

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## MARY.

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH.  
Above all dreams that mortals e'er have dreamed,  
Above all scenes of beauty or delight,  
Thou, love of loves, most dear hast ever seemed,  
Thou star forever shining through our night.  
O mystery of love! Deep inwound  
Within the deep recesses of our heart,  
We hold thee close, for closely thou art bound  
To us with bands no time, no death can part.  
For that same death that pierced thy Mother's soul,  
And laid thy wounded Son upon thy knee,  
That death hath made thee ours, and the whole  
Of life, with love, is consecrate to thee.  
And for His sake, Who chose thee above all  
To be His Mother, He Whose baby brow  
And tender cheek felt thy soft kisses fall,  
For His sweet sake, we love and praise thee now.  
We love and praise thee, trusting in thy care,  
For, though we lose all else, thou still art near.  
To help and comfort with thy promise fair  
Of love enduring through all doubt and fear.  
Of love so great that thou didst give thine own,  
Thy Child for us, Who was thine all to give,  
So, we give unto thee our hearts alone  
For love of Him, Who died that we might live.  
—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

## RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

It is Progressing Among the Working Class as well as among the Cultured.

The "Evangelicals" in the Church of England are indulging in a great deal of sound and fury. If one were to judge of the results they achieve by the language they employ, he would be inclined to believe that they held Great Britain completely in their power. As a matter of fact, whilst they are bragging and threatening in the tone of Ulster Orangemen, their adversaries, the Ritualists, are working quietly but not effectually. So successful are their efforts that all who are at all capable of judging now admit that the Ritualistic movement is advancing with great rapidity. The appointment of the Rev. Mr. Sheehans, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool, a well-known Ritualist, as Bishop of Norwich is a practical recognition of this fact by the present Premier. It is not merely amongst the clergy and the higher classes that the imitation of Catholic ceremonies and practices is growing in favor. To working class Protestants it is also proving acceptable. For instance, a London correspondent writing on Sunday evening last says: "Attracted by the announcement 'Benediction and Procession of Palms, followed by High Mass at 11 A. M.," I attended St. Michael's, Shoreditch, this morning. St. Michael's is not a Roman Catholic, but an Anglican Church, and the Vicar is the Rev. H. Massey Evans, an Oxford graduate. Mr. Evans was only appointed in 1891, and is a young man. St. Michael's is situated in one of the poorest parts of the Finsbury side of Shoreditch. It is surrounded by model lodging-houses, and the congregation consists almost exclusively of poor people, with a very large contingent of children. The service commenced with a procession, which went the round of the church, the officiating priest, who was attired in a gorgeous vestment, sprinkling the congregation with 'holy water'. Then, after some prayers had been said, the palms were blessed at the altar, amid a cloud of incense, and the congregation, beginning with the little boys, went up to receive small pieces of palm. The little girls followed the boys, the men the little girls, and the ladies came last. Another procession here took place, and this time most of the congregation followed the clergy and choir round the church, singing a hymn. High Mass was then celebrated according to the most advanced ritual. In appearance the service was thoroughly Catholic, for it was modelled on the Palm Sunday worship of the Catholic Church. Not in isolated instances alone nor in the large cities merely are Ritualistic observances spreading. They are also making headway in rural districts and the country villages. As an American who has recently been investigating this subject remarks, an old fashioned Protestant Englishman, who had been away from his native land for the last thirty or forty years or even less would scarcely know where he was if he should return to-day and revisit the many churches with which he was once familiar. He would see almost everywhere high altars with crosses, hangings, decorations and candles. At the entrance to numerous churches he would find printed appeals to him to offer prayers and to have Masses said for deceased relatives and invitations to go to confession. If he went to such a church as All Saints', Plymouth, he would hear the rector telling his people to pray to the Blessed Virgin as the nearest of all creatures to God, and to do all they possibly could to promote her cultus. He would find the same clergyman at certain times bringing out for veneration an alleged portion of the true Cross, and would see his congregation coming forward devoutly to kiss the relic as he held it at the altar rail. Scenes of this kind must bring to the minds of the thoughtful the variations of Protestantism, upon which Bossuet dwells with so much graphic force, and they also tend to prove how irresistible is the strength of a dogma or a ceremony founded upon truth. It is not difficult for those who are ac-

quainted with ecclesiastical history to note how extraordinary is the change that has taken place in the Anglican Church. There was a period in the history of this country when the symbols and emblems of devotion which so many of the Ritualists now use would have cost them imprisonment or even death as "Popish Recusants." But in the course of time the light began to dawn, and as the Rev. Luke Livington has observed, Protestant ministers "taught as best they could, with stammering lips, and bit by bit, as men in a fog with a lantern, without knowing where they were going. It was the Catholic Church—the Church in communion with the See of St. Peter—which was leading them on. She had taught these truths all along, in the rest of the world, to man, woman and child. She now laid her spell over these." Despite how much opposition has this approach to Catholic belief and the Catholic form of worship been effected. Each inch of ground has been fought over. Every weapon possible has been used. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in the litigation arising from the prosecution of clergymen. Public meetings have been held all over the country to warn men that they are being deprived of their "Protestant liberties." Various societies have been established and tracts and books have been poured forth from the press by thousands for the same end, but all in vain. The High Church party has gone on winning converts and changing their creed into greater conformity with the ancient Catholic usage.

In the eyes of Catholics, Ritualism has a dark and bright side. The darkness chiefly consists in its determined attempt to lull inquiring and troubled consciences to rest by false assurances. It continually cries peace when there is no peace; endeavors to produce the impression that inasmuch as it devotes special attention to draperies and incense, and various external acts usual amongst Catholics, it is essentially and truly Catholic. The bright aspect of the work which the High churchmen are performing lies in this—that they are familiarizing the Protestants of Great Britain with every tenet and practice of Catholicism save one—the necessity of allegiance to the Supreme Pontiff. Without a miracle, the education of the masses of the people in Catholic doctrine could scarcely have been carried out by the Catholic Church itself, so great was the prejudice against its name with which they were imbued. Ritualism, then, has rendered excellent service to Catholicism in removing ignorance and bigotry. The day must assuredly come when those whom it has thus enlightened will ask: "Why do you say: So far shalt thou go, and no farther? Is it not in the highest degree inconsistent to recommend us to accept ancient teachings and ceremonies as orthodox and legitimate, and at the same time beg us to deny the authority of the visible head of the Church, which Scripture, tradition and reason concur in establishing, as firmly as the other religious principles you expect us to receive with docility?" The Ritualist leaders will sooner or later be called upon by all their educated and sincere followers to answer this question, and when they fail, as fail they must, to give a satisfactory reply, there will inevitably be a large exodus from the Anglican Church into the True Fold.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

## What about the Easter Duty?

From Dayton Parish Messenger.  
The time for making the Easter duty is now well advanced. Half of the season which the Church allots for this purpose has expired. Have you made yours as yet? Will you allow the other half of the time to pass by unheeded? Strange that any Pastor has to urge his flock to make their Easter duty!  
To receive Holy Communion but once a year is asking very little of a Catholic—you could not do any less and be considered an obedient Catholic. Remember, it was God Himself who spoke these words: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you."  
To participate in the joy and peace which the great festival of the Church brings each recurring year, your sins must be removed, your soul cleansed from its defilement. You must be restored to the friendship of God; you must be in a state of grace. We are sure that you desire this state of affairs. Then come to Confession without delay. Don't put it off from week to week, saying, "Oh! there is plenty of time yet." If you let it go until the last Saturday, you are liable to miss it altogether; for the priests may have too many to hear ahead of you. Begin now; go next Saturday, and let each Sunday see a large number of our parishioners at the altar-rails.  
If you cannot go to Confession on Saturday, let the priest know when you can go—any time during the week-day—and he will accommodate you. What more can we do to urge you to make your Easter duty?  
When you read this look upon it as an inspiration of God's grace, urging you to receive Holy Communion at once. "When you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

## HOME RULE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* stated last week that an attempt was about to be made on the life of Mr. Gladstone, while walking through St. James Park at midnight on the 26th ult. The story is based upon the fact that a man who is now in custody on the charge of firing a revolver on a thoroughfare had in one of his pockets a note book containing a number of entries detailing the recent movements of Mr. Gladstone. The prisoner will be arraigned shortly and his object in making these entries will be learned if possible. The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* caused much excitement among the friends and supporters of Mr. Gladstone, and many inquiries from various parts of the country have been as to the truthfulness of the story.

London, April 29.—The physicians who have made an examination of the mental condition of William Townsend, the man suspected of having had designs upon the life of Prime Minister Gladstone, certify that Townsend is a lunatic, and he will probably be removed in a short time to an asylum for the insane. The police, however, attach importance to the arrest, and hope to be able to discover that some one was behind Townsend, inciting him to the assassination of Mr. Gladstone.

## ULSTER HOME RULES.

A large number of residents of Ulster, belonging to the Presbyterian and Unitarian denominations, repudiate the resolution in opposition to Irish Home Rule which was sent to Lord Salisbury in the name of and as representing the opinions of the Protestants of Ulster. These Home Rule Protestants, have, therefore, caused a communication to be sent to Prime Minister Gladstone, expressing confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and his policy in regard to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has sent a reply to the communication, in which he states that he is pleased to observe the existence of such an enlightened opinion as that held by his correspondents amid the sea of violence and intolerance at Belfast.

## IRISH MEMBERS UNITED.

A *Sun* cable says: There has not been a single note of discord sounded among the Irish members in Parliament since the session opened. The majority who follow Mr. McCarthy now fraternize with Mr. Redmond's small party of nine, and both have combined on every occasion when the interests of the common cause demanded harmonious action. This practical restoration of unity has immensely gratified Mr. Gladstone and the friends of the Irish cause within and without Westminster. Symptoms of a similar cessation of the senseless fratricidal strife are manifest in Ireland. What remains of the dissensions of the past two and a half years is a war between the rival Dublin newspapers. If this mischievous journalistic nonsense were only abated or ended Nationalist Ireland would again be united, and Home Rule would be assured.

## THE COMMITTEE STAGE DEFERRED.

A *World* cable says: The opening of the committee stage of the Home Rule Bill has been deferred until a week from Monday instead of next Thursday. The ministers intend to proceed with the committee work without a break, as the only means of wearing down the opposition of the Bill. In order to do this they must first get a quantity of imperative business disposed of. The Unionists are flooding the measure with thousands of amendments, the vast majority of which are flimsy, and purely obstructive. The Parnellites have also put down a quantity of amendments, some important, others impossible. The Nationalists have not yet offered any, and it is quite likely they may not do so at all. Still there are two points in the bill which they regard as imperative, and demanding alteration and improvement. One is as to the Irish members under limited conditions, the other financial. As to the retention question, it is now certain that the proposal will be carried with the assent of the ministers. As to finance, the ministers themselves will bring in an amendment making a large concession.

## "DIABOLICAL" CHRISTIANITY.

The Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, April 25.  
The assertion that "this is a Protestant country" has taken active shape in the formation of the American Protective Association, an organization of zealous and bigoted Protestants, who see in Catholicism the deep machinations of the devil. This association is a secret, oath-bound organization, pledged to oppose Catholics in every thing, and especially to prevent them from holding office. At the recent city election in Rockford, Ill., a member of this association was elected mayor, and he promptly declared his intention of removing every city employe who was a Catholic, beginning with the chief of the fire department, an efficient officer who has the full confidence of the insurance companies doing business in that city. It is asserted that in Indianapolis this organization has 8000 members. The oath taken by them, as published in the papers of that city, begins with the following bigoted sentences: "I hereby denounce Roman Catholicism.

I hereby denounce the Pope sitting at Rome or elsewhere. I denounce his priests and emissaries and the diabolical work of the Roman Catholic Church." That these zealous religionists are sincere in believing the Catholic Church to be doing a diabolical work there is no doubt. Religionists in all ages have been as sincere in their hatred and fear of other religions, and with no better cause. The spirit of persecution and intolerance is not eradicated from the breasts of religious bigots, though the enlightenment of the nineteenth century holds it in check and denies it the authority of the State to give itself practical expression at the stake.

Happily the millions of Americans who do the voting and make and enforce the laws do not agree with these few thousands of narrow-minded Protestants, that the work of the Catholic Church is diabolical. They see too many hospitals, orphanages, schools and churches, too many good and patriotic citizens, both in and out of office, belonging to that Church to be convinced of the truth of that assertion. They see very little effort on the part of the Catholics to impose their religion upon the State, and too much effort of that kind by Protestants, to be moved to fear of consequences dangerous to the State from having a few Catholics elected to office by the suffrages of their fellow-citizens. The assertion that this is a Protestant country, made dogmatically from the pulpit and given practical shape in the successful and fraudulent campaign in Congress last year to keep the gates of the World's Fair closed on Sunday, show the masses of the people the direction in which they should look to see the danger of religious interference in secular and State affairs. There can be no patience on the part of the great body of the people, both in and out of the Church, with any such manifestation of religious bigotry. That Catholics and Protestants are strong and bitter rivals in the work of proselytizing no one denies, nor will any one deny, either of them the pleasure of keeping their swords whetted against the other while pretending to be fighting the cause of the Master, but an overwhelming majority of the American people will deny either, or both, the privilege of carrying their warfare into public affairs, at least to the extent of regulating them by Church standards.

## AND HIS NAME IS MURPHY.

The vigilant and zealous pastor of Bowling Green, O., in an open letter published in the *Wood County Democrat*, takes Mayor Murphy to task for the abuse of his official position by open encouragement of an anti-Catholic lecturer who visited that town last week. Father Kress's letter was addressed to the Hon. A. B. Murphy, Mayor of Bowling Green, and was as follows:  
DEAR SIR:—Your presence at the opera house last Monday evening, where you introduced a lecturer whose purpose was to traduce a respectable, law-abiding portion of the citizens of Bowling Green, was an insult to Catholics and an outrage on the respectable community that elected you to its highest office.

If a highwayman presented himself for introduction to some of the wealthy citizens of the town, you would look surprised; but you did far worse than that when you encouraged a fellow to rob Catholics, as far as he could, of their fair name.

You were not placed in your position to do such work as that. The Catholics of Bowling Green, though they be but few in number, demand that their rights be at least respected by those holding the official positions which they contribute to sustain. You should be the first to discountenance any attempt to stir up dissensions in this community. We do not want the fierce hatred of Orange factions transplanted into our midst; we want no European lines or hatred on American soil.

You are too intelligent not to know that the slanders concocted against Catholics are merely a pretext for covering the sinister purposes of anti-Catholic bigots or political knaves. You know very well that the Catholics of Bowling Green are as law loving and as law abiding as any other class of citizens; and you have no reason to suppose that they are different in other localities. The opportunity is open to you and to everybody else in this vicinity, to learn what Catholics teach, what they believe and what they practice; and to learn this from those who know what they are talking about, and whom you know to be honest.

In the name of the Catholics and of all the reputable, fair minded, justice-loving citizens of Bowling Green, I protest against this hiring of foreign fire brands to sow discord in our midst; I protest against you, our Mayor, giving your official sanction and encouragement to such proceedings. You owe an apology to the Catholics and the reputable citizens of Bowling Green. Respectfully,

W. S. KRESS,  
St. Aloysius' Parsonage, Bowling Green,  
April 12, 1893.

All of which is respectfully sub-

mitted for the consideration of Mayor Essery, of London, who presented Margaret L. Shepherd with a Bible, at the Opera House in this city, on Sunday evening, 23rd ult.

