

Summer is Dead.

CHARLES NORMAN GREGORY. Summer is dead! All the stubble fields kneel...

KNOCKNAGOW

OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXIII.—CONTINUED.

"Oh," said she, covering her face with hands...

"Well, bring it down to the hedge. I saw a wasp going into a hole at the root of this tree...

"I'll run over for Billy and the mule," exclaimed Nelly, flinging her cloak on her shoulders...

"Nelly was starting off to the bog for Billy Heffernan, the old housekeeper came in, yawning yawns against that 'limb up the devil'...

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Billy Heffernan's services were not required. But Nelly Donovan's appearance in his lonely home that day...

"God save all here!" said Billy Heffernan. "It's a fine sight."

"God save you kindly, Billy!" returned Honor and Phil together...

"There's something 'goin' to happen that Nora'll be glad to," said she.

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cup which which I thought would be un- mended bile."

"Is it raving you are?" Arthur asked. "Now, Arthur, you know you are thinking of her?"

"Thinking of whom?" "The person of whom that air has reminded you?"

"Well, suppose that is the fact," returned Arthur, reddenin' again, "what then?"

"It's a most extraordinary fatality," said Edmund, quite distressed.

"You are most certainly taking leave of your wits," returned Arthur.

"You never told me that," exclaimed Edmund, looking up in surprise.

"Why, you saw me in her company repeatedly," Arthur replied, looking as if he were really anxious on the score of his friend's sanity.

"My dear Arthur," cried Edmund, springing to his feet, "I have been making a fool of myself."

"You don't remember me," she said in a clear, musical voice.

"I must have seen you before," he replied; "but I can't recollect when or where."

"An old man, with long white hair and slightly bent figure, advanced from behind Father Cleary's high-backed armchair, where he had been standing unobtrusively by Arthur, and stood beside the lovely girl, holding an ebony flute in the hollow of his left arm, and looking at Arthur with a plaintive smile.

"I remember now," said Arthur, appearing more bewildered than ever, as the old gentleman shook him by the hand.

"But all the laughing was not to be on Edmund's side, and he looked almost astonished as Arthur, when Father Carroll led forward another lovely girl, of this world, like the first, who now caught him by the hand; though it was plain they had met that evening before.

"My dear Miss Kearney," exclaimed the dark beauty, "how much I regret I did not know why you were that day at the sea-side."

"Yes, he and my friend, the abbe, were my only dangerous rivals," said Edmund.

"And to think the abbe was my cousin!" added Miss Butler, with a beaming look at Arthur.

"Do you see the face at the window?" Grace asked in a whisper. "Who can it be?"

"Perhaps some one who has been attracted by all this roaring," returned Mary.

"Yes; and she has contrived to convert her nose into a badly baked pancake against the glass—oh, my goodness, the window is broken!"

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The Priest.

A babe on the breast of his mother declines in the valley of love, And smiles like a beautiful boy Carressed by the rays above.

A child at the knee of his mother, Who is counting her decades of prayer, Discovers a cross of her chapel, And kisses the sufferer there.

A boy with a rosary kneeling Alone in the temple of God, And looking the wonderful favor To wake the sufferer there.

A student alone in his study, With pen and ink and innocent face; He raises his head from the pages, And lists to the murmur of grace.

A cleric with mortified features, Studious, humble and still, In every motion a masterpiece, In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar— A Christ at the foot of the cross, Where every life is a sacrifice, And every gain is a loss.

A Defiant Man on a mountain, His arms uplifted and spread— Home in a cavernous mountain, With one life in loving the dead.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR HOME RULE.

London Oct. 21.—Mr. Gladstone addressed five thousand persons in the Corn Exchange at Edinburgh this evening. Ireland, he said, continued to eclipse all other subjects. The country now fully recognized that the Irish question must be settled before others. The opponents of Home Rule had hoodwinked and deluded their countrymen by pleading themselves against coercion, promising local government and expressing their selves against granting large advances of British money to buy out landlords. Yet their first favorite measure after gaining power was coercion. Local government was vanishing in thin air, and there was a proposal before Parliament granting £40,000,000 to buy out the landlords. The Conservatives took credit for setting Ireland right by firm and resolute government. Their administration of the law was worse than the law itself. The state of things itself was such that the Irish ought to hate the law, though he would not say they ought to break it. The Government itself was a perfect pattern of illegality. Its methods tend to provoke the people. Mr. Gladstone then referred to the Tipperary affair. It was grossly illegal, he said, to close the doors of the court house against the people. The appointment of Magistrate Shannon to try the case was a gross scandal, not merely because he was an executive officer, but also he had been involved in a serious personal altercation with Mr. Dillon. If such tricks were played in England by wantonness of power, a very short way would be found to remedy such abuse. After the examples of the police misconduct at Mitchelstown and Tipperary, it was impossible to respect the police or the administration of law by the police. Their brutality and harshness constituted the crowned head of shenanigans—the grossest that could be inflicted on the people at such a time. Mr. Balfour appeared to feel that it was not a part of the business of the Minister for Ireland to reside there. Besides, how many of those present knew whether there was a Lord Lieutenant or not? (Laughter.) Nobody, he said. At Mitchelstown, which was among the lowest signs of degradation in the last century, seemed now a constant habit, the Irish Minister flaunting his absence in the face of the people. The Government wanted itself on peace in Ireland, yet kept six times more policemen there than in England and Scotland. British tax payers paid £1,600,000 yearly to the Irish police simply to assist in collecting rates for the landlords. English and Scotch landlords met their tenants fairly and had not found it necessary to appeal for the help of policemen to collect their rents. Yet English landlords had lost more rents than Irish landlords had. If the Government would grant a general election the state of general opinion would prove that the country was now over to Home Rule. On this great question of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone concluded, the last of the fortresses of bigotry and oppression would go down before the Liberals' attack. Justice to Ireland would rid the Empire of an intolerable nuisance and a deep disigner, and would give a glow brighter than that of any former period the closing years of a glorious reign. The speech was received with enthusiastic cheers.

