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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 25, 1892.

No. 20

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Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 7<sup>th</sup> 1892.

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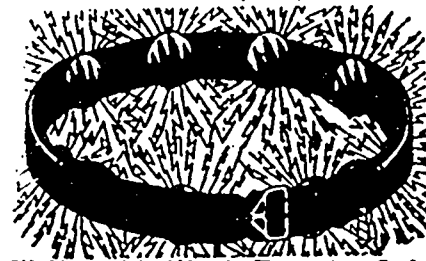
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

*Reddite qua sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 25, 1892

No. 20

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## NOTES.

We draw attention to the manly denunciation of Rev. Mr. Baldwin by Mr. C. F. Long, in another column.

The Baptist Convention have memorialized the world about the use of tobacco. Why do they not attempt something practical, say the prohibition of the use of soft coal? It would be just as much in the line of religion and the smoke is a greater nuisance.

For the third time M. Zela has applied in vain for admission to the French Academy. The "Immortals" have no room for a man who would be eligible to their highest honors if they only spelled their name without a "t."—*Boston Pilot*.

The proposal that Mr. Blake should accept a seat in the British House of Commons meets with warm approval in Liberal circles in London, where Mr. Blake's character and ability are highly esteemed. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says it is a most happy idea and Mr. Blake will prove a most valuable member.

The somewhat complicated system in use in British elections will be found clearly explained in another column. It seems strange to us, who are accustomed to have all the agony piled into one day to find that in Britain they have taken elaborate pains to extend it over nearly two weeks.

The forth coming general election, will be one of transcendent importance to Ireland, and one upon the result of which the future destiny of our country will largely depend. Under such circumstances the man who fails to aid, to the utmost of his ability, in the last great battle of the national war for freedom will deserve nothing but obloquy and contempt.

Will the organizers of the celebration for 12th of July please notice that William of Orange was not an English Protestant but a Dutch Calvinist who had about as much love for the Establishment as a Methodist parson has to-day for a High Church Anglican. In fact he was at no pains to show his contempt for the English and their church. M. A. C., in *American Catholic Review*, says "his behaviour in Church scandalized many even among his friends; he carried his irreverence so far as to keep his hat on during divine service."

A DEPUTATION from the London Trades Council waited on Mr. Gladstone. In reply to the argument of the deputation in favor of establishing a legal eight-hour day, Mr. Gladstone said the Home Rule question blocked the way of any consideration of the matter under discussion. The eight-hour question, he declared, was not one for him to deal with, but for the men who would come after him. He was not even prepared to admit the eight-hour principle was in any wise correct. Mr. Gladstone added that he had dedicated the remainder of his public life to one especial question—that of Home Rule.

THE Ottawa correspondent of a prominent Irish Catholic journal in the United States sent his paper the following at the close of the debate on Mr. Devlin's Home Rule motion.

It being 6 o'clock the Speaker left the chair. The Home Rule resolution will have to await its turn on the order paper before it comes up again. It is generally expected that it will pass by a large majority. The Liberal members will vote for it almost to a man, and enough of the Conservative members can be got to swell a majority which will prove to the world that the Parliament of Canada is strongly and unswervingly in favor of justice to Ireland.

Would it not have been better to have said plainly that, without passing any opinion on the merits of the motion, it was the unanimous feeling of the House that it was inexpedient to make any such recommendation as the motion contemplated. That was the whole case in a word.

REFERRING to the offer made to Mr. Blake of a seat in the British Parliament, the *Gazette* says:—"As a logician and a learned thinker Mr. Blake has few superiors in the Assemblies of the civilized world. The broils of our petty political arena tried both his heart and his mind, and several times he left the battle-field. These retirements gave him the reputation of being a disagreeable person to deal with, and he lost popularity among his old partisans. His prestige as a man of broad views has remained in all its fulness. He would figure with advantage in the English Commons. We heard there no one more powerful than he is. Canada would be proud to see Mr. Blake take part in Imperial politics. The offer made to him is calculated to flatter his legitimate pride and his ambition. The honor brought over to Mr. Blake by telegraph is worth more than the Imperial titles given to men of straw for having done nothing."

## SOME DAY.

Beside the grave that hides my poor dead face,  
Some day, beloved, you will come and wait,  
And kneeling with the old-remembered grace,  
With lips to dust, will say—O life, so desolate,  
O fond true heart! O heart that loved me so!  
But then I shall I not know.

When, thro' the stillness of the warm, sweet air  
Shall sweep the music of the Spring's low call  
Your lips will cry: "Oh days so fair, so fair!  
Poor dear, that you should lose them all!  
And I should learn at last to need you so!  
But, ah! I shall not know.

O love! O love! O-fair, fair yesterday!  
To-day we walk in bitterness apart!  
And yet, though hope and youth be gone away,  
What need of tears, O foolish, doubting earth!  
Since all the love that thrills my pulses so  
Some day, some day you'll know.

## ULSTER'S WAR PLANS.

## HOW THE NORTH OF IRELAND WILL FIGHT AN IRISH HOME PARLIAMENT.

THE *Belfast Telegraph* publishes the proposed plan of resistance to the mandates of an Irish Parliament, should such a body be established. The article was written by a prominent Irish Unionist. It says that the men of Ulster will not allow elections to occur. The election writs will be publicly burned by the Sheriffs of counties and the Mayor of Belfast immediately after they are received. Judges and magistrates taking their commissions from the new executive will not be recognized. The police force will be reorganized with special Constables sworn to replace the regular police. The Queen's taxes will be paid, but taxes levied by the Dublin Parliament will not be paid. The custom house will be seized and held until the question is settled. Continuing, the article says:

"In event of war the North will be in a better position, both as regards credit and geographical position, than the South. Belfast is unassailable, while Dublin is open to direct and immediate attack.

## CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

THE Protestant editor of *Gall's Weekly News Letter*, published in Jamaica, reviewing the career of the late Rev. Father Hathway, S.J., took occasion to draw a striking parallel between the lives of the Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The Catholic priests in Jamaica, he asserts, are zealous in the interests of religion, devoted to the interests of the poor, and care not for worldly wealth. Their ministrations are given as freely to the humble and poverty-stricken as to the rich and prosperous, and they are ready to face any personal sacrifice for the good of their people. Exactly the reverse of this, the writer insists, is the character of the average Protestant missionary. He is said to be grasping and avaricious, unwilling to endure personal discomforts. He panders to the rich, while he absolutely neglects the poor. The primary aim of his labours is said to be not the saving of the people but the accumulation of property. The editor avows that while Catholicity in Jamaica is instinct with vigor and full of the apostolic spirit the Protestant missions are dying and decaying. Failure is writ large over them all. At the same time the good unmarried Protestant ladies in Great Britain, who contribute so largely towards the Jamaica missions, are annually regaled with glowing accounts of the church work done in the island, by their heroic and long-suffering ministers. All this is said not by a Catholic but by a Protestant writer living on the spot. *Irish Catholic and Nation*.

## BRITISH ELECTIONS.

UNDER the provisions of the Ballot Act, the returning officer is required, in the case of a county election, within two days after he receives the writ, and in the case of a borough election on the day on which he receives the writ or on the following day, to give notice of the election. The day of nomination is fixed as follows: In the case of the election for a county or district borough not later than the ninth day after the day on which he receives the writ, with an interval of not less than three clear days between the day he gives the notice and the day of nomination; and in the case of an election for any borough other than a district borough, not later than the fourth day after the day on which he received the writ, with an interval of not less than two clear days between the day on which he gives the notice and the notice and the day of nomination. The candidate is nominated in writing, subscribed by two registered electors as proposer and seconder and by eight other electors, who must also be registered in the same constituency. If, at the expiration of one hour after the time appointed for the election, not more candidates stand nominated than

there are vacancies to be filled up, the returning officer is to forthwith declare the candidate nominated to be elected; but if at the end of one hour, more candidates stand nominated than there are seats to be filled up, the returning officer is to adjourn the election and take a poll. The poll is to take place on such a day as the returning officer may appoint, not being, in the case of an election for a county or district borough, less than two or more than six clear days, and not being, in the case of an election for a borough other than a district borough, more than three clear days after the day fixed for the nomination. Sundays, Christmas day, Good Friday, and any day set apart for a public fast or thanksgiving are not counted. The following, assuming that the writ has been received on the first day of any given month, will show more clearly the time for nomination and poll in borough and counties:—

COUNTY.	
Day of Month	
1	Receipt of writ.
2	
3	Last possible day for notice of election.
4	
5	First possible day for nomination.
6	
7	
8	First possible day for poll.
9	
10	Last possible day for nomination
11	
12	
13	
14	
15	
16	
17	Last possible day for poll.

BOROUGH.	
Day of Month	
1	Receipt of writ
2	Last day for notice of election.
3	
4	First possible day for nomination.
5	Last possible day for nomination.
6	First possible day for poll.
7	
8	
9	Last possible day for poll.

In reckoning as above regard must be had to the fact that Sundays, etc., do not count. Then, in a county, if an election be fixed for the furthest date marked above for the poll, it would on account of Sunday be two days later, or on the 19th, and in some cases three days later, or on the 21st. Any member returned for two or more places in any part of the United Kingdom is to make his selection for which of the places he will serve within one week after it shall appear that there is no question upon the return for that place.

## CATHOLICS AND THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

## WHAT THEY THINK OF PRESIDENT HARRISON IN THE WEST.

THE renomination of President Harrison by the Minneapolis convention proves anything but acceptable to the Catholics of this country. The reason does not lie within the merely political field, it has no partisan bearings, no political complexion. It lies in the very palpable and unjustifiable attack of the present administration upon our Catholic Indian schools. Morgan's method in the administration of the Indian Department has been characterized by a systematic and nefarious attempt to destroy the Catholic Indian schools.