## THIS APPLIES TO THE P. P. A.

The new Know-Nothing organization called the American Protective Association is making progress in the West—increasing the number of its members, multiplying its falsehoods and forgeries against the Catholic Church, and keeping Catholic citizens out of public office. Frankly, we welcome it as a Providential aid to the dissemination of information concerning our religion. There are 55,000,000 non-Catholics in the United States, and they have been unwilling to hear about the Catholic Church and we have practically done little or nothing expressly for them. Now, however, under the stimulus of the excitement raised by the A. P. A., they are eager to find out all about us, and we are compelled to defend ourselves, to explain to them our doctrines and practices, to set forth the reasons on which the claims of the Church to be true and infallible are based, to call upon history to testify to the achievements of the Papacy for God and humanity, to elucidate the Christian position on the question of the relations of Church and State, etc., etc. What will be the result? Probably a number of persons will be deceived by the A. P. A. as regards the tenets of the Catholic religion, but a far larger number will be enlightened and will become converts; Catholics will awake from their lethargy and will discharge their duty to spread the light among their fellow-citizens until no soul in America is left ignorant of the truth. The good that God may draw out of this evil organization, however, will not relieve its leaders, who are amply aware of the wrong they are doing in circulating baseless charges and in fomenting strife, from the guilt of their wicked actions.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

## FRANCES M. O. SMITH.

It is indeed worthy of note that among the many who have contributed to the building up of a Canadian literature during the past quarter of a century, not a few of the brightest names are those of women. Some of the best verse written to-day in Canada is from the pens of such writers as Agnes M. Machar, Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon and Ethelwyn Wetherald. Poetic inspiration is not a monopoly, and comes more frequently to those whose heart-music is born of the virtues of home than to those whose dreams are inlaid with gain and glory.

One of the latest acquisitions to the goodly company of Canadian poets is Frances M. Owston Smith. Miss Smith is of Irish and English extraction, her father being Ralph Smith, a native of King's County, Ireland, and her mother, a daughter of Captain William Owston, of the Royal Navy, Yorkshire, England. It will be therefore that this admixture of Saxon strength and Celtic fervor, lends to the poetic gifts of Miss Smith a union of power and grace which is manifest in nearly all her poems. Miss Smith's childhood days were spent in the town of Peterborough, Ont., which nestles like a dream, 'mid sylvan lakes and forests great and streams both wide and bold. For a number of years past, Miss Smith has been a resident of the little town of Lucan, in Western Ontario.—*T. O'H., in The Buffalo Quarterly Magazine of Poetry.*

## HIGH PRAISE FROM SUCH A QUARTER.

The *Mattino* of Naples is one of the leading Liberal journals of Italy, and consequently anti-Papal and anti-clerical in its character. Nevertheless it is compelled to pay high honors to the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. Here is what it says:

"The victories of this priestly diplomatist can no longer be counted. The arbiter of European peace, he pacifies with a gentle word the conflict for the Carolines; the moderator of parties, he closes advantageously for the emperor and himself the religious struggle in Germany; the ally of Governments, he astutely reconquers democratic France by overtures made and accepted; the Spiritual Father of peoples, he presides from afar over the reconciliation between devout Ireland and schismatic England. By every means he everywhere seeks for friends, sows the seeds of attachment and reaps the harvest of promises. The magnificent ceremonial of last Sunday, of which the greatest temple of Christendom was the theatre, marks the definitive triumph of this policy no less mild and astute than gradual and sure. Sixty thousand pilgrims of all ages and nations gathered together in the marvellous basilica, loudly acclaimed the Pope King. And Rome, the capital of United Italy, wore a crown of fire at night, as though in some heroic apotheosis. Let the Freemasons smile as they sit at their not merely symbolic table intoxicated with stale rhetoric. Let superficial scribes yawn as they turn aside from the squabble

over the banking scandal. There is a grave meaning in this *revenge* of the Curia in the disastrous moment before us. Free Italy has no fiercer enemy than this venerable octogenarian; our country is confronted by no greater menace than this renaissance glory. *Eccle sacerdos magnus!* From the dense and fetid vapors of parliamentary corruption the cupola of Michael Angelo emerges radiant in the sunshine. And neighboring peoples, hostile or jealous, out of all the crowd of our mannikins, stooping to pick up handfuls of dirt, discern solitary and on high the white figure of an aged man thrice crowned, the interpreter of the Infinite, the master of the ideal who gives his blessing to the earth."

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Universe.

A novelty in the shape of an exhibition "rescued nun," is a present attraction in Scotland. The "escapes" will have to look to their laurels and their profits now. A "rescued nun" possesses points of commercial advantage over "escaped nuns" that wide-awake business managers will be quick to seize upon.

## Boston Republic.

Right Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, O., in a recent address before a Catholic association, alluded with earnestness to the prevalence of Know-nothingism in the Middle and Western States and to the position of the Catholic Church with reference to American politics. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that our pulpits have always been kept sacred for the preaching of the Word of God. We say it with pride, we say it boldly, publicly, that politics have ever been kept entirely out of the Catholic Church in this country. No honest man can call this fact in question. You vote as your own free will determine, but you would be worse than fools if you allowed yourselves and your faith to be assailed without defending yourselves. You have seen to what extent modern Know-nothingism under different names has gone in our State, in its hatred of everything Catholic. So bigoted, so intolerant, so uncharitable, so anti-American and anti-Christian, respecting no rights and violating every principle of justice and charity, stopping at nothing, no matter how wicked, to secure its evil end. If such men are banded together for your injury, you must defend yourselves by the only means God and your country have given you—your votes. Such men are not only the enemies of your faith, but they are the worst enemies of their country, rebels and enemies to our glorious constitution."

## N. Y. Catholic Review.

Our old friend Morgan delivered an address last week in Boston. Concerning this interesting event the *Pilot* has the following: "General S. T. Morgan, late United States Indian Commissioner, has no motive now for the veiling of his prejudice against the Catholics. He is out of national politics. In his new office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, he was in Boston last week to address the weekly meeting of the Baptist ministers. He talked on the Indian question, and brought out all the old prejudices familiar in the hands of Justin Fulton, Evangelist Leyden and others in their farcical warfare on the Catholic Church. He condemned the methods of the Catholics in establishing Indian schools; asserted that Catholic influence had been used to defeat Harrison at the last election because of his preference for the common as opposed to the parochial school in the education of Indians; and declared it to be the policy of the Catholics to take charge of America, and that they regarded as justifiable any means to that end. He neglected, however, to add that Lincoln was assassinated by the Jesuits, and that St. Thomas Aquinas had condemned the Constitution of the United States with malignant haste, years before America was discovered."

## Baltimore Mirror.

The Baptist ministers of St. Louis are in a stew. In truth, so far as their relations to the Catholic Church are concerned, they are always in that uncomfortable condition; but just at present they have an especial object to fret about. When Archbishop Satolli arrived in this country in October last year it may be remembered that he was taken off the Atlantic liner by a revenue cutter, which met the steamer in New York bay. The purpose of this was to save Monsignor Satolli the trouble and delay of quarantine and custom house inspection. He was a personage of distinction and the courtesy was usually extended to such. We believe it was extended to Henry Irving on his original visit to the United States, and if to illustrious actors why not to illustrious ecclesiastics? But Monsignor Satolli was a Catholic—and there was the trouble so far as the Baptists were concerned. Had he been a Mahometan or a Chinese High Priest, or an individual of rank of any grotesque religion whatever, nothing would have been said; but he was a high ecclesiastic from Rome, and the Baptist ministers had immediate and agonizing convulsions.

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**GRAPES AND THORNS.**

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Schoninger was meantime walking leisurely behind her quickening steps, intending to overtake her presently, but wishing first to watch her a little, and to think of some things. One was that he did not approve of her wearing black any longer. She was beautiful in anything, but too sad in this; and, beside, it interfered with certain plans of his. He made a slight reckoning, as nearly correct as the masculine mind could make it on such a subject. She might put on gray, or black and white, immediately. That would enable her to wear a rich purple in the winter. He liked to see her in purple. Some day, when she would be older, she must have a trailing robe of purple velvet with diamonds. Well, in the spring, then, she could change her deeper color for one of those delicate lavender or lilac that women know how to look pretty in; and then the way would be quite open for white, and rose, and blue, and all the fresh, gay colors a bride might wish to wear.

"We should be married by the first of May, at latest," thought the gentleman very decidedly.

Miss Pembroke was quite right in fancying that there was something triumphant in Mr. Schoninger's air; but she did not believe, and it was not true, her pettish charge that he was being spoiled by adulation. All was going well with him. Hosts of friends surrounded him—friends as sincere as any one can claim; he did not believe they would stand any great test, but, also, he did not believe that they were hypocrites. In his profession he was winning gold and reputation; and, what no one but himself knew as yet, the fortune for which he had vainly struggled so long was approaching him of its own accord. Two of those who had stood between it and him had died, and there remained now but a feeble old man. With his death all other claims would die. And not least in his cause of congratulation was his conviction that this fair woman, who walked before him with the black drapery fluttering back from her light foot, the braid of hair just showing its glossy bronze beneath the mourning veil, and, as she turned the corner of the street, the glint of her smooth cheek glowing like a peach, was his own.

"What made her cheek so red now?"

"Honora!" he said, quickening his pace.

She stopped with a start.

"Mr. Schoninger?"

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, recollecting that he had never called her by her Christian name before. "I was thinking, and I forgot."

She walked soberly by his side without asking what the subject of his thoughts had been. His exclamation may have revealed to her something of their nature; but she was far from suspecting that she was engaged, still less that her marriage day was fixed.

She had, indeed, no reason to suppose that Mr. Schoninger had any intention of renewing the suit that she had once rejected.

"You are willing to take a walk?" he asked, and when she nodded assent, added:

"Let us go up the Cochee. Last night's frost has added the finishing touch to the trees, and everybody is admiring them."

A beautiful road, almost as wild as a country lane, led between the river-bank and the flowering cliffs beside it, and here at evening all the youths and maidens, and many of their elders in whom age had not chilled the love of nature, used to walk soberly in the soundless path, or climb the cliffs, or sit on the mossy rocks, or venture out on the rocks that studded the stream. Not a pleasant evening but found people strolling through this romantic avenue.

"You are but in New England does nature dazzle, I think," Mr. Schoninger said. "See this maple-leaf! It is a fine scarlet, and as glossy as a gem, even when examined closely. And the elm-leaf is as fine a gold. Everywhere else the autumn foliage is dingy when looked at so closely. The sky, too. Look at those long lines of fire that are beginning to stretch overhead, and at the gathering crimson! In half an hour the heavens will be as brilliant as the earth. In Italy the colors are soft, like the colors in an old painting; they have great depth and richness, but they lack the fresh brilliancy of the skies in the New World. You must go to Italy soon, Honora."

"I never thought of asking God for you," he said; "and yet there is nothing in the world so well worth praying for. I am a very ignorant Catholic, Honora, but I have much to teach me. But then," he added, smiling, "we have all our lives for that."

"The only blot on my happiness," Honora said to her friends, "is the thought of Annette. A letter came from her last night which seems to shut us all out from giving her either society or comfort. She evidently does not wish to see any one she has ever known. She says that her time and thoughts are entirely occupied."

Annette Gerald was fully occupied. She was like one who stands at the head of a long flight of winding stairs, watching another descend, and, beginning to lose sight of the object of her attention, begins to follow slowly, intent, at the same time, not to be too near or too far away.

It was necessary that she should keep Lawrence Gerald in sight without attracting attention either to him or to herself. As a rich lady, driving in her own carriage, she could not do this. She therefore gave up her carriage, and moved to an humbler apartment, where she lived with one servant. Still, the dainty elegance of the widow's attire she had assumed, fastidious in her choice, not consciously, but from habit, pointed her out as a different class from the people she went most among. To remedy this, it was necessary only to be passive; and in a few months Roman dust and mud and a brawling had reduced her to a dingy-uncared-for, could see Lawrence about his work, digging in the excavations, carrying stone and mortar for the masons, doing any rough labor that

This time the name was used without an apology.

"I have been thinking of it," she replied quietly, and began to feel as a stranded seaweed may when, after having lain awhile painfully on the dry sands, it finds the bright sea slipped under it and lifting it from its hard resting-place.

Without a word of explanation she found herself claimed and cared for.

"I wish to go there again as a Catholic," he continued, "and see with the eyes of faith what I saw before with the eyes of an artist. I shall always admire most the Catholicism of America, or what the Catholicism of America is going to be. It is more intelligent, noble and reverent. It isn't a sort of devotion that expresses itself in tawdry paper flowers. Indeed, I believe that America is destined to show the world a Catholicism morally more grand than any it has yet seen—a worship of the heart and the intellect, where children shall be delighted, and yet common sense find nothing to regret. Still, Rome is the sacred city of the martyrs, the Popes and the temples. I think we should go there in two years at latest."

He had spoken earnestly, and had absolutely forgotten how much remained unsaid, so sure was he of her.

Honora's glance of astonishment and incredulity reminded him. He bent a little nearer, smiling, and said softly:

"But we shall be married long before that time, dear, shall we not?"

"It is the first I have heard of it," Miss Pembroke managed to say with a certain degree of composure, after a moment.

"You surely are not vexed!" he said quickly, beginning to fear that he had assumed too much. "I asked you once in the proper, lover-like fashion, and you refused me, not because you were indifferent to me—you never said that—but because you would not marry and would not love one who denied your Saviour. That obstacle no longer exists. You did not imagine that I had become indifferent to you? That is out of the question. Have I made a mistake?"

"No; it is I who have made a mistake," she answered frankly. "I was afraid that you had given me up."

She hesitated a little, then, since he still listened, added: "I am very glad that you have not."

"Thank you!" he said.

They walked slowly up the road between the foaming river and the glowing cliffs, praising the skies and the trees as they went, finding everything beautiful, finding each the other more beautiful than all else.

And when the evening began to fade a little, they turned their steps, and went down again with the river, filled with that deep and quiet happiness which leaves nothing to wish for and nothing to tell.

The very next morning a little note was sped from Miss Pembroke to Sister Cecilia with the following mysterious announcement:

"My *Novena* has succeeded perfectly! I will come very soon and tell you all about it."

Since the matter is settled, we may as well own at once that when Mr. Schoninger first announced himself a Catholic, Honora had said to her friend and confidant at the convent, "If I do not marry him, I shall never marry any one;" and that the result of this confession was a *Novena*, in which the young woman had asked that she might find favor in his sight.

Miss Pembroke said when she made her explanatory visit to the convent. "And I told him that you and all the Sisters joined with me; and he bade me thank you for his part, and say that he hoped you would never be sorry for having done so."

But Honora did not tell how astonished and touched her lover had been at this confession of what seemed to her the most simple thing in the world for you," he said; "and yet there is nothing in the world so well worth praying for. I am a very ignorant Catholic, Honora, but I have much to teach me. But then," he added, smiling, "we have all our lives for that."

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offered. She could see him in the church, where he spent an hour every morning; she knew that every Sunday he entered the same confessional, and, as she could well guess, told the same tale to the priest, who, when his penitent left him, leaned forward and looked after him with a sad and earnest gaze. More than once, late in the evening, she had looked up from the street where her close carriage stood waiting, and seen, out on the corner of the open roof, to which no one but he had access, his form drawn clearly against the transparent purple of the sky, and, after waiting as long as prudence would allow, had gone away to her lonely apartment, leaving him there in company of the marble angels that clustered about the church front, and the blessed bells, and whatever invisible spirits God should will and his own soul invoke. Never did she see a light in that lofty window; and, after a while, it occurred to her to ask the reason of the *padrona*, who often came to the church in the hope of receiving money from the lady.

