark shadow it threw on the water completely hid them from view. The persons were beset to stop and look towards the Tower, one of them

The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics and by the Diamond Dyes. Unequaled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

A letter from P. O. Sharpless, Druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti, says: one man was cured of severe throat of 8 years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured with other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "intermenstrual fever," "menstrual depression," or ulceration. By druggists.

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold—how necessary that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs,—one of the most popular medicines for those complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

Having roved a considerable way down the river, on landing they recommended the strictest silence to the owner of the boat, on the proceedings of that night, and then directed their steps towards Mr. Norton's house, where they arrived at about two o'clock.

The old gentleman had not retired to rest, anxiously awaiting the result of the expedition. Rejoiced at its success he received with courtesy his two guests, who expressed their gratitude for his generous hospitality and for the interest he had shown in them during their captivity. Mr. Norton replied that he had only done what any Catholic in his position would be glad to do, adding that it was but right that those who suffered in the same cause should assist each other.

It was agreed that Father Ralph and Sir Reginald should remain hid in their present abode for a few days, until the first excitement occasioned by the news of their escape had subsided.

At the expiration of that time, and when the keen search in London and the vicinity was almost at an end, Sir Reginald declared his intention of leaving England. He selected France as his future home. There, he said, nothing to retain him in his native land; he could no longer live there in safety; while in a foreign country he might practice his religion without restraint and proceed to his native land, and the idea of returning to Cornwall to fetch his little daughter, proceeding from thence to Barnstaple, and sailing in one of the ships which then traded between that port and France.

Both Father Ralph and Mr. Norton strongly advised him against so hazardous an expedition, alleging that it would be impossible for him thus to traverse England, and without being detected and arrested. So with much reluctance he yielded to their remonstrances, and it was settled that Sir Reginald and Austin should go on board a French ship that anchored in the Thames soon to set sail for Calais.

It was much that you also were to accompany us across the sea," observed Sir Reginald to Father Ralph on the evening which preceded the departure, the last they ever spent together.

"You, dear Sir, have now no duty to perform in this country," replied the priest, "neither have you the same opportunity of doing good as when you were a landlubber. Therefore I deem it right that you, who have only your own and your son's eternal interests to consult, should go where you and he can best receive the benefit of the religion. But with me it is otherwise; I am a man of the world, and I must needs remain and work as long as the Heavenly Father spares me."

Mr. Norton was truly grieved to part with Sir Reginald, but he had no choice in the matter. He was deeply grieved at the separation, which he knew he should feel much, from that young and thoughtful companion, to whose presence he had become so accustomed during the time they had passed together.

A few days after Sir Reginald and Austin were far away from the shores of England. Father Ralph too had left his place of concealment with the view of recommencing his missionary labors.

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pointing towards the top. Austin and his companions watched them with intense emotion, dreading every moment to hear the sound of the alarm. But they were soon relieved; for whatever may have been the object which arrested the attention of the stranger, it was a rapid glance, and were soon out of view.

The party in the boat then emerged from their hiding-place. Sir Reginald and Father Ralph, having first looked cautiously around, next covered the parapet, as if measuring, with a rapid glance, the height from the leads to the water. They then seemed to hesitate.

"My father is coming first," whispered Austin, who, with head bent back and eyes strained upwards, observed every movement of the two figures in whose fate he was so deeply interested.

Larry and young de Courcy held the end of the rope firmly, while Jones, the other servant, and the boatman kept the dark station.

After a few anxious moments Sir Reginald alighted in the boat, when he silently pressed the hand of his son. Soon, again, all eyes were directed towards the leads, watching eagerly the descent of the priest; and not till he was seated in the boat did the thankful words, "We are saved!" escape from the lips of Sir Reginald.

The fresh night air seemed pleasant to the prisoners, so long accustomed to the close and stifling atmosphere of the cell. And though they were once more free, although not unmixed with the dread of being again apprehended, was exhilarating indeed.

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The old gentleman had not retired to rest, anxiously awaiting the result of the expedition. Rejoiced at its success he received with courtesy his two guests, who expressed their gratitude for his generous hospitality and for the interest he had shown in them during their captivity. Mr. Norton replied that he had only done what any Catholic in his position would be glad to do, adding that it was but right that those who suffered in the same cause should assist each other.

It was agreed that Father Ralph and Sir Reginald should remain hid in their present abode for a few days, until the first excitement occasioned by the news of their escape had subsided.

At the expiration of that time, and when the keen search in London and the vicinity was almost at an end, Sir Reginald declared his intention of leaving England. He selected France as his future home. There, he said, nothing to retain him in his native land; he could no longer live there in safety; while in a foreign country he might practice his religion without restraint and proceed to his native land, and the idea of returning to Cornwall to fetch his little daughter, proceeding from thence to Barnstaple, and sailing in one of the ships which then traded between that port and France.

Both Father Ralph and Mr. Norton strongly advised him against so hazardous an expedition, alleging that it would be impossible for him thus to traverse England, and without being detected and arrested. So with much reluctance he yielded to their remonstrances, and it was settled that Sir Reginald and Austin should go on board a French ship that anchored in the Thames soon to set sail for Calais.

It was much that you also were to accompany us across the sea," observed Sir Reginald to Father Ralph on the evening which preceded the departure, the last they ever spent together.

"You, dear Sir, have now no duty to perform in this country," replied the priest, "neither have you the same opportunity of doing good as when you were a landlubber. Therefore I deem it right that you, who have only your own and your son's eternal interests to consult, should go where you and he can best receive the benefit of the religion. But with me it is otherwise; I am a man of the world, and I must needs remain and work as long as the Heavenly Father spares me."

Mr. Norton was truly grieved to part with Sir Reginald, but he had no choice in the matter. He was deeply grieved at the separation, which he knew he should feel much, from that young and thoughtful companion, to whose presence he had become so accustomed during the time they had passed together.

A few days after Sir Reginald and Austin were far away from the shores of England. Father Ralph too had left his place of concealment with the view of recommencing his missionary labors.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "intermenstrual fever," "menstrual depression," or ulceration. By druggists.

AN APPARITION

OF SAINT STANISLAUS KOSKA.

Ave Maria.

This remarkable incident, which occurred in England about thirty-eight years ago, was first made public by a learned and well-known Anglican minister, the Rev. Frederick Lee, D. D. He speaks of it as one of the most striking and best authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated.

The various independent testimonies, detaching together so perfectly, centre in the midst of the most striking and best authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated.

It would appear that the account of this occurrence (in MS.) was circulated among the members of the family, each one giving his testimony in its accuracy, and in some cases adding notes; and was read extensively by friends and acquaintances years before it was printed.

The narrative has already appeared in the "Catholic Record," and it is quite new. We hope that all will be moved by its perusal to make the amiable St. Stanislaus their patron, or one of their patron saints.

It occurs to us to add that the wife of the minister above mentioned, also, if we mistake not, a son, have since become converts to the Catholic Church. In the family to which Philip Weld belonged were a priest and a nun, both, we believe, deceased.