The facts are too palpable to admit of any dispute. Catholics universally know it, and we ask in view of the knowledge, how can it possibly be supposed that they will support the candidacy of a man who during his present incumbency of the presidential office, inaugurated and sustained a policy, in spite of Catholic protests, utterly ruinous to our Catholic Indian schools? We are now speaking of Catholics, of whom there are not a few within the ranks of the Republican party. We are told, upon competent authority, that half the Republican voters of New York city are Catholics.

Will they cast their votes for a candidate, who has already shown such radical and implacable hostility to Catholics in trying by means of the the Federal machine to stamp out our Indian schools? Is that not asking too much from them?

Any other candidate the Minneapolis convention might have nominated would have held the Catholic Republican vote, but Harrison, never. He has shown himself to be a narrow bigot, violently prejudiced, and need expect no support from those of his party whose faith has been the object of his hostility in the administration of the Indian Department.—*Church Progress, St. Louis, Mo.*

## A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA

V.

## NIGHT ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

"The fireflies o'er the meadows  
Like pulses come and go."

The great logs are blazing through the andirons, roaring up the wide old chimney, playing hide-and-go-seek among the old pictures that line the great oak hall. A soft light fills the room, and we bask in the welcome warmth of a bright, open fire. It has been raining all day, and I draw the curtains, taking a last look on the mountains, when I notice above the trees flitting lights, bright and sparkling, and I send a wish upwards at every flash thinking they are falling stars. I try to count them, but they are too numerous, and then I call from my perch by the window for the others to come and see. We stand looking up wondering, delighted, but still ignorant, when irresistibly we step on the piazza to examine more minutely. The night is cool and hazy, a sweet fragrance fills the air, honeysuckle, hay, and roses fresh with the mountain torrents, send back delicious odors to the clouds for their welcome bath of the morning. A solemn stillness hangs over the woods, the weird cry of the "Whip poor Will" comes mournfully up the ravine; the Peaks are curtained for their slumbers, the stars above smile coyly down on their rivals, while below—what? Arabian Nights, fairy dances, Will o' the Wisp? No, no, more beautiful far than any such imagery. The old oaks on the lawn are outlined by brilliant scintillating colours, in and out, to and fro, they come and go, through the branches, over the tree tops round the trunks, by the roses, across the grass, above, below, here, there, everywhere, dazzling, dancing, beaming, gleaming, flitting, chasing, flashing, racing. Woods, valley, and lawn are a blaze of Southern fireflies. Never have our eyes feasted on such a scene, the very stars are faint in comparison. The valley seems transformed as it by magic into a sheet of water, smooth, silver, shimmering, with a thousand glittering lights from the yachts anchored on its bosom. We are speechless with delight, and therefore say nothing; under the shelter of the westeria and climbing roses round the pillars we stand gazing. How wondrous, lovely, bewitching, the night; far off across the hills, the city lies hidden in the valley, not a breeze through the woods, it is the dead calm that portends a storm. Down the road comes the cheering sounds of distant voices, and through the trees some passing colored singers lend harmony and negro melody to the night. What true voices they have, well trained and very sweet, even the little darkey children are all music. I never pass through the "quarters" that I do not gather them around me and in a few minutes they are giving me a most delightful treat, tiny things of four and five leading. Suddenly the clouds gather, darkness reigns supreme, brighter, merrier, more enchanting, the fireflies hold high revel, when, without a moment's warning, a distant crash a thunder rolls across the mountains and

"With thundering heels of wrath comes rolling on  
The storm's artillery."

Great drops of rain patter against the oak leaves, there is a panic among the fireflies, they hesitate, flicker, and then "silently steal away." Vivid flashes of lightning now throw their lurid glare where a moment before the fire flies held their luminous dance, fiercely it plays among the trees, and around the old plantation. Peal after peal, crash after crash, thunders across the sky, echoed and re-echoed far up among the peaks. Wild, bold and daring the storm bursts in its mountain fury, dashing its torrent on the fairy scene of blossom and verdure. The drenched roses, the drooping honeysuckle, the drowned hay seemed crushed by the rude elements. And the thunder dies away amid the distant mountains, the rain ends in a silent drip, the clouds change from dusk to silver, the moon peeps shyly out, doubtful of her reception, the fireflies take heart again, cautiously at first, then quicker, merrier, brighter, the dance begins. Luna raises her lamp on high, the roses lift their stately heads, and flowers and fireflies lend poetry and motion, fragrance and sweets, to a world now wrapt in slumber.

(To be continued.)

"Earth's highest glories end in  
'Here he lies,'  
And 'dust to dust'  
Concludes her noblest song."

## Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

## MILLCREEK CHRONICLES.

III.

## MINOR MATTERS.

Millcreek is much as any other place of its size, and it is not very large. No one ever asks how old it is. Perhaps if any very old person who has time to think of these things were asked he would say it was before his time that some friends of an early Government came and took possession of most of the desirable property. There would be nothing more definite than that, but plenty of information vastly more interesting in the way of anecdotes concerning these village magnates, to whom strange things befell.

As there is no market place there is no particular point used as a centre of distance, unless it be Larry Kerry's corner, which, being at a point where the main street crosses the station road, is the most generally familiar place of mark after the bridge that spans the creek. Beyond these two every other point has a local character, mostly determined by its advantages as a meeting place for certain groups. For instance, there is one corner to which a dozen or two berry-pickers would come from all around to await the waggon. It was known from the kind lady who lived there. One day, long before the front was so nicely terraced, a poor tramp came along from the city. He was young and he was hungry, and she gave him to eat and spoke kindly. He remained in town many years after that. Things run very smoothly there as a rule. That is why no one commented when he drank heavily. One morning his body was found in the creek, into which he had rolled from the bank in a drunken stupor. Then for awhile people were agitated, for such tragedies are not a frequent occurrence. It is not known that any of the hard drinkers were cured though.

All along the town front lies the lake. When the summer days are bright and the evenings warm little groups cluster on its banks and breathe the cool breezes. Children paddle about in the sand and on the stones, splashing joyously with their bare feet. When the lake is rough and the great waves rush up unceasingly, with a roar as the mass breaks into foam and a swift as the water sinks down and away among the stones, the children lie quietly awake waiting until the mad lullaby shall ease them to sleep. Sometimes when the sea is very high one is not safe even standing on the bank, for the wave comes on and rushes up the side, hurling its spray defiantly and despairingly yards beyond. On such occasions as these everyone who is not too too timorous goes down to see the rage of the elements. The day when one wave after another leaped over the head of the pier and crashed through the rent in the side of the old lighthouse, there was a great crowd standing under a big tree whose bare limbs served but little to protect the silent watchers from the downpour of sleet. That was a memorable day in Millcreek. Everyone knew for hours before that the lighthouse would fall, and there was a very unusual interest in the affairs of the lake front, which commonly concerned only the sailors. They knew of many more exciting times. Once was when for ten hours one of their boats beat off and on, unable to make the port until in the evening the wind went down and sailors could go out to help the exhausted men on board. There was a woman, too, who worked as hard and as courageously as any. Then there was the time when a stone boat set out for the city in November, and went down five miles away. Two of the bodies were found next day frozen stiff in the ship's boat. It was when the steam launch came with the divers that the excitement reached its height.

Sometime in the ages past it must have been a noble river that now takes the lake at the pier. Farther up the banks are high and steep and wide apart. Now the stream, that is no more than an arm of the lake, winds up through the old river-bed, which is for the most part marsh, and for the rest grazing land, where the cows browse all day, and in the evening, with udders full, broach the warm brown water on the way home. Even the cows have their social circles. It is not often a new one joins this or any other group.

A short way up from the lake, and before the bridge is reached, there is an old house that was once the home of one of the first families. In their service for many years was an old man, of whom no one knew more than that his name was Joe, "old Joe." No one knew because none inquired until he died and a sum of money was found carefully hidden away. In the fit of interest some one told of how Joe's son had been drowned through the ice just down the hill from the old house. Some fascination held the old man to the scene of his boy's death. The money was enough to bury him decently.

The bridge itself is now a substantial structure. There was an old one there for many years until one spring the freshet filled the creek, and the logs it shot against the bridge tore the frail old thing away, and shattered its ribs along the beach to the joy of the cottagers, who heaped their wood piles high with spoil. Over the bridge, morning and night, the crowds pass swiftly to and from their work at the tannery, with heads bent and dinner-pails swinging. At night the young men who live on the west side go down to the bridge and talk for an hour under the lantern. Only the strangers notice the cavernous croaks of the bull-frogs in the marshes beyond. The road leading to

D. G.

the bridge comes on both sides over the largest hills in the place, and down these in winter the young folk coast with cheer and yell. Sheer over the bridge the better sleighs will go, and on to the base of the hill beyond. But there are occasions when it bears the weight of carriages doing a more slow and sombre duty. The longest funeral I ever saw in Millcreek I watched from the ice below the bridge. He whom the long line of people wore mourning was one of the wealthiest men of the neighborhood, and a miser. He might have lived as he pleased, but he was so unfortunate in his disposition as never to have known a happy day. He grudged proper protection to his own person, caught cold and died. Then the farmers who were thrifty perforce got out their carriages and went to the funeral. They seldom went from home in the winter, but resigned themselves to rest unbroken. The next largest was when a very popular young man died. The funeral was on a Sunday, and the societies formed the best part of the procession. Display may have drawn more people than sympathy could have.