"He will never have a candle," the woman said. "I think he is very poor. And he never drinks wine or eats meat. And, signora, he is growing very pale."

That night Annette Gerald extinguished the candles in her own apartment, and never lighted them again. She could weep and pray without light.

The next day she dismissed her one servant, and thereupon waited on herself. No ease or elegance in such life now while his was passed, and he carried down the dry, sour bread of poverty. He ate the dry, sour bread of poverty. He ate the dry, sour bread of poverty. He ate the dry, sour bread of poverty.

Without suspecting it, both became after a while objects of interest to those about them. No dexterity or apparent poverty could hide their refinement; and the extraordinary piety of both invested them with a certain sacredness in the eyes of those people, who had walked and talked with saints.

The rude workmen ceased, not only to jest with, but to never smile, or spoke just with that deep and quiet happiness which leaves nothing to wish for and nothing to tell.

Once, as he lay asleep on the grass, in the shadow of a ruined arch, an artist, who was just returning home from a morning's sketching in the Campagna, paused to look at him. The other workmen lounged about the distance, some asleep, some eating, others smoking and talking. This one seemed laid there apart for a picture. Thrown carelessly on his back, with his hand under the cheek turned a little aside, and the hat dropped off, his form and face were fully seen. It was not the form and face of a plebeian. The elegant shape was not disguised by its faded garments; the beauty of the face, delicately flushed with heat, and beaded with perspiration, and even enhanced by the unshorn and untended beard; and the expression of calm melancholy, which was not obliterated even by the unconsciousness of sleep, did not belong to a common nature.

The artist rose and bowed. "Madam, allow me to present my sketch to you," he said with equal pride.

"Some day you will know, and then you will no longer be offended," she said calmly, and took the sketch from his hand just as the sleeper stirred and began to awake. "And now, I beg you never to notice him again, or mention him to any one till I come to you for the picture."

And so three years passed away, and there came an Easter morning such as Easters used to be in the days when the Pope was King of Rome, and there was one city in the world where the business was religion.

Who can forget the scene, having once beheld it—the sky built up of sapphires, glitter on glitter of such blue as the queen of heaven might make her mantle of; the full, warm gold of the sunshine looking the sad ruins in the face till they smile, and revealing its hidden rainbows now and then, as the foamy columns of fountains sway in the light breeze, and catch it unawares; the birds, with long, pointed wings, that cut the air, and seem inebriated with the delight of flying. Then the crowd in the piazza of St. Peter's, the mingling of rich and poor, royal and plebeian, making in all a scene to be witnessed nowhere else.

"How familiar, yet how new!" said a lady who stepped from her carriage at the barrier. "It is all I could wish! I am glad, Max, that we did not come sooner to Rome. I would rather my first sight of it should be a festival one."

This lady was richly dressed, and the black lace of her large Spanish veil was drawn back from a face like a fresh lily.

She was instantly addressed as *principessa* by all the beggars about.

"I am sorry I cannot give you the title, Honora," her husband said, and smilingly dropped a coin into each outstretched hand. "So nothing disconcerts you? I thought it would be appoints to me?"

"Now, we must not linger outside," so, now, we must not linger outside," so, now, we must not linger outside," so, now, we must not linger outside."

"Let us go inside," Mrs. Schoninger said. "No, I do not want your arm now. I must enter St. Peter's the first time praying."

They went slowly up the ascent, Honora by her hands clasped, and her eyes dilating as they entered the grand vestibule. Then Mr. Schoninger lifted the heavy curtain, and she crossed the threshold.

At that first step into St. Peter's a Catholic feels as though he had touched the beating heart of Mother Church.

The crowd pressed in; but still another crowd remained outside, keeping their places for the Papal benediction, and listening for the silvery burst of trumpets which should tell that the risen God stood on the central altar of Christendom.

Among this crowd was a group, for which they made way, as it crossed the piazza and approached the steps. Yet it was only two poor laborers who supported a sick man between them.

The thin and transparent face of this invalid, bathed now in the perspiration of weakness, showed that he was worn by consumption or by a long and exhausting fever. He was so weak, indeed, that his two assistants supported him in their arms; and when they reached the stone steps at the foot of the steps, he knelt there, and leaned against one of them, almost insensible against one of them, almost insensible against one of them, almost insensible against one of them.

A lady, following closely behind, wet her handkerchief in cologne-water, and handed it over his shoulder to one of the men; but did not herself speak to them. He revived a little at that, and still leaning against the central post, remained fixed in prayer.

A whisper began to creep among the poor people about. Some of them had seen this man, and knew what they conceived to be his story, and they told it in intervals of listening to the strains of heavenly music faintly heard now and then from the church.

"He is a penitent," one whispered, "and has been doing penance here as a laborer, though he is so rich—so rich! Some say that he killed his own mother; but who knows? The beautiful *signora*! Look at his face! She must have provoked him, and perhaps she was a very wicked woman. Ah! she was a very wicked woman. Ah! she was a very wicked woman. Ah! she was a very wicked woman."

I could tell you of many more of these stories of mothers. There are the trumpets! Alleluia! alleluia! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!—And so this poor *signora* has been living a hard life, and is about to die; and he has come at last to get the Holy Father's blessing. He would not ask for it before. But, indeed, he might, for he is as holy as the blessed Labre, though he sleeps in a bed and works for his living, instead of begging it. The pale *signora* who stands behind him is his sister. She has been in Rome all these years, watching over him, with out his knowing it. See! she stands out of his sight now. He worked up to a week ago, and then he fell one day in a faint. She was near by, and called a carriage to take him home. And since then she has had a room in the same house, but told the *padrona* not to let him know. She is rich, for all her poor clothes. She puts something into every hand that is held out to her. See the way she looks at him!—Ah! there they come."

Mass was over, and the crowd in the church came pouring out. It was with difficulty that Lawrence Gerald's protectors could keep his place in that pressure. But that he had revived, they could not have done so. With the first intimation that the moment for which he had so long waited was at hand, he had roused himself, and exerted his whole strength. Upright on his knees, with his arms clinging to the post against which he leaned, he fixed his eager eyes upon the balcony where the Pope would in a short time

appear. He saw nothing else, not even two familiar forms and faces directly in front of him, which he could scarcely have seen even then with indifference.

"My God!" exclaimed Honora Schoninger, and clung to her husband's arm. "Look, Max! It is Lawrence, and he is dying!"

Mr. Schoninger drew his wife aside. "It is no time to recognize him now," he said. "And there is Annette behind him. Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

Annette pressed close to her husband, ready to catch him if he should fall. She knew that he had had an exhausting day. He had risen at an early dawn to hear Mass and receive Communion, though not really able to leave his bed, and had afterwards spent his remaining strength in the first careful toilet he had made for years. After having so long heaped every indignity on his own body, to-day he had seemed desirous of treating it with respect as the temple of God. He still wore the dress of the laborer, but his hair brushed once more into beads, waves, and his linen snowy white. And more exhausting than these efforts had been the excitement of mind under which he labored, and his fear lest in some way he should miss the benediction he so longed for.

"I want to be placed directly in front of the balcony," he had said, "where I can see the Pope's face. I shall recognize his face at once. Who knows but he may look at me? If he should, then I shall think that at last God looks at me."

The crowd hushed itself, as the golden cross came in sight, and after it the crowned and mitred heads, all in white save one. And that one, under its glittering turban, wore a crown of snows far dearer to Catholic hearts than gold or jewels. On this central face the eyes of the sick man fixed themselves with a wide and imploring gaze, and his hands stretched themselves out, as if to beg that he might not be forgotten.

"Do not fear!" Annette whispered in his ear. "The Holy Father knows all your story, and pities you; and there is one standing beside him who will remind him that you are here. He will know just where you are."

To the waiting and trembling penitent this was like a whisper from his good angel. He associated no other thought with the voice.

The silence deepened till nothing could be heard but the swift wings of a bird flying over the piazza, and the soft "zitti! zitti!" of the fountains, and the heart of each one in that vast crowd beat in his bosom.

Surely, surely, the penitent was turned his way! The Holy Father had looked at him, searching the crowd one instant with his eyes, and finding him!

Then a single voice was heard—the only voice in the universe, it seemed.

"May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord."

"Amen!" chanted the choir, as though the world had found voice.

Again the single voice:

"Through the prayers and merits of blessed Mary ever Virgin, of blessed Michael the archangel, of blessed John the Baptist, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, may omnipotent God have mercy upon you, may all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life."

"Amen!"

"Indulgence, absolution and remission of all your sins, space for true and faithful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, ever the omnipotent and merciful God afford you."

"Amen!"

"And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and remain with you for ever."

"Amen!"

Every stain was washed away! Full and strong the blessing flowed, a divine favor from the throne of God himself! On its tide were borne away, not only guilt, but the memory of guilt; not only fear, but the remembrance that fear had been. Supported in the arms of his wife and attendants, and of the old friends of whose presence he was unconscious, Lawrence Gerald lay back with his eyes half closed, and a smile of such peace and ecstasy on his face as could only come from God. His soul was gliding sweetly away on the echoes of that last amen.

The military bands began to play, the guns boomed from Sant' Angela, the bells of St. Peter's rang out with a joyful clash on the air, and all Rome broke into music over the resurrection.

And there was joy before the angels of God over one sinful soul redeemed.

THE END.

**Fatal Result of Delay.**

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

The *Brightest Flowers* must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short, all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

**Deafness Cured.**

Sirs,—For years I was troubled with deafness and last winter could scarcely hear at all. On applying Holloway's Corn Cure it restored my hearing and I now hear as well as anyone. Mrs. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N. S.

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

**Minard's Lintment Cures Dandruff.**

**THE REASONABLE CEREMONIES OF THE LITURGIC CHURCH.**

By REV. J. J. BURTON.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.)

The Mass is the great New Law. It was for all the sacrifices ordained in the Old Law. They were the substance.

We learn from Genesis man. Universal tradition Scripture, informs us that formerly became guilty the Creator. All nations endeavor to appease Heaven and believed the necessary for this purpose sacrifices have been offered beginning of the human race. Cain and Abel offered one the first fruits of other the firstlings of the ham, Isaac, Jacob and worshipped this way, a ship was acceptable to where, even among the find the altar, the priest.

As we learn from other portions of the Old Testament, the quality, manner, number of the various sacrifices pleased to accept from chosen people. From sacrifice has ever formed feature in the worship. We conclude that it is the essentials of religion, a tians to-day should have of which, as St. Paul says, not act who serve the table.

The sacrifices of the provisional and prefigurative sacrifice of the New Law, the prophet Malachi, prophecy of Malachi, ing of the sun even to My name is great among in every place there is there is offered to me in offering; for My name the Gentiles, saith the This glorious proph only by the great sacer olic Church. We also St. Paul, "Habemus have an altar" and of all the blessings Jesus Christ to His creature, none greater than the holy sacrifice is the sacrifice of His Blood offered to the Under the appearance wine. It was instituted at the Last Supper, bread and wine in it, and blessed them, say Body. Do this for of Me."

He instituted the Mass to represent and continue of Calvary. The first epistle to the Corinthians that it was instituted of the Lord until His death. After the consecration of the priest effects by saying and wine the same as Christ said at the Last is no longer bread, but true and living Jesus man, hidden under of bread and wine, just He was hidden under of an infant. The up to His Heavenly name of the Catholic He offers Himself up dently hope that through prayers at order to have part in of the Mass a person actions and prayers especially at the offer and Communion; passion of Christ; the prayers in the p same time uniting the intention of the sacrifice, because it victim to God, reconstruction of the ion over life and death to satisfy our four wants in adoration of His omnipotence for His benefits, in sins, and to obtain difficulties and tempt Mass obtains for blessings, temporal Since the Mass is public worship, it should be celebrated ceremonies. Ever the Church preserve its significance. All our minds the myst means of steps, Calvary, upon which His arms extended men as brothers. Jesus dying on the candles are symbols devotion which of hearts of the faith Mass. The sacer brodered with the and visible representation of Christ, the invisibility of the cross made priest over the altar, Divine Victim of the ought to unite loving the cross because Our Lord if we know He altar we bow in where He somet water is used to must be puro if w

THE REASONABLENESS OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By Rev. J. J. Burke.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

The Mass is the great sacrifice of the New Law. It was foreshadowed by all the sacrifices ordained by God in the Old Law. They were shadows; it is the substance.

We learn from Genesis of the fall of man. Universal tradition, as well as Scripture, informs us that the creature formerly became guilty in the eyes of the Creator. All nations, all peoples, endeavored to appease the anger of Heaven and believed that a victim was necessary for this purpose. Hence sacrifices have been offered from the beginning of the human race.

Cain and Abel offered victims; the one the first fruits of the earth, the other the firstlings of the flock. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Melchisedech worshipped this way, and their worship was acceptable to God. Everywhere, even among the heathen, you find the altar, the priest and the sacrifice. As we learn from Leviticus and other portions of the Old Testament, God Himself carefully prescribed the manner, number and place of the various sacrifices which He was pleased to accept from the hands of His chosen people. From this fact that sacrifice has ever formed a prominent feature in the worship of all people, we conclude that it belongs to the essentials of religion, and that Christians to-day should have an altar of which, as St. Paul says, "they cannot eat who serve the tabernacle."

The sacrifices of the Old Law were provisional and prefigured the great sacrifice of the New Law foretold by the prophet Malachi. "From the rising of the sun even to the going down My name is great among the Gentiles; in every place there is sacrifice, and it is offered to my name a clean offering; for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." This glorious prophecy is fulfilled only by the great sacrifice of the Catholic Church. We alone can say with St. Paul, "Habemus altare." ("We have an altar" and a true sacrifice). Of all the blessings bequeathed by Jesus Christ to His Church, there is none better, none greater, none holier than the holy sacrifice of the Mass. It is the sacrifice of His own Body and Blood offered to the Heavenly Father under the appearances of bread and wine. It was instituted by our Lord at the Last Supper, when He took bread and wine in His sacred hands and blessed them, saying, "This is My Body. . . This is My Blood. . . Do this for a remembrance of Me."

He instituted the Holy Mass in order to represent and continue the sacrifice of Calvary. St. Paul says, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, xi., 26, that it was instituted to show the death of the Lord until His second coming. After the consecration, which the priest effects by saying over the bread and wine the same words which Jesus Christ said at the Last Supper, there is no longer bread and wine, but the true and living Jesus Christ, God and man, hidden under the appearances of bread and wine, just as in the manger He was hidden under the appearance of an infant. The priest offers Him up to His Heavenly Father in the name of the Catholic Church, or rather He offers Himself up, and we can confidently hope that we will obtain more through prayers at the holy Mass than through our own unaided prayers. In order to have part in the holy sacrifice of the Mass a person should follow the actions and prayers of the priest, especially at the offertory, consecration, and Communion; meditate on the passion of Christ; say the rosary or the prayers in the prayer book, at the same time uniting his intention with the intention of the sacrificing priest.

The sacrifice of the Mass is a true sacrifice, because it is the oblation of a victim to God to represent by its destruction or change His supreme dominion over life and death. It is offered to satisfy our four great debts and wants in adoration to God on account of His omnipotence, in thanksgiving for His benefits, in atonement for our sins, and to obtain His assistance in difficulties and temptations. The holy Mass obtains for us all graces and blessings, temporal and spiritual.

Since the Mass is the highest act of public worship, it is proper that it should be celebrated with fitting sacred ceremonies. Every ceremony which the Church prescribes has its deep significance. All tend to bring before our minds the mystery of the passion.