CONVERTS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Aurora Ill., Daily Express, says: White three hundred preachers of the Rock River Conference have been for the past week legislating for the conversion of the heathen, Catholic and all other sects of heathenism and Christianity to the sect founded by John Wesley, St. Mary's Catholic church, in this city, is quietly receiving the Methodist adherents into green fields and pastures new. It may not be a common occurrence, but it is nevertheless true that, while the Methodist preachers are pleasantly engaged denouncing Catholicism, Catholicism is just as pleasantly employed increasing her membership from the Methodist fold. Rev. Thomas P. Leydon, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, yesterday afternoon, baptized three of the Methodist sect—two ladies and one gentleman—and they are now in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church.

FREQUENT CONFESSION.

Once upon a time there was a monk who had a great dislike to confession, and the devil put it into his head that it was no use of his going every week, because he always had the same sins to tell, and grow no better. He told St. Bernard, who was his abbot, of his temptation, and the saint desired him to take a large pitcher that stood in the refectory and fill it with water, and leave it at the gate of the monastery a week; he made him repeat this process for several weeks, and then, one day, he bade him empty the pitcher and bring it to him. The monk did as he was told, and St. Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher, and tell him what he saw there. "I see nothing, Father Abbot." "Are there no slugs, or insects, or dirt of any kind?" asked St. Bernard. "No, it is perfectly clean; the water has washed it and prevented anything from getting into it," said the monk. "That is just what your weekly confession does to you, my son," replied the abbot; "it washes your soul and keeps it pure, and prevents sin and imperfections cleaving to it!"

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Nov. 1st, 1890.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

Sunday last was an occasion of unusual solemnity and rejoicing for the faithful in Kingston city and diocese.

The morning of that day the elevation of the See of Regopolis to Metropolitan rank and dignity, was publicly and officially proclaimed, and its venerated and distinguished Archbishop was invested with the sacred pallium at the hands of Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec.

The "planning" of the "whole thing" of which the writer speaks is, as far as the Nationalists or the English visitors are concerned, a paltry excuse, a mere sham, which is hinted at solely for the purpose of throwing the public off the scent.

It can hardly be maintained that Mr. Harrison had planned to have his skull broken by a policeman's baton, for no offence, or that Mr. Morley had planned to almost share the same fate.

The only plan about the matter is the plan under which the policeman are acting habitually, under orders from the Government, to be as brutal as possible towards Irishmen whenever they find a peaceful gathering for the purpose of talking over the method to gain their right to their native soil.

Mr. Morley said, in his St. Helen's speech, that he never in his life saw a more harmless crowd than that one which was so brutally treated; and that it is true access to the courts must be guarded; but he added: "Are the Irish authorities the only persons who cannot guard a gate without breaking the heads of inoffensive bystanders?"

He stated, as an eye-witness, that there was no stone-throwing, as was pretended by some, "that a couple of English village constables would have done all that was necessary in guarding the access to the court on that afternoon."

yet to hear Mr. Morley's defence; but the strong suspicion prevails in Unionist circles that the whole thing was planned, Lucid pictures are painted of the baton men of the military in reserve, of the needless interference with the defendants on their way to trial, of the brutal excesses of the constabulary, checked only by Mr. Morley's presence.

The telegraphic despatches announce that the four Archbishops of Ireland have been summoned to Rome, and as the announcement seems to be generally credited in Ireland itself, there is probably truth in the statement.

There is, of course, much speculation rife as to the object of such a summons. The critical position in which Ireland is placed is cause sufficient why the Holy Father should wish to consult with the Archbishops in regard to the state of the country, and, if he has really called them for such a purpose, it is clear that he wishes to do for Ireland whatever he can effect for her.

He can certainly have no purpose in view to do injury to her just aspirations and expectations, and all hypotheses which attribute to him such an intention are unfounded in common sense.

