

# 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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## ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AT NOTRE DAME.

### Liberal Education and the Church.

The following is a full report of the sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland at Notre Dame on the occasion of the golden jubilee of that university on June 11:

Father Edward Sorin! Meet and just it is that on this blessed morning thy name be the first word which my lips pronounce.

We celebrate the golden jubilee of Notre Dame! It has lived its first half century. We assemble to recall the memories of years which have passed, and to receive inspirations for action during years which are to come. But Notre Dame is Father Edward Sorin—the thought of his mind and the love of his heart. Into Notre Dame he poured all the riches of his great soul. In Notre Dame he externalized his whole self. To tell the story of his life, in a prominent degree, to tell the story of Father Edward Sorin.

Father Sorin, we are sure thy immortal spirit returns this morning from heaven to Notre Dame to preside over the festivities of its golden jubilee. To thee our salute and our welcome.

There are jubilees of men and of institutions which have no meaning, save that they mark the rapid flight of years. They repeat no high deeds of virtue, or valor; they awaken no noble ambitions. How different is the jubilee of Notre Dame!

### NOTRE DAME TO DAY AND A HALF CENTURY AGO.

The Notre Dame of the present day is well known—regal in its stately palaces, opulent in its treasures of art and science, glorious in its brilliant array of studious youths and illustrious masters.

From this Notre Dame, I pray you, travel back in fancy to the Notre Dame of fifty or more years ago.

On the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year 1842, Father Sorin, weary and footsore from long and tedious journeys, rested on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, and, surveying with anxious eye the limited acres of clearing which surrounded it, and the dense forests beyond, marked these grounds as the home of the future Notre Dame. He had lately come from France. He knew but little of the language of this country; he was unfamiliar with American manners and methods of life. As companions he had a few brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of which he himself was one of the first members; his store of wealth exceeded but little the sum of \$1,000. For further resources of men and money, he relied on a young and weak religious order in France, the charity of indigent pioneer settlers, and the blessings of a propitious Providence.

The Pottawatomie, the Miami and the Ottawa roamed in savage liberty through the forests of Indiana and Michigan, and over the prairies of Illinois. White people were few, dwelling in sparse colonies, battling amid strange difficulties with untamed nature for a livelihood. The great cities of to-day, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, were infant villages. There were no railroads, no telegraph lines. The Western region of America, it was believed, was destined to grow, but by gradual and slow stages. None dreamed of the magical development which was to come upon it within the near future.

The young priest, in 1842, on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, planning to build up and maintain a school of high learning! Standing by his side, would you have put faith in his project? Would you not rather have called it an idle dream? Whence were to come money, pupils, masters? Who cared for a liberal education? What ends, indeed, could it serve in a wild, untenanted region?

The young priest himself did not then for a moment hope to see the Notre Dame, which it was his blessed lot to gaze upon before the Supreme Judge called him to his reward, a half century later. But he believed in America, and in the West; he believed in the Catholic Church of America; he was deeply convinced that if country and Church were to be great and powerful, schools must at once be built and manned, the primary school for all the children of the people and the college and the university for those whose talent and ambition would impel to higher intellectual development; and with the high-mindedness which clearly perceives the future and its needs, and the daring courage of heart, which makes possible seemingly desperate impossibilities, his great soul gave being to Notre Dame.

Before the close of the year 1843, a modest edifice was under roof, and in it boys, white and red, sons of Caucasians and of American Indians, were conjugating Latin verbs. In 1842 the new institution was honored by the Legislature of Indiana with a university charter—a testimony of the greatness to which it aspired. Year by year it grew in strength and fame, until it attained its present proportions.

### HONOR AND PRAISE.

Honor and praise whose honor and praise are due. We render thanks to

the great and good Lord of the universe, who inspired and blessed the enterprise of Father Sorin, who by His grace gave fruitfulness to a work which was begun in His name, and which had from its founder the mission to bring glory to God by bringing intelligence and virtue to men.

We proclaim our gratitude to America, whose resources, energies and liberal institutions made possible the growth of Notre Dame. America provided the opportunities which Father Sorin and his collaborators turned to profit. America by her own wondrous material evolution challenged the builders of Notre Dame to put forth in their enterprise all the forces of their minds and hearts; America, in the vastness of the freedom which she allows her sons, permitted the university of Notre Dame to be fullest and fairest form without danger of opposition or repression.

American Catholics have reason to rejoice, and do rejoice, in the unparalleled development of Holy Church and of the numberless institutions which she fosters. Let them be ever ready to proclaim their deep indebtedness to America herself, on whose soil alone this development could have taken place. We thank thee, America, for all thy favors, chiefly for thy sweet liberties which never check and ever encourage native effort and growth in individual men and in institutions. The Catholic Church grows in America, and largely so because America allows the Church to do her best and to be all that she professes herself capable of being.

Finally, we praise Father Sorin and his associates for their quickness in perceiving opportunities, and in profiting by them; for their ceaseless energy, and the wisdom of their counsels. In their own sphere of labor, they kept pace with the onward march of the country, and to say this of men in America is greatest praise. God is willing to bless the good projects of all His children. America opens up the same opportunities to all her citizens; but not all Catholics in America, whether priest or layman, have multiplied the talents confided to them, as did Father Sorin and his collaborators. Honor to the makers of Notre Dame! They were brave and wise men; they merited success, and they obtained it. Notre Dame deserves its jubilee, and its jubilee teaches precious lessons.

### FATHER SORIN'S WORK REPEATS HISTORY.

Seeing Father Sorin building up an institution of higher learning, in the early days of the Far West, we are reminded of deeds of other times and other regions. The scene at St. Mary's Lake recalls the monks of Ireland, France and Italy, in the sixth and seventh centuries, distributing to sparse populations, which hardly had emerged from barbarism, the intellectual lore of ancient Rome and Athens, and training them in their first stages of material progress to prize above wealth of earth and comfort of body the treasures and the refinements of the higher life of the mind. The scene around St. Mary's Lake conjures up from the memories of the past a memorable feat in our American history—the establishment of Harvard University in New England. The Puritan pilgrims, poor, unable to wrest more than the scantiest provision for life from their stony plains, did not allow a quarter of a century to pass, from the date of their landing at Plymouth Rock, before they sought for their children in America the intellectual privileges of the Cambridge and the Oxford of their older English homes.

### LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Catholic monks, Puritan pilgrims, our own Sorin read well the needs of country and of religion, and the requirements of humanity's progression on the upward road of civilization. They understood the vital importance of liberal instruction, and they desired that in the very infancy of the social organism measures be taken to secure it. Their wisdom and their foresight are above all praise. The conditions in which they would naturally suggest that efforts be confined to the immediate useful. They, however, looked into the future, they had faith in it, and they were ready to work toward remote results. Their penetrating minds gave them that keen insight into things which led them to the conviction that liberal instruction is the great power in the making of men and of peoples.

I am not sure that all Americans agree with what I am now saying, although of late years the advance of public opinion in this direction is very pronounced and most hopeful.

Give us, some say, an instruction which is at once serviceable, which prepares directly our youths for business, or for the professions, which brings without delay pecuniary remuneration. Reading, writing and arithmetic, must, of course, be had; but these the common school gives. If anything be added to the lessons of the common school, let it be the technique of the trade, or of the profession, to which our sons are to be devoted. But, do you take away from us, away from this take away from us, away from this busy, practical world of ours, the college and the university, whose programmes tell of ancient languages, of refinements of literature, of theories of philosophy, of ornamental arts and

sciences. What need have we of these things, and of all such, comprised under the word liberal education?

Americans are practical people—but at times they incline to be too practical for their true ulterior good, or even for the immediate purposes which they have in view. The fault is not without its excuse, which we find in the newness of the country, and the feverish struggle with matters which this newness imposes. Though time of itself will bring the cure, yet we who recognize the fault, should strive to hasten the correction.

The self-made men of America, who, with the merest elementary education, have risen to prominence and proved themselves most valuable citizens and statesmen, are often summoned as witnesses against a liberal education. The answer is near at hand. They are men of exceptional natural talent, who unaided have attained to culture and power which ordinarily come from education and whose elevation of mind, however, often would have been higher, had their rich natures received the kindly aid of well-directed art.

### ADVANTAGES OF LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The great thing in man and in all the works of man is mind. It is by mind that man is primarily constituted the image and the likeness of God; it is by mind that he rules the material universe, and makes of it a stepping-stone upon which he rises in his self-aggrandizement even to the skies.

In the raising up of man and of humanity, give to mind growth and grandeur—and man will be great and all things else will come to him. Mind, for the mind's own sake, is the object of a liberal education; the subject upon which this education touches, and the methods it employs, are chosen with a view to develop and enrich the mind, independently, for the time being, of all considerations of the mere useful, or of the needs of special calling in practical life. The very word, "liberal," indicates the scope of the studies pursued in the search of a liberal education.

Truth—that which is, God and the works of His creative power, and the manifestations of His supreme beauty and majesty—is the right and the life of the human mind; truth seen in its own splendor and desired for its own loveliness. Mind feeding upon truth, converting truth into its own fibre, takes unto itself the elevation, the largeness, the sweetness of truth; grows upward and expands, and makes man live his truest and noblest life.

When liberally educated, a man is a power in whatever work he may engage his energies. A liberal education, I said, must propose the useful as its immediate aim. Yet, the useful finds thereby its profit, and a hundred-fold more than if it had been sought out directly for its own sake. For, the mind has grown in strength and versatility. Power has been gained. Use this power as you will; in whatever direction you turn it, quick and full action will follow.

Whatever be its employment an educated mind will not be limited in its vision or its grasp to the specific measure of its work, as is so often the case with uneducated minds. The educated man will not be one-sided and narrow; he will not be oppressed by prejudices, nor disposed to take partial views of things.

The labor, or the instrument of labor, through which an educated mind energizes itself, may be rough and unattractive; but the mind retains its own charm, and communicates it to its surroundings. An educated mind means elevation of ideals and purposes, and refinement of thought and manner. The studies which ordinarily are the subject matter of a liberal education are well named "the humanities."

It is the educated mind that in all ages has advanced humanity, lifted it above sordid aims, brought to it pure and ennobling enjoyment, prompted its highest ambitions by holding before it grand ideals, elevated and civilized it. The life of humanity is not material bread; the glory of humanity is not stones wrought into palatial forms, nor military conquests. Its life and its glory are ideas, scintillations from the thrones of the Infinite, which are caught up by elevated minds, and diffused by them among the masses of men.

It is not to be expected that the masses will receive a liberal education; but in a hundred ways they enjoy blessings which come from a liberal education in the few.

An objection may be made that this liberal education in the few creates an aristocracy, which, in this land of equal rights and equal freedom, should not be forced or encouraged? Be it so; whatever her democracy of political institution and social conditions, America, and all mankind, will ever gladly bow in obedience to this double sovereignty: the aristocracy of mind, and the aristocracy of heart, to learning and virtue.

### THE CHURCH AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

In the person of Father Sorin and his collaborators the Catholic Church comes forward as the friend and the patron of liberal education.

The most sacred principles of the Catholic Church impel her to an alliance with liberal education.

She is the Church of the living God, having the mission to make Him known

to men. The knowledge of truth is the knowledge of God. Hence it is, and it must necessarily be, the wish of the Church that men seek after truth in all directions, from all sources and through all instrumentalities. Her first charge is, indeed, revealed truth; but God is no less in natural than in revealed truth and in her loyalty to Him, she follows Him wherever His footsteps are seen and delights in bringing men to Him, wherever He is.

The Catholic Church is the Church of the soul. In her eyes the soul is of all created things the best and most precious. Whatever ministers to the growth of the soul is valued by the Church. Moreover, the soul made capable of higher flights by liberal education is more fitted to understand and appreciate the Church's own supernatural teachings. The Church is, indeed, the Church of all the children of men. For the simple and ignorant, she has the tender whisperings of a mother's love; she breaks gently for them the bread of life feeding them in measures proportioned to the limits of their capacity. But, as brighter and more elevated minds open to her teachings, she gives out her truths in more generous profusion, and she rejoices in the dedication of soul in her hearers, which results from their wider comprehension of divine faith. The Catholic Church yearns for the educated listener, for she can unfold to him more readily her intellectual treasures. An age of intellectual light is the one in which the Church revels, and in which she is best understood.

The Catholic Church is the Church of humanity, when she loves as God loves it. All that ennobles, elevates humanity she blesses and aids. What has been her history during those nineteen hundred years, but the history of sympathy with men and of labor for their souls and their bodies? Did she not always lead in whatever made for progress and civilization? Was not the civilization of Europe her own work? Education which is such a potent factor in the elevation of humanity is in all ages certain of receiving the Church's choicest blessings.

The Catholic Church throughout her history made liberal education one of her most cherished works. While cruelly persecuted by Roman Emperors, she opened a Christian school of high philosophy in Alexandria, where an Origen, a Clement, a Catherine allowed no intellectual precedence to the most learned masters of the academies of reigning paganism. When peace and prosperity came to her, schools were built by her as early as monasteries and basilicas. Monto Casino spread its light over Italy; Lerins gathered scholars from Gaul and Germany. Under Patrick's magic hand Ireland was the isle of schools. Shall I mention the illustrious universities of medieval Europe? O Church Catholic, thou art surely the mother, the queen of liberal learning! Salerno, Padua and Bologna, Paris, Montpellier and Salamanca; Louvain, Leipsic, Fribourg and Tubingen; Oxford, Cambridge and Glasgow; I am naming great schools, rich fountains of European learning and civilization, the glories of the middle ages; I am counting pearls which history gratefully places in thy chaplet of honor—thy were thy schools, often founded, always blessed by thy Popes and Bishops.

### STATE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

In America the State builds schools, colleges and universities, and is lavish in its expenditures for their support. The question is put, why does not the Church leave the work of education to the State, which commands for the purpose wealth and power that the former cannot hope to possess? This question calls for a brief answer.

I have no quarrel with the educational work of the State. I admire, I am proud of my country in this matter, as in so many others. America understands the importance of education; she has always prized primary education; and to-day she aims at being the peer of all other nations in liberal education. I admire the generosity of the State to primary and to superior education.

The schools and colleges of the State do not include religion in their programmes. My ideal school, as I will presently say, is the Christian school, where secular knowledge and religion are wedded in its programme. Yet I do not blame the State. What can the State do, in view of all the circumstances of the country, but leave out religion, and in this matter try to make schools as practical as schools can be? The State does the best it can. Let us be just to it, probing it for the good it does, and admiring the force of the reasons for its shortcomings. Where they are unavoidable our practical duty is to make up for these shortcomings by extraordinary efforts in other ways. To anatomize the State for its schools and colleges is a wrong and a folly. Would you have the State close its schools and colleges? In what other manner could the masses receive an education? Moreover, the State will not close its schools and colleges, and the millions will and must continue to frequent them. Large numbers of Catholic children will be among their pupils! You have not the school buildings to-day to accommodate all your children, nor the masters to teach them. Will you, despite all

this, censure those who attend State institutions, and in anger withdraw from all spiritual care? By so doing some will reply, we show our special predilection for the pupils of Catholic institutions. But I ask, will you dare neglect unto death the two-thirds of your children, in order to save more easily the other third?

I will speak my full thought. I would work with double energy to make up for a necessary exclusion of religion from the programmes of State institutions, by doing all in my power to bring, in some other manner, the pupils who frequent such schools under religious influences—and while so doing I would build up, but not in angry protest against the State school, the Christian school, and I would say to the parents and to the children, "Thrice blessed are those whose daily mental nutriment is secular and religious knowledge united."

### THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL AND THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

The Christian school and the Christian college or university! In them secular knowledge and religion find mutual profit. That knowledge of things is decent which does not lead back to their author, God, and does not show them fitting in to the general workings of the universe, under the guidance of a supreme Providence. God has always lived in the world—by His invisible government, by the incarnation of the world, by the Church which continues the incarnation. At every step human society touches upon God, upon Christ, and upon the Church. Take from schools God, Christ and the Church, human society and all matters connected with it—science, art, history, literature—are wrenched from their surroundings, and only partial, truncated studies can be made of them.

In the Christian school the youth receives a complete education, one that prepares him for all his duties, secular and religious; for all the purposes of his being through time and throughout eternity. It is asked: "Cannot this education be obtained with school and Church working separately, each one on its own ground?" And have not I myself said that where circumstances do not allow school and Church to work together, the Church must put forth her efforts in her own sphere to form the mind and the heart of youth, and make up for the shortcomings of the school? I reply the work of education is never so good and so thorough when school and Church are separated, as when they go hand in hand.