The altar, which is reached by means of steps, represents Mount Calvary, upon which Christ died with His arms extended as if to enfold all men as brothers. The crucifix recalls Jesus dying on the cross. The lighted candles are symbols of the faith and devotion which ought to burn in the hearts of the faithful when present at Mass. The sacred vestments, embroidered with the sign of the cross, indicate that the priest is the minister and visible representative of Jesus Christ, the invisible priest. The sign of the cross made many times by the priest over the host and chalice reminds us that we offer to God the Divine Victim of the cross, and that we ought to unite ourselves to Him by loving the cross, by patience and Christian penance. We genuflect because our Lord is really present. If we know He is not present on the altar we bow in honor of the place where He sometimes reposes. Holy water is used to signify that our souls must be pure if we wish God to answer

our prayers. Incense is used at solemn High Mass and at Vespers. It is symbolic of prayer, agreeably to the words of the 140th psalm: "Let my prayer, O Lord, be directed as incense in Thy sight." And St. John, describing the heavenly Jerusalem in the 8th chapter of the Apocalypse, says: "Another angel came, and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God."

The sacrifice of the Mass, then, is the sacrifice of Calvary, since the same Victim is offered up and by the same High Priest, Jesus Christ. The Emmanuel, the God with us, the thought of Whom made the prophets tremble centuries before He came, that Divine Teacher Who loves to dwell with the children of men, the Catholic Church beholds dwelling in the midst of us on our altars. If you have visited some of our ancient cathedrals, or any of our magnificent modern churches, and admired the varied ornaments or artistic wonders therein; if you have ever been present at our religious solemnities and witnessed the gravity of our ceremonies, the beauty of the chants, the piety of the adorners; if you have reflected upon the spirit of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness so common to Catholicism and so unknown elsewhere—that spirit which moves thousands of the young of both sexes to forsake the world and devote themselves to the care of the sick, the education of the young, and to other works of charity—if you have witnessed these things and reflected upon them, you cannot but have asked yourself why are such gorgeous temples built; why such magnificent works of art as displayed on the altar, the sacred vessels, paintings, and other things in the church? What prompts such sacrifices? And the answer will be, because the church is the edifice where God in the holy Mass daily renews the prodigies of His mercy, and it can never be worthy of His love; because God, Who sacrificed Himself for us, is ever with us in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, to soothe our cares and answer our prayers. Yes, the grand feature of the Catholic church is the holy altar. On the altar is the tabernacle for the residence of the Lord of Hosts.

There our "hidden God," Jesus in the Eucharist dwells night and day in the midst of His people, saying to them with words of love, "Come to me all you that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

The Mass, independent of its sacrificial aspect, consists of the best prayers ever uttered. The priest begins by making the sign of the cross, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This sign is an epitome of the Christian's belief in the unity and trinity of God and in the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ. After making the sign of the cross he repeats the 42nd psalm, "Judge me, O God," and then makes a humble confession of his sins to God. He ascends the altar and nine times asks God to have mercy on him, Kyrie Eleison; then follows the beautiful hymn the shepherds heard the angels singing at the birth of the Saviour, Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

The prayer of the feast, the epistle and gospel follow, and then the sermon in the vernacular is usually preached. After the Nicene Creed, Credo in Unum Deum, the priest makes the offering of bread and wine. He then washes the tips of his fingers, saying: "I will wash my hands among the innocent," by which he is reminded to be free from stain to offer worthily the holy sacrifice.

The preface, canon, and solemn words of consecration follow, during which the bread and wine are changed by the power of Jesus Christ into His body and blood. In a short time he comes to the best of all prayers, the prayer taught us by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Our Father, Pater Noster. The Agnus Dei follows then the communion, when he partakes of the consecrated bread and wine, and afterward gives Holy Communion to the faithful. He then continues the Mass, gives his blessing, and finishes the Mass with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. Hence you see that, besides the great sacrifice which makes it an act worthy of God, the Mass consists of the best of all prayers.

From what has been said it is evident that ceremonies in the worship of God are reasonable, being sanctioned by God in the Old and New Testament; that the holy sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest of all acts of worship; and that the Catholic Church in using ceremonies is but following the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and His apostles. St. John, in the book of Revelation, tells us that before the throne of God angels stand with golden censers, multitudes from all nations follow and adore the Lamb, while virgins sing the new song which they alone can utter. So, too, before the throne of God on earth we swing our censers, multitudes from all nations prostrate themselves in adoration, the sweet incense of their praise and prayer ascends to the throne of grace, while their hearts are raised to God by the grandeur of our ceremonies.

The Son of God, after having taught us by His word, shown us by His example, and merited for us by His grace the virtues necessary for salvation, wished to institute the holy sacrifice of the Mass, that He might come Himself in the Holy Sacrament and imprint them upon us. Of these virtues, the most important are humility, purity, obedience, patience and charity. Let us always ask God when present

at the holy Mass for a lively faith in His Real Presence, an ardent love for Him in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and the grace to imitate His humility, His purity, His meekness, obedience, patience and charity here, and enjoy His presence forever hereafter.

The following beautiful words of Cardinal Newman show that the Mass is something more than a mere form of words, and that ceremonies are reasonable as well as necessary in its celebration:

"To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I may use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice.

"They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice; they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou dost do quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of man.

"Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and generous, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we, too, make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore.

"So we, all around, each in his place, look for the great Advent 'waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully, and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments each differently, but concurring in sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it."

THE END.

SECTS AND RELIGIONS.

In Cardinal Gibbons' book, "Faith of Our Fathers," he sums up the various religions and religious sects as follows:

Anabaptists, originated in Germany, Nicholas Stork, 1521.

Baptists, Rhode Island, Roger Williams, 1639.

Free Will Baptists, New Hampshire, Benjamin Randall, 1780.

Free Communion Baptists, N. Y., Benajah Corp, close of eighteenth century.

Seventh Day Baptists, United States general conference, 1833.

Campbellites, or Christians, Virginia, Alexander Campbell, 1813.

Methodist Episcopal, England, John Wesley, 1739.

Reformed Methodist, Vermont, a branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1811.

Methodist Protestant, Baltimore, branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1830.

Methodist Society, New York, a branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1820.

True Wesleyan Methodist, New York, delegates from Methodist denominations, 1843.

Presbyterians (old school), Scotland, general assembly, 1560.

Presbyterians (new school), Philadelphia, general assembly, 1840.

Episcopalian, England, Henry VIII., 1534.

Lutherans, Martin Luther, Germany, 1521.

Unitarian Congregationalists, Germany, Celarius, about 1540.

Congregationalists, England, Robert Browne, 1583.

Quakers, England, George Fox, 1647.

Quakers, America, William Penn, 1681.

Catholic Church (not a sect) Jerusalem, Jesus Christ, 83.

1892. "The Cream of the Havana Crop." "La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. DAVIS & SONS, Montreal. Best Ever Made.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

The large number of the Catholics of our Diocese who are of Scotch descent, children of those who braved persecution and clung to the ancient Faith amid the mountain fastnesses of the North and the islands of the West of Scotland, will, we are sure, welcome tidings of the progress the Church is making in the land of their sires. We speak of "The Church in Scotland," for the "Church of Scotland" is and has been for more than three centuries the Presbyterian Kirk.

Toward the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, when the first emigrants from the Church in Scotland on our shores, of a few straggling missions. A century earlier there was not a Catholic Bishop in all the land, and the few priests who went from place to place to break the Bread of Life to the faithful, had to move about with caution, often like the men of old time, "wandering in deserts, in mountains, and in dens and in caves of the earth."

Those were dark and evil days, when the light of faith which once illumined the whole of Scotland was all but quenched. Our age, however, has witnessed the dawning of better days, and the Church, which then was forced to hide herself among the mountains and in the sea-girt isles, has since emerged from her obscurity and now pursues her peaceful mission unmolested in the broad light of day.

In the March number of the *Ouel*, a monthly journal published by the students of Ottawa University, we find an interesting article on the growth of Catholicity in Scotland, by the Very Rev. Anas McDonnell Dawson, LL. D. In the Archdiocese of Glasgow, which contains the great bulk of the Catholic population of Scotland, there are, or rather there were in 1892, according to statistics since published, 155 priests, 187 departments of mission schools, several colleges and academies, 11 conventual houses, and 10 charitable institutions, including hospitals, orphanages and asylums. The Catholics number 240,000, just two-fifths of the whole population of Glasgow.

"The figures," says the Rev. Dr. McDonnell Dawson, "contrast remarkably with the state of matters towards the close of the last century, 1878. At that time all the Catholics of the whole population of Glasgow could hear Mass in the comparatively small house of a comb manufacturer, by name Donald McDonald, and in that obscure place were not safe from molestation. On occasion of the excitement caused by the passing in Parliament of a certain measure of relief in favor of Catholics, the Presbyterian synod of Glasgow issued most wicked resolutions against 'Popery,' and the fanatical populace took it upon itself to execute them. Mr. McDonald's house was attacked, and the priest who was celebrating Mass there had barely time on the approach of the mob to conceal the vestments and other things connected with the Mass. He then escaped into the midst of the mob and escaped louder than any one else, 'Where is the priest?' Mr. McDonald's wife, though a Protestant, was badly used by the demented rabble—so severely bruised that she was obliged to take refuge in a friend's house."

At that time there was but one priest, who visited the Catholics of Glasgow only at rare intervals, and not without risk to himself.

The Catholic population of the other dioceses is less considerable. In the Archdiocese of Edinburgh there are 52,000 Catholics, 68 churches, chapels, and stations, and 62 priests; in Dunkeld the Catholic population is 30,000; in Galloway, 17,000; in Argyle and the isles, 12,000; and in Aberdeen, about the same number. In the last mentioned diocese are two celebrated institutions of learning, St. Benedict's Monastery and College, at Fort Augustus, and St. Mary's College, Blair. It will be observed that this diocese and that of Argyle and the Isles have the least number of Catholics. It was from the districts covered by these two dioceses, from the Highlands and the Islands, that the sons of the Gael who had remained true to the faith of their fathers went forth in successive bands, or rather were driven forth, to find a home beyond the western wave. Their descendants are to be found to-day in large numbers in Australia, in Canada, and the United States. In our diocese alone they number more than twice the combined population of the two distinctively Celtic dioceses of the motherland.

There is probably no country on the face of the earth where the feeling against Catholics was so bitter and violent, so deep and widespread, as it was at one time in Scotland. To-day there are few Protestant countries where Catholics enjoy fuller freedom or a larger measure of respect than they do there. Only a few months ago it was announced that the Marquis of Bute, a Catholic and a convert beside, had been chosen rector of the ancient University of St. Andrews by a unanimous vote of the faculty. The writer in the *Ouel* cites another instance of broad minded liberality on the part of Scottish Presbyterians. On the 30th of April last, the degree of LL. D. was conferred on His Grace, Archbishop Eyre, by the University of Glasgow. Professor Moodie Stewart introduced him at the University, in the words that follow: "The Most Rev. Archbishop Eyre, Doctor of Divinity, Knight of the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic, the Chaplain of the Order of Malta, member of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Surtees Society, and of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, Vice-President of the Archaeological

Society of Glasgow, author of a life of St. Cuthbert, now in the third edition, and of many valuable contributions to current archaeological literature. Archbishop Eyre has recently been received the congratulations of his many personal friends, and of the members of the religious community of which he is the recognized head, on the occurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and the Senate have deemed it fitting to testify their regard for a public-spirited citizen, a scholarly writer, and an eminent archaeologist, by adding his name to the roll of the honorary Graduates of the University."

Under a reorganized hierarchy, with able and zealous prelates to guide her, and amid favorable surroundings, the Church in Scotland is destined to renew her youth and regain, at least in some measure, her old-time prestige and splendor.—*Antagonist Casket.*

What the Imbeciles Smoke.

Rev. Father Boorman, S. J., of Detroit College, has a great abhorrence to that ever constant companion of the genus dudu—the foul smelling cigarette. The writer was offered one of these paper killers by a friend just as he was ascending the steps of the college to gather in his weekly allotment of new items. There was nothing to do but accept it; and not knowing just where to put such a useless article, he stuck it in between his fingers and entered. "My dear friend," said Father Boorman, pointing to the opium-stuffed death machine, shortly after, "I thought you looked too healthy to indulge in that kind of thing." We were abashed for a moment, but, recovering our composure, made explanations proper, while we tossed the cause of discussion far from the stoop to the asphalt. "Speaking of cigarettes," said Father Boorman afterwards, "some days since a gentleman described to us the real process of cigarette making as employed by a factory in Rochester, N. Y. Large purchases are made of cast-away tobacco, cigar stubs, and floor sweepings. Several tons being gathered the whole mass is mixed with Spanish moss taken from the trees of Southern swamps. Machines are employed to cut the mixture into fine particles. The stuff is now spread out upon the floor and heavily saturated with solutions of opium, Indian hemp and belladonna. The material being dried is rolled into scented paper and sold to indiscreet children and weak-kneed grown people, who rapidly acquire a jaundiced complexion, a weak heart and a worthless constitution. Now you don't wonder that I detest the thing."

No, we didn't, and we immediately decided that we wouldn't in the future as much as touch one of these imbecile delights with a forty-foot pole.

"Clear Havana Cigars" "La Cadena" and "La Flora" Instruct upon having these brands. May offer especially favorable circumstances for driving catarrh out of the system, and every sufferer from this loathsome disease should use Nasal Balm for that purpose. It cures when all other remedies fail, if the directions are faithfully adhered to. A single bottle will convince you of its merit. Sold by dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price—five smaller or 1 large size bottle. G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health. Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

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For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

with this suffering fearfully we tried every remedy we could get our hands on, but it was all in vain. We were almost despaired when we saw in the paper an advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla. We bought a bottle and gave it to our little girl. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few weeks her head became perfectly clear of the sores. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficial? HOOD'S PILLS cure liver illa, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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PILEKONE A POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES. Application painless and easy. Relief immediate. This preparation fills a great and long-felt want among those who suffer from piles. It is a remedy of the highest merit, effective and reliable, and has more than met the anticipations of those physicians who have used it in their practice. PILEKONE IS A POSITIVE CURE when other treatments fail to relieve. Testimonials furnished. Price \$1. For sale by druggists, or by mail on receipt of price. W. T. STRONG, Manufacturing Chemist, 181 Dundas street, London, Ont.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Areas must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, May 6, 1893.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE FANATIC.

Alderman Bell of Toronto is one of the most blatant of those fanatics who see danger to Canada in the fact that Catholics are permitted to live in this Dominion.

At every anti-Catholic meeting held in or around Toronto he is sure to be one of the principal talkers, and he can emit an inconceivable amount of nonsense in an incredibly short time.

He is thoroughly appreciated in Toronto, and his influence is very small whether in the City Council, or any other capacity. He was very suitably set up as one of the standard-bearers of the defunct Equal Rights party at the last general local elections, and was left by the electors to attend to his own business at home.

Mr. Bell was interviewed a few days ago by one of the reporters of the Toronto Evening News in reference to recent criticisms of Mr. James L. Hughes on his inflammatory speeches at the Orange Grand Lodge meeting held some time ago at Orangeville.

Mr. Hughes was for long a co-worker with Mr. Bell, and as long as the two were in harmony, the doughy alderman considered that there was no greater patriot in the world than Mr. Hughes.

It will be remembered, however, that Alderman Bell was not able to convince the brethren at the Orangeville meeting that he is himself the disinterested patriot he represents himself to be, and Mr. Hughes, who has definitely abandoned the movement to establish a new political party on no-Popery lines, was elected to the Ontario Grand-Mastership by an overwhelming majority, against Alderman Bell's most strenuous opposition.