Philip Weld was a nephew son of Mr. James Weld of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, and a nephew of the late Cardinal Weld, the head of that ancient family, whose chief seat is Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. He was sent by his father in 1844 to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, for his education. He was a boy of great piety and virtue, and gave not only satisfaction to his teachers, but edification to all his fellow-students. It happened that on April 15, 1846, a holiday, the President of the College gave the boys leave to boat upon the river at Ware.

In the morning of that day, Philip Weld had been to Mass and Holy Communion. In the afternoon of the same day, he went with his companions and some of the nuns to boat on the river, as arranged by the President. This sport he enjoyed very much. When one of the masters remarked that it was time to return to the College, Philip asked whether they might not have one more row. The master consented, and they rowed to the accustomed turning-point. On arriving there, and turning the boat, Philip accidentally fell out into a very deep part of the river, and notwithstanding that every effort was made to save him, was drowned.

His dead body was brought back to the College, and the Very Rev. Dr. Cox, the President, was shocked and grieved beyond measure. He was very fond of Philip; but what was most dreadful to them was to break this sad news to the boy's parents. He scarcely knew what to do, whether to send a messenger, or to go himself to Mr. Weld, at Southampton. So he set off the same evening and passing through London, reached Southampton the next day, and drove at once to Archer's Lodge, Mr. Weld's residence.

On arriving there and being shown into his private study, Dr. Cox found Mr. Weld in tears. The latter, rising from his seat and taking the priest by the hand said: "You need not tell me what you have to say. I know it already. Philip is dead. Yesterday I was walking with my daughter Katherine on the turnpike road, in broad daylight, and Philip appeared to us both. He was standing on the causeway, with a young man in a black robe by his side. My daughter was the first to recognize him. She said to me, 'Look there, papa, there is Philip!' I looked and saw him. I said to my daughter, 'It is Philip, indeed; but he has the look of an angel.' Not suspecting that he was dead, though greatly wondering that he was there, I went towards him with my daughter to embrace him; but a few yards being between us, while I was going up to him, a laboring man, who was walking on the same causeway, passed between the apparition and the priest, and he was not on I saw him pass through their apparent bodies, as if they were transparent. On perceiving this I at once felt sure that they were spirits, and going forward with my daughter to touch them, Philip sweetly smiled on us and then both he and his companion vanished away."

The reader may imagine how deeply affected Rev. Dr. Cox was on hearing this remarkable statement. He, of course, corroborated it, relating to the afflicted father the circumstances attendant on his son's death, which had been taken place at the very hour in which he appeared to his father and sisters. They all concluded that he had died in the grace of God, and that he was already in glory, because of the joyous smile on his face.

Dr. Cox asked Mr. Weld who the young man was in the black robe, who had accompanied his son, and who appeared to have a most beautiful and angelic countenance; but he said he had not the slightest idea. A few weeks afterwards, however, Mr. Weld was on a visit to the neighborhood of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. After hearing Mass one morning in the chapel he, while waiting for his carriage, was shown into the guest-room, where, walking up to the fire-place, he saw a picture above it, representing a young man in a black robe, with the very face, form, and attitude of the companion of Philip as he saw him in the vision, and beneath the picture was inscribed "St. Stanislaus Koska." Overpowered with emotion, Mr. Weld fell on his knees, shedding many tears, and thanking God for this fresh proof of his son's blessedness.

It occurs to us to add that the wife of the minister above mentioned, also, if we mistake not, a son, have since become converts to the Catholic Church. In the family to which Philip Weld belonged were a priest and a nun, both, we believe, deceased.

Philip Weld was a nephew son of Mr. James Weld of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, and a nephew of the late Cardinal Weld, the head of that ancient family, whose chief seat is Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. He was sent by

Phillip My King.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes, Phillip, my king! For round the purple shadow lies Of babyhood's rosy diadems...

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Origin and Object.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. A woman named Madeleine Lamy, who was herself in great poverty, had received some of the penitents into her lowly abode; she taught them to live according to the precepts of the Gospel...

One day Father Eudes went with M. de Bonnières and M. and Madame Blouet de Camilly to visit a church in the neighborhood. Madeleine Lamy appeared suddenly before them, and thus addressed Father Eudes' companions...

These simple but energetic words made a great impression upon her hearers. They began to consider how they could best satisfy her, and when she returned to the charge the day was gained. One of them undertook to pay the rent of a house, another to furnish it...

A house near the Millet gate, opposite the chapel of St. Gratien, at Caen, was hired; on the 25th November, 1841, the penitents were installed there, and, with the aid of some pious women who had consented to take care of this little flock...

He often visited these poor girls, gave them instructions in private, and endeavored to provide temporal assistance for them. In order that they might acquire a taste for a mode of life so different from the one they had given up...

Such was the modest origin of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. Every good work meets with crosses and contradictions, and it was not to be otherwise with the Congregation instituted by Father Eudes...

The number of penitents constantly increasing rendered a larger house necessary and soon required several new foundations. Long had Father Eudes and the good Sisters sighed for the Papal approbation which would crown their work...

The second division of the establishment is set apart for women who had forsaken the path of virtue, and who have entered the house by their own free will, if of age, or have been sent there by their relations, if minors...

They are called Penitents, and are divided into different classes, according to the greater or less guilt of their previous life and their conduct after admission. The remedies in the case of these wounded souls consist of prayer, silence and frequent confession, and above all, gentle guidance and supervision...

The Sisters who have care of the classes are the only ones who hold communication with the penitents. They never leave them alone by day or night; they call commanding a complete view of the dormitory of the Penitents. A number of the reformed women, fearful of their own weakness, beg to remain forever in the Asylum...

"Rough on rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

you have fulfilled this obligation. Woe to the daughter of Our Lady of Charity who has won no soul to be presented by her to God on that day.

Think of this, my dear daughters in Christ. Be firmly persuaded that you are absolutely bound to do all that care, diligence and prayer, and above all the example of a holy life can do to win for your Spouse the souls that He has redeemed with His Blood. Bear it constantly in mind...

Like the grain of mustard seed spoken of by Our Divine Saviour in the Gospel, which though being the smallest of all seeds grew to be a tree and spread its branches far and wide, so the Order of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity, grew from such a beginning to be a powerful means of salvation to thousands, not only in the town where first established but in almost every part of the known world...

Like all communities in France, at this period, the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity suffered severe losses. "But in vain," says the illustrious M. de Montalambert, "the spoilers constantly recommence the work which revolutionary writers in their devoted charity is ever ready to begin its work anew." And in truth no sooner had these troublesome times ceased than the old houses were opened again and new foundations began to be made, and ever since the Order has continued its course and God alone knows the good that has been done by it since the day when poor Madeleine Lamy began with Father Eudes to provide a suitable dwelling for the women whom he had rescued from degradation and misery...

And now let us speak of something that is most interesting; the working of the Institute. And first as regards the dress of the Sisters. As a mark of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who is the Patroness and Mother of the Institution, and in order to keep the symbol of purity constantly before the nuns, their dress is white even to the shoes. The choir sisters only wear black veils to remind them constantly that they must pray and do penance for their adopted daughters.