So great is this importance of religion in the formation of character, the strengthening of morals, the preparation for the life that is to come, that it ought to be taught as a daily lesson, and with all the force and diligence which the most skilled master possess. It ought so to be taught as to connect itself indissolubly with other affairs of life and to sink it so deeply into the souls of pupils as to make it part of their very nature. Religion is no accident in man's career; it is no veneering in his journeying from the cradle to the grave; it is all essential as his motive-power of action, and as the determination of his whole existence, and consequently, it must be considered the vital factor in his education. The teaching of religion, removed from the school of college, where the youth spends the six-sevenths of his working time, the peril is great that this teaching will not be sufficient and that its effects will not be enduring.

The Catholic school and the Catholic college have their own place and their own work in America. They are the ideal homes of learning, and Catholics should have them wherever they are possible.

### RESULTS EXPECTED FROM CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

From schools and colleges where religion commingles with secular learning, we are led to expect ideal results. Without such results Catholic schools and colleges do not justify themselves to the country.

Let me speak in a special manner of the mission of Catholic higher schools or colleges.

Their mission, I take it, is to provide leaders to the Catholic laity.

The laity is the Church on the battlefield of the world; they are seen; they represent the Church; they are the first who must meet attacks upon her, and the first who must make advances in her defense. It is through the laity that the action of the Church is brought to bear upon the world, and it is from their hands that the power and the steadfastness of this action are estimated. The clergy have their lines of duty in the formation and the direction of the laity; but for the everyday battle the clergy are, and cannot but be, in the background.

### INFLUENCE OF THE LAITY.

Does the Church wish to prove herself to America? Then let the Catholic laity be marked by intelligence and virtue.

No people so much as the Americans, demand results, and base their judgment on results. They give literal application to the gospel rule: "By their fruits, ye shall know them." All arguments in favor of the Church fall down from the story of the past fall with little effect upon the ear of Amer-

icans. The one argument to which they consent to listen is the manner of life of Catholics.

What magnificent opportunities are now before the Catholic laity! It is a sad period of doctrinal disintegration, and of consequent weakening of morals; it is a period of great social changes, which disturb principles and awaken passions. Thoughtful men are casting around for forces by which society is to be preserved. Such forces the Catholic Church possesses in that rich abundance with which they came to her from her Divine Founder; and if Catholics are true to their Church, she will be hailed as the saviour of men and society. But to this end they must live true Catholic lives and by their fruits give public evidence of the principles of their faith.

In the fulfillment of their mission the chief need of the Catholic laity is leaders, men of *élite*, well-trained in faith and morals, resolute and reliable, who, themselves model men, will shape after their character the mass of their fellow-Catholics, and be their standard-bearers before the country in all movements for truth and moral goodness.

Model men, assuredly, must they be, who are the standard-bearers of the armies of the Church. Be they second to none in the power and the accomplishments of a superior education. Authority and influence, which nothing else supplies, issue forth from a rich and well developed mind. Wherever intelligence is in active employment, in literature, in scientific inquiry, in the management of large enterprises, in statesmanship, there must those Catholics occupy distinguished places. In conduct be they stainless and above reproach, the most honest and the most honorable of citizens, marked unmistakably by sobriety and purity in private life, strictest probity in dealings with their fellow-men, unswerving loyalty to duty in civic and political affairs.

Whence will come Catholics of *élite* fit to be models and leaders? I answer from Catholic colleges and universities. It from them such Catholics do not come—and in large numbers—then our colleges and universities will have failed in their work.

### QUALITY OF INSTRUCTION IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The mission which awaits them indicates the lines upon which the pupils of Catholic colleges should be educated. Their intellectual formation should be the best in the country. We mean an injustice, as we do not allow our Church an injustice, if we send them out into the world a whit inferior in intellectual equipment to pupils from State, or other non-Catholic, institutions. We have no right to label with the name of religion an inferior instruction, and offer it to Catholics as being of full value. And here let me refer to what I have said on the subject of liberal education. The useful cannot be neglected in the programme of our Catholic institutions. However important science assigned to it if means be found to impede the main purpose of education, the direct development of the mind, for man's own sake, which all colleges serve as places of apprenticeship to trades or professions, and not as schools for the formation of superior men.

There must be in Catholic colleges fullest dogmatic teachings, when not only enunciate principles, but explain all the objections raised against them, and the answers to these objections. Pierce attacks *in vitro* to-day upon the Christian faith, from all quarters—from geology—biology, paleontology, history. It is not when they are already in the arena that our soldiers should hear of these attacks. It is while they are preparing for the strife, so that when the conflict does come they are found ready. The catechism, reasonable sermons, reading of passages do not suffice; there should be every Catholic college a thorough course of Christian apologetics.

The training of Catholic *élite* given in colleges should aim at cultivating the pupils with a robust, manly spirit, which suits strong minds, and is likely to keep its hold on the men of our period and of our country. To do this we rear up our youths in religious households, feeding them on truth in the accidents and luxuries of the world, which they mistake for the essentials, and which they are afterwards tempted to lay aside all religious practices. Give them the good and the show, and the strong religious life of religion; the piety necessary to a staff will last, and no amount of colleges will cease through and to be practical Catholics.

In morals the highest ideals of private and civic duty must be continually held out before the pupils. There should be no question of the minimum of Christian duty, but a total avoidance of mortal sin. We are not at work in a college, as in the confessional, to temper the law to the weak and the ignorant, and open to as many as possible the gates of divine mercy; we are forming soldiers and leaders, and the highest deeds of valor must be recounted to them, and the best efforts stimulated.

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Notre Dame, when I tell the conditions in which the youths of Catholic

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to ally in use for its treatment, as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like palliatives. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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WYETH'S MALL EXTRACT

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Author of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER II.

Sensational paragraphs headed the account of the strange murder in the numerous daily papers. Exciting descriptions of it filled many of the columns; a minute detail of the appearance of the dead man was given, and a large reward was offered for the discovery of the murderer.

But not a single clue was found. Margaret Calvert was summoned (as they had said she would be), and, bracing herself for the ordeal, she appeared at the inquest with a firm mien as though she were only entering her aunt's apartment.

The coroner requested the withdrawal of her veil, and she threw it instantly aside. Her face was very pale but her pallor seemed to enhance her loveliness. She was unattended, and the world hardened men wondered at her self-possessed manner, looking at each other with puzzled glances when she rose apparently quite unembarrassed, to tell what she knew of the murdered man. Her voice—that peculiar voice, so remarkably sweet, that her hearers could have listened to it for hours, was slightly tremulous at first, but it grew firmer as she proceeded.

"I knew him long ago," she said, "under distressing circumstances of which even you, gentlemen," bowing to her listeners, "I think can hardly compel me to speak. I have not seen him since, till I saw him dead; but he has not been forgotten, for there is something in my home which keeps up constantly a bitter memory of him. In a second issue of one of the newspapers of that day—the day on the early morning of which he was found murdered—I saw the account. The account described his appearance—I knew that it was not unlikely he would meet some such end—and I visited the morgue and found it was he."

She was interrupted by a question: "Why did you suppose him likely to meet such an end?" "The girl paused for an instant as if to collect sufficient energy to make her voice sound with more force than she had hitherto put in it: "Because he had neither pity, nor love, nor fear in his nature, and he was relentless and cruel—because he had darkened one home and broken one heart forever and ever."

She was trembling then;—so violently, that the hand which she raised to put back a stray curl shook visibly. In one part of the room, there was sitting a man who seemed to be as interested as those who were immediately concerned in the proceedings. Permission to occupy that place had been granted him because he had gone to the authorities that morning, and having shown the credentials which proved his right to legal practice in the city, said he desired to work up the case, having been the murdered man's friend, although he had not seen him for some time owing to his own long absence from the city. He had also stated that the dead man had no relatives and that for years he had been the recipient of an income which came to him annually from a bank in Germany and which in default of heirs to claim it, would by law revert to a charitable institution in the same country.

Margaret Calvert, though aware of the silent presence in another part of the room, had not directed any close attention to his person, even though she saw him change his position once in order that he might better hear her evidence. But while she stood trembling and hesitating whether to speak further of the dead man, the strange gentleman arose. Every eye turned to him, he stood so erect, so firm, so still.

Margaret, in a vague way wondered if he always assumed such an attitude, if his head was always poised in that noble manner, and if his eyes flashed so piercingly on everybody as they were doing on her.

He could not have been more than twenty-eight—his beardless, youthful face was proof of that, but every feature evinced the strength and sternness of his nature. He came forward, stood directly in front of the wondering girl, and raising his right arm, pointed at her, saying in a voice so strangely distinct that the sound seemed to linger after the speaker had ceased: "I charge you, Margaret Calvert, with a knowledge of Cecil Clare's murder."

Had a bomb shell exploded amongst the gentlemen who composed the rigid, investigating committee, they could not have been more startled. Margaret's manner while recounting her tale had somehow compelled them to believe in its truthfulness, and already they had begun to reject as absurd, the idea which one of their number entertained, that this young girl could in any way be connected with the murder; but the decided manner of him who made the charge, with the sudden faintness which overcame the girl on hearing it, was rapidly changing the prevalent opinion and leading them to think that the conjecture of their sage companion was correct.

She had lost all consciousness, and, but for the supporting arm of a gentleman near, she would have fallen. They were obliged to bear her to an adjoining room, and summon to her aid some of the female employees. When she recovered it was only to find herself an object of professed suspicion; to hear herself already convicted of complicity in the crime by some unguarded tongue,—as one coarse looking official expressed it: "Their sweet looks of hers ain't to be trusted."

The case, interesting before from the mystery that surrounded it, became intensely so now from its seemingly close connection with this beautiful girl, and preparations were made for a rigid investigation. The young lawyer who had preferred the charge against Miss Calvert was determined to pursue it, till, as he had heard to say, out of her own mouth should the murderer be convicted.

She was too important a person now to be suffered out of sight for a moment, and despite her passionate sobbing, her piteous entreaties, and the bribes she was tempted to offer in the hope of her watch, and the costly rings she drew from her fingers, she was sent to the house of detention as a witness.

She was permitted to send home however, and in a short time the trim, tidy little maid whom she addressed as Annie, returned with the messenger. "Oh, Miss Margaret!" she cried with blanched lips, "what have you done?"

"Nothing!" she sobbed the half frantic girl. "They are detaining me as a witness for something; but oh, Annie, help me about my aunt—do something that she may not know I am out of the house—tell her that I am confined to my room, ill; anything that she may not know. Oh, I am so desolate, so frightened!"

Misery renders any companionship sweet. Dainty Margaret Calvert, who, while kind in her manner to the servants, yet always maintained a certain dignity before them, threw her arms about the maid's neck, and clung to her as if she were her sister. The little domestic had a warm heart and quick sympathies. She was touched by this mark of affection and confidence from one so much above her in social station, and she hastened to assure the young lady that everything at home should be managed entirely to her satisfaction.

What a startling, exciting case it became! The astute young lawyer who had undertaken to find the murderer through Margaret Calvert, proceeded with his work in such a peculiarly systematic way of his own, proving so much and so clearly from little, odd incidents collected by his unflagging energy, that many a time beneath the mask of calmness which by great effort the girl had assumed, she felt her courage utterly fail.

"I cannot save him," she thought, and, on leaving the witness stand she invariably burst into hysterical tears. The case reached its critical point; the sharp young lawyer had carefully wrought it up; and on a certain bright morning in the lanes of bright eyes, with the eager gleam of his attentive about him, he drew himself up in his firm impressive way, turned a triumphant look on the fair witness then under examination, and said in his startling distinct tones: "There is a member of the family in which you reside—a young man—a son—he knew the murdered man, Cecil Clare. Where is this young man now?"

The girl knew that her face was like monumental marble; but that in a second it would be as red as a young belle's crimson fan flaunting near, and while the vivid tide swept suddenly over her cheeks, and brow, and neck, she looked steadily at him, and answered firmly: "Travelling."

The sharp lawyer with his penetrating look, questioned again. "When you, having seen an account of the murder in an evening edition of that day's paper, visited the morgue where at that time was this young man?" Her face was pale again, and she drew herself up, and answered as firmly as before: "Travelling."

She felt herself growing strangely bold—a feeling for which she could not

account unless it was produced out of the very thought of the imminent danger which threatened her cousin. She flushed no more from the sharp questions; she did not vary in the least from the statement she had first made; and the skillful lawyer found in Margaret Calvert a sharper witness than from her previous examination he had thought she would eventually prove to be.

The case was adjourned till subpoenas should be served on the domestics in the household of Margaret Calvert's aunt. From the daily papers the help all knew the particulars of the strange case, and the connection of their young mistress with it.

At first it created consternation and horror. The coachman, on the morning after the detention of Miss Calvert as a witness, had read aloud in the kitchen, as he was accustomed to do on most days, accounts of the strange and wicked doings in the city, and the cook, suspending her work for a moment, requested him to see if there was anything more about the man who had been found murdered and taken to the morgue.

How had he skipped it? There it was on the first page, with the startling heading with which the sensational press prefaces its accounts of exciting events. "SOME LIGHT THROWN ON THE STRANGE MURDER!" "ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF AN IMPORTANT WITNESS!" "VOLUNTARY ASSUMING OF THE CASE BY MR. CHARLES PLOWDEN, A STRANGE YOUNG LAWYER!"

Then followed an account of all that had happened on the inquest; the singular charge which Mr. Plowden had preferred against the lady-witness, with her name and her complete description. The cook let the plate, which she held, fall, so great was the amazement and horror, while John the coachman stared blankly about him, and the other servants held up their hands and uttered sundry exclamations.

All had learned from little Annie on the previous evening that Miss Calvert was detained as a witness for something, and though they marvelled much at that, and sought to assist each other to a discovery by their various conjectures, no one dreamed that her detention had anything to do with this affair. When the cook recovered her voice, she laid her hand on the coachman's, and said with her good natured face all aglow from indignation: "Do you, John, think that young creature had anything to do with the like of that?"

"No!" said John emphatically, an opinion in which the help without exception heartily concurred; and each one of the kindly-feeling domestics assisted the little maid's efforts to keep from Madam Bernot all news of what was transpiring in the outside world—an easy task, for no newspaper ever found its way into that sick room, nor the spiritual life, and the few—very few—who were ever admitted into that apartment, by tacit understanding, refrained from mentioning anything which bore the slightest relation to crime.

Indeed, her mind seemed to have voluntarily severed all connection with the outside world. Her son, his prospects, that which she desired him to become, were merged in the thought that all was in God's hands, and while she prayed for him with all the fervor of ardent affection, she never suffered herself to think of the worldly circumstances, or perils, or joys, with which he might be surrounded. She kept no account of dates—the very days of the week with her were merged into morning, noon and night. When Sunday came, her niece, or the attendant, acquainted her. She did not or would not remark the passage of time; and when, as on rare occasions it happened she was asked how long she was thus afflicted, she always referred the questioner to her niece, or the attendant, as she could not tell the exact time. So that which required most stratagem in the part of the servants was to tell her that she had never been in a court-room before, and that even now she was in some trepidation lest her appearance there should be derogatory to her character. Her ruddy complexion grew ruddier, and her embarrassment prevented her looking directly at anybody for some minutes.

Sharp Mr. Plowden, only made more determined and eager by his failure to extort from the previous witness sufficient to cause the issue of a warrant for arrest, on suspicion, of Hubert Bernot, changed the manner in which he had conducted all his other examinations, and came directly to that which he wished to elicit when he questioned Hannah Moore.

She had gained a little more courage, and had given her evidence, the same in effect as that of those who had preceded her, becoming bolder as she continued, and raising her voice with its rich-toned brogue, until it was distinctly heard throughout the crowded place. While she was speaking there came a strange expression into the lawyer's face. It seemed to change its whole contour, to banish the hard, cold, firm look which struck even casual beholders, and to put into his eyes a wistful tenderness, a passionate longing. But his coming was so sudden, and its stay so brief, that no one observed it, and when Hannah Moore had ceased, and people looked expectantly at him, waiting his questions, he was the same cold, exact, professional gentleman he had previously been.

"When did you last see Mr. Hubert Bernot?" he asked, and for the first time the ruddy-faced Irish woman's

eyes rested fully upon his countenance. She appeared disconcerted for a moment, as if that full gaze into his face had paralyzed her. But the judge, and other important officers and even only curious beholders, attributed her hesitation and apparent embarrassment to another cause—that of not being able to give the same answer that her fellow-servants had done.

Sharp Mr. Plowden saw at once his chance for an advantage. He appeared to give that interpretation to her strange manner which he knew others were giving, and he repeated his question in a tone the triumph of which caused Margaret to lift her veil and look at him, as if she would speak herself; whatever had been the cause of her agitation had passed entirely away, and she answered loudly and firmly that she was not good at remembering dates, but the gentleman could count back if he liked; it was as Annie Corbin had said, so many weeks and days ago. Mr. Bernot had come down in the kitchen that morning looking for the coachman, just in the same off-hand, pleasant way that he always had when he happened to be at home, and that he never spoke of Miss Calvert's actions, strange, or to make you suspect that Mr. Hubert Bernot had possibly not left home at all?