The consequence is a refreshing coolness between the two, and at the recent interview, in reply to a question to the effect, "Why did the stalwarts not take him (Mr. Hughes) up," Mr. Bell said:

"My reason was, and I think I can safely speak for the stalwarts, that he has swallowed himself. At the Orangeville meeting, called by the County Orange Lodge, he moved this resolution: 'That as the Roman Catholic Church is a political organization, and as the Dominion of Canada and of the various Provinces of which it is composed show clearly the subservience of both the Conservative and Reform parties to the Church of Rome, and as this political ascendancy of the Church of Rome is secured by the agency of a corporate vote, the time has come when it is the manifest duty of true Protestants to organize on a distinct political platform whose object shall be the defence of civil and religious liberty, the securing of equal rights for all the subjects of Her Majesty in the Dominion, and the prevention of the political ascendancy of Romanism.'

"In support of that he spoke for three quarters of an hour. Here is an extract from his speech which gives the whole pith of it: 'It is not a choice between Conservatism and Romanism, but between British domination and a party of right and justice.'

"He urged the formation of a third party," said Ald. Bell, "and declared it could be made a success. Why, he stated, 'some one has said this agitation will die out like a fire of straw. Do you believe it?' The audience shouted, 'No,' and Mr. Hughes emphatically said the same thing."

He added that Mr. Hughes was then right: "The Equal Rights party has not died out like a fire of straw except in so far as he is concerned himself. McCarthy has taken up the principle, and I believe he will win on it. It has not died out with me. I am still in that line. I do not believe Mr. Hughes is, and therefore I did not support him."

Alderman Bell has now had several convincing proofs that the public do not appreciate him at so high a value as he sets upon himself, and nothing can better serve to show the pettiness of the movement which is being boomed by Messrs. McCarthy, Bell, Douglas, Armour and others of their kind, than the low esteem in which these gentlemen are held by those who know them best. It is also evident that it is not for his tariff policy that Mr. McCarthy found so large a number ready to welcome him and laud his course in the Toronto Auditorium.

The declarations of his supporters, and the points which they applauded in his speech, show that they are animated solely by hatred of Catholics, and this is the policy on which alone they are to be judged. It is a promising sign, creditable to the Protestants of Ontario, that there

are comparatively few disposed to assist in exciting religious, sectional and racial animosity in the political field. Outside of Ontario these issues have not succeeded in exciting the enthusiasm of even a corporal's guard of followers.

MARGARET L.

As we said in a previous issue, Margaret L. Shepherd is a business woman. She advertises her entertainments somewhat after the same fashion as Barnum and Forepaugh. For street announcements it is always well to use brilliant sentences containing very long words, the meaning of which is not quite clear to the casual reader.

We have often seen unsophisticated persons gazing in astonishment at the wonderful pictures, together with the announcement that the show was an agglomerated constellation of brilliant stars whose performances were the wonder of the world, and all who saw the thrilling scenes within the canvas stood aghast at the marvellous and entrancing sights of the six great shows in one tent.

Margaret almost equals this, for in her bill of last Saturday she announces the "Return of Margaret L. Shepherd, nee Sister Magdalene Adelaide of Consecrated Penitent of the Seven Dolours, at the Grand Opera House." We pity our simple-minded Protestant fellow-citizens who feel like patronizing Margaret, in their weary efforts to understand this meaningless announcement; but we fancy most of them will not bother about the meaning, and simply conclude, as a boy going to the circus, that there is something tremendous in the title with which Margaret has decorated herself.

She publishes, too, an extract from a paper called the *Altoona Independent*, the editor of which must be a person of the same mental calibre as the publisher of the *Trombone of Liberty*, printed in an outlying ward of our fair city of London. She is described as a delicate and fragile woman, and the writer showed his good taste and gallantry by placing her age at about thirty.

The eternal gratitude of Margaret must surely go out to the *Altoona* man for the very nice things he has written about her.

The most thrilling announcement on the programme, however, is the wind-up, which is as follows:

"The vital question of the hour before the nation, Cardinal Satolli's mission and the great struggle to give the Pope supreme temporal power on the 5th day of September, 1893."

Now we do think that Margaret has a spite against Chicago, for she must know that the prospect of such an event happening will most surely injure the World's Fair. If she had put the date a couple of months further on (say the 5th of November, of glorious, pious and immortal memory, as it were!) it would be the means of bringing many more millions into the treasury of the exhibition and the pockets of the Chicago business men.

The Protestants of the world will now we suppose take time by the forelock and prepare for the 5th of September, for on that day the Swiss Guard of the Vatican will move in battle array on the universe and mow down all who refuse to bend the knee to Leo.

She is courageous, too, is Margaret, for she challenges prelates and priests to deny, if they can, the reliability of her charges. This smacks somewhat of Marquis of Queensbury rules and gate money, as Father Lambert lately put it in replying to the challenge of an infidel. Doubtless she would feel very happy were her challenge accepted, but we need scarcely say that no Catholic will take the time or trouble to worry Margaret, and thus add interest to her variety show. They will leave her alone in all her glory and allow honors to be showered upon her by such men as that little Lord George Gordon in plaster of Paris, Mayor Essery, who presented her with a Bible on Sunday evening, 23rd ult., a complimentary address having been previously read by the editor of the *Trombone of Liberty*.

We may here remark that Margaret's audiences consist, for the most part, of uneducated emigrants who dearly love a mug of beer and hate the Pope for the glory of God.

The May number of the *Carmelite Review*, published at Falls View, Ont., by the Carmelite Fathers, has just come to hand. It is full of good things and will be a welcome visitor in the Catholic home. We are pleased to hear that the great success which has attended its publication will warrant an enlargement at an early day.

A BIGOT'S COMPLAINT.

The Rev. General S. T. Morgan, who ceased to be the United States Indian Commissioner on the advent of President Cleveland into power, has given new proofs of his hostility to Catholics in the position he has accepted since his resignation of his office under the Government. He now figures as Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society; and under this character he appeals to the people of the United States to support the Republican party, upon the plea that Catholic influences defeated Harrison at the last presidential election. He says also that Catholics wish to take control of the Government of the country.

The last statement is calculated to cause much amusement among thinking people. It is quite the custom for bigots of Morgan's stamp to make such assertions, and we have plenty of such on our own side of the boundary line too. The ignorant believe these just as they would spook-stories. People of common-sense or education of course do not believe them, but if they have an object to gain thereby unprincipled educated men like Colonel or Rev. Morgan are quite ready to propagate them; and it seems to be a favorite pastime for preachers of certain sects to do so, among whom we may specify the Baptists, Col. Morgan's denomination.

But we observe with some gratification that Col. Morgan acknowledges that the Catholics of the United States have not been quelled or cowed by the no-Popery agitation which has been carried on of late by the revived Know Nothings who are operating under the mask of the A. P. A.

Ex-President Harrison, we have reason to believe, was too high-minded to encourage the dark-lantern methods of the A. P. A.; but many of his lieutenants did so, and his defeat by the most decisive majority ever given at a presidential election was the consequence.

Dark-lantern methods may be successful temporarily, and locally, but they cannot succeed with an intelligent population of considerable extent, and we have no fear that methods which have failed where Catholics are only 15 1/2 per cent. of the population, will succeed in Canada where we are 41 1/2 per cent.

The P. P. A. of Canada are permitted to take note of this.

THE CONSPIRATORS ASTONISHED.

There was great consternation in the ranks of the P. P. A. Anarchists last week because of our having published in full the ritual which they use in their lodges. We have also been informed that the great mass of our intelligent and respectable Protestant fellow-citizens were astonished and indignant to find that such a nest of unlovely plotters existed in our midst.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago a copy of the oath of this association was scattered throughout the city, and the leaders had published in the *Free Press* an article calculated to mislead the public as to the real objects of the P. P. A. A close reading, however, revealed the fact, as we said before, that the explanation proved to be merely the oath sand-papered. The publication of the entire ritual has now shown these men to be hypocrites, and, we must say it, liars as well.

Knowing the character of the leaders as we do, we are not surprised at their conduct—one a briefless lawyer possessing a vocabulary that would make a fishwife run for her life; one a broken-down merchant now trying to make a living by preaching the gospel of peace from his lips while the gospel of devilish hate envelops his heart; one a retired informer who is willing to take up any little job, no matter how dirty, if he can make a few dollars at it; one a spiritualist who is ready to join anything for revenue, and another a soured and disappointed politician who imagines that the Pope and Popery stand in the way of his occupying a position of eminence—these are the men who have planted this abominable conspiracy in our midst.

It is to be regretted that they have succeeded in drawing into their lodges a considerable number of ignorant persons who are predisposed to hate their Catholic fellow-citizens on general principles.

The head-pushers we have mentioned are not, however, alone to blame, for the firebrand preachers, chiefly of the Baptist and Methodist denominations, are largely responsible for the bad blood which now prevails

amongst us. If, in season and out of season, they preach misrepresentation from their pulpits concerning the Catholic Church and say that the Catholic priests and people are not to be trusted, what other result may be expected? And they need not be surprised if the lash of public scorn will some day fall swiftly and heavily upon their shoulders.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

At a time when the ridiculous Equal Rights like Rev. Mr. Riggsby, Mr. Dalton McCarthy and the *Mail* are so witty in poking fun at the French-Canadians as ignorant and priest-ridden, it is refreshing to find the following notice of Jean Baptiste's doings in a well-informed paper like the *Montreal Star*:

"The French-Canadians of Montreal and suburbs can give their English-speaking contemporaries a first class lesson in sagacity. The French-Canadians everywhere realize that the two languages are essential to success in the commercial life of this country. The result is, the French-Canadians are learning to speak and read English with extraordinary rapidity. Most intelligent French-Canadians to-day read one or more English papers. Thus they are equipping themselves for success in commerce. There never was a time in the history of Canada when French-Canadians were in such demand in English business houses as they are to-day. Consequently English-speaking employes in important establishments find it hard to complete because the French-Canadian has both languages, while the Englishman has only one. Bravo, Jean Baptiste!"

We may remark in addition that it is not of late that the French-Canadians became so alert as to learn the two languages. It has been known since long before Confederation that nearly all the French-Canadians, and only a few British Canadian members of Parliament were able to speak fluently in either language. Is it to make the French-Canadians as ignorant as themselves that McCarthyites wish to abolish the French language?

A PERSISTENT ENEMY.

The *Mail*, of Toronto, is a vigorous hater, and its hatred is all nicely sugar-coated. The editor would not, for the world, write a vulgar word, but in choice language he expresses from day to day an almost satanic venom against everything Catholic, everything Irish, and everything French. The principal reason he advances why Home Rule should not be granted to Ireland is because the men of wealth in the country are opposed to it. It is quite true that a large number of landlords and capitalists are bitterly antagonistic to any change, but a little reflection will convince any reasonable man that that is not sufficient reason why Home Rule should not be granted. In all ages and in all countries in the world when legislation having for object the amelioration of the condition of the masses was about to be enacted we find the soulless capitalists, the lords, the dukes and the dukes—the unproductive class, who imagine the Lord created the rest of humanity for their sole use and benefit—were bitterly opposed to any departure from the established order of things. The slave-holders in the Southern States were, before the war, men of wealth, and they rose in rebellion when there appeared to be a prospect of slavery being abolished. Very similar is the order of things in the Green Isle, as indeed for many a long day the condition of its people has been as miserable as was the condition of the blacks before the war. Slavery in Ireland is about to be abolished, and hence there is a great outcry at the prospect of loss on the part of the landlords, the slave-drivers of the Lansdowne type. It is well also to remember that about half a century ago the Family Compact in Canada were men of wealth and influence and they were at that time as bitterly opposed to Home Rule for Canada as are now the majority of the wealthy class in Ireland. Were these men permitted to have their own way the Dominion would still be ruled from Downing street.

Our contemporary is also in the habit of pointing the finger of scorn at the Irish people and their representatives, claiming that they are persons to whom it would not be safe to entrust the reins of Government. This opinion is solely dictated by Orange hate. Everyone knows that, man for man, the Irish people and their members of Parliament may be compared very favorably with the English people and the English members. But if we, for the sake of argument, grant this contention, what will be proved thereby? Simply this, that English rule in Ireland has been a failure, that it has not succeeded in elevating the people to the high standard they should occupy; and we will have here a still further reason why they should be granted a Parliament of their own.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

The murderous attacks made by the Belfast Orangemen upon the Catholic workmen and Mr. Connolly's tavern, of which we gave an account last week, has been curiously enough made the text of numerous editorials by anti-Home Rule journalists pointing out the danger of granting Home Rule lest it might be the occasion of a protracted civil war. We are told that the men of Ulster will not endure to be governed by a Dublin Parliament, and that, therefore, for their accommodation, the whole country should be ruled by the Parliament sitting in London, which has never yet found time to attend to Irish affairs.

It is now plainly to be seen that the pretence hitherto made use of that a Catholic majority would tyrannize over the Protestant minority is a mere sham. It has never been the case in any part of Ireland that Catholics made on their fellow-workmen a murderous onslaught like that which has been made by the Belfast rioters on their Catholic neighbors; but such riots as the present one have been a common occurrence, scarcely a year passing without the perpetration of similar outrages, though not usually on quite so large a scale. In fact it is now seen that it is not the majority in Ireland will trample on and oppress the minority, that the Orangemen oppose Home Rule, and that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Arthur Balfour back them up, but lest the minority be deprived of the power they have so long exercised, to oppress the majority. Belfast—and indeed the lowest rabble of Belfast are to dictate to all Ireland. This is what the opposition to Home Rule means.

Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury have maintained in their speeches that an oppressed minority have the right to take up arms against the rule of the majority "under certain circumstances." They did not deign to say what circumstances were needed to give the right, but we can easily see that they consider the Orange minority very much oppressed indeed if they are not allowed to practice their innocent amusement of murdering Catholics, driving them from their work and wrecking their houses.

Now these Tory leaders have the satisfaction of seeing that their incendiary speeches have borne fruit. Their dupes have risen in insurrection, and have made the attempt to put down Home Rule by force of arms. Of course if Mr. Connolly's tavern had been destroyed, Protestantism would have been amply vindicated! What a pity these defenders of ascendancy did not succeed in their purpose! The barbarous police interfered, and the "last ditches" where the noble descendants of the defenders of Derry promised to have left their bodies, have unfortunately not become the sepulchres of the thousands of martyrs who were to have died in defence of religious liberty, to the tune of "Croppies lie down" and "No Surrender."

The fact is that about eight hundred Catholics were driven from their work by ten or fifteen thousand armed Orangemen, who then took possession of Peter's Hill for blocks, refusing to be dislodged by the police, but when a few companies of the Devonshire soldiers marched up the hill with bayonets glistening in the sun, the Orangemen prudently dispersed, after about three days' rioting, and nothing has been heard since of armed resistance to Home Rule.

But these braves were told that the English soldiers would fraternize with them. There was not the least appearance of this fraternization, and the Catholics of Belfast have shown every confidence that the Government will protect them, Mr. Morley having given orders that the police should protect Catholics and friendly Protestant workmen engaged in escorting their Catholic fellow-workers to and from their work.

A notable feature of this war is that Grand-Master Kane has issued a "half-hearted appeal to the Orangemen, in God's name to stand steady until their leader blows the trumpet, when all over sixteen years of age are to prepare for battle in behalf of faith and freedom."