Over the heart, inside of the habit, is a cross worked in blue, worn as a remembrance of the passion of Christ and of the duties they have taken upon them. The habit, scapular and long white cloak are all blessed on entering the noviciate. The nuns wear hung at the right side, a large ivory Rosary, and around the neck, a silver heart, two inches long, blessed on the day of profession. On one side of this heart is the figure of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus, surrounded by wreaths of roses and lilies, on the other side are engraved the words, "VIVE JESUS ET MARIE." The band on the forehead and the simple encircling the face and neck of each Sister are of linen; all the other garments are woolen.

As the chief occupation of the nuns, besides prayer, is to reform those who have strayed from the path of virtue, the novices are carefully trained in their duties towards the penitents. The principle of the sisters is to unite firmness with gentleness in their treatment of these poor-stray sheep. It was written of one of their earliest Superiors, Mother Mary of the Holy Trinity, "gentleness was her rule even with the most refractory penitents, and by it she soon won their hearts." The penitents are always called by the sweet name of "children," and in respect for her feelings each one is given a name different from that which she bore in the world. They are never allowed to speak to one another of their relatives or of their past life.

One who visited a Monastery of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity speaks thus of what he saw, and as the rule is practically the same in every house of the Order, to speak of one is to speak of all. "The first class of which we visited was that of the Penitents, composed of young girls, who had not given open scandal, but whose position had been such as to expose them to great danger. They are completely separated from the penitents, and are divided into classes according to their age.

"The second division of the establishment is set apart for women who had forsaken the path of virtue, and who have entered the house by their own free will, if of age, or have been sent there by their relations, if minors. "They are called Penitents, and are divided into different classes, according to the greater or less guilt of their previous life and their conduct after admission. The remedies in the case of these wounded souls consist of prayer, silence and frequent confession, and above all, gentle guidance and supervision. These poor creatures, who have often previously been treated with great harshness, find themselves all at once surrounded with a care and consideration quite new to them, and may be filled with grief when the moment comes for leaving this place of protection.

"The Sisters who have care of the classes are the only ones who hold communication with the penitents. They never leave them alone by day or night; they call commanding a complete view of the dormitory of the Penitents. A number of the reformed women, fearful of their own weakness, beg to remain forever in the Asylum. These form the class of Penitentes or Magdalenas. They are all clothed in black, and wear a crucifix on the breast; and a rosary at their side, their calm and peaceful countenances bespeak the grace of Christ which reigns in their hearts and their heavenly lives are the blessed fruits of the fourth vow imposed by Father Eudes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Hilary.

SUBMISSION TO THE DESIGNS OF GOD.— Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, was a shining light in the Church of Gaul during the fourth century. The courage with which he opposed the projects of the emperor Constantius, who favoured Arianism, caused him to be exiled to the East; but this event, so far from proving a misfortune, became to religion a powerful means of procuring salvation for her children; inasmuch as Hilary, during that interval, composed his admirable treatise on the Trinity, wherein is so clearly set forth the orthodox belief; he assisted at the Council of Seleucia, and bore testimony to the doctrine of the Western Church, falsely accused of favouring the heresy of Sabellianism. Having witnessed the violence which had been shown to the fathers of the council, and having been advised of the frauds of which the fathers of the Council of Rimini, held at the same time, had been made the victims, he addressed his complaints to the emperor, so as utterly to disconcert the latter; and, by his writings and prudent measures, preserved the Church from a deplorable schism. Hence the Arians, troubled by his presence, contrived to have him sent back to his own see, where he died in 368.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Let us accept all the events of life as proceeding from the hand of Providence, "which reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly."—(Wisd. viii. 1.)

Saint Paul The Hermit.

DETACHMENT FROM THE WORLD.—The emperor Diocletian having directed a violent persecution against the Christian religion, in the year 250, an inhabitant of the lower Thebaid, named Paul, fearing lest he might be shaken in the faith by the sight of the torments, fled to the desert, in order to avoid being sought out, and also to practice there without hindrance the virtues recommended by the Gospel. A grove shaded by a palm-tree and cooled by a limpid brook, served as his abiding-place for the remainder of his life; the fruit of the palm-tree sufficing for his nourishment through many long years, and its leaves affording the needful covering to his limbs. When this sap and vigour of the life was exhausted, God sent to him day by day a portion of bread, by the agency of a raven. Paul lived on in this retirement, given up to contemplation, prayer, and the labour of his hands, till he reached the age of 113. St. Anthony came to visit him there, and partook of the bread brought to him by his winged messenger, in ampler allowance, during the time of his stay; and, a few days after, consigned him to the earth in the grave hollowed out by two doves. Thus God careth for His saints!

MORAL REFLECTION.—Let us put in practice the warning words of our Lord, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."—(Luke xii. 31.)

Saint Honoratus.

ZEAL FOR THE SALVATION OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR.—Honoratus, containing the empty honours of the world, although born of one of the most consular families of Gaul, devoted himself from his very youth to the service of God, and inspired one of his brothers, named Venantius, with the same praiseworthy sentiments. They proceeded, therefore, to Achaia in company, in order to seek out a solitary retreat far from their own country. Venantius, dying, Honoratus remained in Gaul; he retired to the island of Lerins, which he peopled with pious solitaries. He bestowed the utmost solicitude on each, and carefully initiated them into the highest virtues. But his zeal did not confine itself within narrow bounds; it extended to whosoever there was good to be effected. Hence it was that he sought to bring about the sanctification of Hilary, who was to succeed him in the episcopate; for the inhabitants of Arles, wondering at the great sanctity of Honoratus, had claimed and obtained the favour of his being appointed their bishop. He held the see but two years, the Lord having called him away, to receive the crowning reward of his merits. St. Honoratus died in 429; St. Hilary, his disciple, wrote his life.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Let us labour for the salvation of our neighbor. The apostle St. James gives the assurance that "He who catcheth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins."—(Jas. v. 20.)

The Knight and the Pilgrim.

In a magnificent castle, all trace of which has long since disappeared, there once lived a rich and powerful knight. He spent large sums of money in adorning his luxurious abode, but did very little to relieve the poor. One night a pilgrim stopped at the castle gate and begged a lodging. The owner repulsed him harshly, saying, "Begone; this castle is not an inn." The pilgrim replied: "Permit me, Sir Knight, to propose three questions, and then I will take my departure as you command."

"Well, let me hear them," answered the knight. "Who inhabited this castle before you?" "My father." "Who had it before him?" "My grandfather." "And who is to live there after you?" "My son, if God wills." "Now," said the pilgrim, "if each of you lives here only a certain time, and then has to make room for a new occupant, your castle is indeed an inn, and those dwelling in it are only guests. Therefore, do not spend so much time and money in beautifying a place where you can only remain for a brief period; rather do something for the benefit of the poor and you will thus acquire an everlasting abode in Paradise." The knight was touched and converted by these words. He provided the pilgrim with comfortable quarters for the night, and was ever afterwards kind and charitable to the needy.