The river winds deviously up a mile and a half to where the old stone mill grinds out its tons of flour, passing on the way the site of an old ship yard, which, in prosperous days, was a source of much work in the town, and further up the spot where many years ago a gang of counterfeiters dug a cave in the blue clay of the hill and worked at their dark practices for a long time with success, until they were at last, literally unearthed. Just at the last turn to the mill there is the gully where Millcreek boys, or a section of them, learn to swim, the width of the creek at this point being the recognized unit in measurement of swimming distances. For fifty yards before this point the water reaches to the very foot of the hill, the face of which forms almost a perpendicular to the water's surface. On the bank above the farmers pile their logs in winter and in spring they are rolled down and float off to the great boom by the door of the sawmill near the lake. One spring the last remaining piece of frozen snow that served to stay the weight of a great log, melted, and the log tore down the side and crushed the young life out of a playful little fellow who was running along the water's edge.

When the mill is passed, and the great bridge that spans the chasm, now unwatered, save by a tiny brook where glint the minnows in the sun, and yet a little further on there is what remains of a little colony that many years ago came with the building of the first railroad. Those were the days of log cabins, and one or two of them may be there yet. Years ago persons passing in the depth of winter might have seen a number of little red-headed fellows flitting in and out, barefooted, half-clad, only half-fearing the cold. They were the bawniest men in town when they grew up.

But before they were born and before the first settlers and their sons had moved down into Millcreek, or had gone off to the ends of the earth, there were lively times in Slabtown. I have heard men who were old tell of the athletic competitions that filled the settlement with rivalry and merriment when a holiday came. It is not many years since one of those old fellows could beat his younger opponents in the step dances. These people were all of them Irish. They had that marvellous lightness of spirit that makes the coldest fare wholesome, the darkest nights pleasant. I knew one of their boys reared on the hill top who, when he was young, would fill the minds of the young listeners with vivid tales full of wild grotesque imagery. He grew up among men of a colder sort, and settled into himself as cold as they.

When the first settlers moved away, a mixed class took up the old place. But it would never have acquired a character but for the contented, humorous, and always good old folk who made it first and left their names on its landmarks. The best known of these is the old well or spring of fresh water that gushes from the hill side. It was private property, and got its name so, but every one used it, as they do yet, no doubt, although it was constructed generations ago.

Among those who came last to this part were John Allsong and his wife Jane. He was a little weakened old fellow with a high falsetto voice, and she was a big, masculine looking person. When I saw her and heard him I thought of his life as one of constant fear of her. They were living then a mile or so further out into the country whither I had gone for some evergreen decorations for the school. The boys with me stopped at this place, because, as they said, they wished to have some fun with old Bobbie Dowsie who lived with John and Jane. I had heard of Bobbie and afterwards came to know more of him. He was a little, bent, old man, very old and very dry. Something in his composition inclined him to music, for often he would creep upstairs in one of the churches, and although he was too mad to partake in the solemn services, his hand and foot would beat time to the choir singing or the music of the organ, and his poor, bent, infirm body would sway in unison. He always made off before the services were finished. Babby was a recluse and a bit of a phrenologist. In his poor place he was one winter badly frozen, and in a year or two more died. The neighbors always humoured the old fellow, who had an uncomfortable habit of straying in through back doors just when a meal was finished.

When John lived with Bobby he made wooden brooms for use in the farmers' stables. When he moved to Slabtown he got other work. It was said that he and Jane did not live happily together.

Jane's taking off had something uncanny about it, and when people began to talk of it John left the place. For these things perhaps a dozen people in Millcreek and Slabtown remember them. Suspicion wears better in the memory than do facts.

Who follows this trail of ours will stop at Slabtown. If he pursue it he will come to the graveyards. There rest the humble dead. The ones long gone are long forgotten. The mounds cover only the poor and the simple. But there are some not yet forgotten, nor shall be so long as beat the kind hearts I learned to know in Millcreek.

CYRIL.

## LOCAL.

### Corpus Christi—

Last Sunday was the solemnity of the feast of Corpus Christi, and in the Catholic churches throughout the city was celebrated with great pomp and devotion.

### St. Helen's, Brockton—

The annual picnic of St. Helen's parish takes place at Sunnyside on Dominion Day. The excellent feature introduced in last year's entertainment will be continued—*No Rafling—No teasing for chances*. Would that that one feature would spread itself all over the face of Church picnics and garden parties. Then would there be less jealousy, more general comfort and the friends, lay and clerical, whom the desire to help these affairs along had brought to the grounds, would feel more really charitable because less like martyrs.

### Confirmation—

His Grace the Archbishop confirmed 76 candidates in Merriton on Thursday, and 80 in St. Catharine's on Friday.

### Kingston—

M. J. O'Connor, B.A., formerly of Dundas, has passed his final bar and solicitor examination at Osgoode Hall, and also his LL.B. examination at Queen's and is now practising law in Kingston.

### Lindsay—

The excursion on Tuesday to Port Perry, given by the Catholic Literary Association, was one of the most successful ever held, and a handsome sum was realized.

### Newmarket—

The Catholic picnic of the Newmarket and Bradford district will be held in Newmarket on Dominion Day. They will have a firemen's tournament and other extraordinary attractions.

### Orangeville—

The united congregations of Orangeville and Brampton hold their annual pic-nic at Credit Forks on Tuesday, 28th inst. The occasion and the location will alike commend it to Torontonians. A very fine programme is offered; one feature being an attempt at the settlement of the question of Annexation by a public discussion. It will take a great deal of stirring up to settle that question.

### Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association.

The closing meeting of the C. Y. L. A. was held last week. Rev. Father Ryan delivered a lecture on "Some Practical Hints for a Literary Association." Upon the conclusion of the programme a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Father Ryan for his interesting and practical talk. Then followed an event which was not down on the programme. The President, Miss L. A. Henry, being about to leave Toronto for Cleveland, the members took this opportunity of giving a mark of their esteem and affection for her. Miss Henry was presented with an address and a gold medal. Flowers were presented to the mother of the retiring President. Miss Henry in a few feeling remarks thanked the members of the Association for their thoughtfulness and kindness. It may be safely said that this meeting was one which will not soon be forgotten by anyone present.

### Loretto Academy.

The closing exercises of Loretto Academy on Bond Street were held last Monday afternoon in the picture hall before a large and enthusiastic audience of friends. An attractive programme of music was presented, in which Miss O'Leary, Miss Coxwell, Miss M. O'Grady and Miss J. Watts took part, and a very pretty cantata in three parts, entitled "Fairy Gifts," was sung by a number of pretty little maidens, led by Miss Louise Flanagan. The graduates, Miss Coxwell, Miss O'Grady, Miss McElderry and Miss Fanny Lindsay, having been crowned amid the plaudits of their fellow-students, the chairman

handed to each a gold medal, and also a gold medal, donated by His Grace Archbishop Walsh to Miss Nellie Horan for Christian doctrine. The other prize winners in the senior department were: Miss A. McGann, Miss Aylward, Miss Reid, Miss Russell, Miss Dwan, Miss Flossie McGann, Miss McCarron, Miss McTee, Miss McManus, Miss O'Halloran and Miss Kraus.

**Knights of St. John—**

The programme for the four days has been arranged as follows: On Friday morning, the 24th, the Knights will attend grand high mass at St. Michael's at 8. They will afterwards go to the Gardens, where a reception will be given at 10. In the afternoon there will be a parade through the principal streets, and in the evening a moonlight excursion on the Cibola.

On Saturday, 25th, the business of the convention will be dealt with at the Pavilion, and in the evening there will be a monster garden party at Moss Park Rink.

Sunday will be spent in visiting the different churches and viewing the parks.

On Monday business will be concluded at the Pavilion, and the demonstration will close with a banquet at Webb's.

The local commanderies of the Knights of St. John marched in procession to St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday morning, headed by the Queen's Own Band. Rev. Father Rohleder delivered the sermon.

**Acknowledgment—**

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence thankfully acknowledge the following receipts from their picnic of 24th May:

Admission .....	\$1056.20
St. Michael's .....	210.45
St. Paul's .....	272.01
St. Mary's .....	330.16
St. Patrick's .....	235.45
St. Basil's .....	169.00
Our Lady of Lourdes .....	234.00
Sacred Heart .....	78.00
St. Joseph's .....	71.35
St. Helen's .....	119.20
St. Peter's .....	51.75
Merry-go-round .....	31.48
Committee .....	148.50
Other sources .....	71.50
	<hr/>
Exposers .....	3070.05
	262.85
	<hr/>
Net receipts .....	\$2807.20

The foregoing results may well give the appellation "City of Charity" to our noble city of Toronto: for notwithstanding the scarcity of money now prevailing, charity's call has been generously heard and promptly answered.

**St. Joseph's Academy.**

The thirty fourth annual prize distribution and closing entertainment of St. Joseph's Academy took place Tuesday afternoon in presence of His Grace Archbishop Walsh and many prominent clergy and lay citizens. A lengthy programme of music and recitation was greatly enjoyed by a crowded audience, the three choruses rendered under the baton of Mr. Edgar Buck being especially admired. A piano duo by twelve of the lady pupils upon six instruments was a masterpiece of precise playing and appreciative execution. The junior pupils presented a number entitled "Festal Revels" in which the singing and the calisthemic accompaniment received equally careful handling. Miss McKay delivered a valedictory oration, and Miss F. Rafter's French recitation, "Le Petit Dauphine," was deservedly applauded. During the afternoon the prizes and medals were distributed, the leading winners being:—Bronze medal presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. for Christian Doctrine, Miss McKay. Gold Medal presented by His Grace Archbishop, Miss Rayburn. Gold medals were also awarded to Miss McKay, Miss E. Kennedy (2) Miss E. Hanley, Miss Mary Kormann, Miss Rafter and Miss E. Eichorn, and among the other prize winners were Miss Doyle, Miss Sullivan, Miss F. M. Miley, Miss Shea, Miss Farmen, Miss Marion Kenny, and Miss Mary Burke. A very tasty and varied display of fancy work and drawings, both in pencil and colors, was arranged for inspection in one of the rooms and attracted much attention, special notice being merited by Miss Power, Miss Doyle of Goderich and Miss Korman, oil painting, Miss Power and Miss Kenny, pastel painting, Miss Shea, fancy work, Miss Rafter and Miss Eichorn, plain work.