There was a sudden buzz in the court, as if sundry examinations had burst forth together; but it was instantly checked. Margaret impulsively threw up her veil, and while the convulsive feeling in her heart was betraying itself in her face, looked anxiously at the witness.

Hannah caught the look, a peculiarly earnest one, and she seemed to derive from it that of which no suspicion had previously entered her mind. She pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing that she might gain time to frame her answer; and all the while Mr. Charles Plowden's sharp eyes were fasted upon her face, and Mr. Charles Plowden's own countenance wore a look of triumph.

The witness replied at last, boldly and firmly as before, but in a very indignant tone: "Nothing happened to me that I think anything strange; and you'll make nothing of trying to pull out of me what I would not tell if it were there to tell, which it ain't; for I could speak of strange things about other people that might stop their questions."

She paused to take breath, and was about to proceed in her queer strain, but Mr. Plowden stopped her as not being pertinent to the question. The judge leaned forward and said: "On your oath, do you know anything about anyone here present, which would help to clear the mystery of this murder?" "I do not."

It was remarked that, after that Mr. Plowden hurried the examination to a close, asking but few more questions, and apparently careless of the replies. Margaret Calvert once more breathed freer, clasped her nervous hands together, and tried to murmur a prayer of thanksgiving that the dreadful ordeal was so nearly over; but there was to be another test.

The last witness was dismissed from the stand; then Mr. Plowden made an eloquent resume of the case, dwelling on the careful examination just concluded, and recapitulating the elicited facts, harrowing his listeners' souls by his impressive account of the horror of the crime committed, and drawing tears and sobs from fair ones by the picture he drew of the murdered man's sad and lonely death. Then he ended with a firmly-avowed conviction, which he doubted not was shared by every one who heard him, that no witness who had been examined knew anything of the perpetrator of the terrible crime.

He sat down with a half suppressed sigh of relief, wiping his perspiring brow, and pressing his fingers on his temples as if to still their throbbing. Another of the legal gentlemen arose—one who had been listening for something by which he might show that Mr. Plowden had not collected all the evidence. He rose slowly and glanced triumphantly about him before he spoke.

An undefined fear of what was coming sent the pain into Margaret Calvert's heart again, and made her weak and trembling. He said in a distinct and sonorous voice, that the eloquent and searching gentleman who had preceded him had forgotten one very important witness, Mr. Hubert Bernot's mother. Though she was an invalid her evidence could, and ought to be obtained—it was certainly of moment to know when she had last seen her son. He hoped the court would feel the importance of his suggestion.

"She may not be able to say; she takes no account of time," Margaret murmured to herself, pressing her hand over her veil, lest even through that the ghastly pallor of her cheeks and lips could be seen. Mr. Plowden's face wore something like a scowl as he rose to answer it; implied neglect on his part. His tall,

erect form seemed to assume a commanding height, and a cutting sarcasm in his distinct tones. He described Madam Bernot as a picture of her sister Margaret started, wondering which the invalid had been, and ended by saying that if her evidence must be taken in a guarantee to keep from her all knowledge of the purpose for which it was not's evidence could be of any use.

Margaret at last was permitted to turn home. She was in a state of mind which she would have the sorry company her in the carriage, and she was both unaffectedly and cause of the distress of a mistress.

TO BE CONTINUED. HARBORLINE BY M. E. FRAZER

"Bagging letters! letters! Really they're nuisance. It is enough well known old-established without being pestered all sorts of new fangled Kattie, you can take the fire with."

"Katie, the rosy-cheeked little Irish housemaid, papers, grunting; and putting on his hat and forth to "business," which had been thrown down with oaks and ends in the Katie kept her sticks and there it lay for as she chanced to take the handiest thing with her pantry lamp.

"Musha, bad luck to 'em! Maybe them that wrote said Kate, jocularly, and flickered and went on a friend who had come from "Wagon" them boggy masher does be so wretched Katie, making vicious disappointment matches together.

"Let's have a look at a friend, who thought reading a master's letter despised, even when a question was of so unimportant nature. She smoothed it out in silence. Katie p shouldered, headless of lamp was turned up to as was smoking and a pleasant not to say a glass.

"It's wrote rare nice said after a pause. good thing, that Wouldn't it melt any thing, to be readin' the girls that has no know where to lay creatures! Mustn't be ramblin' about an' the cold air where to turn to? says here about the s c'them has to live in, us an' all. Oh, g that has good hom full!"

"Speak for your friend, and she thro with a jerk. Katie's tears in her eyes. "I know plenty said. "You, Rose!" e aghast.

"Yes, me," said I if you can call it a sort, and my father I don't think they anyone for badness! to go to school I learn was awful kind a time of it all the s and many's the nig streets, afraid to hadn't been for the what would have been was that good I ca and after a bit they altogether—I was pr found me a place. now."

Katie started, horri tions. Rose was no person she would h such antecedents, good-looking girl, w on all occasions wh not see her, and drooping feather f great deal of jew perhaps, but show over, engaged to smart young man. her acquaintance a ously, when she just come from Ire her as a most fast and a prodigy of rather alarming timated, acquaint which to the little mind, appeared to quite another stam on the edge of th and save us!" he gave a warning cr to avert the impo "Was your mother that?" "Never you mi apparently repon so much, and she her hat. "I can"

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erect form seemed to assume a more commanding height, and his voice had a cutting sarcasm in its startlingly distinct tones.

He described Madame Bernot's pitiable condition: drawing so accurate a picture of her sufferings that Margaret started, wondering how he knew. He told of the little knowledge which the invalid had of the outer world, and ended by suggesting that if her evidence must be obtained, it might be taken in a guarded way so as to keep for her all knowledge of the purpose for which it was required.

His suggestion was adopted, and the case was adjourned till Madame Bernot's evidence could be obtained. Margaret at last was permitted to return home. She was hysterical, and she would have the servants to accompany her in the carriage which the coachman hastily brought.

Hannah Moore and Annie Corbin were both unaffectedly weeping because of the distress of their young mistress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HARBORLESS.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

"Begging letters! More begging letters! Really they become a perfect nuisance. It is enough to support well known old-established charities, without being pestered to subscribe to all sorts of new fangled concerns. Here, Katie, you can take these to light the fire with."

Katie, the rosy cheeked, blue eyed, little Irish housemaid, gathered up the papers, grinning; and her master, putting on his hat and coat, sallied forth to "business." The circular which had particularly excited his ire was thrown down with a heap of other odds and ends in the corner where Katie kept her sticks and shavings, and there it lay for a day or two till she chanced to take hold of it as the handiest thing with which to light her pantry lamp.

"Musha, bad luck to it; it's damp! Maybe them that wrote it was crying," said Kate, jealously, as it snoudered and flickered and went out again.

"What have you got there?" asked a friend who had come in to see her. "Wan of them beggin' letters that masher does be so wild about," returned Katie, making up for her previous disappointment by striking two matches together.

"Let's have a look at it!" cried her friend, who thought the chance of reading a master's letter was not to be despised, even when the document in question was of so uninteresting a description.

She smoothed it out and perused it in silence. Katie peered over her shoulder, heedless of the fact that the lamp was turned up to its fullest extent and was smoking and flaring in an unpleasant not to say dangerous manner.

"It's wrote rare nice, isn't it?" she said after a pause. "It 'ud be a good thing, that Night Refuge. Wouldn't it melt anyone's heart, ye'd think, to be readin' that about the poor girls that has no homes and doesn't know where to lay their heads, the creatures! Mustn't it be awful to be ramblin' about in the dark an' the cold and have nowhere to turn to? An' look what she says here about the sort o' places some o' them has to live in, an' the wickedness an' all. Oh, glory be to God! Us that has good homes may be thankful!"

"Speak for yourself!" said her friend, and she threw back her head with a jerk. Katie saw that she had tears in her eyes.

"I know plenty about all that," she said.

"You, Rose!" ejaculated Katie, aghast. "Yes, me," said Rose. "My home, if you can call it a home, is just that sort, and my father and mother—well, I don't think they could be beat by anyone for badness! When I began to go to school I learned different from what they was teachin' me, and the nuns was awful kind to me; but I had a time of it all the same I can tell you, and many's the night I spent in the streets, afraid to go home. If it hadn't been for the nuns, I don't know what would have become o' me. They was that good I can never tell you, and after a bit they got me from home altogether—I was pretty big then—and found me a place. And here I am now."

Katie stared, horrified at the revelations. Rose was not at all the sort of person she would have credited with such antecedents. She was a tall, good looking girl, who wore a fringe on all occasions when her mistress could not see her, and had a hat with a drooping feather for Sundays, and a great deal of jewelry—inexpensive, perhaps, but showy—and was, more over, engaged to an exceedingly smart young man. Katie had made her acquaintance a few months previously, when she herself had only just come from Ireland, and looked on her as a most fashionable personage and a prodigy of cleverness. It was rather alarming to find her so intimately acquainted with matters which to the little housemaid's childish mind, appeared to concern people of quite another stamp.

"Lord!" said Katie, sitting down on the edge of the sink. "Bless us and save us!" here the lamp chimney gave a warning crack, and she rushed to avert the impending catastrophe. "Was your mother so terrible bad as that?"

"Never your mind," returned Rose, apparently repenting of having said so much, and she got up and put on her hat. "I can't sit here all night."

Good-bye. I think Tim is on the look-out for me."

With that she departed, leaving Katie still meditating as she sat on the edge of the sink. She was fresh from her mountain-side, the odor of peat smoke being, so to speak, still in her nostrils, the tan of the Irish sun yet golden on her round, wholesome looking little face. Her few months' residence in the big, clamorous manufacturing town had not sophisticated her. She was still given to carrying lumps of coal in her apron, under the idea that they would soil her no more than turf. She frequently tumbled up or down the stairs (which were luxurious not often found in Irish cabins), and she infinitely preferred potatoes and butter to any kind of meat at dinner time.

As for her innocence—one can but say that it was the innocence one might expect in an Irish child who had lived her sixteen years in a lonely hillside village, with a good, simple mother to watch over her home, and to tell her beads for her in absence. She knew that evil existed, but it had never been near her, and she could no more have reckoned up nor understood the dangers and iniquities of a great city than she could have told the composition of the big clouds that lowered in the sky.

The paper which she had been reading spoke of the sin and danger surrounding young girls in the very town where she lived—it made her shiver to think of it—and of miserable homes where children learned evil from their own parents; and Rose, instead of being surprised and horrified, had said quite calmly, that she had had experience of such things!

All at once Katie's own home rose up before her: the straggling white washed cabin with the monthly roses blooming outside, the noisy, happy and well, perhaps not over clean and tidy group of little brothers and sisters tumbling about the doorway; "Da," in his shirt sleeves smoking his pipe, her mother lifting the big bubbling pot off the fire—"Now childer, come in, an' have a bit o' supper."

And down went Katie's hand, and up tumbled her cap, and up went her apron to her eyes.

"Bless the girl!" said the cook, suddenly appearing at the pantry door. "Home-sick again, I suppose!"

For ill-endowed for such a way. Ill stored in strength, in wits are they.

In pain, in terror, in distress. They see all round, a wilderness.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The roses at Katie's home, monthly roses they were, had left off blooming, and the roses on Katie's cheeks—oh, poor little thin cheeks! why there would have been scarcely room to cultivate them if any were to be had! She had been very ill, she had had a fever in fact, and was now just discharged from the hospital.

It was growing dusk on a December afternoon as she made her way to her late master's house. He and his wife had gone away for Christmas, and though Katie's services were no longer required—her place having been filled up—she had permission to stay there until she could obtain another situation. But when she arrived, though she knocked and rang persistently, for almost an hour, there was no response, and a milk boy going his rounds, informed her, with a laugh, that she was giving herself useless trouble, as the servants had gone off that morning. "They won't be back till to-morrow, you bet," he observed pleasantly. "They 'ud be at their bags in their 'ands, and one o' 'em locked the door, and they was both real smart. Goin' pleasin' somewhere, most like."

Katie managed to hold up her head till the lad had moved off, and then she sat down on the door-step and cried. Poor Katie! what was she to do? With the exception of the little hand-bag which she carried, all her belongings were in the house whose doors were shut to her; she had even, with the thoughtless generosity of her warm little Irish heart, bestowed the very few shillings in her purse on a woman who was leaving the hospital at the same time that she was, and who had told her a pitiful tale of want and weakness. She had deemed herself secure of finding food and shelter, and behold! she was an even worse case than the miserable creature she had assisted.

Suddenly, looking up, she beheld a figure approaching through the gloom, and presently Rose stood before her. Katie sprang to her feet with a joyful exclamation, and the other started back in amazement.

"Katie! what are you sitting here for? And," peering into her face, "what is the matter with you? How bad you look—cryin' too! Whatever ails you?"

"I've been that ill!" said Katie, beginning to sob again. "I'm on'y just come out of the hospital, an' I was to come here till I got another place, the masher said. But the servants is out—the two of them—an' a boy is after tellin' me they won't be back till mornin'. Oh dear, oh dear, what'll I do? I haven't a shillin' in my purse either. Rose, couldn't you ax yer missus to let me sleep with you just for the wan night?"

"I was comin' to ask you to do the same for me," she said. "You're just out of the hospital, are you? Well, I'm just out of prison—"

"Prison?" cried poor little Katie, falling back against the wall.

"Didn't ye know?" returned Rose, laughing again that ugly laugh of hers. "It was Tim let me in for that. He'd got into trouble with the accounts

at the place where he was cashier, an' he says to me, 'Tim lost altogether if ye can't raise a few pounds for me. So I gave him the bit of money I had, and that wasn't enough; and then I went and pawned the missus' blankets to get them back before she found out, but she was too quick for me, and so I was run into prison. And now I am on the streets—with nowhere to go and nowhere to turn to—"

"Wouldn't Tim do something to help ye?" gasped Katie.

"Tim!" cried Rose. "Aye, I've been to look for Tim, and they tell me he's bolted. Not a word to me, mind you, after all I've done and suffered for him. I tell you, if I could raise the courage for it, I'd drown myself straight off. I thought o' that this afternoon, but I couldn't do it. I haven't come to that yet, but maybe I will in time."

"Oh Rose," sobbed Katie, and her innocent arms clung round the other's neck. "Rose, don't talk in that way. Sure there's—there's God an' the Holy Mother lookin' after us. Let's think a bit. Is there nowhere we can go?"

"Nowhere without money. I can go home to that beautiful home of mine, I s'pose; and after father has blackened my eyes and mother has run away with the clothes of my back to pawn them for drink, they'll maybe give me a bit to eat and let me lie down in a corner. But you!" said Rose, detaching the clinging arms not ungrudgingly, "you must come with me, you poor body. You must say good-bye to me now and for ever—and I go back there. I'll not be fit to come near you again."

Katie wept and wrung her hands, and rooked herself for a few minutes in silence. Then all at once she gave a little scream.

"Rose, Rose, the Night Refuge! Don't ye remember what we was readin' about, the last time ye come here? It was to be opened immediate, the papers said. Thanks be to God that I thought of it. Let's run there this minute. But street was where it was to be, it said. Come on, now, and let's get there at once."

"They won't take me," said Rose. "they'll have nothin' to say to a girl as has been in prison; but I'll take you there, and welcome."

"Oh, they wouldn't be as hard as to turn ye away," cried Katie, eagerly. "Ye must tell them how it was, you know, an' about Tim, an' what a terrible home ye've got. I'm sure they'd let ye in, Rose, if they knew."

"Perhaps they would—or maybe help me to find a decent lodgin' somewhere."

And so, clinging to each other, they began to tread the streets.

III.

If rest is sweet at shut of day. For tired hands and tired feet. How sweet at last to rest for aye. If rest is sweet!

—ARTHUR SYMONS.

"I can't find it," said Rose, when they had wandered for some time up an down—street. "I can't see anything that looks like it. What shall we do?"

"There's a girl over the other side o' the street that seems to be waitin' about—let's ask her," cried Katie, who would not give up hope.

They crossed and spoke to the girl in question. A slight little bit of a creature, not much more than a child, with a round, baby face, and wandering, startled eyes.

"I'm lookin' for the Night Refuge, too," she said. "I—I'm a stranger here. I was never in the town till last week. I was born and brought up in the Work house, and came out to service then. But the missus was that hard I couldn't stand her, and so I'm run away. I thought it 'ud be easy to find a place, but I haven't got one yet—and I'm so cold and hungry!"

"Who told you about the Night Refuge, then?"

"A woman in a shop. I went in to ask for a bit o' bread, and I says, 'can you tell me where I can find a place to sleep?' And she says, 'I don't know,' she says, 'unless they was talkin' of, the Night Refuge they was talkin' of, and she directed me here. And so I come, but I can't find it. Oh, isn't it cold? It's goin' to snow, I think. I'm starved every way. If we can find this place they give us a sup o' tea, d'ye think?"