In connection with the matter, we are informed from the same source that in clerical circles it is alleged that they are summoned for the mere purpose of fulfilling the duty incumbent on all Bishops, to present themselves to the Pope, and to report the state of the Church at regular intervals, in Europe the interval is within five years, and with the solicitude with which the Holy Father regards the interests of religion in all countries, it is not very wonderful that he should particularly desire to see the four Archbishops of Ireland in Rome at once.

The London Star, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's paper, says that their going is not regarded as an innocent and harmless affair. It adds that they are commanded to take with them their several suffragan Bishops. This is not the way in which the business of the Church is conducted.

It is the method by which we have cursed both Ireland and Great Britain for seven hundred years. The only change is that we now imprison Irish patriots instead of killing them; but from a severely logical point of view there is much to be said in favor of the old plan of doing them to death at once.

It is asserted that Mr. Morley described the conduct of the police as "most damnable." Mr. Morley himself says that he does not remember having used that expression.

then we believe among the people of England. In regard to the official account of the proceedings, which appeared in the Times, Mr. Morley said: "I have seen in that newspaper a thing which they please to call the official account. I can only say, if the Chief Secretary should produce that thing in the House of Commons, my friend Mr. Illingworth, who was with me, and I will in ten minutes riddle it to pieces."

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

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precisely because they are much less costly than any lay or purely Government management could make them. In fact, Mr. Mercier says: "Institutions under the care of religious orders which represent 77.7 per cent in number (population), and much more in importance, receive only 58.34 per cent of the sums voted by the Legislature for the maintenance of benevolent institutions." (Reply to the Equal Rights Association, 1890.)

But a comparison is more satisfactory if we take institutions of the same kind, as in the case of the Indian schools above mentioned. We may add the cases of the Lunatic Asylum of St. Ferdinand of Halifax for idiots, which receives from Government \$80 per annum for each patient. It is kept by the Sisters of Charity. The Sisters in charge of Longue Pointe Asylum received \$100 per annum, while that of Beauport, under lay management, costs \$132.

We infer, then, that the Star is monstrously in error when it supposes that "the summoning of the Bishops is a final effort on the part of the Vatican to assist the Tories at a critical time."

WORLD-WIDE PHILANTHROPY.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has issued a book in which he proposes a "grand scheme" for the regeneration of the world, founded upon the plan of alleviating the physical distress of mankind "before giving close attention to their moral and spiritual wants."

General Booth's scheme has a very plausible philanthropic air about it; but it is remarked that he is the great central figure in the proposed plan. On this feature the London Times says: "The world may be excused for feeling any of his proposals to regenerate society. More serious than many other objections to the plan is the one that Mr. Booth himself appears to be the tortoise upon which the great system is to be poised."

It is not more than a few months since a sad exposure was made by some members of the Army of the manner in which General Booth has become "rich enough to be Patriarch's wife," if he were only of the required sex; but he is at all events rich enough to have been raised to the dignity of one of the dramatic personae of Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated novel "Lothair," had he only acquired his wealth some years earlier.

It has been shown that the General has acquired possession of the property of the Salvation Army, contributed by generous people throughout the world for missionary purposes, subject, however, at present, to numerous miserable salaries paid to minor officers who cannot get their fingers on the plum pudding.

The world will, and ought to be, very cautious of putting £1,000,000 under his control, even though we do not deny that he has done a considerable amount of good to those in the gutters with the funds at his disposal.

colors of all the regiments are lowered before him and the emperor, kings, dukes and several princes go in a body to his residence to convey to him the congratulations of the army and the navy. Verily the finger of God is here!

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A COMPARISON.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered that the colors of all the regiments in Berlin be brought to the residence of Count Von Moltke on Sunday. This distinction has never before been accorded to a German subject.

These honors were conferred upon Count Von Moltke on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. They remind us of an incident that occurred at Versailles in France after the conditional surrender of Paris.

Count Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck were congratulating each other on their titles conferred by Emperor William. "It is rather late in life," said Moltke, "for me to be raised to the rank of General Field Marshal."

"But," replied Bismarck, "I have outlived my greatness." The latter saying was a prophecy. Von Moltke is to-day the most highly honored of all German subjects, while Bismarck is in disgrace with his Emperor, and, like a caged eagle, is fretting his life out in exile from Berlin and the State Councils.

He issued the famous Falk laws, made war upon the Church, imprisoned priests and Bishops, gave loose rein to infidelity and Nihilism, then acknowledged his fault when too late; had to go to Canossa, and is now suffering the degradation of Haman. Von Moltke is honored as Mordecai was; while the

colors of all the regiments are lowered before him and the emperor, kings, dukes and several princes go in a body to his residence to convey to him the congratulations of the army and the navy. Verily the finger of God is here!

DR. FULTON IN TROUBLE.