**Fortieth Annual Commencement at St. Michael's College.**

The fortieth annual commencement and distribution of prizes at St. Michael's College took place last Tuesday morning. There were about 300 visitors present. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and among the priests present were: Very Rev. Fathers Rooney and Mc-

Cann, Vicars General, Very Rev. Father Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, Very Rev. Father Belgin, Dean of Barrie, Very Rev. Father Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, Rev. Father Walsh, secretary to the Arch-bishop, Rev. Fathers Egan, Thornhill, Finan, Toronto, Gallagher, Schomberg, Groghan and Henn, C.S.S.R., Hand, Oshawa, Jesscott, Pickering, Kilcullen, Adjala, Kelly, Toronto, McBride, Brockton, McEntee, Port Colbourne; McPhillips, Orangoville; Minehan, Toronto; Morris, Newmarket. O'Reilly, Leslieville, Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral; Redden, St. Paul's; Sheahan, St. Mary's; Trayling, Dixie; Very Rev. Father Conway, V.G. of Peterboro'; Very Rev. Maddigan, Dundas; Brady, Hamilton; Cote, Hamilton; Scollard, Peterboro'. Among the laymen were Hon. T. W. Anglin and Mr. Mr. M. Teefy, Superior of the College.

The programme was as follows:—

Overture—"Echo" .....	Frankenfield
	The College Band.
Salutatory .....	
	Mr. M. E. Loftus.
Solo—"Afloat" .....	Mark
	Mr. J. P. McDonald.
Reading—"Twill be all the same in a	
Hundred Years" .....	Anon.
	Mr. C. J. Phelan.
Overture—"Taucered" .....	Rossum
	Messrs. Cawley, Fitzgerald, T. McDermott,
	Christopher and J. McMahon.
Double Quartette—"Twinkling Stars upon	
the Lake" .....	White
	Messrs. Loftus, J. Murphy, T. McDermott, Kenny,
	Coty, Fitzgerald, J. P. McDonald, Gerrard
Distribution of medals and scholarships.....	
"Nugget Nell" .....	Southwell
	The College Band.
Recitation—"Coeur de Leon at the Bier of his	
Father" .....	Hennus
	Mr. J. H. O'Neil.
Chorus—"Awake Zolian Lyre" .....	Danby
	The Glee Club.
Speech—"Christopher Columbus" .....	—
	Mr. V. I. Donnelly.
Waltz—"Till we Meet Again" .....	E. H. Bailey
	Messrs. Cawley, Fitzgerald, T. McDermott,
	Christopher and J. McMahon.
Recitation—"The Dandy Fifth" .....	Anon.
	Mr. J. W. McDermott.
Distribution of prizes.	
"The Young King" .....	Swan
	The College Band.

Father Teefy, in presenting to Mr E. Harley the gold medal for mathematics given by the Bishop of Peterboro', referred to the fact that it was only a year since the winner had left Ireland, and added that Ireland had given to Canada many brilliant scholars and churchmen. Canada was merely returning the compliment in giving to Ireland one of her greatest sons, Hon. Edward Blake, who, he was sure, would maintain his high reputation and lead the Home Rule movement to success.

Archbishop Walsh, after the distribution of prizes, made a short address to the students, congratulating them on the excellent entertainment with which they had closed the year. He was pleased with the remarks the Superior had made, that the year was a happy one on account of the conduct of the boys, because conduct is first and last and principal. He was pleased also with the results of the examination, which bespoke so much energy and industry on the part of the successful candidates. He was also pleased to learn that the number of vocations to the priesthood was steadily increasing because the noblest calling upon earth is a true vocation to carry on the great work of Christ's church. He hoped also, that many of them would become agriculturists because it was the first of all vocations. When Adam was driven out of Paradise he went to labour in the sweat of his brow. In the life of a good farmer virtue and contentment go hand in hand. He did not speak thus in derogation of the learned professions, but because the life of the farmer in field and wood and forest is one of the most independent upon earth. He was glad to know that in Toronto there were many Catholic young men in the professions of law and medicine who gave promise of a brilliant future. What they did was largely due to the influence of St. Michael's. He congratulated the students once more and wished them a pleasant vacation, and hoped that they would return invigorated in body and mind to continue their work.

The medal and prize list is as follows (the name of the donor being in parenthesis):

Campbell Medal—Classics (Archdeacon Campbell)—A. E. Hurley. Honors—1, M. J. O'Brien; 2, T. P. Fitzgerald.

O'Connor Medal—Mathematics (His Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro')—E. Harley. Honors—1, J. R. Coty; 2, M. J. Ryan.

Dowling Medal—Literary Association (His Lordship Bishop Dowling)—V. I. Donnelly. Honors—C. J. Phelan, W. Fogarty, J. Enright.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commenced by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Donnelly, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

### RELIGIOUS HOLIDAYS.

Parliament has adjourned over to-day, being a religious holiday with some of our people. Nobody objects to religious scruples being respected, but if Parliament is in session two weeks hence, and sit on July 1, which is a holiday with the whole Dominion, the people of Canada will be heard from. —*Empire*, 16th June.

Why? Is there any greater wrong in the people of Canada's parliament disposing of the people of Canada's business on the 1st July than there is in the people of Canada's Post-Office getting the people of Canada's mail through on that day? We fail to see it. But you are illogical. You say you have "no objection to religious scruples" (principles you meant) "being respected." If you have not, why cavil? Even though you had it would not make Dominion Day a whit more holy, nor Corpus Christi one bit less a holyday of obligation.

### PROTESTANT SISTERHOODS.

At a meeting held Tuesday night at Wycliffe Hall to discuss the establishment of an order of Deaconesses in Toronto, the Anglican Bishop, Sweatman, thought there was room for such an organization. But Rev. Mr. Baldwin said they had had enough of such organizations in the one now existing in Toronto (the Anglican Sisterhood of St. John the Divine) with its candle-burning and so on. Going on, he compared them to the Pagan Vestals and plainly intimated that he did not expect to find among them any under 75 who would not be willing to take the risks the Vestals took. Unless he can show cause why the Sisterhood are in greater danger than Anglican women who do not join Sisterhoods, he will have an extremely lively time explaining his meaning to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

### MAJOR-GENERAL HERBERT.

Just as the hymn got under way the General came out of headquarters, and in full uniform and his feathers, walked over the commons to the Catholic wooden Church to attend the service there. He belongs to that Church. The attention of Dr. Douglas is called to this fact, for if Sir John Thompson has no right on account of his religion to be Minister of Justice, neither Major-General Herbert has a right to command the Canadian militia. Dr. Douglas can't stop half way. —*Correspondence Toronto World*.

We doubt not that, whether or not the Doctor recover from his recent cold bath (which, considering his temperature when he was immersed, must have been a shock), others will be found to continue the policy of meanly carping at everything and

everybody Catholic. As we had incidentally occasion to say in our issue of 4th June, "If the Major-General commanding the militia is a Catholic, is he not a gallant soldier, a clever tactician and a perfect gentleman? What more do you seek in a commanding officer?" Only one thing more, that he discharge his religious duties as he discharges his military duties fearlessly and just for duty's sake.

### THE REVISED VERSION.

In the Toronto Anglican Synod Rev. Prof. Clark moved a reference to the provincial synod looking toward the adoption or, at least, permissive use of the Oxford Revision of the Scriptures, (1881). The Revised Version has not commended itself to many beyond the scholars of the Protestant Church. The laity who make any account of such things, shudder at the thought of an improvement being possible, or worse still, being attempted, on the King James' version which they have, for ever so long now, been taught to look upon as the literal revelation of God. That the translation was the laughing-stock of learned men never reached their ears, or if it reached them, was scouted as a folly or denounced as a blasphemy. What will they say now when Bishop Sweatman declares that in conversation with His Grace of Canterbury, His Grace aforesaid "expressed surprise that the church in Canada had gone so much further than they had in England, inasmuch as the so-called authorised or King's version had never been authoritatively accepted by the church in England."

So way is being gradually made for a better translation than that on the letter of which all Protestantism has staked its authority and its reputation as a Christian idea for all the past years of its existence. Will it not be gall and wormwood to those who have cherished the delusion that the Catholic Church was vitally interested in suppressing correct translations of the Bible, to learn from the preface of the Revised Version that "the work of the Revisors shows evident traces of the influence of a Version not specified in the rules, the Rhemish, made from the Latin Vulgate, but by scholars conversant with the Greek original." The Revision has abandoned the King James version for the more sound Vulgate in instances without number. The Revisors could not help alluding to their obligations to the Vulgate, but they clumsily sought to veil them from their Protestant audience by saying they had used "the Rhemish version" (our Catholic Bible) "but translated by scholars conversant with the Greek original," as though the compilers of the Vulgate had not been conversant with it.