"Let us find it first," said Rose, who was a practical person. "There must be a policeman somewhere about—he'll know." They stumbled up and down the slimey pavement till at last they descried a waterproof cape and imposing helmet shining in the lamplight.

"The Night Refuge," said the owner of these articles looking down at the anxious trio. "Tisn't opened yet, nor won't be, unless they can scrape up a bit more money. You'd best clear out o' this, my girls—waitin' about here won't do any good."

And he resumed his measured tramp, whistling softly to himself.

There was a moment's silence between the three girls—a silence which rendered all the noisome sounds around them more noticeable: shouting of drunken men in the distance, jangling voices of quarrelsome women, wailing of children, now and then a great coarse laugh sounded close to them as two or three figures reeled past through the gloom, and the tramp, tramp of the policeman's step came ever and anon. Suddenly a church clock boomed 9, and the hour was chimed, and jangled, and rung out in various tones all over the town.

"Nine o'clock!" said the little Work-house girl. "What's to become of us! Oh, why isn't that place open?"

"Wouldn't ye think that they could find money enough for that?" murmured Katie.

"Money!" cried Rose. "No, child, they've no money for us. Who is to make 'em give it? Ha! They have to work houses fast enough. The law grabs it for that; but there's no law to make 'em save our souls. Good night to you both. I'm going home."

"Oh, Rose, wait, wait a moment!" pleaded Katie, piteously; but Rose shook her off, and walked away resolutely. Katie strained ears and eyes after her, listening to the creak of her steps till it was drowned in the sullen roar of the city, watching the tall figure till the darkness closed round it, and seemed to swallow it up. "Well, I'll stop here no more," said the work-house child. "I must get a bit to eat and a sight of the fire. I've a few pence in my pocket, and may as well spend them as starve."

She trotted off, her round eyes peering about, her poor little feet almost numb with cold. All at once she came to a great big shining mansion at the corner of a street, with colored lamps strung in a row, and the word "Bar" in fine gold letters blazing everywhere. All was so bright, and looked so warm and beautiful that the child stopped staring for fully five minutes. Then she saw a girl of about her own age spring up the steps and run within, and half involuntarily she followed her. The door opened as she pushed it, a sudden glare of light falling on her baby face; then it swung to again and she disappeared.

And Katie! Creeping about as much in the shadow as she could, starting at every sudden noise, shrinking from sight—oh, the horror to this mountain-bred girl of being alone in the streets at night! Meantime, far away in her home her mother was asleep with a smile on her lips, and her Rosary round her neck; and the little brothers and sisters were peacefully sleeping too. At their prayers that night having duly invoked "Blessed Mary, every Virgin," and "Blessed Michael the dark Angel," they had, one and all, fervently prayed for Katie, that God would watch over her, and send her "safe home." Was this how their petition was heard?

At last after wandering for a long time through various streets and alleys the unhappy little outcast came to a church. A Catholic church, as she could see for the light of a neighboring lamp fell on a statue of Our Lady in a niche over the entrance. Katie dragged herself up the steps—oh, if by good fortune it should be open. But no—

"Even the Lord shuts His door to me this night!" she murmured, and then she sank down on the threshold, and wept as if her heart would break. Presently, however, recovering her self a little, she crept on her knees close to the door, and peered through the keyhole.

She could just distinguish a faint glimmer of light within.

"He's there sure enough," she whispered to herself. "He's there—I've no need to be afraid; He'll take care o' me."

She kissed the keyhole rapturously, and laid her poor little thin cheek against it. "I'll stop here," she said. "He'll take care o' me."

She crouched down in the farthest corner of the porch, and drawing her rosary from her bosom, began to pass it through her numb fingers. It was bitterly cold, and soon in fact, began to snow. Katie was weak from her recent illness, and worn out with fatigue; faint moans came now and then between her Hall Mary's, and long shivering fits shook her exhausted frame. But she no longer felt the awful fear of a little while ago; the church was in a bye lane, not much frequented at that time of night, and the small dark heap in the shadow was not likely to be noticed by any chance passer by; and, besides all these motives for confidence, she had a conviction that there, near Him, who watched within, she was secure.

And so, while the tide of city life swept round her, carrying away and dragging down so many, this one little wail was tossed high upon the shore, beyond the reach of its dark waters.

When the sun rose behind the hill-tops, and gilded the thatch of the lonely cabin over the sea, and the small brothers and sisters tumbled out of bed and prayed, as usual, with chubby hands clasped and eager eyes uplifted, that God would send Katie "safe home"—behold she has gone home already, and, thanks to their innocent prayers, perhaps, she was safe!

People, who read in the papers of the little Irish girl found dead in the church porch, with her rosary between her stiffened fingers, thought the story a touching one. Many were moved with compassion at the thought of the young life so suddenly cut off. But what of those other two, whose lives were lost in a far more pitiful manner on that same night, and for want of the same refuge that was denied Katie? One, it is true, of these poor young creatures had already taken a step downward, but it was her first, and had a helping hand been stretched out to her, she would have clung to it with all her strength. The ignorant feet of the other, which might have walked so blithely in the rightful path if they had only received kindly guidance, had stumbled into evil ways from the very first moment of their liberty. Who is accountable for this? To whose charge must we place the loss of such lives as these—of thousands such as these, whose annals are un-

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written, the dirge of those innocent unsung? In this big, rich, beautiful land of ours, is there no one who will uplift a voice to prevent this wholesale massacre of souls?

Protection is surely as much needed for the guiltless as rescue for the guilty! There are, wandering about the streets of every great city, hundreds of hapless creatures—unfallen as yet—who have not where to lay their heads. We house our cattle, we fold our sheep, only these, the little ones of Christ's flock, are exposed to wind and weather, to the rough usage of their fellow-creatures, to the very breath of hell!

We Must Accept Correct Principles.

On all sides there is nothing but endless discussion concerning authority, and the rights of rebellion against anything that precludes the following out of one's own notions. One can hardly get a hearing, when religious principle is concerned, without being informed that this is the age of science—as if religion was not the mother of all science.

Where we get our principles there we must get our practices if we are, in the least, consistent. Why are we so fearful to admit all the conclusions, or rather the whole conclusion, from a fruitful proposition? If we are honest men we must "take" our politics, using that word in its popular sense, as we take our diet, and exercise, from Rome, or Germany, or America; from man, or woman, girl or boy, who reminds us of the right. Nobody disputes the existence of our physical power to act badly and the freedom of our will to say yes to the wishes of a depraved being. But if the heart and will are right they will follow the right path, no matter who points it out.

Thus intellectually and morally we are bound to take our rule of action from any one who suggests the correct view of our duty in the case in point. And for Catholics who believe that the Pope is infallible in faith and morals there can be no escape from such a course on the ground of human error. We mean, of course, when the Pope speaks officially. And we can challenge the world to prove that Rome has ever in a single instance officially proclaimed a wrong principle.

It is this infallibility, illustrated in all ages and sustained in every instance, that makes it safe and proper for anyone to harken to the Pope's voice and frame his action upon the principles which the Pope enunciates.

Must we take our politics from Rome, is therefore an absurd question, and in no way a question of conscience. We simply enunciate principles which are binding on our consciences, and therefore, altogether in consonance with right reason. It is absurd to question the propriety of accepting correct principles.

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London, Saturday, July 13, 1895.

THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

There still remains some doubt as to the course which will be pursued by the Dominion Government in regard to the Manitoba School Law.

It is not that there is any doubt regarding what is due to the Catholic minority. It is conceded that the Manitoba Act, by which the Dominion Parliament made the territory into a Province, expressly reserved the control of education for the purpose of giving security to the population, Catholic and Protestant, that the rights of denominational education which they then enjoyed, should not be taken from them.

But when on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., the question was put to the Government whether it is their intention to introduce remedial legislation during the present session, the Hon. Mr. Foster answered on behalf of the Government that the reply of Manitoba to the remedial order had been received only that morning, and that there had as yet been no meeting of the Government to consider the matter.

He promised, however, that there would be an announcement made of the policy to be followed, as soon as a decision can be made regarding the course to be pursued.

On Wednesday Mr. Dalton McCarthy again questioned the Government, and received the similar reply from Mr. Foster, to the effect:

"I think my honorable friend is very insistent. It was only yesterday that I told him we had received the documents from Manitoba. This morning, for the first time, they were laid before the Council. We cannot prepare legislation quite so fast as that."

We could not expect that a bill could be prepared quite so rapidly as Mr. McCarthy seems to expect; yet, as the matter has been so long under consideration, we feel that the Government should, with the least possible delay, announce its policy in the matter.

The Catholics of Manitoba have now been suffering for five years under the injustice which has been inflicted on them, and a remedy for their grievance should be applied with the least possible delay; and as the Government ought to know the course which ought to be followed, any long delay in the matter will be very vexatious.

We believe it to be the duty of the Government to take action, as the question is one of public policy, affecting the rights of both Catholics and Protestants in the Western Province, and in Ontario and Quebec as well. We should be informed, without unnecessary delay, whether it is the intention of the Government to maintain the authority, and duty of the Dominion to see justice done to minorities in all the Provinces where there are separate school laws.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy is also very anxious that an announcement be made of the Government's policy on the question. He, no doubt, imagines the situation will give him the opportunity he has long been seeking to form an anti-Catholic party in the House of Commons, and it is stated that he has remained in his seat in Parliament, at great personal inconvenience, for no other reason than this, as he has been employed to attend a case which is to come up before the British Privy Council.

It is not often that Mr. McCarthy allows his public duties as a member of the House of Commons to interfere with his professional occupations, so it may be inferred that he considers the present the golden opportunity for him to increase his present following of one. His hurry in endeavoring to have the Government speak out at once is explained by the fact that if the decision should be that there shall be no remedial legislation during the present session, he will be able to make his trip to England. It would appear to be a feature of Mr. McCarthy's policy to make the public business a secondary matter to his personal convenience, just as, according to his own admission, it was owing to a personal pique that he formed his "third party" in the first instance.

It is now being maintained by some that the Bill of Rights which was sent by the people of Manitoba to Ottawa as the basis of the agreement by which the Northwestern Province entered into the Dominion, contained no provision regarding Separate schools.

This position is taken by Attorney-General Sifton, of Manitoba, and the Toronto Globe, though the last named does not assert that redress should not be granted. Both, however, take the ground that the matter is one altogether within the right of the majority to legislate upon as they see fit.

We maintain that quite independently of any agreement it is the natural right and duty of parents to educate their children in the way they should go, and therefore to secure for them a religious education without obstacle from any quarter. We maintain that if the State, or the majority of any Province, attempts by law to impose a double tax upon parents who endeavor to fulfil their natural obligation of educating their children religiously, it is an unjust law, violating the distributive justice with which laws should be enacted. We maintain that the State, by such interference, goes beyond the sphere of duty which belongs to it, and infringes upon the rights of individuals just as much as if it insisted upon the people supporting and attending a State Church.

We therefore hold that the Manitoba school law of 1890 is essentially unjust, ungenerous and tyrannical, even if it transgressed no special agreement or treaty.

But concerning the existence of an agreement there is no shadow of doubt. The Dominion Parliament framed the Manitoba Act on that agreement, with which it has been proved to coincide clause by clause.

The Bill of Rights sent by the people of Manitoba for acceptance by the Dominion Government has been lost by some accident. Most probably it has been stolen from the archives for the express purpose of weakening the cause of the Catholic minority, for it was used with effect when the case of the minority was before the Supreme Court of Canada. But though the original was lost, the copies of it were not lost, and there is a copy in the Department of Justice, and this is quoted as containing the clause on education to the effect that the schools of the Province shall be separate schools, on the basis of the school laws of Quebec.

This clause is referred to in the decision of the Imperial Privy Council, and it has been declared both by Archbishop Tache and Father Riehot that it was in the original Bill of Rights on which the people of Manitoba insisted before they would agree to enter into the Dominion.

We do not enter here into a discussion on the right or wrong of the first Northwestern insurrection, when the terms of the territory were agreed to. It is now generally admitted that the original settlers had substantial reason to suspect the good faith and honesty of many of the Canadians who were waiting for an opportunity to squat upon their lands and to ride rough shod over the "French and half-breeds," especially. However, the Bill of Rights was not intended as a protection merely for the French and half-breeds, but for all the original settlers; and to all appearances the education clause was intended rather as a protection to Protestants, who then constituted the minority, though afterward they became the majority. To repudiate the agreement now would be equivalent to the contention that Catholics are the only class of citizens in favor of whom no constitutional guarantees ought to be observed.

The question at stake is one which affects the good faith, honesty and honor of the people of Canada, and it is the duty of the Government first of all to see that the engagements of the country are carried out. It is only in case the Government should be derelict in this duty that it should devolve upon any private member to move for redress by remedial legislation.

We have not yet, perhaps, valid reason to suppose that the Government will neglect its duty, but we know that there is a large amount of pressure being brought to bear to induce them to let the Manitoba majority have its own way. We have no right to assume that they will yield to such influences. Their promises have been to the effect that they will not be deterred by any threats from performing their duty. With the backing they have in the House of Commons, it is within their power to do what they well know ought to be done, and the time has come when they should pronounce and act with decision. If they do not do

this, we trust a Government can be formed which will do its duty. In the meantime, should the Government abdicate its functions by throwing its obligations to the shoulders of private individuals, we trust that there are private members in the House who will not shirk their duty, but will bring forward a bill to relieve the aggrieved Catholic minority at the earliest possible moment.

THE PENDING CONTEST IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Salisbury's Government is now fully enthroned in power, and the two great parties in England are preparing for the election campaign, which will now begin at once. It is said that Her Majesty, the Queen, who has never favored the Irish Home Rule policy, is highly pleased at the return of the Conservative party to power, as she never was reconciled to the advent of the Liberal Government, though she yielded to the necessity of the case in calling it to office.

In the return of the Conservatives to power there is small hope of any policy of conciliation toward Ireland, and it is possible that there will be a return to the old policy of coercion which was tried under Lord Salisbury's regime before, but succeeded only in embittering the people of Ireland. It is certain that the new Government is bitterly opposed to Ireland and to granting any concession to the wishes of the Irish people, and thus the only present hope for Ireland is in the general election which is to take place. There could scarcely be a stronger evidence of the will of the new Government toward Ireland than the selection of Mr. T. W. Russell, the Ulster Liberal-Unionist member for Tyrone, for the position of Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. Mr. Russell has been one of the most violent opponents of Irish Home Rule, and an upholder of the policy of coercion in its worst form, though there were times, while the Salisbury Government was in power before, when he threatened to go into opposition because that Government persistently withheld the rights of the Irish tenantry to the fruits of their own labor.

It is difficult to say whether the installation of Mr. Russell in office signifies that the new Government will be more moderate in its treatment of Ireland than it was before, or that Mr. Russell will be more tractable than formerly in supporting the brutal treatment of Ireland, for which the previous Government of Lord Salisbury was remarkable. It is to be feared that the latter is the state of the case. Though Orangism is predominant in Tyrone, Mr. Russell's constituency, the people of that county, are not so blind as not to see clearly enough that the recognition of the rights of tenants is necessary for their welfare, as well as for more Catholic sections of Ireland, and Mr. Russell owes his election to the fact that he has managed to persuade them that his support of a Tory Government is consistent with the zeal with which he professes to uphold the interests of the people.

The calculation was at first that the polling for the elections which are now to take place would begin on July 15, and that within ten days thereafter they would all be ended. But the date has been deferred a few days, to enable the Government to obtain supplies.

As is usual just before an election, the quidnuncs are busy making forecasts of what is going to occur, and most of them assert very positively that the new Government will be sustained by a compact majority, though it is not generally asserted that it will be large. Some of those who assume to be well informed predict that the majority will be about 40, while a few others more sanguine say it will reach 100 or 120. It appears to be most likely that it will be close to the smallest figure, if the Government succeed at all in gaining a majority, and there are not wanting close observers who are of opinion that the Liberals will hold their own. It is generally conceded that they will lose some seats in Scotland, but in Wales, where only three seats are now held by supporters of Lord Salisbury, it is probable that two of these will be gained by the Liberals, and Ireland will certainly be true to the Nationalist party. If it were not for the unfortunate split in the Nationalist camp, dividing it into two factions, there would be no doubt that Ireland would give a powerful phalanx to the Liberal side; but even as the case stands, it is fully expected that there will be at least 72, as at present, and probably 75, who will give a faithful support to the Liberals, if they

are faithful to their pledge to support Ireland's claim to Home Rule, and there is little doubt that this will be the case. Lord Rosebery, himself, in a speech delivered in London, on the 2nd inst., declared that in reference to the House of Lords the policy of the Liberals is unchanged. With that House opposed to all legitimate reform, he said, it was impossible for the late Government to pass much needed measures, but the Liberal party will fight the coming battle on the issue of diminishing the power of the Lords to impede useful legislation. He stated that his Government was pledged to the policy of a reform of the House of Lords, and that the party will adhere to that pledge.