It is noteworthy, moreover, that instead of this bloodthirstiness of the Belfast Orangemen having the effect of rousing the English people to side with them, it has convinced Englishmen that the Catholics of Ulster are the people who need to be protected against the ferocity of the Belfast rioters, and even English Tory newspapers have declared that such rowdiness is not to be tolerated.

WHAT DOES THE FREE PRESS MEAN?

We are astonished to find that our contemporary the *Free Press* of this city has commenced the publication of A. P. A. literature. Our neighbor must surely know that such a course is but adding fuel to the flame of bigotry which now prevails in this city. In its issue of Tuesday last it gave place to a long article from the *Cincinnati Gazette* giving an account of the mobbing of an ex-priest named Rudolph in Lafayette, Ind., together with an interview with a member of the A. P. A., who claims that that society has grown very strong in consequence of the incident referred to. It is quite possible that a number of irresponsible persons, who perhaps claim to be Catholics, created the disturbance in question, but it is not true that Catholics anywhere on the continent are organized for such a purpose. Neither are they banded together with the object of wronging in any respect whatever their Protestant neighbors. This would be contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church, and no Catholic who obeys the voice of the Church would consent to belong to such an organization.

Reference is made to secret revolutionary bodies which existed in some parts of the United States, and to which has been attributed some serious crimes; but it is well to remember that the Church had long ago placed the ban of her disapproval upon these organizations and refused the sacraments to their members. It is obvious, therefore, that it would be ridiculous to censure the Church because these men claim to be Catholics. Those who call themselves Catholics and are guilty of crime, violence and other wrong-doing are the worst enemies of the Catholic faith. We will not say one word in defence of those who attacked Rudolph, and it is well they have been punished for their misconduct.

Those who patronize the lectures given by such characters are, however, guilty of a crime against morals, and though the law cannot reach them in this respect, they deserve, and no doubt will receive, the contempt of all honorable and right-thinking citizens. Rudolph is an ex-priest, and like all the other ex's, he took the platform against the Catholic Church because it was an easy and lucrative profession. So that our readers may know what manner of man he is we append the following letter concerning him from Vicar-General Houck, of the diocese of Cleveland:

"In the *Leader* and in his open letter to the Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann, George P. Rudolph states that he was never suspended from the priesthood, nor excommunicated. I beg leave to state he was suspended from all the functions of the priesthood by the Right Rev. Bishop Gilmore, on June 9, 1881. On July 14, 1881, Professor Rudolph, according to his published statement, went through the marriage ceremony before a civil magistrate. Every Catholic knows that suspension is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on a priest, and is inflicted only for the gravest reasons. It is also well known to those conversant with the laws of the Catholic Church that any priest attempting marriage by a civil magistrate, and is suspended from all the functions of the priesthood. This excommunication Professor G. P. Rudolph incurred when he attempted marriage with his housekeeper on July 14, 1881, as above stated. You will oblige us kindly by publishing this in answer to the professor's bold assertions."

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR AND THE FANATICS.

A new incident has been made the occasion for the anti-Popery Association of London, England, to exhibit their fanatical hatred against the Catholic Lord Mayor of the city, Mr. E. Stewart Knill. At the banquet recently given by him to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Pope before that of the Queen, and the bigots have in consequence sent a petition to the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Gladstone to have him removed from office. They accuse the Lord Mayor of treason for placing the Pope's name before that of the Queen, but they have been snubbed as they deserved for their fanatical interference.

It is not through any disrespect to the Queen that her name was placed second on the list of toasts; but as the Pope is a spiritual sovereign, the respect paid to whom is of a spiritual character, it is an acknowledgment that as God is above man, and heaven above earth, so religion is above temporal matters. The authority of the Pope represents the authority of God over the Christian conscience, and all temporal authority is secondary to it in importance. Hence if any earthly foreign potentate were to be honored by a toast offered to him, his name would of course be placed after that of the Queen whose authority is paramount in her own dominions; but it has always been the custom everywhere in Christendom to give the precedence of honor to the Pope in consequence

quence of his the sphere of above all ear The namin a recognition all monarchy But it is n that the cust this principl into promin prompted the Popery as and the Quee at all banque ants propose any reason to the Church. Supreme I throughout t no individual the represen is highly i name should any local c his office, su Canterbury, the case is of of the Pop though Cat Queen first local Archb would be alv recognition highest imp concerns m It is to b Queen is th England, y name of the ence amou of the princ In the sam them to spe the Church it is in th proposd at including O of cour the deavoin and to misr edge the ju all thoug Protestan when Cath Pope, the lawful au simply a temporal i EL It is qu the emigr years past England Like those the sparro of a desire other livin a colony o feel that povers a they set fo seems as opinion t natives h bound to case mor we are i pockets of of these this is doin, the bette

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quence of his universal authority in the sphere of Religion, which ranks above all earthly things.

The naming of the Pope first is thus a recognition that God is supreme over all monarchy. But it is not only among Catholics that the custom prevails to recognize this principle, and this fact brings into prominent relief the bigotry which prompted the complaint of the no-Popery association.

It is to be remarked, too, that the Queen is the head of the Church of England, yet in spite of this fact the name of the Church would take precedence among Protestants in recognition of the principle on which Catholics act.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is quite apparent that many of the emigrants who have for a few years past been sent to Canada from England are not a desirable class.

"A FRAUD UNMASKED. The Career of Margaret L. Shepherd, 'Ex-Romanist,' 'Ex-Nun,' 'Ex-Penitent' and Bigamist. Her own Confession Attested by Most Reliable Witnesses."

A rumor is current that Mr. Dalton McCarthy has become heart-sick of the Third Party business, and has returned to his home with the determination to attend solely to the practice of his profession.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has a strong ally in the redoubtable Mrs. Margaret Shepherd. She believes that Mr. McCarthy is the man destined to put an

end to Popery in Canada. Perhaps she would be glad to live under Canadian law if Popery were abolished, and at the same time the Popish law of marriage which allows only one husband and wife to live together.

CHURCH Union is the question now widely discussed in periodicals. Writers with more sentiment than theology are inventing schemes as futile as they are unpractical.

NOWHERE in the United States have the labors of the Catholic Church been blessed with more abundant fruit than in the New England States.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR made an amusing blunder in sending to the Kilrush Town Commissioners his congratulations on a resolution which they had passed, which he had construed against the Home Rule Bill.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON, the political gymnast of the Tory party, is doing much good in bringing prominently before the public the services Irish Catholics have rendered to England.

POPE LEO XIII., eager to show his love for aught that concerns humanity, has sent some very interesting historical documents to the World's Fair at Chicago; and it were reasonable considering the large part the Church has taken in the discovery of America.

It is a fact worthy of notice that Queen Victoria during her recent visit to Italy did not go to Rome to pay her respects to King Humberto, though the latter invited her most cordially and did all in his power to obtain from England's sovereign even this dubious recognition of the base means by which his father, Victor Emmanuel, got possession of the Eternal City.

The Toronto Mail has become very

solicitous for the welfare of the Irish Catholic Unionists who joined in petitioning the Government against the Home Rule Bill. It points to the fact that among the signers of the petition, which declares that Home Rule would be prejudicial to the Catholic religion, there is a son of Daniel O'Connell, which is true, but he is a degenerate son of a noble father.

THE Brownists, or Congregationalists, of London, England, held a demonstration in Hyde Park on 8th April, in honor of Barrows, Penny and Greenwood, who were executed just three hundred years ago by Queen Elizabeth for following their own ideas on religion, and not conforming to the English Church, which the Queen helped to establish for the use of the people of England.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR made an amusing blunder in sending to the Kilrush Town Commissioners his congratulations on a resolution which they had passed, which he had construed against the Home Rule Bill.

"I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 3rd inst., enclosing a resolution passed at a special meeting of the Kilrush Town Commissioners strongly condemning the Home Rule Bill. I note with great gratification the energetic protest which those who desire to see preserved unimpaired the existing constitution of the United Kingdom, on which the prosperity of Ireland so largely depends, have made against the ruinous proposals of Mr. Gladstone's Government.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON, the political gymnast of the Tory party, is doing much good in bringing prominently before the public the services Irish Catholics have rendered to England.

It is already well known to Your Lordships that of the troops which Our Gracious Sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command at various periods during the year, at least one-half were Roman Catholics.

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AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER REBUKES THE CONSPIRATORS.

The Members of the A. P. A. and the P. P. A. Shown in Their True Colors—A Scathing Denunciation of Their Dark-Lantern Methods.

A few weeks ago we printed a condensed report of an article written by Rev. John Williams, pastor of St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church, Omaha, Neb., in his newspaper, the Parish Messenger.

The "patriots" who have all at once sprung up all over the land to save American institutions from the grasp of the Pope, have, or appear to have, a corner on all true American spirit and love of this glorious land of the free.

It is true the constitution and laws of this land make no such test of Americanism, and until they do it would seem perfectly competent for any citizen, native or foreign-born, to love or hate the Pope as he sees fit, provided he refrains from interfering with his neighbor's lawful right to do the exact opposite.

But our new "Americans" proceed solemnly to declare that every man who will not swear with them, and train with them is no true American at all. He is a slave to the Pope; he is a tool to the Roman hierarchy; he is "bought up"; he is courting the favor of the Catholics; or, most dreadful of all, he is a Jesuit in disguise.

Well, if it actually lay between the two, between our becoming indeed a Jesuit, or becoming one of the secret, oath-bound political association whose only bond of union is religious hate, intimately bound up with the desire of public plunder, then we should not hesitate five minutes as to the resolution at which we should arrive.

OUR POSITION.

Our position is simply that of Christian manhood. For every purpose of this debate we stand simply as a man and as a Christian, utterly laying aside for the time every contention that may exist between Canterbury and Rome; just as we would lay aside every contention that might exist between Canterbury and Geneva, if it were the Presbyterian Church that was attacked by such anti-Christian defamation as that with which the American assaults Roman Catholics week after week.

The Roman contention and the Jesuit position are perfectly open to the world. Neither Rome nor the Jesuits seek to conceal it. So far as that differs from Anglican Christianity, minus Anglican prejudice, we must relegate the task of defending it to other hands.

But over and above what it pleases the Americans to say of Roman Catholics, as to their personal character, it pleases it also to smail what is,

what should be, sacred to every real Christian, of whatever name or country. The American is pleased to say that it will not impugn our motives or our Christianity. We care not. For our own personality in this debate we care not a straw. We stand simply as a man to denounce the unmanly warfare which the American wages on Christian womanhood; as a Christian to denounce its infidel attack on principles that are common both to Catholic and to Protestant Christianity; as an American citizen, not by the accident of birth indeed, but by the deliberate choice of our manhood, to denounce the utterly un-American methods of an alien organization, that seeks, not only to infringe the right of citizens of the Republic to earn their own living honestly, or to serve in public station, or to worship God as they see fit, but which also seeks to impair the liberty of other citizens by the imposition of secret oaths, so that they are no longer free and untrammelled, to vote as judgment and conscience may dictate, without having hanging over them the baleful shadow of a violated oath.

Accused surely would be the Irish heart, or the Irish hand that could plot or uplift itself against the sacred folds of the banner that floats in azure above the land that saved the Irish people from perishing wholly, on the bleak, wind-swept hillsides of poor, wretched, landlord-cursed Ireland.

But Roman Catholics are aiming to bring America into spiritual subjugation to the Bishop of Rome! Who ever doubted that? Of course they are. That is their sacred right, guaranteed them by the Constitution. But in this they are doing no more and no less than what any other class of religionists, or anti-religionists are doing, if they have a spark of earnestness about them.

When the Roman Church wins over the majority in this land it will have the unquestioned right, on democratic principles, to govern the nation. If the rest of us are alive and do not like it, we can immigrate to Africa or elsewhere, where the Pope has not yet extended his sway, if there should be any such country left unconquered by the Omnipotent Jesuits.

Whenever they resort to unlawful methods, the courts are open, and Americans have a very swift way of dealing with treason. As for accusing Roman Catholics of treason because they hope, and are seeking, to convert this land to their faith, that is the bitter prompting of their hereditary enemies. We are all seeking to win the land to our views, religious or otherwise. And the Roman Catholics would be double-dyed traitors to their faith and to their country if they did not try to do it. If they are seeing to do it in any other way than as the laws of the land will permit then let it be proven against them, and let the unlawful crusade be brought to an end.

The American asks us to make answer to a long string of questions

which it says it asked Bishop Scannell some months ago without receiving reply. Of course it received no reply. It surely did not expect to receive a reply to its wretched, insulting questioning. Neither are we under any sort of necessity to answer it now, even if we held any faculty from Bishop Scannell to speak for the Roman Catholic Church, which we certainly do not. But if Bishop Scannell will permit us just for the time to stand in the place, we will consent to answer the American's questions:

Does not the Roman Catholic Church hold that persons married outside the influence of said Church—those married by ministers of other denominations and by civil officers—are NOT LEGALLY MARRIED?

Answer. No, the Roman Catholic Church holds nothing of the sort. But if it did, it would be doing nothing worse than that which William of Orange and his successors did, by English law, until a very recent period. Within our own lifetime it was necessary for Roman Catholics and other Non-conformists to be married by an Anglican clergyman in order to be legally married. Before the wife of even a private soldier who was fighting under England's flag, could draw half pay, she had to be married by an Anglican priest, even though she were already married by a Roman Catholic priest, or a dissenting minister. Her marriage was not legal otherwise.

Surely an Orangeman ought not to quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church for doing what England used to do. But the Roman Church takes no such absurd position. It would have to fling the dark stain of illegitimacy across the brows of too many illustrious sons whom it has won from Anglicanism and Protestantism if it did it.

Does it not hold that the wives of ALL men so married are CONCUBINES, and their children are illegitimate?

Answer. No; but if it did, that is what English law did a generation ago to Roman Catholics married outside of the pale of the Anglican Church. It is what the American would doubtless be glad to see done here and now to them, if its envenomed hate could have its way.

Do you not believe and teach that the Pope has power to absolve from all sins, and FROM OATHS OF ALLEGIANCE?

Answer. Let the question be divided. To the first half, yes, sub-conditionally, as a Jesuit might say. When penitence intervenes between the sinner and his sin the Roman Church teaches that the Pope can absolve from all sins. Otherwise God Himself cannot absolve from sin, for it would be contrary to His justice and nature to do it. But the Protestant ministerial attache of the American would do as much as the Pope and more, for the latter generally suffers the transgressor to endure the pains of purgatory, while the Protestant ministerial attache sends him straight to heaven the moment he dies. If the editor of the American believes in a heaven or a hell at all, and had opportunity we are quite sure he would also send the vilest sinner straight to heaven as soon as he found grace sufficient to take the "patriotic" oath. But woe betide the unfortunate Jesuit, though he were a St. Francis Xavier in holiness of life, who had to depend on him for absolution in order to scale the heights of heaven!

As to absolving subjects from their allegiance the power to do that used to be asserted by the Popes and the right has never been formally abandoned; but if the American would only take the time to make a historical pause for a minute or two, the power to absolve subjects from their allegiance to their sovereign was not an exclusively Papal claim in these by-gone times. The subjects of Mary Queen of Scots were absolved from their allegiance by John Knox and the Scotch Presbyterians. The subjects of Charles I. of England were absolved from their allegiance by the Presbyterian divines, and Charles' own head cut off without the slightest question as to the Divine right of a Protestant minister to give absolution for treason to a sovereign. The subjects of James II. were absolved from their allegiance and his crown given without scruple to the American's patron saint, William of Orange, whose "glorious, pious and immortal memory" is being held in devout contemplation among us to this day, by processions, band, banners, and such like things.