### A TORONTO IRISH CATHOLIC.

We have at various times stoutly announced our adherence to the Irish Parliamentary Party, and have for weeks past called for help for its coming struggle for Irish Home Rule. A Toronto Irish Catholic (whose name we reserve) objects to our course because the Irish Parliamentary Party is at friends with the Irish Hierarchy which, he assures us, is more concerned about Italian politics than about Irish politics. Laying aside the distinction between greater and less we reply that if ALL Italian politics were *mere politics* the Irish priesthood would not only have less care for them than for Irish politics, but would, (excepting always the few who from reasons purely personal felt so interested) have no care at all; at the most, would have no more care than we Canadians have for Russian, or say Chinese, politics. But all Italian politics are not *mere politics*, for us Catholics, whether Canadian or Irish, and we rejoice that the keenest interest in the present unfortunate and unhappy state of the Sovereign Pontiff in Italy should EVERYWHERE be felt. The ideas of Rubini and of Crispi about maintenance of the Triple Alliance, or about the proper armor for war vessels, or

about the modes of taxation by which to maintain the one and the other, are only incidentally of interest to Catholics at home or abroad, and the Irish priesthood can as freely plead "not guilty" to an allegation of it as we here of the assertion that we are vitally interested in the fortification of Hong-Kong. As for that phase of Italian politics which involves the status of the Sovereign Pontiff, no one who calls himself, no one even, who not calling himself so, passes for an Irish Catholic, can be indifferent. He cannot be a Catholic who would willingly see his Chief Pontiff so entrained; he is no true Irishman who would forget the precept of his Blessed Apostle St. Patrick. "*Sicut Christiani ita et Romani sitis,*" "As you are Christians so be ye Romans." The faith which St. Patrick came to preach in Ireland, the faith for which his children have done so much and for which, to this day, they suffer so sorely, was the faith of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church. He would be no Irishman, and is certainly no Catholic, who would hold that, in this regard, Italian policy should not be of the very first importance to the Irish priesthood. Out on such hypocrisy! The men who use such argument in favor of a faction which clings to a festering memory, say the Irish hierarchy ruined Parnell politically. Not so. He made himself impossible as the leader of a Christian nation by a life which contravened principles which all Christians must hold sacred. And the party he led, or the fragment of it which still adheres to his sullied memory, must go the way of all the recalcitrants of the ages gone by who sought to infringe the grand Christian code of faith or of morals.

THE MINNESOTA SCHOOL TROUBLE.

This difficulty, which from a purely local concern has already become a great question involving scholars and dignitaries east and west, seems to subside very slowly. There is now almost as great a difficulty made about the interpretation of the Papal rescript deciding the case as there was over the agreement made in the first place by Archbishop Ireland with the municipal authorities of Faribault and Stillwater. The rescript declared that the legislation of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884) was to be maintained in all its vigor, but that "all the circumstances being considered" the agreement for handing over the parochial schools to civil management, under certain well defined conditions, could stand. The term used was "tolerari posse," and it is, in the first place the translation, and in the second the application, which is at the moment vexing the ecclesiastical world south of the line. We think we produce the sense at least of the rescript when we say "could stand." An Archbishop, finding himself in the absolute impossibility of furnishing parochial schools for the children of his diocese, does as far as he can see, the next best thing. Rome insists that, as far as is reasonably possible, (which is a standing limitation of all ecclesiastical legislation of the kind), the Baltimore decrees are to be enforced, and "all the circumstances being considered," rules that this is one of the cases in which the law is not supposed to bind.

As for the second part of the difficulty they are borrowing trouble. They are agitating the question whether or not this individual decision is capable of indefinite extension. The careful wording of "all the circumstances being considered" makes the rescript individual. Where there exists any such other agreement of precisely similar terms already made in precisely similar conditions there would seem to be little doubt that it might be affected by the Minnesota decision. Where such agreement has not been made we feel sure that in a matter so intimately affecting the legislation of a Plenary Council, the Bishops will be perfectly sure they are right before they proceed to seek dispensation from a general law of their own making. One would imagine from some of the articles in the United

States Catholic papers that the matter of transfer of parochial schools to civic management lay at the discretion of every missionary rector who happens to have one in his parish. It is an episcopal concern and as such in perfectly safe hands.

We have in the *Moniteur de Rome* of 3rd June copy of a letter addressed by the Holy See to the Bishops of the Province of New York who, on the occasion of the consecration of the new Bishop of Brooklyn, addressed a memorial to the Holy See regarding the differences of opinion which had been raised by the rescript.

To come more closely to what caused you anxiety of mind and moved you to write to Us, We desire to assure you that nobody influenced that decision by inspiring the fear that vexation and trouble would ensue for the Catholics if We had condemned what had been done by the Archbishop of St. Paul with regard to the schools in the districts of Faribault and Stillwater. As neither that venerable brother nor anybody else made mention of this danger, it is clear that a false public rumour gave rise to the report which led you to take a quite unfounded and incorrect view. In truth We have, in the examination and judgment of this cause, been mindful and extremely careful of the Decrees on parochial schools which, by the previous direction of this Apostolic See, were adopted at the Synods of Baltimore. Indeed, We desire that these Decrees should be faithfully observed, but, as in the case of all general laws, if any special and unexpected circumstances arise, equity suggests that an arrangement departing somewhat from the letter of the law may be tolerated. We readily understand that this is what has happened; hence We have felt that the case in question was to be decided with moderation and prudence rather than by the rigour of the law.

We do not doubt that this clear statement of the Holy Father that the case was treated as a simple exception to the general law, will do much, when it is published in the United States, to allay the fears, even satisfy the prejudices, which threatened to cause serious trouble over there.

Quite *apropos* of all this is what we said some weeks ago of the far-sightedness and zeal of our Canadian Bishops and statesmen who provided in the Constitution of our country for a system which, with all its defects, fills, in a measure, for us the want they feel so keenly in the United States.

IS ULSTER PROTESTANT?

LORD SALISBURY'S treasonable incitement to rebellion as the only means of saving PROTESTANT ULSTER makes a few figures necessary. There are in Ulster nine counties. Leave out, for the moment, Antrim (in which is situated Belfast, with a population of 230,000) and study the figures of the remaining eight counties:

County.	Catholics.	Protestants.
Donegal.....	157,224	38,219
Londonderry .....	73,095	90,716
Tyrone.....	109,564	117,655
Down.....	80,673	169,246
Armagh.....	75,437	87,385
Monaghan.....	76,629	26,257
Cavan .....	104,328	24,679
Fermanagh .....	47,228	37,405
Totals	724,178	591,562

A Catholic majority of 192,616 in eight of Ulster's nine counties. But this majority is offset by Antrim, which of its 423,125 inhabitants, has but 108,606 Catholics. This corner of Ulster claims to dictate to all Ireland because there is there a local majority of Protestants, whereas outside Antrim Catholics in Ulster are to Protestants as more than six to five. And even including Antrim all Ulster is 47.9 per cent. Catholic, the exact figures being, Catholics 832,784, Protestants 906,081. THAT IS IN ALL ULSTER PROTESTANTS ARE BARELY ONE-TWENTY-FIFTY MORE OF THE TOTAL POPULATION THAN CATHOLICS ARE.

Of Orangemen there are in all Ireland about 50,000, less than 1½ per cent. of the total population of the land. And for them are the 98½ per cent. to be deprived of their natural rights of self-government? And even the Irish Orangemen are not all Unionists, any more than all Toronto Orangemen are hoodlums. But the body of them are apt dupes, and if they now serve a tyrant's purpose they will get a fool's recompense.

## REV. DR. DOUGLAS.

They still continue to make it very interesting for Dr. Douglas on account of his wanton attack on Sir John Thompson as a Catholic. The *World* resumes its parable and says:

The *World* has already shown that Dr. Douglas was astray in the truth in most of the statements he made against Sir John Thompson. Since the *World* dealt with the question the *Halifax Herald* has shown that not one of Dr. Douglas' allegations was true, save the one that he has changed his religion. And yet papers of poor information but much carelessness in statement continue to endorse all Dr. Douglas said. . . . Dr. Douglas' charge means, if it meant anything, that a Catholic should not aspire to public office, or, at the very least, a convert to the Catholic religion ought not to think of ever becoming Premier of the Dominion no matter what his abilities might be. If that is not intolerance then we do not know what intolerance is. *World*, 17th June.

And a prominent Methodist M.P. writes, after disputing the Doctor's statements of fact:

I have but to add that, as a Methodist, I deprecate most strongly such utterances as those of the Rev. Doctor, especially at meetings of members of the church assembled to legislate solely in the interests of religion, as calculated to drive moderate men who differ from them out of the church. Political discussions in church meetings always create rancorous feelings which are not easily quieted, and I trust that those who desire the growth and influence of the Methodist church in Canada will prevent a recurrence of speeches of that nature.

Of this objector an evening paper says (we now, on provocation, mention the name):

Emerson Coatsworth, M.P., has crushed Rev. Dr. Douglas with a reply. Of course a rebuke from the gifted member for East Toronto kills the Doctor but does not fix the date of his funeral.

No need. His kind got buried so deep and so unceremoniously last election that no mention of time or of place is required. The Equal Rights graveyard yet yawns.