Though Home Rule is not specifically mentioned in the short report of his speech which was transmitted by cable, it is implied in this that the party will be faithful to its pledges on this matter also, for the principal measures which were impeded by the Lords were those of Home Rule and Welsh disestablishment. A reform in the legislative status of the House of Lords is necessary for the passage of both these measures, and the Liberals have not lost hope that the electorate will sustain them in carrying out this reform.

The Tories profess to rely much on an increase of their strength in the English constituencies, but it is not at all certain that their expectations will be realized. In Lancashire they will probably make gains; but though they rely also on considerable gains in the city of London, it is extremely doubtful that they will meet with the success they anticipate there.

The Liberal strength was reduced by the bye-elections held during the last three years, but the losses were not so great as to make them despondent. They amounted to only five seats. This was enough to make their position precarious, with the small majority with which they entered into office, but it is not enough to indicate that in a House of 670 members they will be in a hopeless minority. On the other hand, notwithstanding the confidence of the Tories that they will make large gains in London, there is a fair prospect that the gains will be the other way, in which case it is not at all impossible or improbable that the Liberals will be called to resume anew the seals of office.

It is certain that there will be a hard fought battle, and it would be premature to predict on whose banners victory will perch. Should the Tories win, the concession of justice to Ireland will be deferred, but if such be the case the Nationalists need not give themselves up to despair. Undoubtedly they will continue to demand the rights of the Irish nation until they succeed in gaining their just cause.

A SNEAK PLOT BAULKED.

We mentioned some months ago the cowardly attack made by the A. P. A. of Auburndale, Mass., on Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, a Catholic lady who was appointed postmistress of that town. The position was given to Miss Guiney, not only on account of her own talents, but also in recognition of the bravery of her father, Brigadier Gen. Guiney, whose services were several times rewarded by the United States Government by his being promoted from one degree to another until he attained the high military position he occupied till his death.

Miss Guiney herself is a graceful writer, and her poems were frequently published in the New York Independent, which was one of the first journals to denounce the tyranny under which the A. P. A. attempted to crush her: attempted—but miserably failed.

The endeavor came in the shape of a conspiracy to boycott Miss Guiney in the sale of postage stamps! A small business truly for patriotic Americans to practice against the daughter of a valiant soldier of the United States!

Our readers may remember that we stated that the salary of \$1,700 per annum, paid to Miss Guiney, depended upon the sale of postage stamps in her office, and the purpose of the A. P. A. was to lessen the sales so that the salary might be diminished. But when the meanness was exposed, Catholics and Protestants alike from all parts of the United States sent their orders for postage stamps to Miss Guiney in order to foil the attempt at boycott, and this was done especially from those localities where the postmasters were Apapists, and now so successfully has the A. P. A. effort been foiled that the announcement is made that Miss Guiney's salary is to be \$2,400 per annum.

May all the plots of the A. P. A. be just as successful as this one.

War upon women is a favorite pastime of the A. P. A. It was a war upon women which they inaugurated in Kansas city a few weeks ago, and which has been denounced by the citizens in a public meeting held only a few days ago. In this case the women attacked were school teachers. Such is the chivalry of the nineteenth century!

A WORD TO OUR BRETHEREN.

They who condemn the Catholic Church should first obtain an accurate knowledge of her teachings. That there is an amazing ignorance amongst even those who pride themselves on their intellectual attainments is potent to the most superficial observer. The most absurd imaginations are enunciated as doctrines of Catholicity. It may be malice or misconception or the manifestation of the garnered bigotry of centuries. We care not to assign its cause, but the popular idea of Catholicism is as grotesque as it is false. William Mallock says, in reference to this ignorance:

"In this country the popular conception of Rome has been so distorted by our familiarity with Protestantism that the true conception of her is something quite strange to us. Our divines have exhibited her, too, as though she were a lapsed Protestant sect, and they have attacked her for being false to doctrines that were never really hers. They have failed to see that the first and essential difference which separates her from them lies, primarily, not in any special dogma, but in the authority on which all her dogmas rest. Protestants, basing their religion on the Bible solely, have conceived that Catholics of course profess to do so likewise, and have covered them with invective for being traitors to their supposed profession. But the Church's primary doctrine is her own perpetual infallibility. She is inspired, she declares, by the same Spirit that inspired the Bible, and her voice is, equally with the Bible, the voice of God. If we would obtain a true view of the general character of Catholicism we must begin by making a clean sweep of all the views that, as outsiders, we have been taught to entertain about her. We must, in the first place, learn to conceive of her as a living, spiritual body, as infallible and as authoritative now as ever she was, with her eyes undimmed and her strength not abated, continuing to grow still, as she has continued to grow hitherto; and the growth of the new dogmas that she may learn from time to time enunciate we must learn to see are, from her standpoint, signs of life and not signs of corruption."

Words such as these, coming from a Protestant, need no comment.

All we ask is a fair field and no favor. Let the doctrines of Catholicism be shown forth as they are and not as they exist in the excited imagination of controversialists.

Fair and honest exposition will be instrumental in banishing forever from our midst the demon of discord, and it may bring about that unity of Christendom desired by earnest souls all over the world. We say "earnest souls," for we believe that many who talk glibly about "unity" do so merely because it is the fashion and fad of the hour, and they care infinitely more about things earthly than the matter of their destiny. But we say to all who, confronted by problems which they cannot hope to solve, cry out in anguish for guidance, to study the teachings of Catholicity, and they will, as many before them, find peace and consolation.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement Day must needs awaken feelings of sadness and of joy in the souls of our graduates. They cannot but feel they are bidding farewell to the kind friends that have, with more than a mother's care, guided them on the path of learning and virtue, and yet they may not restrain a feeling of exultation at the thought that comes to the pure and strong who have resolved to play well their parts in the drama of life. We can well imagine the heroic resolutions that are breathed forth in colleges all over the land; and we cherish the hope that the conflicts and disappointments of years will but serve to show that the resolve of the graduate has become the fixed purpose of the man. We have no desire to play the preacher, but we take the present opportunity to impress upon their minds a few truths that fall often they have heard within the precincts of their Alma Mater.

From out of thousands have they been chosen to be the bearers of the sacred treasure of a Christian education, not indeed to guard and keep it with selfish care but to enrich others less favored than themselves. God has assigned them their place in the vanguard of the ranks of humanity. And they must march in to eternally. Battles must be fought; for falsehood will array itself against truth, and vice

against virtue. Let them, however, be true to themselves, be guided by the lessons of their collegiate days, and they will be triumphant, though every force of the world and of hell made onslaught against them. This they well know, but our interest in their welfare may condone the reiteration.

We should wish to remind them also that the essential condition of success in life is faithful and persevering work. No man yet has achieved any enduring success who did not labor long and tirelessly. We read, indeed, of individuals who, without seeming effort, wrote their names in indelible characters upon the annals of the world, but they were dowered with the divine gift of genius—or the historian, carried away in admiration at their deeds, forgot the source whence they sprang. The general rule, however, is that our writers, statesmen—in a word all those who are moving upwards—are walking hand in hand with unbending and unflagging toil. Disappointments and failures will ensue; but, fortified by the experience of past ages, they go, ever onward with confidence, knowing that success will, sooner or later, crown their labors. We might cite thousands of examples to prove this. Men whose words live in the heart of humanity say, ten, twenty and thirty years passed by before they found a listener. Sir Walter Scott was forty-three years old before he laid the foundation of his great work of the Waverley tales. Milton and Dryden were over fifty before they would acknowledge their abilities. Newton was once asked the secret of his success, and he answered, Hard Work. And as it has been so is it in our age. The sluggard, the half-hearted worker, has no place on the roll-call of honors. The reason, perhaps, that so many of our graduates achieve little or no success in life is because they have failed to recognize the imperative necessity of faithful and persevering labor, of attention to little things, of thoroughness that is satisfied only with the perfect.

II. We should ask them all to become temperance advocates:

"We wish no argument which says that the use of wine in itself is licit. We know all those various arguments as well as others; but we know beyond the theory. We know in practice that these drinking customs of society tend to create the appetite, and this appetite, by demanding satisfaction, grows stronger day by day."

"Some Catholics there are who wholly live as if they were the only ones on earth and owed no duty towards their fellows—forgetting that we must deal with a concrete world; forgetting that we have duties towards our fellow-men, and knowing that we shall be judged on the last day by the effect of the influences which our actions will have on our fellowmen. If Catholics everywhere preached and recognized a strong, vigorous crusade against intemperance, for the short period of a decade of years, the change would be too bright to attempt to portray."

So speaks the prelate of St. Paul's, and he who knows aught of the manifold curses of strong drink must appreciate the truth of these utterances. Let them avoid the social parties in which the wine-cup is honored, and by so doing they will not only strengthen themselves but their weaker brethren.

We know that they may be called "fanatics," "cranks," but better, infinitely more honorable, is the appellation than that of coward, that must be coupled with the name of him who fears to have the courage of his convictions, and to stretch out to a despairing and enslaved brother the assistance of word and example. They cannot exert any appreciable influence unless they become total abstainers. Not only will they not give proof of what is in them, but they endanger their future if they do not earnestly and sincerely purpose to shun alcohol in any form. We have seen young men who stepped from college halls with hearts set firm with high resolve to act well and nobly, and we have seen them but a short time afterwards so changed in ideas and sentiments that we shuddered at the awful transformation. One we knew and well. He sailed out upon the ocean of life freighted with infinite possibilities, and, scarce before he commenced his course, he suffered shipwreck on the shoal of strong drink. We spoke to him, but our words fell on heedless ears, for there are sins that rub from off the soul the bloom and fragrance that will never come again. We implored him for his mother's sake to stand true and firm, and at the mention of her name he started up and the old innocent look came back to his eyes and the tears coursed down a countenance hitherto still but blighted by the plague-touch of intemperance. But he shook his head and sat down listlessly. Sad at heart we turned to go. Just as we opened the door we said:

"Friend, we saw a picture to-day. It hangs in the old college chapel. It is the picture of a Man extended on the cross. The blood is trickling down a countenance that, despite its wounds, retains a wondrous beauty. The eyes, beautiful and lustrous, are looking with tender and mournful sadness upon His tormentors. The lips are cracked and swollen, and against them, hard pressed, is a dirty sponge, soaked with gall and vinegar. It is the picture of the dying Christ, and when next you take the liquor that robs you of your manhood remember the Jew who tortured Him in His last hour."

This, then, is the motive of myriads of Temperance men: for the sake of Him Who came to regenerate mankind who have promised to abstain from intoxicating liquor, knowing that the promise is a holy one, the safeguard of their manhood and an example and encouragement for those who are in the power of the drink demon. As the crusaders of old placed on their shoulders the cross and marched to rescue the Saviour's sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, so they give earnest and enthusiastic allegiance to Temperance, and march onward to rescue something more infinitely precious than a sepulchre—Catholic young men who are bartering in saloons, their talents, their lives, their faith, for a paltry glass of liquor.

They are indeed exposed to opposition, but it makes them the more fixed in their purpose. They care not for obstacles. Men pass, but principles live.

Much more might we say, but we fear to weary them. That they may be true men enjoying ever the exquisite pleasure that comes from the consciousness of duty well done, is the sincere wish of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

The plan of reform which has been proposed by England, France and Russia, for the ending of the difficulties brought up by the atrocities in Armenia, includes the appointment of Christian governors in all the districts of Armenia where Christians predominate, and of Moslem Governors where Mahometans constitute a majority of the population. The sub-Governors in each case are to be of the other creed.

The Sultan at first refused to accept these conditions; but on afterthought agreed to them. Perhaps it would have been better if he had persisted in his refusal, for this course would probably have forced the European Governments to take steps for the repression of Turkish rule over the Christian populations which are governed now only for the purpose of grinding tribute out of them.

The present Sultan is not naturally tyrannical, and there are many of his acts which prove that he has a kind heart, but the system under which he governs is radically evil, and he cannot but be a despot under it; and even when he is personally inclined to deal justly with his Christian subjects, his officials are too much accustomed to brutal methods to carry out his intentions, and they oppress most arbitrarily those whom they are appointed to govern, their only object being to lay up wealth and enjoy pleasure for themselves, the Government being satisfied with them as long as they send in to the higher authorities the tribute they are expected to collect. This is the Turkish idea of government, even in the management of those who are Moslems; but where Christians are concerned there is little to be expected other than cruelty and contempt.

A Christian is regarded as a dog, and is spoken of as such, the only restraint upon the higher authorities being their fear of incurring the displeasure of Western powers by their cruelty toward Christians. But this restraint does not exist in regard to the subordinate Pashas and other officials, who all act toward them as their whims dictate, or avarice suggests, and the same cruelties which caused the crusades to be undertaken from six to eight centuries ago have been practiced down to the present date. The atrocities which have been perpetrated recently in Armenia, and a few years longer ago in Bulgaria, are only part of the normal condition of affairs as they have existed for centuries.

THE "SELF-EVIDENCING AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE."

Such was the strange expression of a reverend gentleman endeavoring to prove that the Bible gives, by its intrinsic beauty and sublimity, ample proof of its being the word of God. We confess that it is a compendium of all that is wise and holy, but we should never venture to advance this as the proof of its inspiration.

Admitting for argument's sake that its doctrines of faith and morality are unmistakable evidences of their divine origin, how comes it that so many and holy men have doubted whether such and such passages were divinely inspired? Four hundred years elapsed before the question of the canonicity of the Scriptures was decided, and Luther and his brother reformers differed from one another in their acceptance of the Scriptures. Let us take but one example—the Book of Revelations. Nearly all the Protestant divines denied its canonicity. Calvin pronounced it unintelligible, and Dr. South went so far as to say that it either found a man mad or left him so. More might we say to show the utter untenability of such a theory, which at best produces nothing but uncertainty. An authority is needed to declare what is the word of God and what is not, and that authority was established by our Divine Saviour when He said:

"Go teach in my name: as the Father hath sent me, so I send you; whosoever will not hear you, let him be to you as the heathen and publican."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE French Bishops are united in their resistance to the tax on religious communities; and it is needless to say that their action has excited the most favorable comments, even from that who are inimical to the Church. The Bishop of Beauvais, however, recommended submission to the Government; but his advice was, fortunately, not followed. M. Poincare, Minister of Public Worship, has received a severe castigation at the hands of the Archbishop of Cambrai, who is of the opinion that it were unwise and cowardly to tolerate such iniquitous legislation. The Archbishop is right, and every honest individual will support him and his colleagues in the impending conflict.

AT PRESENT Turkish domination is maintained or tolerated over the Christian communities of Europe and Asia, only through the mutual jealousies of Christian powers, which require a buffer State to keep them from encroaching on each other; but it is probable that the atrocities in Armenia may be the occasion for a change in the map of Turkey, as far as regards its Asiatic possessions at least. If the Sultan had not consented to the reforms recently proposed by England, France and Russia, it is probable that these powers would feel themselves constrained to make some arrangement for the deliverance of Christianity; but as the matter now stands, it is difficult to foretell what measures will be adopted for their protection. Surely, now, a short time will tell.

THE Catholic University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, at the close of its golden jubilee exercises conferred the degree of LL. D. on the Rev. Washington Gladden, the Congregational minister of Columbus, Ohio. It is the first time in the history of that institution when this degree was conferred on a Protestant. Dr. Gladden has done much by his liberal-minded views to break down the narrow prejudices entertained by enemies of the Catholic Church, and he has especially done much good by exposing the meanness of the A. P. A. movement in one of the ablest documents yet published on this subject. He well deserves this recognition from the University of Notre Dame on the important occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its institution.

MORE atrocities on Christians are reported from Turkish Provinces. The latest report is from Iskanderun, in Northern Syria, where Moslem mountaineers are daily pillaging European colonists and threatening their lives. The colonists have appealed to the powers of Europe to protect them. How long are such outrages to be permitted by Christian nations? Macedonia has taken the initiative in the struggle for freedom from Turkish rule, and some successes are reported for the insurgents in that quarter. If the Christian powers are in earnest for the liberation of the Christian provinces the insurrection there will afford an admirable opportunity for their interference in the settlement of the Turkish problem, the only true solution to which will be the ending of Moslem domination.

CHARLES A. DANA, the able editor of the New York Sun, speaking recently of the Bible, altogether independently of its inspired character, places it in the first rank of books which every one should read on account of its literary utility. He said:

"There is perhaps no book, whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up a right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?"

CATHOLICS who were for one reason and another impressed with the idea that our institutions could not claim equality with those of Protestant denominations, are beginning to recognize the fact that our colleges and convents are not only as good but in most cases superior to any in Canada. They even who differ from us in belief acknowledge it by sending their sons and daughters to Catholic institutions. It has been said that we are not up to the times. We avow, and we are proud to declare, that we are not up to the times in the adoption of every new educational innovation; but in solid instruction, in formation of character, we brook no rivals. This may sound optimistic, but facts prove that we speak truly. There is a certain refinement and modesty in our graduates that prove more convincingly than advertisements the superiority of training received in our institutions.