At the Baptist convention recently held in Woodstock Dr. Fulton, the last and fancy Baptist preacher, late of Boston, now of Montreal, and later on of somewhere else, drew upon himself, by his unseemly utterances, the wrath of some of the members of his own household. We take the following extract from the report of the proceedings as published in the local papers:

"Rev. Dr. Murdock, of St. George, said that he felt compelled to move a resolution, which he introduced with great reluctance. It had reference to some remarks that had been made on Friday night by Dr. Fulton, of Montreal. It was ruled that the resolution would have to go to the Resolution Committee, and if they rejected it the brother could then appeal to the convention. At the afternoon session Dr. Murdock rose to a question of privilege. In the morning he had framed a very mild resolution in reference to certain points brought up on Friday evening. The chairman of the Resolution Committee had very kindly intimated to him that the committee would not report the resolution, and he did not think he was violating any confidence when he said that it was not because they dissented in any way from the sentiments expressed in the resolution, hence he rose to a question of privilege. He was unfortunate enough not only to be present himself on Friday evening but to have with him his wife and his son—a boy of seventeen. The offending brother had retired after firing his shot when he said what was burning in his heart to say. He wished, therefore, to enter the following resolution. 'Having listened to an address before the convention on 'The Mission of Baptists to Romanists,' I hereby desire to enter my earnest protest against many of his statements as extreme and uncharitable; against an intricate and shocking illustration used by him, and against his branding our Pedo Baptist brethren as carrying 'the mark of the beast.'"

"He wished to say a word on this last point. He would yield to no one in loyalty to the Baptist doctrine. He had not always been so, but, having reached that position after hard labor, he was now a Baptist without mental reservation. Yet he had a mother who was not a Baptist, and he protested against any brother branding her as going down to her grave with the mark of the beast upon her."

All the above is a sad commentary, not only upon Protestantism of the Baptist persuasion, but upon our common Christianity. That a so-called minister of the pure gospel of Christ—a man acknowledged as such by the clergy and laity of a numerous and respectable Christian denomination—should utter expressions unit for publication, and give illustrations of a shocking and indegulate character at a public meeting, is something so incongruous and so repellent as to make "angels weep" and strong men shudder. The preacher who stands in the pulpit to utter blasphemy is scarcely more reprehensible than the vile utterer of filthy expressions that shock decency and make men feel glad that neither wife nor children are within hearing of the nastiness.

But the doom of the Filthy Fulton cannot be long delayed. When the clergymen of his own denomination are so horrified at his unbecoming language and at his anecdotes and illustrations, favoring of the mine-camp and the brothel, the public at large will soon find it to their advantage and respectability to shun the halls where Filthy Fulton is announced to lecture. The wife and son of Rev. Dr. Murdock will most certainly never be allowed to approach any building occupied by the foul-mouthed Fulton, for the Rev. Doctor lamented in his address to the convention that a triple misfortune befel him on the occasion of Fulton's lecture. It was a great misfortune that he was present, a greater misfortune that his wife was in the hall, but the greatest misfortune occurred in the fact of his poor boy, only seventeen years of age, being present when the "indecent and shocking illustrations" were retailed by the beastly Fulton.

The Rev. Dr. Murdock is entitled to the praise and gratitude of our Christian community for having had the manliness to step forward, and put a severe check, if not an effective stop, to the demoralizing and soul-destroying course of Filthy Fulton, by the man from Boston."

It appears that Dr. Murdock was not alone in his feelings of horror and expressions of condemnation of the expressions used by Fulton, for the report states "that a number of delegates wished to speak, but the chair ruled that the question was not debatable." From this it must be inferred that Fulton's stay in Canada will not be of long duration. From Boston he was driven to Toronto. In the Queen City, like every mountebank who has a word against Popery, he was listened to for a while and drew large audiences. Soon empty benches in the outskirts of Yorkville. Then he was obliged to travel West. London and Woodstock became the battle ground on which he waged war on the Catholic Church.

Fulton's doom is sealed, as far as Canada is concerned. No respectable minister will allow his wife or son to go within a block of the church that his filthy vapouring have turned into a pest-house.

KINGSTON'S GALA DAY

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY INVITES WITH THE PALLIUM.

From our own Correspondent. Saturday and Sunday last will be long to be remembered especially by the Catholic population of Kingston, occasion being the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau to that city for the purpose of officially relating it to the city of an Archdiocesan See and of finally installing His Grace the Most Rev. Vincent Cleary, D. D., as first apostolic vicar of the new ecclesiastical province which has been recently erected.

The citizens of Kingston were delighted not to let pass so important an event without exhibiting their appreciation of the high honor conferred upon their city by our Holy Father Pope XIII, and their great personal attachment and respect for the eminent prince of the Church who was to be present, and for distinguished prelate on whom the Apostolic dignity was to be formally conferred; so they resolved to exhibit at some time their loyalty to the Supreme Pontiff and their respect for the two eminent dignitaries by a public reception procession.