WEEKS OF HUMANITY, who have wasted their manly vigor and precious youthfulness in dissipated practices, arising in solitude, in young Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Mental Anxiety, Dependancy, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Weak Back, Involuntary Vital Losses, and kind letter postages stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unfailing means of cure, WORLD'S DIETETIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE SPECTRE MONK OF MESSINA.

BY LADY HERBERT DE LEA.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the Cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event the Chevalier, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a fine summer day, and getting the key of the Cathedral from the custodian—for it was after Vespers—commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the door through which he had come he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The custodian, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to wait till his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the Cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble except the confessional, and in one of these he enclosed himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the Cathedral, the tones of which sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar. The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice: "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?"

No answer followed; and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional, where the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half hour the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; and the same question was asked, and to answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked softly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man, and he resolved if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck ten, the altar candles lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" The Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and walked in a firm voice, "I will!" He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, the music summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night, in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do if I could help you to return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the custodian, very early at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote of the circumstances above related, which he also told to some of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking. Three years afterwards he called his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said "Yes"; and one from whom there was no return. He then told them that the night before the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, in the Cathedral of Messina being restored, a few years after the skeleton of a monk was found, walked up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

Who have wasted their manly vigor and precious youthfulness in dissipated practices, arising in solitude, in young Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Mental Anxiety, Dependancy, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Weak Back, Involuntary Vital Losses, and kind letter postages stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unfailing means of cure, WORLD'S DIETETIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Undoubtedly the best medicine to keep on hand for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Pulmonary troubles generally, is Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. It will not cure Consumption, but it will cure those troublesome conditions leading thereto.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "BLUE EAGLE."

Rochester Union and Advertiser.

The recent escapes and attempts to escape from the "Blue Eagle" or Monroe County Jail, and the facts shown as to its miserable structure and unhealthy location without much effect upon a parsimonious Board of Supervisors, call to mind the imprisonment there nearly half a century ago of William Lyon Mackenzie, the Canadian patriot and leader of the Canadian rebellion of 1837, following the burning of the steamer Caroline and the "Navy Island War." After the failure of his rebellion Mackenzie lived for a time in New York city, but in January, 1839, removed to Rochester, where he edited a weekly journal called the Gazette. He formed here an association of Canadian refugees, whose object was to secure the independence of Canada. John Montgomery was President, Mr. Mackenzie Secretary, and Samuel Moulton Treasurer. Mackenzie was previously indicted in the U. S. Court at Albany for a violation of our neutrality laws, and the trial came on at Canandaigua June 29, 1839. Judges Smith, Thompson and Alfred Conkling presided. N. S. Benton, U. S. District Attorney, prosecuted, and Mackenzie defended his own case. The jurors were: Dr. Otis Fuller, Naples, foreman; Alfred Nichols, Naples; William Carter, East Bloomfield; Andrew Rowley, Victor; Ezra Newton, Hopewell; Jacob Salpaugh, Manchester; D. Benton Pitts, Richmond; Seth Gates, Phelps; Moses Black, Seneca; James P. Stanton, Gorham; Valentine Stoddard, Canadice; and Booth P. Fairchild, Canandaigua. Mackenzie was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the Monroe County Jail. His return there was not pleasant. Quite the contrary. He was not happy with his prison associates, as he was "exposed to the coarse jests of brutal men, and the ostentatious brutalities of still more brutal women."

Of the jailer of the period, who will be remembered by many of our old citizens, he drew the following picture: "Ephraim Gilbert, the jailer, had fallen into the exact niche which nature had designed him to fill. He was of low stature and looked as if he had seen about fifty-five winter summers and as many hard winters. He had an exaggerated hooked nose, fleshless, fallen-in cheeks, which nature seemed to have grinded him skin enough to spread. His sunken eyes, round and peering, combined with a long habit of watching, gave him a tiger-like appearance. His nails, long and filthy, resembled the claws of an animal perpetually digging in the dirt. His whole aspect of that sinister cast which enticed one to shrink from contact with him. You felt, in regarding him, that, if cast into the sea, he would have more power to pollute it than it would have to purify him."

Mackenzie claims that he was inhumanly treated by Gilbert, and that the Sheriff, our present Darius Perrin, was no better than the Jailer. He tells of a successful rise of John Montgomery, who kept a hotel, to get him out for a brief breathing spell as a witness against a guest sued for debt. Sheriff Perrin, he says, at first refused to obey the writ, but upon consultation with Judge Addison Gardner concluded to comply. Dr. Webster and Dr. Snydes, both deceased, testified that the imprisonment in the "Blue Eagle" was undermining Mackenzie's health, but to no purpose. After he had served nearly one year of his term, Mackenzie was permitted by order of Sheriff Perrin to enjoy the privilege of the yard, and he took "get even" with the Sheriff for previous severity by publishing his order as "a literary curiosity."

"ROCHESTER, April 25, 1840. "Ephraim Gilbert: "DEAR SIR—You will let William L. Mackenzie have Exercise in the Yard or on the public ground of the Jail During such parts of the day time as you may deem necessary. He will also give him all other indulgences which you may think will be beneficial to his health, and with his safe keeping and that of all Prisoners confined in Said Jail, and in giving those indulgences I am in hopes I did think you may expect that Mr. Mackenzie will give me no unnecessary trouble as possible under the circumstances and the Construction of the Prison."

"Yours Respectfully, "DARIUS PERRIN, Sheriff of Monroe County." Mr. Mackenzie credits Mr. Perrin with too much good spelling to give credence to the bad.

A couple of weeks afterward, on Sunday evening, May 20th, 1840, Mackenzie was paroled and permitted to bid adieu to what he terms "the horrors of an American Bastile."

A Big Investment. G. M. Everest, of Forest, states that Hagar's Pectoral Balsam still holds its own among the many cough medicines in the market. He says that he has sold it for nearly sixteen years, and the sales are steadily increasing. One family has purchased over 50 bottles for various members and friends.

An Annihilation. To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite Consumption, the destroyer of the human race. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary Complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c.

A SHINING SENSATION IN THROAT AND PALATE called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach, are eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkali salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure. These associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this benign and blood-purifying remedy. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

The Unusual Experience of an American Gentleman and its Valuable Results.

American Correspondence London, Eng., Press.

The origin, growth and final success of any enterprise are cause for the greatest public interest, whether relating to public institutions or private ventures. The western continent has been especially marked by examples of this nature, and we are glad to record one which is so prominent as to be of universal interest. Several years since Mr. H. H. Warner, residing in Rochester, N. Y., became aware that what he supposed was an iron constitution, was becoming rapidly undermined, and that something of a mysterious nature seemed to be sapping his vitality. At first the indications were slight, consisting principally of frequent headaches, dull pains in various parts of the body, unaccountable lassitude, and occasional nausea. He thought that perhaps these symptoms were the result of a cold and gave them but little attention, but they increased and finally became alarming. Consultation with two prominent physicians revealed the fact that he was suffering from an acute attack of kidney disease, and to say that he was alarmed would be only to partially express his feelings. Under the most careful attention of the physicians, however, he failed to improve and in fact grew worse constantly. His symptoms at this time were most serious. The slight troubles which he had first observed increased and finally became intense. What originally were simple pains became the greatest agony. Occasional headaches and a lack of energy eventually resulted in the pains and horrors which only such troubles can bring. It was at this critical time that he heard of a tropical plant, which was reputed to be of great value in similar troubles. He therefore ceased taking the medicine of the doctors, began the use of the article referred to and was aware in a very short space of time that it was greatly benefiting him. He continued its use faithfully and as a result became perfectly cured, has been one of the most active men in America ever since, and is to-day a picture of perfect health.