THE advocates of the Public schools might learn a lesson from their neighbors across the borders. Education without religion has been tried and has proved a disastrous failure. And yet this untrammelled educational system was going to cure the evils of society and usher in an era of prosperity and progress! But it has been the old story, "Men professing to be wise became fools." They pushed Almighty God out of the schools, and the devil took up his abode within their precincts. "It has," says a New York daily, "banished religion from the entire life of the great majority of the American people—there are about three-fourths of the entire population who belong to no Church, profess no religion, are in no way occupied with the destination of the soul, living as if it were certain that man had nothing to expect beyond time, more than the brute. This absence of moral restraint has produced the same effect on morality as the same cause produced eighteen hundred years ago on the decrepit Rome of the Caesars. In the older States of Maine and Massachusetts the number of children is incomparably less than it was: the proportion is so enormous that we dare not publish it."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AT NOTRE DAME.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

colleges are to be educated, I tell thy works and thy methods. Nobly hast thou done during the half century which has gone by. The Catholic Church of America praises and thanks thee on this day of thy jubilee.

More nobly yet wilt thou do in the half century which is to come. Fifty years hence another jubilee of thine will be celebrated; another speaker will rehearse thy deeds. I do not believe that he who will take my place in thy chapel pulpit will speak of greater virtues than those which I speak of when I recall the lives of thy founder and thy early masters; well will it be for thee if their heroic traits reappear in their successors. But the preacher of thy future jubilee will speak of greater feats and triumphs in the service of Church and country; for greater will be thy opportunities and greater thy power.

The future! The Twentieth Century! America during the Twentieth Century! The Catholic Church in America during the Twentieth Century!

The Twentieth Century! It stands out on history's pages unparalleled for its agitations of mighty religious and social problems. Intellectual life grows more intense; no limitations of knowledge are recognized. The human mind, in the success of its inquiries into the phenomena of nature, becomes maddened into the belief of its absolute self-sufficiency, and bids reckless defiance to all existing intellectual authorities, even to Christ, and to His Church. The defender of Christ is compelled to follow the adversary through all lines of natural knowledge, to show that there is no argument against supernatural truth; to follow him even to the furthest frontiers of nature to prove that there is a beyond, of which revelation brings to us fuller tidings; and then, he must unveil the foundations upon which rests the structure of religion, and prove that they are fixed immovable upon the earth.

Humanity is in throes as never before to give birth to new forms of social and political life. All things must be made new is the universal cry

going up to the heavens. Revolutions are upon us, in which, if wisdom and righteousness do not prevail, chaos and death will hold sovereign sway.

America in the Twentieth Century! Those mighty problems, religious and social, which press upon all the world, will be agitated with special fierceness and will move toward a solution with special rapidity, in our own country. Men in America are more impatient for results than elsewhere, and their liberties provoke more readily discussions and changes.

The Catholic Church in America during the Twentieth Century! O Church of ages and of nations, was there ever opened before thee an opportunity so glorious, so worthy of thy power and majesty?

To thee, to reign Queen of Truth. Wherever seekers after truth journey, be thou their leader, illumining their way with thy lights and crowning their conquests with thy own supernatural revelation!

To thee, to reign queen of humanity! Proclaim in a voice that none can fail to hear the supreme principles of moral virtue, of social order and liberty, of duties and rights of men, which Christ's gospel has taught thee. Proclaim them with the high authority of thy mission and win to them the obedience of men by thy Christ-like zeal and thy Christ-like love. Reign in knowledge and in grace Beign to the glory of thy Christ; and the Twentieth Century will serve Him with all the intensity of the intellect and all the aspirations of its heart. The greatest of centuries will be the most loyal to Christ; and as never before will He reign in glory over the world—"Christ yesterday, to-day and to-morrow."

The glory to be during the Twentieth Century, in America, the soldiers of the Church! Blessed are the men to whom God reserves the glory of religion whose mission it is to form the soldiers of the new century!

Notre Dame, I hail thee this morning; I hail thy future work and thy future triumphs. Gird thyself well; put forth all thy energies; be the peer of the best. During the coming great century many thousands names will be inscribed on honor's roll as worthiest sons of country and of Church; among them, on the highest lines, be names of pupils of Notre Dame!

COMMENCEMENTS.

Lorette Abbey, Toronto.

While the toilers of the great world are but preparing for the harvest, the student world reverses the order of things, beginning its work in the mellow light of the autumn days and reaping the harvest in the full glow of the summer sunlight, showing what great and useful and noble and intellectual things young minds can achieve and young fingers can accomplish. Among many such harvests, the result of ten months work at Lorette Abbey is most creditable. Every branch of learning suitable to young ladies of the present day has had its share of application, and as actions speak louder than words we but call attention to the works exhibited by the pupils of this flourishing Institute.

At the Art School exhibition recently held in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists we admired the magnificent display of China painting, for which the Abbey obtained the Gold Medal. The collection of pictures was also very beautiful, and obtained thirteen certificates for water colors and nine for oil paintings. The drawing examination of the Government Art School, with which the Abbey is affiliated, were also very creditable, this being the second year the Abbey has carried off the bronze medal for the highest number of marks in the primary course. The numerous certificates obtained go to prove the thorough training received in this branch; there were in the advanced course thirty five, in the primary fifty, and one in the mechanical; the marks were also very good in geometry and perspective.

The pupils following the commercial course were likewise very successful, three having obtained diplomas for stenography and type-writing from the British American Business College, where they passed their examinations. Nor was this the limit of the "fruit of their hands." Visitors at the Abbey studio were loud in their applause of the exquisite needlework and the pretty display of fancy work that was exhibited in that department. The linen embroidery was especially beautiful—worthy of fairy fingers.

Perhaps the most brilliant of all the examinations was that of the vocal and instrumental music. Of the splendid achievements in the latter, we had occasion to judge at the recent piano recital given by Miss Guttin, of Owen Sound, when she received her diploma, and exhibited an amount of technical ability and high finish seldom found in young musicians. Mr. Vogt, who presided at the closing examinations, expressed himself highly pleased with the young ladies of the graduating and under-graduate classes, whose exquisite rendering of the works of the grand old masters gives fair hope for successful achievements in the musical world. He especially complimented Miss Ella Butler, of Deseronto, on her brilliant rendering of very choice and difficult selections.

Miss Butler is a charming musician of great promise and fascinating execution, possessing that enviable soul-stirring facility to a wonderful extent. Owing to ill health she was unable to obtain her diploma this term, but lovers of music may look forward to

her recital when school re-opens, and may expect fully as rare a treat as that offered by this year's diplomatist.

The vocal music, under the able direction of Mr. Schuch, has also been cultivated with evident satisfaction. It has been the privilege of many to hear within the Abbey walls not merely the sweet voices of young musicians, but the beautiful, effective, melodious sounds of the embryo prima donna.

The success in the school examinations was most gratifying to the painstaking teachers. The three graduates obtained very high marks, and the undergraduates signalized themselves in a manner that promises distinguished graduates for next year. Those aspiring to university honors and matriculation have yet to win their laurels, but, judging from their serious application and previous achievements, they have grounds for expecting a favorable result. The accomplishment of the pupils in the literary line is well portrayed in their successful strides into journalism. Their *Leaflets* that came into existence but a few short years ago, has grown in a favorable atmosphere, though not exempt from the usual scathing criticism, until it ranks among the first of college journals. Each number contains a collection of very fine essays, and the youthful aspirants to poetic fame contribute really delicious little verses, while a few exhibit no small amount of talent in the creation of narrative and incident.

We regret that the closing exercises were of a private nature, for we judge that the usual recitations and musical selections were of a high order. The Ladies of Lorette are to be congratulated on the splendid success that has crowned this scholastic year of labor and all who are interested in the education of youth must realize what a blessing is such an Institute, where young ladies receive an education that endows them with ability to encounter any emergency in after life. Following the example of their noble self-sacrificing teachers, who indeed bear the greater portion of their daily toil, and under their holy influence, the pupils are taught to turn away from all that is not good and to banish the discords of life "amid the music of nobler thought."

So they return to their homes, at least aspirants to that valiant idea of womanhood ever placed before them, and so the world is better for the influence of such noble women.

The following is the list of honors obtained by the most successful pupils:

- GRADUATING HONORS. Graduating medals conferred on Miss Fagan, Miss Collins and Miss J. McDonald. Gold medals for mathematics presented by His Grace Archbishop Walsh for Church history, obtained by Miss Rose Murphy. Silver medal graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor General for English literature, obtained by Miss Fagan. Gold cross presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Lottie Lynn. Medal for Christian Doctrine in second school, obtained by Miss L. Ryan. Crowned for good conduct in boarding and day schools, Miss Connor and Miss Gormaly. Gold medal for lady-like deportment and general satisfaction, obtained by Miss Butler. Crowned for amiability by unanimous vote of companions, Miss Suzie Burns. Crowned for personal neatness, Miss Bissonette. Gold medal in matriculating class, presented by a friend, for mathematics, obtained by Miss O'Leary. Gold medal for Latin in matriculating class presented by Rev. P. Coyle, obtained by Miss Connor. Essay medal presented by Sir Francis Smith, obtained by Miss Mary Mason. Gold medals for mathematics presented by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, obtained by Miss Gertrude Donoghue. Gold medal for proficiency in under-graduate class, obtained by Miss Christine Keighley. Gold medal for elocution, obtained by Miss Irene Miteus. Gold bracelet presented by Mrs. Lascton for silk embroidery, awarded to Miss Keighley. Gold cross for needlework, obtained by Miss Abbie Seccord. Silver medal for English composition in prose and verse, awarded to Miss Greatwood. Crown for ability in day school, Miss Nellie Hughes. MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Teacher's Diploma for Instrumental Music obtained by Miss Sackott. Gold medal for instrumental music presented by Mr. Hugh Ryan, obtained by Miss Helen McMahon. Gold medals obtained by Miss Le Bel and Miss Collins. Special prize presented by Mrs. Magann awarded to Miss Bissonette. Gold medals in St. Cecilia's choir, obtained by Miss Le Bel and Miss Chapin. 1st. Prize in singing, awarded to Miss LeBel by Mr. Schuch. THE PROVINCIAL BRONZE MEDAL for the highest number of marks in the primary course was awarded to Miss Saida Hawkins. COMMERCIAL COURSE. Diplomas for stenography and typewriting were obtained by Miss Connee, Miss Greatwood and Miss Nellie Way. [Classes will be resumed in the above institution on 1st Sept. next.]

JOINS THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Ayres Leaves the Episcopal Church to Join the Mother Church.

New Orleans Evening Star.

In a card addressed to the "Episcopalians of Mississippi coast" and published in a morning paper, Mr. Nelson Ayres, heretofore one of the most self-sacrificing of priests attached to the Episcopal diocese that is subject to the rule of Bishop H. Miller Thompson, announces his intention of resigning from the priesthood of the Anglican communion and from all fellowship with that denomination, or, in other words, the gentleman referred to has become or is about to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Ayres' renunciation of Episcopal connections is announced in a dignified manner and the document throughout is pregnant with the reverence of clerical ties that connected him for many years with the

Episcopalians of the Gulf coast towns, among whom he labored as a missionary, and the letter to Bishop Thompson is no less the utterance of the scholar and gentleman and the religious seeker after that "rest" that drove Newman and Faber and Manning and other leading clerical lights of the great English church establishment to seek that peace "that passeth all understanding," and which they honestly thought could only be found in the arms of the great Roman communion.

With the apparent ritual and paradoxes in doctrinal teaching that now distract the Episcopal Church in this country as well as in England, thousands of thoughtful men, and women, too, are gravely considering their position with regard to their allegiance to the church of their childhood. Thousands of others before Mr. Ayres have "verted, as the term is employed, and still the end is not.

There are not many Episcopalians resident in this city, but what there are of them may be accounted as among the most intelligent of our citizenship. Limited as is the clientele, any one can find all the divisions of Anglicanism represented. There is high, low and broad churchmanship to be had for the asking. If one thinks that his faith is made the more profound with the assistance of lighted candles on the altar, why, they are to be had, or if on the other hand, he should prefer candles on the altar, but have theological misgivings as to the lighting of them, why, that condition of worship can be secured, while, should one want to worship in an Anglican church where there are neither lighted nor unlighted tapers, he has no difficulty in getting that mild form of Anglican ritualistic refreshment. Dr. Waters, of St. Paul's, it may be safely asserted, repudiates the doctrines preached down-town by Dr. Hunter, of St. Ann's, and some people say that the brilliant divine that now fills the pulpit of Trinity failed of election at the last convention of the Episcopal Church of this diocese to the Standing Committee or another equally dignified office by reason of his "broad" views openly preached, to the slight wonderment of the old time members of the Episcopal Church in this city.

These it may be presumed, are some of the causes that have led up to the resignation of Mr. Ayres from the Episcopal Church. A good many men are wondering to-day who is right and who is wrong, the high or the low, or the broad section of this venerable church establishment.

Following is the letter or "card" addressed by Mr. Ayres to the Episcopalians of the Mississippi coast:

REV. MR. AYRES' CARD.

"As I was denied the opportunity of speaking to you in person last Sunday, I take the present means of saying to you my farewell as your minister.

I have to-day addressed to the Bishop of Mississippi the following letter:

"My Dear Bishop—"This is to place in your hands my resignation as missionary on the coast, and with it my resignation of the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

"It is unnecessary for me to go into my reasons for this step, further than to say that I have at last seen the folly of trying to be a Catholic and a Protestant at the same time.

"For yourself, my dear Bishop, I entertain no feeling but the profoundest respect and affection. I appreciate deeply, and heartily thank you for the consideration and kindness that have marked all your relations to me, relations which I cannot sever without deep pain and regret.

"I beg your forbearance and your prayers, and remain ever,

"Affectionately yours,"

"For you, the dear people, among whom I have labored for nearly seven years, and of whom many are my dearest personal friends, I feel that I must express the deep pain I feel at the severance of the relations, which, for me, were so delightful. Nothing could drive me to it but the profoundest sense of duty, duty to you, as well as to my own soul, and I feel that I owe you some brief explanation of my course.

"Educated in a Protestant denomination bitterly prejudiced against everything Catholic, my study of the Scriptures and of history early drove me to the Episcopal Church, under the conviction that she was at least a living branch of that Church of God which He purchased with His own precious blood. I have believed and taught that her ministers were real priests, her sacraments actual channels of divine grace, and her teachings the utterances of the Holy Ghost. For more than twenty-three years I have exercised her ministry in this persuasion, though for the last twenty of them with growing doubts, hard to suppress and distressing to entertain.

"Had I regarded more the actual facts of the world and less the theories of the narrow school in the Church, with which I have been more or less identified, I should not have been so long in doubt, for the Church of God is a 'city set on a hill, that cannot be hid.' It is this Church that teaches God's truth with a voice of certainty and authority; it is this Church that claims for, and has in, its sacraments all that the Lord Jesus promised; it is this Church that makes it her business, as her Lord did, to take away the sins of the world. I dare not longer withhold my obedience from the holy Catholic Church. "NELSON AYRES.

New Orleans, June 18, 1895.

It is by resisting the passions, and not by serving them, that true peace of heart is to be found.—Imitation of Christ.

Depend not upon thyself but place thy hope in God.—Imitation of Christ.

ENGLAND AND LOURDES.

An occasional correspondent writing in the London Tablet says that in these days when there is a movement towards Christian Unity, warmly encouraged by the Vicar of Christ himself, when many of our separated brethren are growing weary of false doctrines and endless schisms, some of the best and noblest spirits among them even looking to the Holy See for sympathy and help, it may interest your readers to hear of a ceremony that took place on Sunday last in this sanctuary, noted as it is for so many spiritual graces and temporal benefits.

It was the feast of St. Augustine in England and the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and the idea occurred to an English Catholic lady, now visiting Lourdes, to get special prayers for the conversion of England; it was cordially taken up by other English visitors among whom were two priests from the diocese of Shrewsbury, the Rev. John Barry, and the Rev. Jas. O'Gray, who gladly offered their services for so good a work.

Mass was said in the morning in one of the chapels of the Church of the Rosary, followed by the recital of the Rosary itself; it was, however, in the evening that the most striking ceremony occurred in the Basilica, where the High Altar and its surroundings were brilliantly illuminated, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, the two English priests before mentioned officiating, assisted also by one of the priests of the religious congregation attached to the Basilica. English hymns were sung and English prayers said. It was expected by some people that few would be present besides the English visitors, but the church was simply crowded, the solemn function having proved to be most attractive. It was, perhaps, difficult to repress a smile when the Benediction was over, the native choir, desirous presumably of paying a compliment to English music, sang some pious canticle to the tune of "The Conquering Hero." But, I think, England got many a prayer on that evening from the devout multitude there assembled.