About one thousand persons received His Eminence at the station on the arrival of the train at 4 45 o'clock, including the C. M. B. A. and other Catholic societies of the city, the clergy of the diocese and visiting clergy. From an early hour on Sunday morning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by the many visiting priests and at half past ten o'clock all were arranged for the procession for St. Mary's palace to the cathedral. The order of the procession included the Bishops and Archbishops, and Cardinal, with their Chaplains, as follows:

His Eminence, attended by M. Farrelly, of Belleville, and Mareschal, Montreal. Archbishop Cleary, attended by R. Fathers Cayley, of Brooklyne, and Murphy of Rome, N. Y. Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, attended by Very Rev. Vicar-General Laurent and Dean McCann, Toronto. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, attended by Fathers Lormegan, of Brooklyne, and Feducan, of Trenton, N. J. Bishop O'Mahoney, Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto, attended by Fathers Dowd, of Montreal, and Grogan, Toronto.

Bishop D'O'Connor, of London, attended by Fathers Teffy, President of St. Michael's College, and Northrup, of Ingersoll, Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD. Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, attended by Very Rev. E. L. Heenan, V. G. Dundas, and Very Rev. Father Doherty, Superior of the Jesuits, Guelph. Bishop Lorrain, of Port Hope, attended by Fathers Ryan and Duceade.

The interior and exterior of the cathedral were beautifully decorated with festoons of evergreens and bunting of the flags of many nations, those of Great Britain predominating, and next of the United States coming next in number, in honor of the distinguished visitors from the neighboring Kingdom who greeted the occasion with their presence. In a prominent position for the organ gallery were also seen the arms of His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau. Many neighboring private houses were also decorated with bunting and mottoes expressing a hearty welcome to our Canadian Cardinal.

The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, assistant priest, Very Rev. F. J. Rooney, Toronto; deacon and sub-deacon, respectively, Rev. Dean Gault and Rev. Chas. Murray, Trenton; ministers of ceremonies, Fathers Jas. New Toronto. The following priests were present besides those already mentioned: Hamilton Diocese—Rev. Fathers Eway and Craven. Peterborough Diocese—Father Brock and Hope. Diocese of Alexandria—Fathers Patrick and Twomey.

Diocese of Kingston—Fathers Williams, Longborough, O'Grady, Gannone; Stanton, Smith, Father Higgins, Napane; Quinn, Brewer's Mills, Davis, Madoc; Donohue, Perth; Twomey, Morriehug; McDonough, Pletch, Kelly, Chancellor; Twomey, Westport, Murphy, Kingston. Diocese of Pontiac—Fathers Ryan and Duceade. Archdiocese of Ottawa—Father Glick. Archdiocese of Montreal—Father Dowd, O'Callaghan, Brookley and Longgan. Diocese of Ogdensburg—Father Aloysius Murphy. Diocese of Brooklyne—Fathers Kie O'Hara, Sheehy and Duffy. L. (Original Diocese)—Father Berube, Quebec Archdiocese—Mgr. Gagnon, Albany Diocese—Father Swift. Rochester Diocese—Fathers Kieran and Stewart.

The music was exquisite, under management of Prof. Desroches. At the gospel Right Rev. Bishop McCann of Rochester, preached the sermon of the day, taking for his text 1st chapter Paul's epistle to the Thessalonians: "Our gospel has not been unto you in words only, but in power also and in the Holy Ghost, but in much fullness, as you know what manner of man we have in among you for your sake, and you came followers of us and of the Lord receiving the word in much tribulation with joy of the Holy Ghost; so that we were made a pattern to all that believe in Macedonia and in Achaia."

DEAR BROTHER: (addressing him thus to His Eminence, the prelates, etc. and laity). It is fitting on this occasion that I should speak to you of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the institution of Bishops and priests. In the gospel of Jesus Christ we read that he gave a revelation to His chosen Apostle to preach his gospel and save souls, and, for this purpose an organization was established to conquer the world to necessary to the Church of God is an organization under chosen leaders who are mandated to go forth to bring the world

Autumn.

BY K. A. SULLIVAN.
Sadder season of the year.
Gentle Autumn, lone and dreary—

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The people who feel intensely are not many. That is the reason why there are not more noble, heart-stirring deeds done in the world.

Conscience, indeed, is implanted in the breast by nature, but it inflames upon us fear as well as shame; when the mind is simply angry with itself and nothing more, surely the true import of the voice of nature and the depth of its intimations have been forgotten, and a false philosophy has misinterpreted emotions which ought to lead to God.

FLOWERS FOR REPROBATES.

Plain-spoken Mr. Labouchere says: "At the funeral of an infant or young maiden—on the bier of an ophelee, for example—a profusion of flowers may have a certain poetic fitness. But nothing, to my mind, can be more grotesquely out of place than a pile of snow-white garlands and floral crosses upon the coffin of some battered old sinner, for whom in life both flowers and crosses had equally little meaning or attraction."

TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

An eccentric gentleman, in Cornwall, has been much annoyed by a way the members of his congregation had got into of looking round to take stock of later comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I promise, henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Farmer Scabbins, with his wife and daughter." Farmer Scabbins, looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused. "Sam Castle and wife, with their children," the shocked congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the person interrupting himself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. Symons, of the 'Red Lion,' in a bonnet." In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round.

A PITIFUL STORY.