Mr. Warner's experience caused him to thoroughly and most carefully investigate, and as a result he discovered that the majority of common diseases could be traced in their origin to disorders of the kidneys or liver. This was a revelation so startling in its nature that as a duty to humanity, Mr. Warner felt impelled to make known to the world the great means by which he had been saved. Up to that time kidney diseases had increased at the rate of 25 per cent. each year for the past half score of years, and were still largely on the increase. With the end in view above described, however, Mr. Warner began preparing and selling the remedy referred to, since which time the demand for it has been remarkable. In all the history of the world there is no demand has been known as that at present existing for Warner's Safe Cure for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs, and for sale in every drug store in the land. Were the call for this remedy a fictitious one, mortality from kidney troubles would now be as great as ever, but statistics show that for the past few years there has been a marked decrease of deaths from this class of diseases, although the tendency toward kidney troubles is as great as ever throughout the entire United States. The theory, therefore, which Mr. Warner advanced has been proven the correct one by reason of the decrease of mortality shown by government statistics.

Not long after presenting this medicine to the American public, Mr. Warner introduced it into England. Kidney and liver difficulties, as you know, are very prevalent over there, owing largely to the nature of the climate and influence of the atmosphere. The same results, however, which were noticeable in America were to be found in an equal degree in Europe. The remedy conquered the disease.

Strange as it may seem, this great medicine which has become so popular in the United States has never been introduced into Canada, owing to the fact that a large amount of business coming from the demand prevented an extension of the field. We learn, however, that Messrs. Warner & Co. have just established a Canadian house at Toronto, for the purpose of supplying the demand which has already sprung up, and our Canadian friends are to be congratulated on this fact. The financial and social standing of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., in the United States, is second to that of no house with whom we are acquainted. The well known public spirit and liberality of Mr. Warner in contributing to the wants of South during the yellow fever epidemic; endowing the celebrated Warner Astronomical Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., at an expense of nearly \$100,000 and encouraging the advancement of science by the generous expenditure of money in prizes for cometary and meteoric discoveries, are known to the entire world, and mark him as one of the leading patrons of science of this day. Success such as has been achieved by this house and of so high an order, is wholly meritorious and deserved, and while it is phenomenal, it is none the less of the greatest value to the entire western continent.

A Secret. A secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one the other is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions, and opens the avenue to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to proper action. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure. For such as Pimples, Blotches, Bilethness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mr. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

FROM OTTAWA.

The opening of Parliament is always the great event of the year in Ottawa. Any one conversant with the ways of our metropolitan city can at once notice the difference, and a very decided difference there is, between Ottawa in session time, and Ottawa out of session time. While during the latter period the capital city of the Dominion loses nothing of its natural beauty, there is a very marked absence of that life and gaiety that characterize the former period. The present session, called together for despatch of business on the 8th inst., offers many features of interest. It is the first session of the new Parliament chosen in June and July last, a Parliament containing an unusually large number of gentlemen new to legislative life. Since the dissolution of the last Parliament, many important ministerial changes have taken place, that will no doubt call for explanation and discussion at the proper time. The most important of these changes is without doubt the accession to the government of Mr. Chapleau, late Premier of Quebec. Mr. Chapleau had been long a gentleman of prominence in the provincial politics of Quebec. He entered the Legislative Assembly of that Province in 1867, and there very soon acquired a foremost reputation as an orator. He began his official life in 1872, and formed part of the Oulmet government till its fall in 1874. Mr. De Boucherville then formed an administration of which Mr. Chapleau was not at first a member. It was not long, however, before the government found it necessary to strengthen itself by calling him to its councils. Upon the dismissal of the De Boucherville cabinet in March, 1878, Mr. Chapleau temporarily withdrew from official life, and became leader of the Conservative party in the Parliament of Quebec. Every one remembers the main incidents of the bitter struggle for ascendancy between the two parties in Quebec, beginning in March, 1878, and terminating in the fall of 1879. The struggle was largely due to the tact, energy and eloquence of Mr. Chapleau who cannot fail, if his health, now sadly impaired, be restored, to reach a very high, not to say leading position, in the Parliament of Canada. Mr. Chapleau holds in the Dominion Cabinet the portfolio of secretary of state which Mr. Monaghan resigned to accept the Premiership of Quebec.

Amongst the other ministerial appointments worthy of note, is to be reckoned that of the Hon. John Costigan, appointed minister of inland Revenue, in the room of Hon. J. C. Atkins, now Lieut. Governor of Manitoba. Mr. Costigan's appointment is the just reward of long and devoted service to the party with which he has been allied since confederation. It is also an acknowledgment of the right of the Catholics in the Maritime Provinces to representation in the Cabinet and to fair consideration in the distribution of the public patronage. The only other new members of the Cabinet are Mr. Carling, appointed Post Master General, and Mr. Frank Smith, member of the council without portfolio.

On Thursday, the 8th, the House of Commons assembled at three o'clock, when Mr. Bourinot, clerk of the House, took his place. In a few moments the usher of the Black Rod made his appearance, to request by command of Sir W. Ritchie, Deputy Governor, the attendance of the Commons in the Senate Chamber. The members then rose and in the Senate Chamber were informed by the speaker of that body, that the cause for calling Parliament together until they had chosen a speaker, but that on the following day His Excellency the Governor General would declare the causes for the summoning of the Legislature. The faithful Commons then returned to their own chamber, where Sir John A. Macdonald rose, and addressing the clerk, proposed Mr. George A. Kirkpatrick, member for Frontenac, for speaker of the House. The Premier referred to Mr. Kirkpatrick's held that he had as a private member shown himself possessed of every qualification required for the high position of speaker. He also eulogized the memory of the late Mr. Kirkpatrick, father of the candidate for the speakership, who had sat for Frontenac in the Commons from Confederation till his death in 1870. He expressed himself confident that Mr. Kirkpatrick would discharge the duties of the speakership with ability and impartiality. Sir Hector Langevin, in seconding the Premier's motion, made a few observations in French, wherein he spoke of Mr. Kirkpatrick's peculiar fitness to preside over the deliberations of the House. He alluded to his knowledge of the French language as one of his qualifications for the place, and felt that the gentleman whose nomination he seconded would rule the House with the same dignity and

impartiality that had characterized the late speaker.