## THE COMING STRUGGLE.

It seems at last as good as settled that the end of the present month will see the inauguration in Great Britain of what promises to be a truly epoch-making struggle for Home Rule for Ireland. And into the thickest of the fight will plunge one of Ireland's truest sons, Hon. Edward Blake. We published in our last issue the cablegram of the 14th inst., conveying to him the unanimous invitation of the Irish parliamentary party to a seat in the British House. The invitation has been endorsed by the Irish people at home and abroad, and during the few days occupied by Mr. Blake's negotiations with the Irish party the most intense anxiety has prevailed. Although all details are not yet fully worked out, Mr. Blake was able, before leaving for Murray Bay, to make public the following statement, which leaves scarcely a doubt that he intends to devote himself to the Irish cause:

Though I would have preferred to await a final conclusion before saying anything with regard to the unanimous invitation of the Irish party to accept an Irish seat in the Imperial House of Commons, yet, in view of its publication and of the many inquiries I have received, it is perhaps better that I should make a brief statement before leaving for Murray Bay.

On Tuesday last I cabled to the effect that I was deeply sensible to the high honor done me, but feared I was too old and too unfamiliar with the arena to be serviceable, yet, if it were thought to be in any degree useful to the great cause, I would accept a safe seat, but that I could not attempt a doubtful or costly contest, and it would be rather difficult for me to start forthwith; and I requested certain particulars, which I thought important, as to the time of leaving and the proposed seat.

The pressure on the time of the Irish leaders is just now so overwhelming, and they are called on to deal with so many matters of infinitely greater moment that an immediate reply to my inquiries could not reasonably be expected, and I have no further information on the subject.

This is not the time to give reasons for a decision, which I cannot help sometimes hoping may, after all, be ineffective. I may yet be spared the pain of leaving Canada. Let me say just now that, should it be my lot to go, I can be sustained only by the belief that I go in the discharge of duty, and by the hope that I may before long return to Home and friends.

EDWARD BLAKE.

The terms he asks have been semi-officially agreed to, and only matters of detail now stand in the way.

That he does not go fighting for a shadow appears by the declaration of Lord Roseberry on last Thursday, that the Home

Rule measure to be proposed by the Liberal party would, when the terms were divulged, be found as firmly settled as Magna Charta. Continuing, he said that it would retain to the Imperial Parliament those powers which the union was accomplished to retain, and would also afford an opportunity to establish a tribunal to which any difference between the Imperial Government and the Irish Parliament might be referred. Home Rule with such a tribunal would be the means of cementing firmly the union of the different sections of the British Empire. It was a crime, he said, to hint at civil war to accomplish political ends. The Ulster Convention was intended not to save Ireland or Protestantism, but to save the Government.

It appears probable that Mr. Blake will not return to Toronto until after the war, but will sail from Quebec.

TORONTO, June 23rd, 1892.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

I desire through your columns to call the attention of my fellow-Catholics to the reported remarks of Rev. A. H. Baldwin, which appeared in the *Toronto Mail* of yesterday. Mr. Baldwin, if he was correctly reported, made a filthy attack upon both the nuns of the Catholic and those of the English Churches. He is reported to have said:

People said that they could not get along without vows. That was not true. He believed what was written in history about the Jesuits. At the time of the Reformation there was not an honest and pure monastery in England. Rev. Father Chiniquy also told them of the evils of nunneries of the present day. The things done were so bad that the record of them had to be written in Latin. He read history, and believed the facts stated in the descriptions referred to. They could not point to any one place in the world where sisterhoods have been kept pure. They could not be so, their habits were contrary to the laws of God. There could not be pure nuns unless they were 70 or 75 years old, for some women up to the age of 75 had an inclination to marry. It was therefore not safe to have women in nunneries until they were 75 years of age. Rev. Mr. Baldwin next referred to the vestal virgins, who were not supposed to marry, but some of them went wrong. Even the vestal virgins, however, after thirty years, were allowed to go out and marry if they wished. They (the vestal virgins) were better off than the poor nuns. In conclusion he thought that every Protestant should welcome such an order as that of the deaconesses. He knew that many Protestants went to nuns because of cheapness. The Church of England should be equal to the occasion, for "God is love." (Applause.)

It will be seen that Mr. Baldwin is, in his own opinion at least, quite an authority as to how to manage a convent. "People said that they could not get along without vows," Mr. Baldwin thereupon sagely remarks that this is not true. He then says that he believes what has been written about the Jesuits, but does not add which side he believes. Of course the learned gentleman is aware that there are two sides. Mr. Baldwin is a gentleman who up to the present has hid his light under a bushel. He informs us most positively that "at the time of the Reformation there was not an honest and pure monastery in England." He knows all about it, this learned doctor who can't imagine any woman being pure until she is 70 years of age. "They could not point to any one place in the world where Sisterhoods had been kept pure." This is a negative assertion and I may remark upon this subject that what Mr. Baldwin don't know about Catholic convents would fill a book. No doubt Mr. Baldwin has been reading about the attack made upon Catholic nuns some time ago by an English Church minister in Bombay. He will, perhaps, be glad to learn what the *Bombay Gazette*, a Protestant journal, had to say with reference to the attack, which reads as follows:—

"Until he has apologised, he must be kept at arm's length by all people of cleanly life and thought, who live in charity with their neighbors, and think it worth while to keep their tongues from evil-speaking, lying and slandering. The police have been sampling the filthy literature by which these singular missionaries pretend to advance the cause of Christianity in the East. There is a provision in the Penal Code which was meant for these gentlemen, and it would be a pity if they did not get the benefit of it. It is, at any rate, satisfactory to know that the obscene trash which would have been so widely circulated is now under the consideration of the Public Prosecutor." The *Times* of India writes in the same strain, and the general feeling is that the calumniator deserves to be whipped at a cart."

I know nothing whatever of the Protestant ladies who have banded themselves together in Toronto and taken vows of celibacy, further than that they are respected and honored by every Catholic for the good work they are doing. I do know something more, however, about Catholic nuns, having relatives belonging to the Sisterhoods, and can say to Mr. Baldwin that Catholic gentlemen can only despise him in future as a calumniator or pity him as an idiot.

His challenge "to point to any one place in the world where Sisterhoods have been kept pure" is answered with ease. In Toronto, at your very door. Now, sir, can you point to any one place in the world to-day where the Catholic Sisterhoods are not pure?

C. T. LONG.

"Nothing can withstand truth," says an old philosopher, "it will rout a hundred lies."

(Continued from page 323.)

Maddigan Medal—Commercial course (Rev. Father Maddigan). Not awarded.

Scholarships Natural Philosophy (His Grace the Archbishop)—1, M. P. Cawley; 2, W. Fogarty and W. McCann, equal. Honors—1, W. Hart; 2, W. O'Gorman; 3, M. E. Loftus.

Mental Philosophy (Fathers Rudkins, Scollard and Kennedy)—W. McCann. Honors—1, M. Whelan; 2, V. I. Donnelly; 3, C. J. Pholan; 4, W. Gogarty; 5, W. Hart.

Christian Doctrine (Very Rev. Father Rooney, V.G.)—V. I. Donnelly. Honors—T. McDermott, J. R. Coty, W. Fogarty.

The Elmsley Bursary—Fourth Latin class—M. J. Buckley. Honors W. Rouch.

The Magann Bursary Third Latin class (G. Magann, Esq.)—F. P. McLugh. Honors—1, T. R. Blain; 2, H. J. Noon.

Prizes:—Good conduct—Senior division (the Superior)—J. Walsh. Honors J. P. Harrington. Junior division (Rev. Father O'Donohoe)—F. Dillion. Accessit—R. Dolan.

Society Prizes:—St. Michael's Literary Association (Very Rev. E. I. Heenan, V. G.)—W. Fogarty. St. Charles Literary Association (Rev. Father Rohleder) F. P. McLugh. St. Basil's debating Association (Rev. Father Egan)—C. J. Phelan. Honors—J. R. Coty.

### THOROLD.

#### CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

THE handsome new church in Thorold was on Sunday last solemnly consecrated to the worship of God under the invocation of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary by His Grace the Archbishop assisted by Very Rev. Dean Harris, (St. Catharines), Rev. P. J. Sullivan, (the parish priest, to whose indefatigable efforts the erection of this fine building is due). Rev. Fathers McEntee, Port Colborne; Harold, Niagara; McColl, Fort Erie; Lynott, Merriton; Kreidt and O'Malley, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, and Carroll of the diocese of Providence.

There is not in the liturgy of the Catholic Church a longer ceremony than that of the consecration of a church. A simple blessing is given to any church edifice, and in fact to any building or place before mass can be licitly celebrated in it; but solemn consecration is reserved for the more durable structures that are thoroughly equipped in an ecclesiastical sense and are the unincumbered property of the church corporation.

The ceremonies are all symbolical, and contain lessons for clergy and laity alike.

Relics of saints are placed beforehand on the altar, and afterwards carried around the church as a reminder that holy lives may be led by people in any condition of life and must be if they hope to reign with God in eternal repose as His saints do. The consecrating bishop, with attendants, then makes three circuits of the church, sprinkling the walls with blessed water (indicating cleanness of heart), and knocks with his crozier for admittance each time he passes the entry. This ceremony teaches that admission to heaven is to be gained only after a painful pilgrimage on earth. When at last the doors are opened to the bishop, he intones the "Come Holy Ghost" and the assistants chant psalms and canticles, during which the consecrator draws the shape of a large cross diagonally on the church floor, and on its arms writes the letters of the Greek and Roman alphabet. This ceremony teaches the union of all nations and tongues in the bosom of the universal church.

On the walls are placed twelve crosses, six on each side, and before each a taper. The bishop blesses these and anoints them with blessed olive oil and balsam, and the candles are lighted by the servitors. The twelve crosses call to mind the twelve Apostles and their victory through the cross of Christ; while the lighted wax candles show forth the pure light of faith and truth with which they enlighten the world.