Twenty years ago an Englishman brought a sweet Scotch wife to a mine's camp across the main range of the Rocky mountains and fifty miles from Helena, Mont., says the New York Tribune. They lived all these years happily together. The Edinburgh woman accompanied her husband, when she started. During all the twenty years she left the camp but twice, both times for a short visit to Helena. For many months at a time she did not see the face of another woman. By and by the vein was worked out and the other miners left, but still this couple lived on there. Their heads were growing white with the snows of many winters, and they at last decided they had enough money to buy a home in civilization, wherein they might hope for ease in the closing years. This hope seemed about to be realized. Last spring their mountain ranch was sold for \$25,000, and the husband came to Helena to make the final arrangements for moving. When he returned he showed to his dear old wife the gifts that he had brought to deck her in on her re-appearance in the world. It was a surprise that he had prepared. He opened cases of lovely jewels, diamonds, and other costly gems, pins, and brooches for many occasions, a watch, and massive chains for her neck and arms. But he had caught his death in the journey over the snow in midwinter and he was dead in a week. The wife was seven hours alone in the cabin with her dead beloved help came. The most beloved and skillful physician in Helena, whom she had sent for when she became alarmed about her husband, went to her assistance at the risk of his own life. He found her in a pitiable condition. She had not slept for a week. He took her up and brought her to Helena in the same wagon with her husband's body over the well nigh impassable roads. It was a frightful journey, apart from the heavy freight of sorrow. The horses got into deep drifts (sometimes one and sometimes both) from which it seemed impossible for the doctor and an assistant to extricate them. Once the wagon was overturned. Before she left the little cabin the widow begged that a friendly hand might end the life of the faithful dog that had shared the lonely home. "Poor Jessie never heard an unkind word or received a blow in her life," she said. "I should not wish her to fall into unkind hands." In a few minutes the mail rider, who knew Jessie and loved her, went out, and when he returned, said: "Poor Jessie is gone. I shot her. She didn't know anything about it. It was instantaneous."

THE LOVE OF FAME.
Among the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind or from a refined species of vanity and self-love. It is that singular, although universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave. Sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon and expand into boundless posterity; but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition in the applause and gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe our existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them; to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which everything else that concerns us is involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his heroic achievements, which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the sculptor.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column, the laureled conqueror claims the triumphal arch, while the obscure individual who moved in a humbler sphere asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bears to the next generation this important truth, that he was once a mortal being. It was this passion which once erected the vast Numidian piles whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening—fit emblems of oblivion—gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence which now in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over the deserted plains. How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while and contemplated in awful admiration the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beats of prey have retired to their dens. The pyramids had once been employed in these lofty mementos of human vanity, whose blemish once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality. Alas! alas! said I to myself, how tenuous are the foundations on which our proud hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines that he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown indulges in deluding visions which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk, the triumphal arch, the obelisk, or dome shall crumble into dust, while the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished.—Washington Irving.

FATHER ANSELMO'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Adapted from the Italian, by Edward H. Rice, M. D., Ph. D.
Far out beyond the grand canal of old Venice, beyond the gorgeous and floral piazze, where the sacred pigeons were fed on an island in the harbor, the old cloister stood. It was the oldest in Italy, men said; while history and tradition confirmed the wondrous stories of its age and supreme sanctity. Even Alaric, the awful king of the Visigoths, had spared the holy pile, for he who feared little else did, in his savage way, honor the Holy Cross. This was the grand old shrine we were to visit, and at its very threshold was the privilege of being given only to very few.

It is a Mistake

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.
THE MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.
There are mosquitos, there are gnats, and in Texas there are red bugs. And people frequently wonder why they exist. It has been answered that they are trials of patience; but it must be admitted that most patience is shown by those who do not feel their stings.

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SIX SACRAMENTS—AND A SNARE.

Ave Maria.
In 1857 the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the "Complete Works of Ozanam, with an Introduction by R. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampere."—A trio of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was among the proofs which the publishers submitted to M. Ozanam.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOWING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."
Do men ever fall in love with each other?
Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Some time afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY.
The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

THOMAS D. EGAN.
Catholic Agency, 41 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

YOU PAY NOTHING IF YOU BUY NOTHING.
This is a new and original method of selling goods.

HURST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR.
WILL POSITIVELY CURE GRIPES, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, Bowel Complaints, Diarrhoea, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
Burdock Blood Purifier.
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dropsy, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; and restores many other similar complaints, yielding to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.
Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle.
Established in 1834, under the Act of Quebec 32 Vict., Chap. 31, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

It will pay you to write to BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Belleville, Ontario.
Which has had the most successful history of any Business College in America.

PETERBOROUGH Business College.
Send for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship.
DEPARTMENTS: Book-keeping, Shorthand & Typewriting, Ornamental Penmanship, Telegraphy.

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Religion.
BY STANLEY W.
Religion, she stands above you. Her foot on all the spolia With light iteration on.

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Religion.

BY AUBREY DE VREE. Religion she stands smiling. Her foot on all the spoils of time. With light eternal on her robe...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul, the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Sometimes it seems, dear brethren, that one of the most difficult virtues to acquire...