Mr. Blake called attention to the speech of the Premier in 1873, when he renominated Mr. Cockburn for the speakership. The Premier had then laid down the rule that if the speaker had faithfully discharged his duties he should be continued in office. Mr. Blake expressed surprise that this rule should now be departed from. The late speaker had faithfully and impartially discharged the duties of his difficult position and was, therefore, he thought, according to the Premier's own rule, entitled to renomination. He, however, agreed with the Premier in his views as to Mr. Kirkpatrick's qualifications for the office, and hoped that he would as speaker take active and firm steps to prevent the recurrence of inconstancy such as had occurred under former speakers. Mr. Mackenzie concurred in the remarks regarding the personal qualities of the member for Frontenac. He believed it to be the duty of the speaker to maintain order and hoped order would be strictly maintained. He called the attention of the House to a point of occurrence which took place on the 12th of May, 1879, when one of the most prominent members of the House was insulted by a stranger. He held that every member of the House was entitled to protection. Sir John A. Macdonald's motion was then put and carried without a division. Mr. Kirkpatrick, the speaker elect, was then escorted to the chair by Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin, and after returning his humble acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon him and promising to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality, took the chair of the House. On the motion of Sir John A. Macdonald, the House then adjourned.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is the fourth gentleman upon whom the honor of the speakership of the Canadian Commons has devolved. Upon the meeting of the first Canadian Parliament in November, 1867, Mr. J. G. Cockburn, member for West Northumberland, was elected speaker and held the position till the election of Mr. Anglin in 1874. Upon the first meeting of the fourth Parliament of Canada in 1879, Mr. J. G. Blanchet, member for Levis, was chosen to preside on the deliberations of the Commons, and has now made way for Mr. Kirkpatrick. There are now but few members of the first Parliament of the Dominion that occupied seats in the House at the opening of the present session. Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir C. Tupper, Sir L. Tilley, Messrs. Costigan, Abbott, Carling, on the government side, and Messrs. Blake, Mackenzie, Geoffrion, C. Burpee, Bonrassa and Bechar, of the opposition, with some few others, are still in the Commons, but McGee, Howe, Cartier and Holt have been carried off by death. The late elections wrought many important changes in the personnel of the House. On the opposition side several prominent members of the late Parliament are missing, notably Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Albert Smith as well as Messrs. Anglin and Mills, while from the right of the speaker have, with many others, disappeared Messrs. Macdougall, Schultz and Pimble, Messrs. De Cosmos and Binster, two very energetic gentlemen from British Columbia, are also politically numbered with the dead. In the present Parliament there are ninety new members, of whom seventy-seven never before held seats in the Parliament of Canada. Amongst the most prominent of the new members are Messrs. Davies and McIntyre, from Prince Edward Island, Mr. Vail and Dr. Cameron, from Nova Scotia, Messrs. Curran and Chapleau, from Quebec, Mr. Mitchell from New Brunswick, besides Messrs. Macmaster, Malock, Lester, Fairbank and Cook, from Ontario. Men of all parties unite in the hope that the legislation of the Parliament of Canada now in session will be characterized by wisdom and foresight and its deliberations marked by prudence and moderation. Signs are not wanting of the approach of another financial crisis. When it does come, let us hope that both the Parliament and people of Canada will be fully prepared to meet it. It is also evident that the time has come for a readjustment of the terms upon which the various Provinces entered the Union. In this connection also we earnestly hope that the readjustment will be based on wise and statesmanlike principles tending to the consolidation.

On Friday, as announced on the day previous, His Excellency the governor general delivered the speech from the Throne. The following paragraphs, extracted from this document, give some indication of the character of the measures which will most probably engage the attention of Parliament: "It is important that the laws relating to the representation of the people in Parliament should be amended and the electoral franchise now existing in the several provinces assimilated. A measure for this purpose will be submitted for your consideration. "I am advised that the judgment of

the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered last June on the appeal of Russell versus the Queen goes to show that in order to prevent the unrestrained sale of intoxicating liquors and for that purpose to regulate the granting of shops, saloons and tavern licenses, legislation by the Dominion Parliament will be necessary. Your earnest consideration of this important subject is desired. "Your attention is especially invited to a measure of regulating factory labor and the protection of the working man and his family. "Bills for the consolidation and amendment of the laws relating to Customs, and the Militia and the Public Lands will be laid before you. "Among other measures Bills will be laid before you respecting the Civil Service, the Acts relating to banking and the examination of masters and mates of vessels navigating our inland waters."

There is surely here ample scope for the exercise of legislative wisdom. His Excellency referred the measures just mentioned to the consideration of the legislature with full confidence in its discretion and patriotism. We may not have the same confidence in that discretion and patriotism. We have known legislatures with little discretion and without patriotism, but trust that the present Parliament of Canada may exhibit both qualities in the largest possible measure. F. C.

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Letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of The Tribune. DEAR SIR—Some time ago you took the liberty of addressing to me a letter on the miserable state of Ireland. We must thank you for your generous treatment of that letter and take courage to address you again on the same subject. Public opinion is, as we before have said, a weapon that will gain the victory sooner or later.

THE CONDITION. The condition of Ireland is still most deplorable. The cruelties of the evictions of thousands of the impoverished families from miserable huts and homes, the depths of winter, brings a blush of shame on the cheeks of those who are not entirely hardened to the common rights of humanity. If mere animals were treated as those human beings are, philanthropic societies would have good reason to enter a prosecution against the barbarous authors of such cruelties; and still they continue in the nineteenth century, and are even partially condoned by some, because practised on the mere Irish. We have no pity for the sufferings of those who can pay their rent, but do not pay them; but we have earnest sympathy for the poor who, through no fault of their own, owing to bad land, and bad weather, cannot keep themselves and their families above starvation, not to speak of rent. A government which permits, and landlords who carry out deeds of oppression so heinous, will meet a just God, who will vindicate, even in this life, the ways of His holy Providence towards the poor. The Archbishop and the Bishops, and the whole Province of Ireland, who to fulfill the promise made at their consecration, "to be the fathers of the poor," approached, lately, the head of the government of Ireland, to beg for the lives of the poor of their Parishes, but alas! they must restrain our feelings, and all stones, who has done more to redress the unjust grievances of Ireland, than any other statesman of England, and would do more if his countrymen would sustain him, propose, as a partial remedy, to help the poor people in over-crowded districts to emigrate. We are quite sure that a vast number of poor will avail themselves of this offer, and will come to this country. It is large enough for all, and labourers and mechanics are required in many parts of it. Our good government have instructed their agents to find out from the Mayors of Cities, and Reeves of Townships, the number of persons that would get employment in their localities. We have no doubt that, but very few villages or townships will not be able to protect and find employment for a few families. They will earn their living anywhere, and instead of being a burden, they will be an advantage to the districts that will employ them.