In olden times Popes and other ministers used to claim extraordinary powers, which sometimes were used well, and sometimes not well. But to make bugaboos of these things when the world has swept by them is only worthy of "patriots" of the American order. There is not a Roman Catholic country in the world to-day in which the Pope would dare attempt to dethrone the ruler of it; and here in America when the citizens wish to be released from their allegiance to their own flag and constitution, they have already the power in their own hands. They will not be at all apt to go abroad a century ago for absolution when they released themselves from their allegiance to King George.

Do you not believe and teach that all who die without embracing that religion are damned, and that they all go to hell?

Answer. No, the Roman Catholic Church teaches no such merciless doctrine. John Calvin it was and his disciples who taught that the vast majority of the human race were hopelessly condemned to eternal flames. William of Orange was a disciple of Calvin, and as he is the American's patron saint, by whom it swears, it ought to be fair-minded enough to admit that according to Roman Catholic teaching an innumerable host will be among the redeemed in Heaven, who are often

signed to everlasting flames by Orange teaching.

Is it not a fact that your Church is seeking to destroy the efficiency of our Public school system?

Answer. A question to help fire the great American heart, and one calculated to help the Orange contingent "to offset the Irish in American politics," and to withdraw American sympathy from Ireland's dreams and aspirations. But the question is too vague for us to answer with a categorical yes or no.

The Roman Catholic Church is straining every nerve to do for all its children, even the poorest, what every other religious body, respectable in numbers, is seeking to do for the children of their well-to-do people.

It is building its own schools, and seeking to gather them up in its own principles of religion and morality. If that be a crime, then we are all guilty in principle as the Roman Catholics. In Lincoln there are four or more Protestant schools or colleges side by side with Public schools and the State University.

At Crete there is a Congregational college; at Hastings there is, we believe, a Presbyterian college; at Kearney there is an Episcopal grammar school; and here we have our Brownell Hall; besides, all over the land, religious and non-religious private schools are springing up everywhere, and those well-to-do Protestants, who are able to pay for it, are withdrawing their children from the Public schools to send them to these schools, as they have the lawful right to do.

Roman Catholics are simply following the logic of their principles, and at a vast sacrifice are following out the dictates of their consciences. The rest of us are doing it haltingly, and in the interest of special classes only.

But Roman Catholics are asking for a division of the school funds, or at least for release from taxation, in favor of their schools.

Well, they violate no law, and no just principles, in making that request, so far at least as asking to be exempt from burdensome taxation for the support of schools which they do not use, and where they stand ready to give such a secular education to their children as the State has a right to require.

If, as Protestants stoutly maintain, the State has no right to levy a tax for the support of religion as it would be a violation of the sacred rights of conscience to compel men to pay for the support of a religion in which they did not believe, how is it wrong for Roman Catholics to claim that it is a violation of conscience to be forced to support a system of education that is confessedly opposed to the interests of their religion.

Protestants and infidels assert that the Public schools, in their inevitable trend, are opposed to the Roman Catholic religion. Roman Catholics believe it. We ourselves have no shadow of doubt but that they are, and opposed as well to all other forms of the Christian religion.

Why then should it be a crime in Roman Catholics to claim the right to educate their own children in their own faith, and to be exempt from taxation for the support of Protestant children?

Of course, it is entirely competent for the majority to refuse the Roman Catholics' plea, because of the manifest difficulty of the case; but, as things are, the Public school system, as conducted at present, is a menace to the Christian religion in any form. The wretched misery of our shattered Christianity has delivered up the education of our youth to secularism, pure and simple, to the manifest glory of infidelity.

Of course, we are very well aware of the plea that Christian schools do not always succeed in sending forth Christians from them. It is very true. But neither do Christian Sunday schools, neither do Christian homes.

But for all that we would hardly be willing to maintain that Sunday schools and homes without a Christian atmosphere and Christian training are a bad, or an unnecessary thing to have.

If any one would like to observe the difference between the trend of Christian, and of secular education in our own city, we would suggest to him to attend the commencement exercises of both Crougton College and the High School, and note the trend of the essays on both occasions, as we have done. The one school breathes forth a Christian spirit in almost every instance, the other the purely secular spirit.

We may or may not agree with the special form of Christianity exhibited, but the Christian ethics is in the one case directly exhibited. In the other it is almost invariably absent.

Whether it be treason or not, if we were forced to choose between purely secular training, and Jesuit training, for son of ours, as we look for salvation by the Cross, as we look for salvation by the Cross, we would not hesitate one hour, and that in the cause of both God and country. And yet we rest cheerfully under the Jesuit ban, and are untroubled at being allowed salvation by them, only because of our invincible ignorance of the true Catholic faith. But then we would feel just so with regard to any well-conducted Protestant Christian school, for son of ours, or daughter. To us, a purely secular education, which leaves the youth of our land unsurrounded, day by day, by a Christian atmosphere, is treason both to God and to the State.

If Christians do not see this now, some day their children shall see it. When was the edict of Pius VII. rescinded, etc? Answer: Popes rarely rescind their own, or their predecessors' edicts, although they sometimes do, but they frequently permit them to fall into "innocuous desuetude" with the change of times and circumstances. Pius VII. can scarcely be reckoned among the wisest or best of the Roman Pontiffs.

We have not before us the edict referred to by our inquisitive contemporary, but we are quite sure that the Pope impugned the virtue of the wives of Protestant ministers and others, and the legitimacy of their children from the point of view only of the Canon Law, and of the sacrament of holy matrimony, just as English law, only a little while ago, impugned the lawfulness of marriages performed by a Roman priest, or by a dissenting minister, and the legitimacy of the children born of such marriages.

The same thing to-day, when marriages are solemnized by priest or minister, in neglect or defiance of its provisions. In 1808 the canon law was the law of all Roman Catholic States, and doubtless Pius VII. may have considered it the highest law of every Christian State.

There is no human or Divine necessity resting upon us to defend the Papal view of what the perfection of Christian marriage requires. If Orangemen and other anxious Protestants are disturbed about this far-away Papal judgment as to the lawfulness of their wedlock we are sorry, but we cannot sympathize deeply.

We are quite sure the old Canon Law is not in operative force here now, even among Roman Catholics, and that no Protestant who is the husband of one wife is in the slightest danger of being refused admission to the Roman Church unless he submits to a remarriage. No Roman Catholic Bishop or priest will even call in question the perfect legality of many marriages, which are plainly repugnant to the word of God, and utterly unlawful by every Christian State.

Do not Priests often have men and women confess to them that they have perpetrated serious crimes? Answer: Certainly. Do they not allow them to go their way, after giving them absolution, without informing a policeman of the scoundrel?

Answer. Certainly. And worse, the civil law sustains them in their perfect right to do that dreadful thing. But lawyers and doctors do exactly so, whenever their clients and patients tell them, confidentially of their crimes, in their professional capacity; and the law sustains their right to do so.

Their professional code would pronounce them infamous were they to do otherwise. Are not the Jesuits to-day exactly what they always have been—the worst enemies of the governments which harbor them? Answer. The Jesuits, we presume, are to-day what they have always been. Still we confess to a certain sort of diffidence in revealing this much, while we are in our "Protestant garb."

But we do not think them the worst enemies our own Government has. We would give the palm, in that respect, to men who flaunt their Orange banner in this free land, with the view of stirring up religious passions and mutual hatred between citizens, and run all risk of provoking riot and bloodshed by calumny and insult offered to people, because of their religion ostensibly, but really because they wish to produce a certain effect upon the politics of another nation.

By what process of reasoning do you arrive at the conclusion that the Roman Catholic who has committed the most atrocious crimes and has been hanged, goes straight to the bosom of Christ, while Abraham Lincoln, murdered by a Roman Catholic, goes to hell, and suffers unspeakable agony while time endures? Answer. It is authoritatively denied that Booth was a Roman Catholic; but if he were, his crime would be neither better nor worse than it was, whatever his religion may have been. His crime was prompted by political feeling and not by religious conspiracy.

Bishop Scannell arrives at no such conclusion as that propounded by the *American*. He does not believe that a Roman Catholic convicted of, and hanged for atrocious crimes goes straight to the bosom of Christ; neither does he teach that Abraham Lincoln went straight, or at all, to hell, or that he suffers, or will suffer, unspeakable agonies while time endures. That is intended to be another clever question to fire the American heart, but it is born of utter ignorance of what the Roman Church does teach, either as to bad Catholics or to good Protestants.

But the old-fashioned Calvinists of the William of Orange type would certainly send Abraham Lincoln straight to hell, since he died without making any "profession of religion," and all good works without regeneration are utterly worthless, and deserving of the wrath of God.

Is not Peter Dens' theology a standard work in the Roman Church? Answer. Yes, so we believe. Is it not the most obscure book ever issued. Answer. Peter Dens' moral theology is published in the Latin tongue, and is intended only for priests, and for the use of students in moral theology, in preparation for the priesthood. A book dealing with the sacred functions of life, or with the transgression of their rightful laws is to be considered obscene or otherwise according to the moral purpose of the writer, and the use to which the writer intends to have his book put.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" was excluded from the mails by a prudish officer of the postal service. And yet the book was no doubt written by Tolstol with the one purpose of stripping the veil from the infamous violation of the law of purity which God has ordained for the marriage bed, a violation which is too infamously prevalent.

The Kreutzer Sonata was not an obscene book, for it came from the heart of its author with a high moral purpose. If it were written by Zola it would doubtless be obscene. The motive makes the difference.

A medical treatise on the functions of life and generation, for the proper use of medical students, physicians, and lay people, is not obscene. A pamphlet edition of the same treatise scattered far and wide for greedy gain, for prurient use, would be obscene.

The Bible, which deals most plainly, in some places, with the functions of life, and in condemnation of fleshly sins, is not obscene. But if these passages were culled out from it, and published by hostile infidels, or by prejudiced or low-minded gain-dealers, a good prima facie case could be made out against the purity of Holy Scripture.

It is so with Peter Dens' Moral Theology. Personally we do not think it at all necessary that it should deal, with such particularity, concerning some things that even nature itself should be sufficient for the guidance of any fairly intelligent priest. But however revolting, there is no circumstance, no transgressions of moral law, in relation to natural functions, treated of by Peter Dens, with which priests may not be called to deal, and confess that they ought not to have knowledge. It is written and published under the veil of an unspoken tongue, and for the sole use of men who ought to be able to use it purely, if they are at all fit, morally, for their calling.

Let when the veil is stripped from this work, when it is translated into two tongues in common use, and scattered broadcast by a so-called minister of the gospel, with malignant or mercenary motive, or both, for everybody to read, then it does become obscene and revolting. When the *American* advertises this wretched book and does all it possibly can to put it recklessly into the hands of people for whom it was never intended, then it is guilty of a crime against morality and good citizenship.

It assumes and tries to convey the impression that because a priest is instructed how he is to examine the conscience of men and women who have sinned grossly, therefore he is urged to ply every woman who comes to him in confession with questions which are fit to be asked only of the grossly depraved. Peter Dens distinctly warns priests that they are to be most cautious in approaching the inner life of their penitents, and that they must not go on to the graver questioning, until they have warrant to proceed by what has been already confessed.

The *American* desires, evidently, to convey the impression that priests are urged to inquire into the virtue of every woman, be she wife or maiden, even to the asking of the grossest questions. But that is infamously false, as the editor must know after reading even the scurrilous book which he is infamously circulating with malignant, hateful intent.

What exceeds it in nastiness? This question is already answered. Peter Dens' Moral Theology is veiled from the youth of both sexes, by its publication only in a dead language. The Reverend J. G. White has taken the infamous pains of translating so much of it as may be perverted to a prurient purpose, in cheap pamphlet form, and of scattering it, far and wide, reckless of moral consequences, for the double purpose of reaping the reward of his pain, in mercenary gain, and of flashing the charge of probable lust and dishonor in the face of every Roman Catholic woman in the land. That is both "nasty" and infamous, and for a partner he has the *American*.

In pursuance of their vindictive hate, and their greed of gain, the Rev. J. G. White and the *American* leave no stone unturned, in their endeavor to clothe with infamous dishonor ten millions of our people, and to circulate a literature whose effect upon the Protestant youth of our land cannot be other than low and debasing.

Hitherto America has been peerless among the nations for its manhood's protection of womanhood against wanton insult. "Patriots" of this new type would flash the brand of dishonor in the face of Roman Catholic womanhood everywhere, and would teach our youth to look upon every Roman Catholic priest as a seducer, and upon every Roman Catholic woman as a harlot, be she nun, or wife, or maiden. True, the *American* tries to crawl with protesting that it does not say that all priests are vile, or that all nuns are unchaste. But its vile charges are so generally believed, no man could walk our streets to-day without feeling that those who met her thought of her, as possibly pure, indeed, but as most probably a harlot; neither could any other Roman Catholic woman.

And yet the *American* prates about "free speech," and "the liberty of the press," when Roman Catholics are goaded, by these maddening insults, to inflict personal chastisements upon the foul-mouthed traducers of their women and their ministers! This is not free speech, nor liberty of the press, but vilest slander and libel, and licentiousness of the press, which would not be tolerated for a day if it were put in exercise against any other religious body in the land. Were the *American* to say of individuals, by name, what it says of ten millions of people as a body, its editor would find himself behind the bars of the penitentiary, in short order, for criminal libel, unless it could prove its charges of murder, assassination, treason and licentiousness, which it now flouts in the face of an entire people. That is a peculiarity of our laws. If the *American* were to print an article that would injure the financial credit of a junk dealer, it would have to answer

for it in the courts, but in the lawless libertinism of its Orange hate, it may traduce the honor and virtue of an entire people; to brand their women with dishonor, and the ministers of their religion with licentiousness, and cast the cloud of probable illegitimacy upon every last one of them, and nothing can be done about it, except the people thus dishonored shall turn wisely seek to avenge themselves. If any one outside makes indignant protest, he is at once denounced as a "Jesuit in disguise," or as "a tool of the Roman Catholic hierarchy."

The next three questions we do not care to print in the *Messenger*. It is only necessary to say that, so far as our knowledge and belief run, neither Peter Dens nor any other accredited Roman Catholic writer urges all or any Roman Catholic priest to ask unholily and obscene questions in the Confessional. Roman Catholic priests are, of course, instructed to deal plainly and in the most direct manner with sinful men and women when need arises. But if they are to be faulted for this, if the books which instruct them how to deal with such cases are to be denounced as obscene, then must we give up our Bibles also, for they too speak with terrific plainness of speech as to the fleshly sins that destroy both body and soul. Moreover, infidels do declare that the Bible is obscene; and it is not an unheard-of thing for prurient youth to search out those parts of it that they can debase to their own damnation, just as the disciples of the *American* do with the Rev. J. G. White's version of Peter Dens. There is not the slightest doubt in the world but that a wicked priest may use Peter Dens, and the Bible, alike, to his own damnation, if he will, and to the damnation also of some weak or wicked members of his flock. But that peril is not absent from the lives of Protestant ministers nor from the lives of the brightest lights of the Orange lodge, as recent revelations from Dublin Castle and Belfast can prove?

Why do you not (Bishop Scannell) or some of your associates accept the challenge of the Rev. J. G. White? Answer. Bishop Scannell doubtless remembers the pregnant maxim: "I cannot touch pitch and not be defiled."