And yet it is a virtue to which we, as Christians, are most strictly bound. We have no choice whatever in the matter. If we would live in the grace of God...

What does a young girl know of life but what she hears and reads. I would rather take an innocent young creature through the worst part of New York at midnight than put her back into her white hands...

There is so much in a girl's commencing right in the things she reads. It is often the making of marriage for her whole future life. There are women to-day forty years old still living in the perilous books they read...

How often we hear that detestable expression used (and used, too, with the most sanctimonious and self-righteous air imaginable): "I will forgive, but I can't forget!" What utter and wicked nonsense!

How often we hear that detestable expression used (and used, too, with the most sanctimonious and self-righteous air imaginable): "I will forgive, but I can't forget!"

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A GENTLE BOY. "Be gentle with little Grace, Charles," said his mother as she tucked up the little girl in her carriage, all ready for a ride. "Be a gentle boy."

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident or episode.

Life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavor to understand his or her neighbor in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best, and not at the worst, valuation.

FRIVOLOUS LITERATURE.

What does a young girl know of life but what she hears and reads. I would rather take an innocent young creature through the worst part of New York at midnight than put her back into her white hands.

There are women to-day forty years old still living in the perilous books they read. They started with bad books in their teens. They follow bad heroines, and may, according to their now diseased minds, find themselves an improvement on the creature they imitate.

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WHERE DO YOU GET THE BIBLE FROM?

We take pleasure in giving place to the following reply contribution from the pen of Mr. C. J. Sloan, a clever young gentleman now residing in Madoc. After a lengthened course of study and much anxious thought, Mr. Sloan decided a few weeks ago to embrace the Catholic faith.

For the Catholic Record. "Where do you get the Bible from?" is the first question a Protestant has to answer. It must be answered, and yet the answer to it is not in the Bible.

For where in the Bible do you read any Bible? Where in the Bible do you find any list of books. The list of books is outside the Bible; where did it come from? How do you learn what is the canon of scripture? How do you know that the New Testament or any part of it was written by "inspiration"?

After seeing all we wish, we get into a street car and soon reach Union station and leave the Queen city by the G. T. R. train on the old main line to Stratford.

In less than an hour we reach Georgetown, where the Northern division from Hamilton to North Bay crosses the main line from this point to Guelph, which is the principal station of the W. G. and Bruce divisions.

A few miles further on we reach Berlin, through which a branch line runs from Waterloo to Galt. Berlin is the centre of the German settlement, which comprises over fifty towns and villages in Waterloo and the adjoining counties.

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A PROTESTANT CHIEF'S VIEWS

The following speech, as reported by Der Nordstar, of St. Cloud, Minn., August 24th ult., was lately delivered by Chief White Eagle, a Protestant Indian of the White Earth Reservation, on the occasion of a visit by several Biscuitville Fathers.

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DOM BOSCO ON PRAYER

The following remarkable advice is taken from a letter of Dom Bosco to a religious of the Salesian Congregation. It is dated December 8th, 1887 (feast of the Immaculate Conception), less than two months before he lamented death.

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT. Conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, SARNA, ONT. This Institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

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What is a Day's Labor? One day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation, enemas, if profuse, biliousness and jaundice ensue.

Imperial Federation. Will present an opportunity to extend the frame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Equal Rights. All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper. A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with.

Imperial Federation. Will present an opportunity to extend the frame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence. At a regular meeting of Branch 23, Montreal, held October 15, 1890, the following resolutions were passed:

At the regular meeting of Branch 23, Montreal, held on October 20, 1890, the following resolutions were moved by Brother McQuade, seconded by Brother Killoran, and passed unanimously.

DIocese of London.

ADDRESS TO HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT THE ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.

The beautiful and poetical address, read by Miss I. Potts to His Lordship the Bishop of London at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, on Monday, the 20th instant, was as follows.

To His Lordship the Bishop of London: In the days of Israel's glory, when the spirit of the Most High rested on the chosen people...

Who of the wonder-working sages of the Hebrew land had there the inspired Isaiah forewarn and extolled the young public minister, when mercy set to her throne, called back to life and glowing flame...

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and, though I know how difficult that will be, I will do my best for this purpose. It shall always be my pleasure to encourage this institution and its pupils.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, being requested to speak some words of encouragement to the pupils, said:

He coincided with the last words of your new Bishop that the children should have a holiday in commemoration of the great event which is being celebrated.

Twenty-three years ago I passed through London as Bishop of this diocese on my way to Sandwich, and there was an entertainment similar to the one we witnessed just now.

When I last went to Rome on my diocesan visit, I laid before the Holy Father an address which the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of London had prepared elaborately that it might be laid at his feet.

The programme of the entertainment, which was rendered exquisitely, as usual, by the pupils, was as follows:

Overture—"Gazza" (Lullaby).....Rossini By Misses Higgins, L. Conchill, McIntyre, Laura, Hutton.

Chorus—"Eurydice".....Weber An Allegory—"The Unchanged Cross".....Miss P. Higgins.