In a former communication we directed the attention of the public, but only in a cursory way, to a subject of great importance relative to the present and future condition of Great Britain and Ireland. In fact a change is going on in those countries which will affect permanently for weal or for woe their best interests. Englishmen and Irishmen should urge their Governments to take some serious consideration of the altered state of things. The climate of Ireland and England has undergone for the last fifty years a very great change. There are now constant rains and fogs, so that certain crops do not mature so formerly. Wheat is uncertain, potatoes more so, apples which ripened in Ireland fifty years ago now shrivel on the trees; America supplies that commodity. The moisture of the earth is destructive to the hoofs of the sheep and they rot in thousands. There is not enough of sunshine to dry the turf which is the fuel of the poor. This state of things will become the normal state of Ireland. The summers and winters of Ireland are inter-lapping; large masses of heavy leaden clouds, almost touching the ground, are seen carrying over all Ireland, and nearly every day pour down their heavy showers on the already flooded earth. The question is asked—Is this to continue? We fear that it will, and, perhaps, increase. The warm Gulf Stream which formerly only cast a wave around Ireland now embraces it, and with its thick vapors inundates it. To prove our tears we shall quote largely from the very learned work on the Gulf Stream by "Maury," of the United States Navy. The waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico being boiled by the tropical sun start up

the coast of the United States and partially meeting the Arctic current from the north bringing down its mighty icebergs and fields of ice, is turned on the banks of Newfoundland towards the east, and strikes Ireland first. The Arctic current is constantly pressing it in that direction. The Arctic current being cold is heavier than the Gulf Stream, and underlies it in the shape of the roof of a house, consequently the warm Gulf Stream is driving east, and the diurnal motion of the earth in that direction is constantly helping its movements towards the east. The cold water underlying the warm necessarily throws up a vast amount of vapor which forms those immense leaden banks of clouds that are not seen in other parts of Europe except Holland. In centuries gone by the Gulf Stream made the now barren Greenland the country of the vine; but by degrees the Arctic current with its field of icebergs pushed the warm stream from it, and hence the coldness and barrenness of that country. The Gulf Stream formerly carried heat to Iceland, that boasted formerly of its commerce, and its university. It has now deserted it, and left it almost uninhabitable. Spitzbergen has still a little wave of the Gulf Stream. Ireland now is surrounded by its warmest breath, and when the western winds blow the warm current of air mingled with the cold produces these immense down-pourings of rain, and effects great irregularities in the barometers in Ireland. When the cold wind blows great dampness is felt along the eastern shores of America. A strong proof of the tendency of the Gulf Stream toward the large quantities of sea-weed, and driftwood taken up in its course, and cast always in a easterly direction. It is said that the trade winds drive their easting from the diurnal motion of the earth, as well as from the eastern current of the Gulf Stream. Facts, especially noticed for the last fifty years or more, have proved sufficiently the grounds of our fears about the constantly increasing dampness of the climate of Ireland. What now is to be done to make that island habitable and fairly prosperous under its changed circumstances? To alter the climate is not in the power of man, but by man's ingenuity and industry Ireland can yet be made a prosperous country.

By planting trees. Ireland was called in pagan times the "forest island"; the bogs, the mountains, and the hills were covered with trees, as their remains amply prove, and at the present day, by the industry of the monks of Mount Mellory, Capoquin, trees now grow where the mountain heather alone flourished. Instead of trying to bring under other cultivation waste and barren lands, which will not repay the outlay, let trees be planted as in Switzerland.

WASTE LANDS. Let the government of Ireland appropriate, as is done in other countries of Europe, lands that are only fit for trees, to the peasants, free of all rent, and award premiums for the planting of trees. In twenty years Ireland would be supplied with fuel and the commencement of a commerce in timber, and in the meantime would supply employment, which also means food, to a starving people. The deer, and other animals of the mountain would supply a certain portion of food and other materials to the peasants, as in other mountainous countries.

STOCK WITH FISH LAKES AND RIVERS. There is a great number of lakes and rivers in Ireland which should be stocked with fish—not for the exclusive right of the rich landlords, but for the food of the poor. Our good and paternal government of Canada thus utilizes our rivers and lakes, not because the people are in need of this means of support, but because the work is useful. The poor maintainers of the Tyronee have their fish for Friday fastened in their little ponds without let or hindrance from the landlords. DIVINE LAWS FOR CULTIVATION. 1. To divide into reasonable farms those immense tracts of country now under estate. Pope Pius VII, seeing that large tracts of his dominions possessed by great princes and lords, were used only for the breeding and raising of cattle, which were sold for the exclusive benefit of their owners, made a law requiring a certain portion of acres to be cultivated in proportion to that which was left uncultivated. His Holiness thus helped civilization, procured food for the inhabitants, and employment for a great number of men, and enhanced the value of his state, and did no injury to the princes. This XII. found another remedy. By a decree of the allied powers after the fall of Napoleon I., large tracts of territory in the states of the church were taken from the convents and monasteries, and given for the support of the Bazarist family. These estates were farmed under the supervision of agents, as is unfortunately the case too often in Ireland with the estates of absentee landlords; houses were burnt, quarrels, assassinations, and horrid crimes, the too natural outcome of such a system.

BUY OUT THE LANDLORDS. Under the direction of the Pope, a company was formed in Rome that bought up the estates of the Bazarist family, and resold them to the occupants, to the advantage of both. Thousands who were in great calamity. A step somewhat in this direction has been commenced in Ireland and it is to be hoped that it will be fully carried out.

DRAINING THE LAND. This can only be done effectually by government plans, and the people themselves and their children will carry out the work cheaply and well. The soil of Ireland, if properly managed, is capable of supporting treble the present population. By adopting the measures that we have indicated the people will be loyal, prosperous, and the happiest on earth. The experience of the last century amply proves from the history of the Irish at home and abroad that they will never sit down contentedly to be oppressed, worse than slaves, or to change their religion for any worldly consideration, and for those noble qualities every right-minded man will content an intellectual and high-spirited people a paternal government residing in Ireland would be necessary.

COMMERCIAL. Let the women of Ireland keep to their resolve neither to wear or buy their

selves or their children anything that is not manufactured in Ireland, and their decaying and abandoned industries will revive and flourish, and render the country prosperous. It is deplorable to see wool going from Ireland to England in large quantities to be manufactured in the English looms, and returned in light shoddy cloth which will wear out in a very short time. The Irish have to emigrate to be employed in the factories there in order that their labour and the products of Ireland may go to enrich the English and add to the already vast wealth and revenue of England. If we add to this the money that is drained from Ireland by absentee landlords we cannot be surprised at the miserable condition of the people, and at their restlessness under their manifold grievances. Dean Swift is reported to have often said to his countrymen, "Take nothing from England except her coals and her turn."

ENGLISH PROSPERITY NOT EVERLASTING. And Englishmen must not suppose that their empire is everlasting, or that the present prosperity of the island is always to continue. There may be yet, in the no distant future, mighty upheavings of the masses of the people who unfortunately are becoming daily inoculated by socialist principles. Humanity shudders at the thought, and every good Christian and loyal subject should do what in him lies to forward the amelioration of the condition of the working classes which form the vast body of the nation, and thus by justice and humanity a bloody tragedy similar to that which occurred in France at the end of the last century may be averted. Thanking you, gentlemen, in advance,

I am, your very obliged servant, JOHN JOSEPH LYNN, Archbishop of Toronto.