Then the Bishop consecrates the altar. The altar on which mass is said must be of stone, or at least a stone slab must be placed on the centre of the table. It represents the rock (Christ) on which the church is built. While reciting appropriate prayers in great number, the Pontiff blesses a mixture of salt, ashes, wine and water, and with this sprinkles all about the altar and church. Salt represents wisdom, ashes, humility, wine and water, life and purity, and also, probably, two great sacraments of the new law, baptism and eucharist.

Then the whole surface of the altar table is covered with blessed oil "oleum catechumenorum," and five little tapers are covered with sweet pastilles of incense and lit by the servitors to burn during the remainder of the prayers. In this rite the oil represents God's grace.

Oil is food, fuel and a medicament; hence it is the most proper symbol of grace, which feeds the soul, is the fuel of charity and heals the wounds of sin. Frankincense symbolizes the death and burial of Christ, through which came life to us, and its sweet smell while burning recalls the revelations of St. John, who saw volumes of sweet incense, typical of the prayers of the Saints, rising before the Throne of God.

Jacob anointed a stone where he had the vision of angels and made

an altar of it. In the dedication of the Jewish temples, as well as in the consecration of their priests, oil was poured out as a sign that the things so anointed were to be henceforth sacred to the Lord. From the earliest days of Christianity as soon as the church emerged from the catacombs, these ceremonies were adopted by her to raise the minds of the unreflecting to the higher things that we must all strive for.

Until the blessing of the altar proper begins, none are allowed within the walls, save the Bishop and his servitors, as they would be in the way when the crosses are to be formed on the floor from one angle of the church clear across to the other. The ceremony occupies from five to six hours, and the Bishop and attendants must be fasting from (at least) midnight before.

When the consecration is over the church and altar, or any portion of them, can never be used for other than divine service.

The Bishop who consecrates generally sings Pontifical high mass on the new altar, which is decked with clean linen and fresh flowers, and lighted up with olive oil and wax tapers.

### MORNING.

IN THE COUNTRY—*Concluded.*

THERE is no wind. Even nature herself is in suspense as we step out through the little wicket gate and go on up the pathway over the hill. The air is fresh, and with the first faint signs of the coming day grows cooler. The few remaining stars never looked so far away. Far in front the first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmers faintly in the sky. Soon this indistinct light gives way to brighter colours that foretell the advent of day. Higher and higher it shoots into the pale vault, till the sun—the bright sun that brings back, not light alone, but new life and hope and gladness to man—bursts forth over the expectant earth in clear and radiant glory. God made the country. No one could doubt it, as in the green grass on every hand sparkle thousands of gems. The daisies turn their lovely dew-dipped faces to greet the light. Objects which looked grim and terrible in the darkness grow more and more defined, and gradually resolve themselves into familiar shapes. The haystacks, even the barns, look picturesque as the first sunbeams, leaping from one tree top to another, fall askant their moss-grown gables and down their weather-beaten sides. Over on the hill yonder the little country church that nestles among the pine trees has not been forgotten, for these first beams look in at the odd, old-fashioned windows, and throw great golden bars of light into the pews below. Still, though these sunbeams love the little, old, steady going church, with its ivy-covered walls and simple worshippers, they love far better to creep in through the churchyard gate, with its unsteady hinges, and look at the graves which lie thick in the shadow of its walls. These early beams never trouble the old hinges, for they come in right over the top of the gate, and stoop over so gently to kiss the grass that is green on every mossy grave. They remember the one that has lain there forgotten for a century, and they have done so every morning during all these long years. They stoop in pity over the mound that was not there yesterday, and lift the drooping flowers that were placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest, soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same. Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbours, the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On, down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks show that many have passed before us on up, perhaps to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulder at their images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours. Right down in front, a little bird, rising from his nest amid the long grass, flies straight up—up as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Further on, from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine outstripping his fellows tosses up to heaven his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of its morning glory and radiant in gold. We can hardly fancy, as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust and vice and wickedness could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.—*D. J. MacMurchy in Varsity.*

Yet He listens to our praying, the great God of pity.

As He fills with pain the measure of our life's little day, -

Could He bear to sit and shun there, on His white throne in Heaven,

But that He sees the end, while we only see the way?

-*Louise Chandler Moulton*

## A RED ANNIVERSARY.

Tuesday last was the twenty-first anniversary of as foul a crime as was ever consummated in France. On the 24th of May, 1871, the Archbishop of Paris and his companions were butchered by the brutish miscreants of the Commune. It is needful to recall these things, for they teach their lesson. Though unpleasant, it is wise to point out these black and loathsome daubs on the history of a great nation, or rather on that portion of it which claims to guide and govern the rest—the broad, honest provinces.

Mgr. Darboy and his colleagues had done no wrong, committed no crime. They were cast into prison as "hostages" through the panic fear of those revolutionary madcaps who were anxious to have some worthy lives to barter their own worthless ones against, and when the hour of crisis struck they were slaughtered like rats in a trap.

A leading idea of that bad, base Commune was to destroy Catholicism and suppress the belief in God. Some of the churches were transformed into clubs. At that in Menilmontant a wretched woman, one Lefevre, was applauded for a proposal to mine the cathedral of Notre Dame, to shut in it as many priests and nuns as it would hold, and then to blow it up. Viard, the "Minister of Commerce," suggested that each of them should kill a priest, and "to-morrow there would be no more of them." Citizeness Leblanc went further. She would skin them alive, and make barricades of their corpses. At St. Germain l'Auxerrois a National Guard hoisted himself to a statue of the Blessed Virgin, made a hole in the mouth with his bayonet, and stuck a lighted pipe there. The holy water fonts at St. Vincent de Paul were turned into receptacles for ordure. The following notice was posted on the gate of the desecrated church of Montmartre:

Whereas the priests are bandits and the churches the dens where they morally assassinated the masses by bending France under the claws of the infamous Bonaparte, Foyre, and Trochu, the Civil Delegate *des carrieres* at the ex Prefecture of Police directs that the Church of St. Peter at Montmartre be closed, and decrees the arrest of the priests and lay-brothers (ignorantins).  
(Signed) Le Mousse.

Impiety, cruelty, indecency, falsehood, these were the certificates of identity of that delirious season—that dishonoured and degraded month of May. The culmination of the evils of that crimson tragedy, strung together of mock heroics punctuated with dastard outrage, was the murder of twenty-seven priests and seven monks.

All were taken into custody without cause, and the arrests of some of them were characterized by episodes of peculiar indignity. Mgr. Darboy was haled off from the archiepiscopal residence on the 4th of April, driven between armed Communists to the Prefecture of Police, and led into the presence of Raoul Rigault, the debauched medical student, who played the part of an amateur Fouche. "For eighteen centuries your people have imprisoned and tortured us," said this ridiculous scamp. Others joined in an incoherent murmur. "What are you thinking of, my children?" said the gentle prelate, and then there was a tumult. They were not children, but men, and ye swelling pippins! magistrates. They entered Mgr. Darboy's name on their charge sheet, and wrote after it "ex-Archbishop of Paris." His Grace refused to sign it, protesting that it was not within their competency to deprive him of his office: that he had been, was, and would continue to be to the end Archbishop of Paris, and that, even if he were in Pekin he would still be Archbishop of Paris. They then blotted out the words and substituted "The sieur Darboy, who says he is Archbishop of Paris." The term "sieur" is contemptuous.

Amongst the other ecclesiastics seized by these ruffians were Mgr. Deguerry, curé of the Madeleine, a tall, stately, military-looking man of seventy-four, the Jesuit Father Clerc, who had been a Polytechnic student and afterwards a naval officer, Father Ducoudray, a very learned Jesuit, and the Abbe Allard, an apostolic missionary who had been unremitting in his care of the wounded during the siege by the Germans.

The Archbishop suffered from his captivity. His beard was unshaven, the doctors had applied a blister to him, he was physically weak, but his spirit was bright and undaunted. In the afternoon of the fatal date he said to his companions that he had complete confidence in the goodness of God and the testimony of his own conscience no matter what might happen. The same tone of fortitude was to be noted in all. A few days before the Abbe Deguerry had said to a friend that if he thought his blood would be useful to religion he would go on his knees to ask them to sacrifice him.

At seven in the evening of the 24th this batch of "black robes," as the malcontents called them, were summoned from their cells in the Roquette Gaol, and with them Senator Bonjean, President of the Court of Cassation. A shout was raised by the Communists that the Royalists were assassinating the Republicans, and that an end must be put to the horror. One rough insurgent, drawing a paper smeared with red from his pocket, read out a list in loud tones, "Citizen Darboy," "Citizen Deguerry," and soon. The doomed answered to the summons, and were led to their fate by a wild group armed with rifles, revolvers, and trailing sabres. In front marched the Abbe Allard reciting the prayers for the agonizing. His voice could hardly be heard over the insults, imprecations, and obscenities of the assassins. As the victims entered the open Mgr. Darboy knelt, prayed, and raised

his hands in benediction. The condemned were urged forward to a corner of the outer wall, separated, and the command given to fire. There was a simultaneous discharge, and then a cropitation of isolated shots. The six had fallen. The Abbe Deguerry, who had proudly opened his soutane for the volley, receiving two bullets—one in the head, the other in the lungs. M. Bonjean was pierced with twenty balls, and yet the *coup de grace* had to be given him in the left ear. The Archbishop, though grievously wounded, did not drop to the ground immediately, and one of his murderers advanced and fired a pistol at him point-blank.

For hours the bodies remained in the blood-wet dust. That was their wake. They were stripped of their clothing, kicked and battered with musket-butts. At night they were huddled in a hand-cart, trundled to Pere la Chaise, and flung pell-mell, without coffin or shroud, into the pauper's burial-pit.