Can you prove what he says about your confessionals, and your theologies to be false? We might call the editor of the *American* a thief, a forger, an adulterer, a murderer, and then summon him to prove his innocence on pain of being pronounced guilty. But justice requires that the man who makes the charges be required to prove them, not that the person impeached shall prove his innocence. The Rev. J. G. White has no sufficient way by which he can prove the general corruption of the Confessional. His quotations from Roman works on Moral Theology do not warrant his conclusions. If he were to charge any particular priest or Bishop, by name, with what he charges the priesthood in general, he would have to prove it in a court of justice, or pass behind the bars of a penitentiary. Until he does give proof different from anything he has yet offered, of the general corruption of the Roman Catholic Confessional, every honorable man, Christian or Pagan, should brand him as a reckless, cowardly slanderer of womanhood, and a defamer of Christian ministers whose honor should be held sacred next to that of womanhood.

The Rev. J. G. White is a cowardly slanderer of womanhood, and the *American* is his willing and interested coadjutor. The vile literature that they scatter broadcast cannot fail to deprave the hearts of the young of both sexes, into whose hands it cannot fail to fall.

Now we hope our contemporary will be reasonably well satisfied that it does better not to indulge its propensity for asking insolent questions on subjects which it does not understand. They are yet formidable to the minds of the ignorant and the prejudiced. For ourselves if we need to make apology to the ordinary readers of the *Messenger* for discussing these questions at so sacred a season as this, let it be this, that we have sought only to discharge a public duty in the spirit of the royal law delivered by Him, whose servant we are, namely, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Were our clergy and our people assailed as to their most sacred honor, and no Roman Catholic priest could be found with manly honor sufficient to enter indignant protest against the attempted dishonor, because of the Christianity we professed in common with him, we would despise the Church that could be so bereft of manhood, and mobility of Christian honor. We have discharged the duty of manhood and Christian obligation, with a conscience void of cowardly or prejudiced offense.

The man who called sarsaparilla a fraud, had good reason; for he got hold of a worthless mixture at "reduced rates." He changed his opinion, however, when he began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It pays to be careful, when buying medicines.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man" to L. V. BROS., Ltd., 43 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost a few cents to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

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A SAD CAREER.

Valuable lessons are to be drawn from the recent sad and tragic ending of the life of one of Washington's best-known citizens. One who in his childhood was surrounded by good influences and whose parents were devout Catholics.

It is the old story of the danger of worldly success, when that success is made the sole object of life; for, having obtained the great object for which he lived, he abandoned the faith of his parents, became a Mason, and "half-fellow-well-met" with thousands of his fellow-citizens. In place of becoming a member of some good Catholic society and going to church, for a time, was stopped by his incarceration in jail for the murder of one of his fellow-beings. When released, on the ground of insanity, it was hoped that he would forever turn his back upon the habit that had wrecked his home and brought him before the trial table of a criminal court. Again entering into business, success once more met his efforts, but having lost his faith and ignored the strength to be derived from the Sacraments, his reformation was short lived, and a life which once promised to be so useful closed almost instantaneously.

Sad as this case is it affords lessons that should be impressed upon the minds of the thousands of young men who, when they leave the parental roof, forget their religion and drift into associations that carry them far from the Church. Parents can also derive a valuable lesson from the career of this unfortunate man; that is, the necessity of organizing and maintaining associations for young men where they will be surrounded by good influences and kept away from that element in the business world which recognizes worldly success as the only object of life.—Church News.

The Cross of Christ.

The preaching of the Cross, the imitation of the Passion, the life of sacrifice, the principle of heroism, is not merely the Church's inheritance, but gives her her glorious inspiration and constitutes her undying force. Outside of the Catholic Church the doctrines of the Cross has faded into a vague tradition. There are many who profess to believe in the Son of God, but the mystery of His Cross and Passion has become for them a sentimental abstraction or a cold philosophy. Oh, that those whose hearts can still be stirred by the contemplation of the most wonderful tragedy the world has ever witnessed, might come to learn that there exists on earth a kingdom of souls in which Jesus Christ is loved and worshiped and imitated to them in their forlorn isolation! The life of Christ is the life of His Church, but it is a life purchased by suffering and death. He is risen and is with her still, and as He died and rose again, so she dies with him continually, and rises into a life new and immortal. See! in this nineteenth century she has risen again before your very eyes! Death has no dominion over her.—Rev. James Kent Stone, C. P.

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Fifth Sunday After Easter.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

Yet if he shall continue knocking, I say to you, although he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend; yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth. (St. Luke xi. 8.)

Many people complain that their prayers are not heard. Again and again they have made some special requests for temporal, or it may be even for spiritual, blessings, and nothing seems to have come of these petitions. Others get what they ask for, but they are not so favored; and they almost make up their minds that it is of no use for them to pray. They think, perhaps, that they are too great sinners for God to hear them; or that they do not know how to pray right; or they are even tempted to believe that God's will is not moved by it; that, if any one does seem to get anything by it, it is only by chance, and would have come without it just as well.

Now what can be the reason of the failure of these good people in prayer? Is it, perhaps, because what they asked was really an evil for them, and so God could not in mercy grant it, but had to give them something better instead, which they have not noticed? Or is it that they did not strive to do their best to win what they wanted also by their own exertions as well as by prayer; that they would not put their own shoulder to the wheel? If it was some virtue, such as charity or patience, that they were asking for, and meanwhile took no real pains to cultivate and practise it, no wonder that God would not give it to them. Or, lastly, is the reason for their disappointment that they were praying for others whose will was obstinately set against their prayers? A mother prays for her son, and her prayers are heard, though they may not seem to be granted as he wishes, but he is reared in grace, and he is not promised to send them in such a torrent as to sweep away and break down all opposition, though He may yet do so, if she will only persevere.

Persevere! Ah! that word suggests what may be the real difficulty, the true reason for the seeming uselessness of so many good prayers. They are good as far as they go, but there are not enough of them. The effect that is to come of them is to come all at once; it is like the fall of a tree in the woods under the blows of the axe: the tree will come down, but not at the first, the second, the tenth, or perhaps even the hundredth stroke.

Yes, my brethren, our Lord could no doubt grant our prayers as soon as we made them, but He does not wish to do so. And I think we can see at least two reasons why He does not. First, if He grants what we ask at once we will go off with what He has given us, and have no more to say to Him. And, strange to say, He enjoys our society; He has Himself said His delight is to be with the children of men. So He keeps us around Him, though it be only to tease, as a father would the children he loved, if He could not keep them any other way. And, secondly, He knows that it is good for us to be with Him; and that every time we pray in earnest we come nearer to Him, and our souls become stronger. So it is that, both for His own sake and for our good, He sometimes will not grant our prayers unless we persevere in them for a very long while.

Our Lord has given us to understand this importance of persevering in prayer very plainly in the Gospel read on these days, called Rogation Days, between to-day and the Feast of the Ascension. He represents to us in the parable of this Gospel a man who has gone to bed, and is roused at midnight by a friend who wants to borrow some bread to set before an unexpected guest. He at first tells the disturber to leave him alone; he says he cannot be bothered to get up at such an inconvenient time; he pretends to drop off asleep, and keeps his friend outside knocking and pounding for so long a time that he almost gives it up as useless. "Yet," says our Lord, "if he shall continue knocking, I say to you, although he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

This is the lesson, then, it may be, for those who have had no success at their prayers. They did well to begin, but they did not keep at it long enough. Let them go at it once again, and keep on. Let them ask, and keep asking, and they shall receive; let them seek long enough, and they shall find; let them keep knocking and making a disturbance, and at last the door shall be opened, and they shall obtain what they desire.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What's in a Name.

(S. M. C., in Mess. of the Sacred Heart.) A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Still there may be much and very much in a name. The Holy Catholic Church recognizes this by giving her children in Baptism only the names of her saints, that they may imitate their holy patrons and enjoy their protection.

Of all names surely the name of Mary, the August Queen of Heaven, must be an auspicious one, as the following true sketch will help to show:

"Reuben," said Mrs. Grant, "baby's nearly three weeks old and we haven't thought of a name for her." "What would you like to call her?" "Well, I'd like Mary." "Mary! Why there's not one of your family or mine named Mary. My mother was named Naomi and her mother before her was Ruth, while your mother bore the good old Bible name of Dorcas. What put *Mary* into your head?"

"I'll just tell you, Reuben, only don't laugh at me. I was reading in the Testament on last Sabbath about the Mother of Christ. Her name was Mary, and the angel told her that she was 'full of grace.' I thought what a lovely woman she must be. Then when she was at the marriage at Cana, she was so kind as to notice soon that they needed more wine. I like a woman to be kind and thoughtful, and there's an old superstition that children grow up like those they're named from."

"Well, that's pretty good reasoning, Esther. But for goodness' sake don't tell any of the neighbors whom you named her from. They'd think you'd turn Papist. The Papists believe that those saints they name their children after protect them from danger."

"I'm sure if such a thing is possible, the mother of our Saviour would protect our child. She was so kind when she was on earth."

So the matter was settled and Mrs. Grant's baby was christened Mary. While the young mother looked at her sleeping babe the thought of the other Mary often occupied her mind and at length her longings took this shape: "If it is true that those in heaven can help us on earth, may the Mother of Christ protect my little one!"

"Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Grant, putting her head in at the door of her neighbor's kitchen, "Reuben and I are going to prayer-meeting this evening. Will you just have an eye to baby? If your little Jessie is home she could run in and look at her now and then. I don't think she'll wake, but she might."

"Certainly, Mrs. Grant," said Mrs. Smith, who occupied a couple of rooms just opposite the Grants on the same flat; "I'll see that nothing happens here."

Esther and her husband set out, and after assisting at the prayer-meeting were returning home when they were startled by the cry of "Fire!" "Oh, Reuben! what if it should be Gray's tenement? And the baby—"

"No fear, Esther. It seems to be further north, judging by the speed of the crowd." But further north it was not, and when they turned the next corner they saw flames pouring out of roof and windows of the tenement house in which their home was.

They quickened their pace to a run, and just as they neared the burning building they met Mrs. Smith, her little children clinging to her skirts in terror. Esther grasped her arm "And baby?" she shrieked.

"We just escaped with our lives," said Mrs. Smith hurriedly. "I carried my little boy and gave your baby to Jessie. She carried it safely down two flights but on the third she slipped and fell and a fireman dragged her out insensible. She must have dropped—"

Esther waited to hear no more. She rushed forward and plunged into the burning building in spite of cries and warnings from the crowd and from the firemen, who were just abandoning the doomed house, as the walls were about to fall. Just then a great piece of burning timber came down with a crash, while the remainder of the roof disappeared and the flames redoubled their intensity.

Meanwhile what had become of poor Esther Grant? She rushed in through the ruined doorway and groped along the hall. The burning staircase gave her enough light to distinguish the smallest object.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried, "she is named after you, save her!" Her eyes lighted on a little white bundle at the foot of the stairs. Just then a mass of burning timber fell, hiding it from her view. She sprang forward and thrust aside the blazing fragments, regardless of blistered hands, and picked up the precious bundle clasped it to her breast, then flying through the little passage she emerged from the doorway and fell unconscious to the ground.

A dozen hands raised her up and carried her to a place of safety, while the walls of the old building fell in with a crash.

When Esther recovered consciousness her first thought was for little Mary, whom she found to be unharmed, and still sleeping peacefully, although the small blanket in which it was wrapped was scorched and discolored.

Even Reuben was somewhat impressed, although he did not altogether share his wife's enthusiasm about the

evident grace attached to the child's name.

III.

"Mother," said Mary Grant one day as she ran in from school, "is it a sin to pray to the Virgin Mary?" "Why, Mary?"

"Our teacher said to-day that the Catholics were idolaters because they pray to the Virgin Mary. Katieourke told me that she prayed to the 'Blessed Virgin,' as she calls her, every day. Do you pray to her mother?"

Mrs Grant rose and went to a little chest in a corner of the room and drew forth a baby's blanket, faded and discolored. Then she told Mary the origin of her name and the fate from which she had been saved. "I prayed to her that time, dear," she said, "and I never felt like an idolater." Mary sat thinking.

"Mother," she said at last, "don't you think when the Blessed Virgin did that for you and me that we ought to belong to the Church that honors her?"

This was a new thought, but that evening Esther took her daughter to Mrs. Rourke's to find out just what they thought about the Mother of Christ, as Esther always called her. Mrs. Rourke's explanation satisfied her so well that she undertook to get further explanations from the priest, good Father O'Donovan, and a few months later, when the May chimes were ringing out in honor of Our Lady, two Marys, mother and daughter, were placed forever under the protection of that dearest of Mothers, by the sacrament of Baptism.

Reuben offered no objections, and later on he, too, became a member of the Church that honors the Mother of God.

The Pope and the Prince.

The Nottingham *Guardian* of April 1st says that the Prince of Wales has long enjoyed a wide popularity in Rome, especially among the inmates of the convents and monasteries he long ago visited; and the Princess has lately listened to his praises in the most unexpected quarters. Even in the Vatican, which he entered during Pius IX.'s reign, the Prince has warm admirers, and Leo XIII. himself last Thursday extolled his liberality to the Catholics of his mother's dominions. The Pope added that the Duke of Norfolk and the Lord Mayor had dined with the Prince the night before, which the Princess accepted as a piece of news. The Pope also told her of his own visit to London in 1846, when he attended a State reception, but was not personally presented to the Queen, whom he had previously seen, but not known, at her uncle's court, in Brussels. On the occasion of that visit to London, Monsignor Pecci, as he then was, attended a reception at Cambridge House, and was introduced to Lady Palmerston by the Austrian Ambassador of the day. Leo XIII. is the only Pontiff of all the two hundred and fifty-eight of his line who has sate under down Piccadilly, and has breathed what Lord Beaconsfield called "the best air in Europe," at the top of St. James' street. It was as inevitable that the aged Pope should inform the Princess of these old adventures as that he should remind the Duke of York of the Cardinal of York, and should talk about the tomb of James II.

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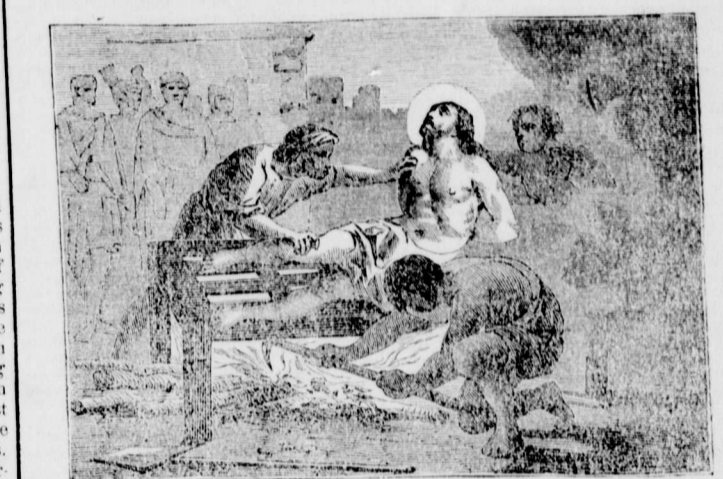
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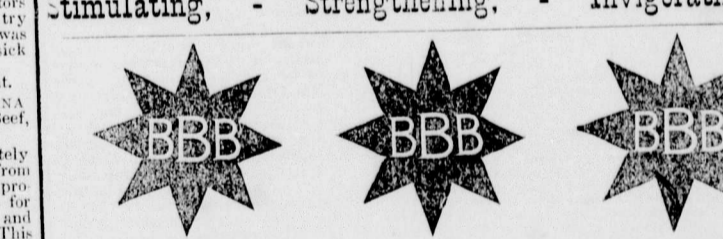


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