It is not now the principal season for pilgrimages; and yet there were some well worthy of notice on the day following the ceremony I have just described. Early in the morning, about 5 o'clock, there arrived the pupils educated by the Jesuit Fathers at Bordeaux, marching from the station with brass bands, and disturbing the repose of at least one tepid and unworthy Christian. After they had performed their devotions and listened to some stirring sermons they took their departure in the afternoon. Other pilgrims, however, from different French parishes had arrived; a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, and late in the evening a torchlight procession from the Grotto: this last was singularly beautiful—the multitude of pilgrims and other devout persons carrying their candles, and singing hymns or litanies as they passed round the garden in front of the church, and finally gathering round the statue of the Blessed Virgin to chant the "Magnificat"—it requires to be seen in order to be fully appreciated.

I may be allowed to add that a remarkable cure has occurred here quite recently, in the early part of the present month. A girl nineteen years old named Jeanne Dumet, from the Jura, was brought, with difficulty and some risk, to bathe in that water which has incontestably (however you may explain it) been the means of restoring so many broken hearted and prostrate pilgrims. She was carried in a box resembling a coffin, which gained her at Lourdes the name of "La jeune fille au cercueil."

Her whole body was paralysed, with the exception of her head, shoulders, and arms, the result evidently of some disease of the spinal marrow: she could take no solid food, and was nourished chiefly upon milk.

Great was the astonishment of the young woman who had assisted to put her in the bath, when she raised herself suddenly and unexpectedly, and came out with the restored use of her limbs. Moreover she at once took solid food, which the doctors required her to do in their presence.

The English lady, mentioned above, knew the case, and can testify to the girl's state before she took the bath, but had no opportunity of examining her afterwards. There appears, however, to be no reasonable doubt of the fact of her cure. "Facts," the proverb says, "are stubborn things." You may explain them as you will, but you cannot get rid of them. Hysteria is a common medical explanation of many of the cures at Lourdes, and, in some instances, doubtless a true one. But there are some not so easily to be disposed of; and, at any rate, it is a most remarkable coincidence that such a number of recoveries from illness and grave maladies, whether hysteria or not, should arise from simply bathing in a tank of common cold water, to which no one for a moment supposes to have any medical properties, naturally speaking, but which is like any other cold pure water. I commend this to the consideration of the learned and the wise.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

"Loving Father or Mother Merit Than Me."

A distressing impediment to entering the Catholic Church is frequently thrown in the way of children by their Protestant parents. The ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" describes the sorrow of a poor girl whose engagement to her lover is broken up by the tearful silence of her mother. A rich old widower comes wooing the girl, who finally marries him to help her mother in poverty.

Without meaning it, Protestant parents often stand in the way of their child's salvation. Sometimes it is the rigid father who kicks up his donkey heels at the slightest mention of Romanism. But it is more frequently the mother, who declares that her heart will break if John or Mary joins those dreadful Catholics. Who would willingly pain a loving mother, and all mothers are loving? A young man or a young woman becomes convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith. If mention is made of the matter, the household is thrown into an uproar or into a settled melancholy, compared with which the solitude of a prison is hilarity. The father, who passes Sunday either reading the papers or playing poker at the club, at once becomes adamant in his religious convictions. The mother appears at breakfast with red eyes, indicative of a night of weeping. Perhaps the minister is sent for, and he eats dinner slowly, with the seriousness of a converted murderer about to ascend the scaffold. He sighs heavily between the courses and instances sad cases of perverts who ended their unhappy days in the cells of convents, possibly by suicide.

We know only one efficacious antidote to those whose parents oppose their entrance to the Catholic Church. Enter and trust to Divine Providence. You will never learn to swim by standing shivering on the bank. Plunge. God will not desert you. We could cite a hundred instances in which Protestant children took a firm and decided stand in the matter, joined the Catholic faith and eventually brought both father and mother over. Their only trouble is that the good mother who once opposed their conversion now gives them no rest if they delay going to the sacraments.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

WHICH IS THE ALIEN CHURCH?

Every now and then—especially now—the Episcopal sectarian newspapers entertain (they can scarcely alarm) their subscribers with vehemently conched editorial articles about the "alien Church." Of course the Catholic Church is referred to by these sputtering patriots. Jealous of the enormous growth of Holy Church, and day by day more conscious that her solid front, her changeless faith, and her effectual discipline present a glaring contrast to the individualistic chaos of Protestantism, the gentlemen whose business it is to explain matters weekly are put to it to find some sort of slanderous account for such uncomfortable facts. Of late they have founded away at the "alienism" of the Catholic Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury tossed off in a neat little speech his "Italian Mission," and when the Bishops of New York and Albany had given it currency in this country, the whole pack of editorial yelpers were off in a trice.

The result is amusing. From every utterance of the Holy Father down to every wink of the curate in the next parish—all that is said (or not said), done or left undone—all we are told, covers, hides, is secretly part of, a colossal conspiracy to bring America under the tyrannical dominion of the Pope, who is nothing more nor less than a puppet pulled by Jesuit wires!

Now, as a matter of fact, there are millions of Catholics who are ardent royalists, anti-republicans and aliens to our Government—but they are not in America!

If there were enough Episcopalians to go around, they, no doubt, would like to have some members in France, Spain, Italy and Germany but in such a case they could hardly expect their foreign co-religionists to be one with them in politics.

No! Evidently this is not what is objected to in the Catholic Church. The intention is, to insinuate that Catholics in America, being first of all Catholics, are necessarily disingenuous in their Americanism and ready, at a nod from the Vatican, to conspire for the overthrow of our cherished institutions.

The Episcopalians should be the last to harp on that string. This we propose to show in a few words.

We may overlook as mere gratuitous bombast their permanent charge of disloyalty and confine our inquiry to the critical times in our national career.

At the time of the war for independence, when a handful of colonists strove successfully to emancipate themselves from a foreign and insupportable yoke, what was the comparative attitude of Catholics and the predecessors of their present critics?

Numerically the Episcopalians were overwhelmingly greater, the Catholics being but a few scattered families. But what of their dangerous, alien, anti-Americanism?

Can any one name a single Catholic priest who plotted and preached and prayed for his sacred majesty, George III? On the contrary, the Catholics of Maryland and elsewhere were in the front for freedom.

How about the Episcopalians? One does not like to be too hard on them, as they were solely hampered and embarrassed by their relations to the English Government—from which

the pay of their pastors, in great measure, was derived. But this fact, while exciting pity, can not excuse them from the present question of loyalty to America.

Well, then, the foremost clergyman among them was Doctor Samuel Seabury. After the war was over and he and his colleagues had been pardoned, he became the first Episcopalian bishop in America, and doubtless was a man of learning and sound piety. This Doctor Seabury was rector of Westchester when the war broke out, and so violent was his Toryism, and so outspoken his intention to both pray and work for the king, that he had to flee for his life, and remained on the black list to the end.

In April, 1775 (when neutrality was no longer entitled to so mild a name), a great Tory meeting was held at White Plains, N. Y., and Doctor Seabury was a moving spirit there. To the protest then drawn up his is the first signature. The critics do not mention this, but the signatories looked "with abhorrence at all unlawful Congresses," etc., etc., and that they were "determined at the hazard of our lives and properties to support the king!"

Image Cardinal Gibbons signing such a paper! Or, fancy the Carroll of Carrollton, (typical Catholics of the Revolution), going to that Episcopalian king-kissing meeting!

Nor was Doctor Seabury alone. The rectorship of Trinity Church, New York City—the foremost position then, as now—was occupied by Doctor Auchmutz, who lived and died, as did most of his congregation, fighting American independence. Writing to friends in the British camp, the rector of Trinity thus refers to Washington's forces: "We have lately been plagued with a rascally Whig mob." "Our magistrates have not the spirit of a louse." Another choice alien was the president of Columbia college (then called King's college). He was an Episcopalian minister, and his intrigues with the invading British forced him to flee his post. Thus the reverend king's men is a long on-stage easily explains the heat of editors when the sore point is touched.—Sacred Heart Review.

Catholic Points for Protestant Thought.

W. W. Clark, in Donahoe's Magazine. It is worthy of much comment, indeed it is a matter that should be emphasized instead of forgotten, that on all the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity there is a perfect harmony of belief between the orthodox Protestant churches and the Roman Catholic Church.

Their conception of God's nature is the same; they believe equally in the inspiration of the Bible, in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of heaven and hell, in the efficacy of prayer, in the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, in the Trinity of the Godhead, in that essential, distinguishing feature of Christianity—the Divinity of Christ and the potency of His death to work the salvation of sinners. The differences between them, while radical in a few points, are in the main matters of detail of ritual, ceremonies and rites. Yet so long and bitter has been the warfare over these minor matters and so completely have the disputants lost sight of the great mass of important items on which they agree, that they have come to look upon each other as enemies, and anything proceeding from the other's camp is an object for their violent attack. Very few Protestants have studied or even read a Catholic exposition of Catholic points of faith. They do not get, they cannot get, from Protestant critics either a fair statement of what is believed by members of the Catholic Church or a clear, unprejudiced presentation of their reasons for so believing. This is unfair, unjust, illogical. They set up a warped and garbled statement of a Catholic tenet, support it on weak and trembling legs of their own fashioning, and then proclaim the ease with which they overthrow it. It is an insult to the keenness of intellect which has ever characterized the leaders of that Church, and to the great minds that have found a congenial abode within its walls, to ascribe to them some of the senseless and wild notions which those who either wilfully misrepresent or ignorantly misunderstand Catholic points of faith are accustomed to charge upon the followers of the Pope.

The Same Old Errors. It is strange how an apparently well meaning editor of a secular paper keeps on repeating the same old errors about Catholic doctrine after attention has been more than once called to his error. Thus the man who answers questions in the New York Sun told an inquirer last Sunday that "the hyperdulia, or adoration of the Virgin Mary, dates from about the fifth century, immediately after the downfall of Nestorianism," and that "the title of Mother of God was conferred on Mary by the council of Ephesus in 431." Now, not only has a Council never made a new doctrine, it simply proclaiming as of faith what has all along been the belief of the Christian world, but the Church has ever repudiated the idea of adoration being paid to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, hyperdulia simply meaning extraordinary veneration.—Catholic Standard.

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with plenty of wholesome food and outdoor exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

An Eloquent Tribute.

Many eloquent eulogies have been written concerning the stability with which the Irish people cling to the Catholic faith and the zeal with which they transplant it in every soil whereon their lot is cast, but among them all we know none more beautiful or appropriate than the following, contributed by Colonel Butler to Merry England:

ST. PATRICK'S VISION.

This is a legend of olden time which tells of a vision seen by the Apostle of Ireland a short time before his death. In that vision he is shown the future of the island for whose good he had dared and done so much. The sight, full of sorrow, of trial, of suffering, of anguish, wrung the Apostle's heart, and he cried aloud in the darkness: "Will God thus cast off His people forever?" and then a voice answered through the night, bidding him to look out into the distant future; for beyond the gloom there was light, and beyond the sorrow there was hope.

Yes; there was light far away in the West—in the great ocean—far down below the sunset's furthest verge—from westmost hilltop the New World lay waiting for the light. It came borne by the hands of Ireland's starving children. The old man tottered with the precious burthen from the fever-stricken ship; the young girl carried the light in feeble hands to the shore; the maiden brought it into the homestead to be a future dowry to the husband and a legacy to the children; and lo! ere famine's night had passed from Ireland, the Church of Patrick arose o'er all that vast New World of America, from where the great St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into the daybreak of the Atlantic, to where California flings wide her Golden Gate to the sunsets of the Pacific. Nearly 1,400 years have passed away since, on the 17th of March, 493, Patrick passed from earth to heaven. Empires have flourished and gone down, whole peoples have passed away, new faiths have arisen, new languages have sprung up, new worlds have been born to man, but those fourteen centuries have only fed the fire of that faith which he taught the men of Erin, and have spread into a wider horizon the light he kindled. And if there be in the great life beyond the grave a morning trumpet note to sound the reveille of the army of the dead, glorious indeed must be the muster answering from the tombs of fourteen centuries to the summons of the Apostle of the Gaels.

Nor scarce less glorious can be his triumph when the edge of sunrise, rolling around this living earth, reveals on all the ocean isles and distant continents the myriad scattered children of the Apostle, whose voices, answering that sunrise roll call, re-echo in endless accents along the vaults of heaven.

Sir Donald "Fooled 'Em" Sir Donald MacFarlane is the only Catholic who has ever sat for a Scotch constituency in the Imperial House of Parliament. There is a curious story told about his electioneering, which illustrates how the system of heckling can be sometimes turned to the advantage of the heekler. Sir Donald only won his seat in the last election by a majority of eighty, and his victory was attributed to his "pawkiness." Feeling ran high against him; no believer in the Kirk could vote for a Catholic, it was thought, however good a Liberal the candidate might be. And at a great meeting it was anticipated that Sir Donald would be heckled out of the country. But a heckler arose, whether with Sir Donald's connivance or not, who put a fresh complexion on the matter. Was it possible, he asked Sir Donald, in stentorian tones, for a Papist to be a patriotic Scotchman? With feigned hesitation and much meekness of manner, Sir Donald replied that he had always considered Robert Bruce and William Wallace to be patriotic Scotchmen, and that both of these worthies held the same religion as he did.

Catholicity in Mexico.

Some time since Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a Protestant gentleman, writing from the city of Mexico to the Boston Herald, thus refers to Mexican Catholic women: "What is the effect of the religion of these people on their lives and conduct is a question frequently asked me by my compatriots. Regarding its work in the formation of the character of women, in rendering them both happy and useful, the Catholic faith needs no tribute. Nowhere in the wide world can women of more lovely lives, of sweeter character, be found than in this pleasant land of Mexico. True in all relations of life—good wives, excellent mothers and faithful guardians of their households—they are unexcelled. A calm content rests upon them; they are not distracted by ambition, and the feverishness of the lives of 'emancipated women' troubles them not. In sickness they are true friends and the best of neighbors, and their faith renders them indifferent to the religious belief of whoever may be in distress. One must needs be a very bitter Protestant to deny these palpable facts. And I, who am not a Catholic, but merely record what I see all about me, am glad to pay this merited tribute to the choicest example of what the faith of the Catholics does for that portion of our race which bears the heaviest burden in life."

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cure.

Drinking Husbands Not Wanted.

A Danbury, Conn., temperance society is composed of young women who have pledged themselves not to marry a man who drinks intoxicants. It numbers four hundred and the young women of Bethel, about three miles from Danbury, will join the society. The society has just perfected an organization and elected the following officers: President, Miss Maggie Drum; Vice-President, Miss Annie Higgins; Secretary, Miss Annie Fox; Treasurer, Miss Josie McNamara. The name of the organization will be the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society. Father Lynch was present at the meeting and spoke for an hour encouraging the young women in the step they have taken. Each member subscribes to the platform of the society, one of the clauses of which is against marrying men who drink. Each young woman declares that she would rather live an old maid than to put herself in the position of being the wife of such a man. The members of the society expect to enroll one thousand names.

A Mean Tempter.

"There are some mighty mean men in this world," said an old oak, confidentially, as he leaned over the bar, "but I think the meanest is the fellow who tries to force you to drink when he knows you are trying not to. I met such a one the other day. I was not tipping at the time, but, meeting a party of friends in a saloon, I took a glass of ginger ale out of sociability. I took one drink from the glass, and, being engaged in conversation, did not notice the mean man when he secretly filled up my glass from the whiskey bottle. I was very thirsty that day, and had nearly drained my glass before I noticed the dirty trick. Now, it is the first drink which means destruction with me. I felt the fire stealing through my veins, and rushed from the saloon in an agony of terror. I hurried to one of the theatres where there was a matinee, and then went home, took a bath, ate some supper and went to bed. I slept heavily and dreamlessly, and when I awoke next morning I found to my relief that I was free from the craving. It was the first time in many a year that the first drink was not followed by a regular hurrah."

Foreign Churches.

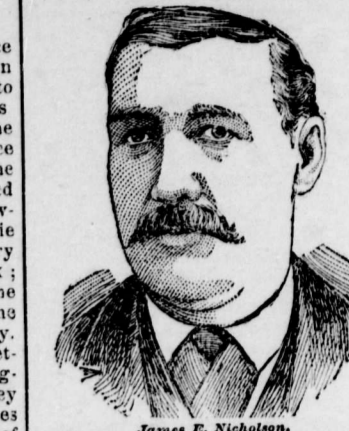
There are now so many foreign churches among us that the curious and earnest student has an opportunity to "travel at his own fireside." To read a brief notice of the dedication of a church of the United Greeks, a Polish church, a Lithuanian church—all Catholic and orthodox, of course—does not convey one half the meaning of what we have in the midst of us. The wonderful freedom and unity, power and tenderness of our holy Faith is thus exemplified within walking limits, and we may see and hear the diverse of races and nations one in the same God.—The Standard.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

The Horse nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

The Best Food For Children? is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with vegetable shortening, COTTOLENE instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene. Made only by The N.K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Anaconda, MONTREAL.