WHAT IS TRUTH? The poet Priest's Second Lecture under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society. By our own Reporter. On Friday, the 22nd inst., Northumberland Hall, Montreal, was again filled to its utmost capacity, with an audience of Protestants as well as Catholics, on the occasion of Rev. A. J. Ryan's second lecture. Rev. M. Chelmsford introduced the lecturer and said: Ladies and Gentlemen: Once more I have the signal honor of ushering on this stage the Rev. Father Ryan. On this occasion any introduction would be superfluous. His name shines with superior brightness; it is revered on the lips and cherished in the hearts of all who appreciate genius, virtue, and merit. It is associated with whatever should challenge your esteem and admiration. I will now leave you in the hands of the Rev. Lecturer.

Father Ryan, on coming forward, was enthusiastically received. He referred to a sermon he had preached in the Witness. It says "Father Ryan" (it is a good name anyhow) a sympathizer with the Southern slaveholders, (who told him so!) My father was a slave holder; he is here lecturing (I say). He said last night—at least so he is reported—that "God never spoke English" (Thank God he did not). It might run his character to speak such as sublimous language, "It seems it is in Latin God speak." (God never spoke Latin either) "ecclesiastical Latin, such as the Bishops use at the councils, with some Greek curses in it." (This is the language of the ignorant man who knows neither Greek nor Latin.) "We never knew why Roman Catholics prayed to God in Latin." (Here again he shows his ignorance. Roman Catholics do not pray to God in Latin, unless said in Latin, because it was a strong language.) "Latin is the Divine language inasmuch as it is the language of the Catholic Church, in which Christ ever dwelt." "If we know ought of the true Christian faith it is that God is always everywhere and talks with all his children in language that their hearts understand, and He it is that sheds light on those things that were written sometimes for our learning." "I would like to see the man who wrote that book to-night, when, if I could not give him brains, I would, at least, give him arguments. God never spoke English, neither did he speak Latin. For eighteen hundred years God has never spoken except through His representative the Church." The Rev. lecturer then read from St. John's Gospel, chap. xviii, verse 23 to 28 inclusively, and said: "Fate never forgave the last day of his life the pale face of the Savior. Pilate, representing Rome, the pride and power of the world, asking his meek and powerless prisoner: "Art thou a king?" and Jesus answered: "I am not a king; I am a king. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate then asked: "What is truth?" It rushed from the pagan heart to pagan lips; but it is not only Pilate's question; it is still the cry of the whole world. All nations were looking for God. The Druid priests went into the forests and asked the mistletoe, and the Egyptians

asked the stones to be their gods. The modern atheist had not appeared, but even he is still asking the question: "What is truth?" It is not a thing in the abstract, it is God.

Truth was looking Pilate in the face and he did not see it. "Art thou a king?" asked Pilate, and he quailed before the answer, "Thou sayest I am a king." Perhaps the lowly of the king and judge came into the eyes of the prisoner when he looked upon his judge.

In this 19th century there are some who think they can live without truth. You can not. In your sleep you dream of it; it is the end of your aspirations and ambition; it stood before Pilate. "I am the way, the truth, and the life. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." What is truth? "I'll answer: where is Christ? Find me him. I'll find truth in him. This book is not truth, although those outside of the church think so. It is only the faint glimmer of truth; I want the full sunlight. On Ascension day Christ said to his disciples: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth," and "Go and teach all nations. I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." He was gone, but is still here in the persons of those poor fishermen who might be commended against powerful waves, but these grains of sand were transformed into solid rocks on which the Church of God was built. He promised to live with his disciples until the end of time, but these men could not live forever. They live in the successors of the disciples. Where are they? Show me them; there is Christ, there is truth. These men must be everywhere teaching what they received from the Church. What Church? Ever so many? If I find one God, one Bible, one Baptism, I expect to find but one Church. The churches around us all claim to have Christ. Then they must have Christ's power. They can forgive sins. But they say, "Go to Christ," so it is evident they cannot have him.

Vanity is the spice of life, and in this age, seems to be the spice of religion. Call the roll of the various creeds and denominations and ask upon what they founded their religion. They will say, "The Bible." But our Church was going before a line of the New Testament was written. When God said yes, He meant yes, and when He said no, He meant no. From all these different churches it would appear that God was like a pendulum swinging between yes and no.

This world is a place of soldiers battling against sin. You cannot preach it away, nor can you pray it away; it must be forgiven. Then will the world be saved and Heaven, the true resting place, be found. The life of the ministers of the Church was not intended for one of sacrifice. Every nation, like every individual, has a vocation. I look across the world of nations and I find a people who have been crucified on the cross of scorn. Out of that victim nation came most of those who wear the black cockade in this country. I mean the Irish nation. The rustle of the dress of the Irish nun could be heard in far off Australia. The Irish race loves self-sacrifice; it is a race which though least in political power is the first in religion; it is a race which leads the world homeward and heavenward. No matter how far inland a sea snail may be brought the murmur of the sea still sounds in it. So it is with the Irishman. No matter how far he is from his country, his heart still beats for God and for Ireland. In the bosom of the Church they know how to blend these two feelings.

People say the Catholic Church is intolerant. Nature is intolerant, and supernatural must be more so. Two and two do not make five, neither do two falsehoods make one truth. If we are honest and frank we are all intolerant, and this "Witness" man is also intolerant. The Rev. lecturer concluded by referring to the Rev. M. Chelmsford's sermon on St. Gabriel on Sunday, and asked the attendance of his audience. Rev. Father tallentire then proposed a vote of thanks in the following words: Ladies and Gentlemen, We should not feel it well to our distinguished host without thanking him and giving him a public expression of our sincere gratitude. He has been entertaining us in a most congenial and sympathetic manner. I am no hero-worshiper, yet I feel irresistibly impelled to pay him the homage to which he is entitled. His courteous humor, profound pathos, brilliant fancy, and sound reasoning constitute so many claims on the most generous applause. The Rev. lecturer is a striking illustration of what the history of bygone centuries attest. He is personally a living and triumphant proof of the grand and glorious fact that the Catholic Church is the best friend upon earth of all that is calculated to beautify the human heart, elevate the human mind and enlarge it, amid the most dazzling splendors. Beneath the light of her countenance walk hand-in-hand, theology, philosophy, learning to all its manifold principles and beauty. What we need now-a-days is not more of action; they abound on all sides. We want more of intellect, more of thought, men who will give us "truths that walk to perish never." Such men are few in number. Yes, among those few we may proudly point to the renowned Celtic Southern bard that graces this magnificent assemblage. Ireland's sons and daughters have always been remarkable for literary taste. Truth may have been written in letters but never dated in it. This present volume for constant exercise and development. It enters as an essential element into the glory of a people and sways with astonishing influence the destinies of the human race.

Mr. D. Barry seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., and Mr. R. D. McGibbon, M. P. Mr. McGibbon said, as a Scotch Presbyterian, he could not be expected to endorse the religious views of the Rev. lecturer, but he was anxious to pay his tribute to genius and literary excellence. He was delighted to have heard the author of "The Mystic" and would give him credit for having treated the most difficult subject in a manner that even the keenest sensibility could not take offence. He also said that though Father Ryan could not expect to see them all at the mission, yet if he gave another lecture all would be there.

The greater expense one is at for happiness and pleasure, the less one enjoys them.