Non Glova il sospirato.....Donizetti (Violins) Misses L. Conchill and Linnear. (Piano) Miss M. O'Leary.

When the Vicar-General took charge of this parish, six and a half years ago, a debt of \$18,000 weighed upon the congregation, necessitating a heavy yearly outlay for the payment of interest.

My dear children—I receive with great joy the congratulations which you have offered me on this occasion, and I am highly pleased to know as I have known for years, that every department of the Sacred Heart is progressing well.

MR. MORLEY'S RECENT SPEECH.

Mr. John Morley, speaking recently at Swindon before the North Wilts Liberal Association, made one of the most scathing impeachments of the present Coercion Government's rule in Ireland...

Half of them are impoverished, bankrupt, broken, and all that remains now in the most distressed parts of Ireland is a body of men that are mighty for evil and powerless for good.

Mr. Morley has been blamed for going to Ireland at all for the purpose he had in view. Amongst others, the Solicitor-General said in a recent speech that "as an ex-minister of the Crown, Mr. Morley ought to have been ashamed of having gone to Tipperary."

These journals on both sides of the Atlantic which sustain coercive government in Ireland have been very busy of late in representing that the Irish leaders are demoralized by discord, and that the triumph of the Salisbury Government is, as a consequence, assured; but the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, which took place on the 6th October, completely dispels the delusion, if any existed; for it is extremely doubtful that the Coercionists believed their own story.

UNITED AND VIGOROUS. These journals on both sides of the Atlantic which sustain coercive government in Ireland have been very busy of late in representing that the Irish leaders are demoralized by discord, and that the triumph of the Salisbury Government is, as a consequence, assured; but the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, which took place on the 6th October, completely dispels the delusion, if any existed; for it is extremely doubtful that the Coercionists believed their own story.

As if still greater importance were his succeeding remarks which show the influence which his observations are likely to have upon the people of England. What the people of England most need in regard to the state of Ireland is to know the truth. Ireland has had mostly to contend with this gigantic difficulty that the truth was not known in her efforts to gain redress that the people of England were so stupidly indignant to her demands, even to listen calmly to the statement of her case.

When the Vicar-General took charge of this parish, six and a half years ago, a debt of \$18,000 weighed upon the congregation, necessitating a heavy yearly outlay for the payment of interest. That in so short a time this burden has been wholly removed, in a manner, too, which has hardly been felt, is a cause of lively gratification mingled with surprise to the Catholics of Lindsay.

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will probably come even sooner than has been expected, for the movement is gaining strength by every Liberal victory to insist upon an immediate appeal to the electorate, and the settlement of the Irish question will undoubtedly be one of the first acts which will be passed on the appointment of a Liberal Government.

In concluding his powerful appeal to his English audience, Mr. Morley said: "Can we find nothing better to do with these men (Irishmen) than to defame them, to revile them, to lock them out? Our policy is to use them for the government of their own country—(cheers)—to give them the same chances that are given to all of us. (Cheers.)"

These are words proposing peaceful relations between Ireland and England, and they are the key to the greatness of an Empire which, if it were at peace with itself, with its members, extending towards each other good-will and friendship, instead of hostility, which is the natural result of oppression, would necessarily stand higher than ever in its relations with foreign powers.

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out by that sneaking, because double faced, enemy of the people of Ireland. It is right that any famine fund should be kept aloof from politics; but will it be kept aloof from politics if it fall into the hands of the Dublin Quill officials?

It is right that any famine fund should be kept aloof from politics; but will it be kept aloof from politics if it fall into the hands of the Dublin Quill officials? Another fund was raised by the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Lieutenant of Ireland. That was all handed over to Poor Law officials—inspectors and hangers-on of Dublin Castle.

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It is announced that the diocese of St. Albert, in the Canadian North West, is to be divided. The Reverend Father Labombe, of the Oblate order, it is said, will be the first Bishop of the new diocese.

So numerous are the Catholic Pollocks in Buffalo, N. Y., that in one parish alone, that of St. Stanislaus, two thousand Polish children are to be confirmed in December.

It is stated on good authority that Spain, Austria, Portugal, and Belgium are considering the advisability of making the Pope arbitrator between governments in the international disputes which may hereafter occur.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. GENTS—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician: he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely.

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Bermuda Bottled. "You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money. "Well, if that is impossible, try Scott's Emulsion."

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL. Sometimes called Bermuda Bottled. It is the best for the skin, and it is the best for the hair.

FATHER MORLEY'S NERVE TONIC. A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Irritability, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

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TEACHER WANTED. WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 4, MORNINGTON, County of Perth, a male or female teacher, holding second or third-class certificate; one who can teach English and German; state salary. Address, JACOB GATSKEN, Sec.-Treas., Hession, Ont. 67-47

TEACHER WANTED. FOR R. C. S. NO. 1, MCKILLOP, A male or female teacher for Separation school, No. 7, Fallowfield, holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate; apply only on Saturdays. Address, the Trustees S. S. No. 7, Fallowfield, Ont. 628-27