James E. Nicholson.

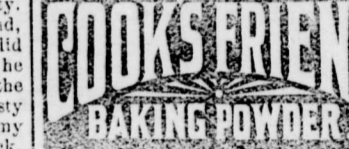
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

The Gospel to-day, my dear brethren, typifies well the man of the world and his Divine Master. The disciples of our Lord, together with the multitude, had been listening to His teaching. He had also healed many of them who were sick. He showed by these two examples that He was a Lord of mercy and a Lord of compassion. He showed by these two examples that He cared for the people and was willing to do all that He could for them. And one might think, surely the disciples of our Lord would have learned the same lesson of mercy and compassion from Him, and that they might have inferred from His miracles that He could have fed them had He willed to do so.

You see how they acted. They would have sent away the multitude into the towns and villages round about to seek food and rest. Christ said to the disciples, "Give ye them to eat." And then by His divine power He works the miracle.

Such are we in this world, my dear people. Too many of us think, "What have we to do with the multitudes? Send them away! We must look out for ourselves." Am I my brother's keeper? This is an opinion to-day amongst many: that every man must look out for his own interest, and that there is no obligation on any one to do as much for his neighbor, and that if one does any favor or good to a neighbor in his difficulty, there is an obligation to make a proper return. We hear it said that all who suffer bear their trials because of their own misdeeds. If a man is poor, men will tell us it is because he is lazy or because he is not thrifty; and so they argue that it is not their business to help any one in trouble.

It is well for the community that these theorists are comparatively few in number, and without much positive influence. But they make their influence felt in a negative way, when those whose hearts should be soft, and whose purse-strings should be open wide, are made hard and close by their arguments.

Such people will readily see that the poor and the unfortunate ought to be helped, but do not see so readily that it is any of their business to help them. They will give some money once in a while, but as for time or care, their pleasures demand all of that. Do they ever give advice which would help their less fortunate neighbors on in life? They are well fitted to do it. Why do they not? How, then, should we deal with our neighbors? We have our Lord's example in the Gospel of to-day? First He taught them, then He showed His pity for them. And last He showed His love for them by healing the sick and feeding the hungry.

You who are learned, there are many who wait for you to teach them the sacred doctrines you know so well. You who have the good things of the world, there are multitudes who are ill, helpless, hungry, and naked whose wants you can relieve.

My prayer for you and all, will be that these words may be said to you at the last: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me."

The Church's Everlasting Memorial Day.

The tendency to commune with the dead, and to pray for them, is strong and universal. It survives whatever systems or whatever creeds men may invent for its suppression.

Samuel Johnson is professedly a staunch Protestant, bristling with prejudices, but a delicate moral sense enters the rugged manhood of his nature. Instinctively he seeks to commune with his departed wife, after the manner dear to the Catholic heart, but forbidden to the Protestant. He keeps the anniversary of her death. He composes a prayer for the repose of her soul, beseeching God "to grant her whatever is best in her present state and finally to receive her to eternal happiness." A century rolls round, and we find the doctrine that was generally regarded by the non-Catholic world as an absurdity and a superstition of by-gone ages, pronounced to be not only a personal consolation as it was to Samuel Johnson, but a beautiful realization of our sense of justice, and to a certain extent a harmonizing of the whole moral ideal.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, looking at the doctrine with an unbiased mind from the point of view of modern thought, says: "As to this doctrine of Purgatory itself—which has so long been a stumbling block to the whole Protestant world—time goes on and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into any notion of what is just or reasonable. So far as its being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality, and a belief in it to be not an intellectual assent, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal."

Thus does modern thought, when it has shaken off cant and prejudice, veer back to the great truth discerned by Plato and formally taught by the Church.

A Pious and Precious Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary. Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jessie's Advice to Grandma.

"What would I do if I were to be blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her playthings.

"What?" asked grandma.

"Go and tell Jesus," said Jessie; "that is what I would do."

"Perhaps He would not cure me," said grandmother.

"Then He would help you to say, 'Thy will be done,' and then you would not mind it, grandma," said the little girl.

A Noble Son.

There is a story in ancient history of a famous judge who was a great favorite with the Roman emperor. Among some prisoners brought before him, who had been fighting against the Romans, was an old man with long hair and unshaven beard, and garments torn and stained; but, in spite of all disguise, the judge instantly recognized his own father. He had taken up arms against his emperor, and now he was to be tried for his life before his own son. It was a terrible moment for both. Some sons would have pretended not to know the prisoner; some would have forgotten the precepts, held sacred, even by the heathen, about paying honor to parents. He, however, left the judgment seat, and approaching the emperor, said:

"I ask but one favor. I am the friend of the emperor, my father was his enemy; either forgive my father for my sake, or take my life with his."

He saved his father's life, for the emperor immediately pardoned the prisoner, and by this noble act gained himself another friend, for he who had been a rebel henceforth was a loyal servant of the State.

Pat, The Fireman.

There is a Chicago dog named Pat that should be given a Fire Department badge, or something of that kind. Pat has been taught a number of tricks, among them that of extinguishing fire. He was first taught to put out the flame of a burning match by clipping his paw on it. Then a bit of paper would be ignited and thrown at his feet, and the size of the paper was gradually increased, until he was able to stop a conflagration that had enveloped a whole newspaper. It didn't matter how dry the newspaper was, it couldn't burn fast enough to discourage Pat. One day the family went away from home leaving the house in Pat's charge, while a carpenter was making some repairs in an upper chamber. The carpenter must have dropped a burning match among some fine shavings as he was about to leave; at any rate, there was a blaze in the room just after his departure. But Pat "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled," and, taking in the flames and a glance, pounced on the flames and soon had them stamped out, although not until he had become badly singed and burned. The people call him "the fireman" now.

Our Girls.

We are justly proud of the bright, ambitious girls who names are enrolled on college registers, and whose scholarship points to the noble pursuits and the various professions now open to women. We rejoice that girls and women all over the civilized world and throwing off the indifference of habit on the one hand and the shackles of society on the other, are making the most of their gifts by cultivation and exercise. We are glad to note, too, that not one jot of womanliness is lost in the struggle for attainment for recognition as an intellectual being, and for foothold in positions of emolument and honor. In fact, the present status of women, including the promise which it holds for the future, is satisfactory not only to those who are jealous for their sex, but to those also, of a larger outlook who perceive that individual progress means race progress.

But there are other girls, equally bright and ambitious, whose names, by what at present seems an adverse fate, will never adorn either colleges or professional records. To them our heartiest sympathy and support should be extended. Often they suffer in silence, few suspecting the heroism that underlies their commonplace lives; and often those for whom their ambitions and hopes are abandoned are wholly insensible to the nature and extent of the sacrifice.

The Rosary of a Jesuit.

From the Portuguese. It was on the 10th of March, 1615, when a religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Ogilbi was his name, and his great crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope, and not to the king, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus: "My dear Ogilbi, I feel sorry for you and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death." Father Ogilbi, feigning fear of the gallows, answered: "What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your Popism and you will at once be pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No! I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer you his daughter in marriage, and for dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks."

With these words they arrived at the scaffold. The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilbi replied that he was willing to do so, if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minister, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilbi, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest pleasure," "Hear me," shouted Father Ogilbi, turning towards the people; "listen to the proposition I make to me." And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice:

"I promise to Mr. Ogilbi life and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a dowry of a rich prebend, provided he be willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilbi of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilbi made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case," then, continued Father Ogilbi, "I will not be present for high treason."

"No," roared the crowd.

"My crime is therefore solely and alone my religion?"

"So it is—only your religion."

Father Ogilbi's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said: "Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one—take it; my religion you shall never take away from me."

The Catholics on hearing these words rejoiced exultingly; whilst the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their own meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied Father Ogilbi loosened his rosary and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at the time travelling through Scotland. Baron John Eckelsdorff, afterwards governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by. The governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, remarked: "When the rosary of Father Ogilbi struck my breast and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was troubled, and frequently I asked myself: 'Why did those beads strike me and no other person?' That thought haunted me for many years, and left me no rest, and became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to this blessed rosary, which to-day I would buy at any price, and which, once in my possession, I would not part from for anything on earth."

THE DEPLORABLE INFLUENCE OF THE PASSION OF ENVY.

Envy is a hateful and degrading passion. It is defined as: "Chagrin, mortification, discontent or uneasiness at the sight of another's excellence or good fortune accompanied with some degree of hatred and desire to possess equal advantages—malicious grudging." The strange thing about it is that the mean spirit of envy so often manifests itself where we should naturally least expect it—in religious persons and in the professed cause of religion.

We have several instances of the evil effects of envy in Holy Scripture. For instance, we are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that so great signs and wonders were done by the Apostles Peter and John on a certain occasion, that the high priest, and all that were with him (which is the heresy of the Sadducees) were filled with envy and they laid hands on the Apostles and put them in the common prison. They had nothing against them but their success.

On another occasion we are told that Paul and Barnabas preached with such great effect at Antioch that some converts were made and the next Sabbath day the whole city almost came together to hear the word of God. "But the Jews, seeing the multitude, were filled with envy, and contradicted those things that were said by Paul, blaspheming." Here they were so enraged at the success of Paul's preaching, though he preached nothing but righteousness, that they actually blasphemed.

Again, at Thessalonica, Paul preached and reasoned with the people on three Sabbath days in the Synagogue and produced such a favorable impression that many Jews, a multitude of the gentiles and of the noble women, not a few were converted and joined themselves to Paul and Silas. "But the Jews, moved with envy and taking unto them some wicked men of the vulgar sort and making a tumult, set the city in an uproar, and they seized some of the disciples and sought to bring them out to the people, crying they have set the city in an uproar, are come hither also." It was they that were causing the uproar, but with characteristic hypocrisy they charged it upon the victims of their envious rage.

But perhaps the influence of the ignoble passion of envy is furnished by the incident where our Lord was brought before Pilate to be tried on the vaguest and most trumped up charges. Pilate was soon convinced of his innocence and would gladly have set him at liberty. For this purpose he sought to release him under the old Jewish custom of releasing a culprit on a festival day. He appealed to the people, therefore, whether he should release unto them the King of the Jews. "For," it is added, "he knew that the chief priests had delivered him up for envy." They deliberately chose a robber in preference to Jesus, and when they demanded why, what evil hath He done? They did not care to explain or argue the case; they were blindly bent on His destruction. His merit was His chief offence. They knew He had done no evil. They knew He was a holy and exemplary Man. They knew He spent His time in going about and doing good in the most benevolent and self-denying manner and that He actually had performed many miracles. But all these things in their envious eyes were so many faults, so many grounds of accusation, and they slew the innocent one imprecating the judgments of heaven upon themselves and their children.

Now this treatment of Jesus and His Apostles is a type of the treatment that has been accorded to His holy Church from the beginning to the present time. He had foretold to His disciples that they should be persecuted. "If they have persecuted Me," He said, "they will also persecute you." "You shall be hated by all men." "They will put you out of the synagogue; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth a service to God."

Now, to whom does this language apply at the present time? In what organization is this prophecy being most emphatically fulfilled? Surely it is not in any one of the hundred and one Protestant denominations. No, it is Christ's true Body and representative on earth, the Catholic Church. It is she that is viewed with envious eyes by the multitude. It is her high standard of morality and sanctity, and majestic progress in spite of all opposition that alarms the tears, stimulates the prejudices and excites the anger and hostility of her enemies. It is true of the Church now as it was in the beginning, whosoever destroyeth, or seeketh to destroy her thinks that he is doing a service to God. They are doing all they can to cripple her efforts, to curtail her influence and if possible to exterminate her from the face of the earth.

True they bring all sorts of charges against her. They form organizations, they preach, they lecture, they agitate against her. Their charges have been met and refuted a thousand times, but that makes no difference, they persist in repeating the charges even. But the real motive at bottom is envy of the success and prestige of the Church. It makes no difference to them that many candid, independent Protestants themselves, considering it unjust as well as bad policy and bad Christianity, and give credit to the Catholic Church for her civilizing, enlightening and Christianizing influence in the past and her beneficent work in the present. So madly bent are they upon damaging the Church that they are willing to sacrifice their own education rather than encourage Catholics to teach their children their own religious principles, and they are determined to deprive them of their civil rights and privileges. Like the Jews of Thessalonica they agitate and create a great disturbance and then cry out: These men that have turned the world upside down have come hither also. They come from foreign lands, the subjects of spiritual despotism and they are plotting against our institutions, and if they get the upper hand there is no telling what will become of us. Like the chief priests and Pharisees of old they are ready to exclaim: "If we let these men alone all will believe in them and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation." If the anti-Popery evangelists of A. P. A. bigots do not see themselves in this glass they must be blind indeed.—Catholic Review.

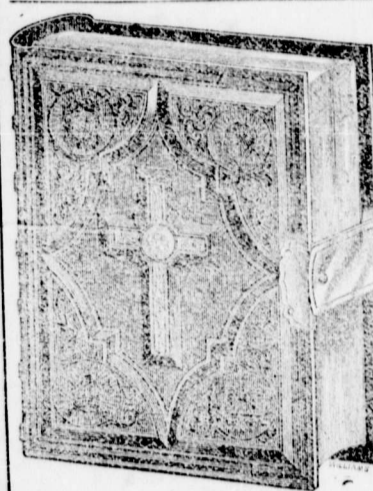
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DR. FORAN'S POEMS.

Eugene Davis in Western Watchman.

Quite recently a volume entitled "Poems and Canadian Lyrics," by Dr. J. K. Foran, LL. B., was published by the well known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. A dedication to Mrs. Foran is as follows: "To his fond wife, the participator of his many joys and sorrows, and to the memory of their dear dead children, Alonzo and Irene, is this little volume affectionately dedicated by the author." Dr. Foran's poems and lyrics are much superior to the average poetry of the age. There is a tone of Rossetian obscurity in his effusions, which are transparently clear as crystal; neither has his muse been soiled by the pernicious so-called doctrines of the Decadent school. Some of his lyrics have the odor of the pine wood, and the melody of the summer breezes rippling through the forest trees. Others prove that the author is loyal to the land of his birth; and while devoted to Canada, he, too, can love the land of his parents, and is proud of his Celtic blood. Dr. Foran is at his best in his ballads. There is more of the spirit of inspiration in the thought and diction of "The Siege of Quebec," "The Battle of Stone River," and the "Ode to St. Catherine," which is of a high dramatic character, and scores of others, than in his poems; yet there is beauty of thought in his "Moonlight" and the "Song of the Brook." I shall now introduce Dr. Foran to your readers by quoting extracts from one or two of his excellent poems:

"THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA."

"The chief of the Ottawa stood on the height  
As the red sun of autumn was low;  
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,  
Where the waves of the Ottawa flow,  
And the glance of his eye as he gazed on the sky.

Was dark as the clouds in the West,  
For he stood by the wave that doth silently have  
The spot where his forefathers rest!

"He gazed for a time on the home of his youth;  
But he wept not a tear, for the stole of truth  
Could not stoop to the grief of a boy;  
But his heart did out-swallow as his longing eyes dwell

Where his campfire was burning before;  
And he thought of his home where he freely did roam,  
"Long the rocks of the Ottawa shore."

"Two Carnivals," the Roman and the Canadian, is very interesting. The Roman festival is attended by "the mass of hooded revelers." Masks and dominos, sweet flowers and "steeds in endless garlands dressed" are met everywhere. "The sun on broad Campaigne sets; ten thousand rockets hiss in air."

"Not so our own Canadian scene—  
No sweet Italian zephyrs blend;  
A shroud of white on fields of green,  
The Ice King reigns o'er all the land.  
But the sun and the Canadian sky  
And crystal splendors round us glow;  
The Boreal god in accents high  
Proclaims the Carnival of Snow."

Dr. Foran has included in his volume several poems on Irish subjects, such as "An Irish Peasant's Home," "Ireland as She Is," "The Answer," "The Manchester Martyrs," "The Moore's Centenary Ode," and other lyrics on "Monger of the Sword," "Lament for Thomas Davis," "Pamela," etc. His domestic poems are most pathetic naturally, owing to the death of the two children of Dr. and Mrs. Foran. Dr. Foran's volume is bound in a handsome cloth covering.

Why Converts Come Over.

The fact is that the better the so-called Protestant the more apt he is to become a Catholic. To be a good Catholic, one must be religious minded and have the child like spirit so dear to our Lord—the spirit of faith, of reverence of docility and of love; one must have an intense love for truth; a craving for grace; a desire for intimate union with Christ. The certitude possessed by the infallible Church its grace-giving sacraments, the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist—these are the attractions which are drawing the noblest minds and the most loving hearts out of the City of Confusion into the Ark of God.—Catholic Telegraph.

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