One of the Communists showed a pistol to a turnkey and remarked that it was still smoking. "It was with it," he said, "I polished off the famous Archbishop." Another truculently exclaimed, "That old *canaille* of a Darboy would not die. He rose three times, and I began to get afraid of him." On the quadrangle outside the prison, that where the guillotine is often raised in the mist of the chill dawn, these hounds—no, we withdraw the insult to the canine race—these fiends boasted that they had gained fifty francs. Mayhap they had, but at what a price! The curses of humanity, the humiliation of their country, the tedious visions of remorse, and the possible damnation of their own souls. Their victims by dying achieved the life everlasting.—*Universe*, 28th May.

## A BARMECIDE FEAST.

The Local Government (Ireland) Bill, which Mr. Gladstone stigmatized as the refuse of political legislation, was read for the second time on Tuesday evening. Ministers having a majority of ninety-two, whereat tumultuous cheers on the part of their supporters. But there the folly stops; that Bill will never pass into law. Perhaps it is a waste of ink to treat of it; but the splendid speech on the subject made by the Liberal leader lifts it out of the region of the commonplace for two reasons.

The first reason is that it demolishes the fraudulent pretensions of Tory generosity; the second, that it is a guarantee of what he himself will do—if he be sincere—when he returns to power.

Referring to the promises of the Duke of Devonshire in 1886, Mr. Gladstone recalled that they barely stopped short of an independent Parliament. There were to be provincial assemblies for Ireland, a reconstitution of the administrative, and what not. And now from the labouring mountain steps forth a mouse. The silver shining moon resolves itself into a round of green cheese. The feast is one of Barmecide, the table is set with empty dishes.

And even this puny show of mean fare is recommended by threats. If it is not accepted with gratitude there will be civil war. Lord Salisbury distinctly encourages it. By the Act of Union the whole powers of the Irish Parliament were surrendered, national life and traditions were made over to the alien, and that was right and regular. But to restore to Ireland the independent control of her own local affairs would be to rupture the foundations of society and justify insurrection!

This Local Government Bill places an entire country at the mercy of the Lord-Lieutenant. He can so manipulate the divisions as to exclude Catholics from power. No self-respecting man would join a County Council which is liable to be held up before two judges of anti-Irish feelings. An electoral body is subordinated to non-elected *nommees*. The curious principal is enunciated that minorities are to be protected by having the majorities delivered over into their hands. Popular influence is to be disregarded, and the interests of the people committed to a standing majority of hostile landlords. Equality of law was stated by Mr. Pitt, when intriguing to pass the Union, to be the soul and essence of the boon conferred upon Ireland in exchange for the sacrifice of her Parliament. And after the woeful experience of nine decades of wrong, gloomily streaked with persecution and injustice, dearth and depopulation, a Bill is offered by the advocates of permanent coercion which is marked by the stamp of inequality—the brand of degradation. So an English ex-Premier called it on Tuesday evening. A sorry jest is played on the Irish beggars. Bones, waste and washings are served to them as a meal, and they are bidden to eat drink and be merry.

We have to turn to the Arabian story for the suggestion of the moral. When Barmecide asked the starving Schacabac to dinner he put an empty plate before him. "How do you like your soup?" asked the merchant. "Excellently well," replied Schacabac. "Did you ever see whiter bread?" "Never," was the civil answer. Fictitious wine was brought in and pressed upon the pauper, who excused himself by pleading that he always got quarrelsome over his cups. Being over-persuaded, he fell upon his host and soundly pummelled him. The Irish Schacabac would be perfectly warranted in doing the same, but the cowardly Tory Barmecide knows that he is tied hand and foot, weak and unarmed, and, worse than all, that he is racked with intestine discord.—*Universe*, 28th May.

## JOSEPH'S TEMPTATION.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

"GASPARD! Gaspard! You are not going to die! You cannot, you will not die and leave me, and leave Riga, and our poor uncle! Oh, no! oh, no!"

"Yes, little brother, I must die. It is the will of our good God, and—He knows best."

The speaker's voice was very weak, almost inaudible, as he uttered the last words, his eyes closed wearily. He was lying on the ground at the foot of a high precipice, in a lonely ravine of the Corsican mountains—whither he had come, as he often did, in search of specimens, botanical and entomological; for he was an enthusiastic naturalist. Down the sheer face of the bare rock that loomed nearly a hundred feet above him, he had fallen to where he now lay—crushed, bleeding, dying.

On this day, the last of his life, he left home in the morning for a tramp through the mountains, with his leather pouch for plants and mosses slung across his shoulder, and his tin insect-case hanging from his belt—careless and light-hearted: never dreaming, as he turned to wave his hand in gay salute to his uncle, who stood in the great, wide door of the picturesque looking old house which had been the dwelling of many generations of their forefathers, that he was looking his last upon the home very dear to him, and upon the old man who had filled the place of father to him from his earliest recollection, and held the place of one in his heart.

"I shall be back by sundown," he said to Riga, his betrothed, when she put into his pouch the flask of wine and loaf of white bread which always made his simple luncheon on these expeditions of his. "You may meet me at the fallen larch, if you will—you and Antoine. No, Fio," to his great dog that was gambolling round him, "you can't come to-day, old fellow. See here!"

He shook a butterfly net as he spoke, and the intelligent animal, perfectly understanding the words and sign, made no further noisy demonstrations—though he looked wistful and disappointed. Then, with a parting caress to both dog and maiden, Gaspard Paoli went his way to the doom awaiting him in the dark mountain-ravine, where he now lay with his life ebbing slowly away.

Riga stood in the door beside her step-father, the elder Paoli, and watched him as he walked off. They loved him, this old man and maiden, with a love almost equal in degree, though, naturally, so different in character. To Riga he was brother, lover, hero—all in one; to the old man he was the pride of his heart, the prop and hope of his age: and to neither was there spot or blemish in him. But this was not strange, since every one loved Gaspard. He and his brother had been adopted by their uncle, on the death of their father, when Joseph, the younger boy, was scarcely more than an infant, and himself but five years old. Later their uncle had married a widow, now many years dead, whose daughter Riga was; and the three young people grew up together as brothers and sister. Brother and sister Joseph and Riga, who were very nearly the same age, had remained; but Gaspard and Riga had long been betrothed, and the date set for their marriage was fast approaching.

The brothers were very different in temper and character. "Joseph is not bad," the uncle often said in speaking of them. "Joseph is a good boy. But he is like the rest of us: he has his faults. He is not Gaspard."

Joseph indeed had faults; and among them was a restlessness and impatience of nature which manifested itself decidedly as he and Riga paused at the old larch tree—the rendezvous appointed by Gaspard—and, looking hither and thither along the three roads which converged at this point, saw no sign of the latter's approach.

"Do you know which way he went?" the young man inquired.

"No; he did not say where he was going," she replied. "But he said he would be back by sundown—and he will keep his word, you know. It is not sundown yet. We can wait."

"If I only knew which road he took, I would go and meet him," remarked Joseph, before another half minute had passed.

"Sit down, sit down—be not so impatient!" said Riga, chidingly. "He will be here soon, be sure."

"Sit down, no—I do not like sitting down," was the reply. But he came and leant over her shoulder, looking as she was doing, into the water that now mirrored two very handsome faces.

That of the girl was delicate and fine, rather pale, with large, velvety-soft dark eyes, and the waving silky black hair which gives such picturesque beauty to almost any countenance it may surround. Joseph's face had clear-cut, very prominent features and the keen glance, which, taken together, indicate unmistakably both strong character and strong self-will. He was a tall, stalwart youth of nineteen, whose restless spirit had already wearied of the narrow and cramped conditions of life in this little rocky island of his nativity. He longed for change, action: and not all the arguments of his uncle could reconcile him to the stagnant existence against which every instinct of his nature revolted.

"Let him go," Gaspard said sadly. "He will see the world—and then he will be willing to come back to us."

Joseph thought not. He thought he could never be satisfied to bury himself in this obscure little corner. But he did not say so; and his uncle reluctantly consented that he should go, for a time at least, to France, the land of his dreams: only stipulating that his departure be postponed until after the marriage of Gaspard and Riga.

To this condition he willingly agreed, but the time of waiting seemed to him long. And with the egotism almost inseparable from youth, all his thoughts were given to anticipations of his future. He had ambitious dreams—dreams so wildly ambitious, that he had never hinted their existence, even to Gaspard.

Flinging himself now on the grass at Riga's feet, he fell into a fit of musing, that lasted until the girl said suddenly, "The sun is down. It is strange that Gaspard is not here."

Joseph laughed. "The sun is down, yes," he assented. "We'd better return home and leave Gaspard to his own company," he added, springing lightly to his feet.

"I must go, or the father will be wondering what has become of us all. But you Joseph, stay and wait for him."

"For why should I?" said Joseph. "He can find the way alone, can't he?" Then seeing that she did not smile, but looked a little troubled, he continued with another laugh, "Why, you are not taking fright because he is a little behind his time?"

"No. But it is strange he does not come. I wish he had said what way he was going, and you could meet him. What if he has met with an accident, Joseph!"

"What if he has flown away to the moon!" replied Joseph in a tone of sarcasm. "Where's Fio? He can tell which way his master went."

"Fio! Fio!" Riga called. "He was here but now. He must have gone to meet Gaspard."

"Without doubt," answered the young man. "So, come; it is getting late; we will return."

"Stay, Joseph. Wait for him."

"Oh, if you will!" said he, a little petulantly. "Women are very foolish. Go, then, yourself—for it is getting late for you to walk alone."

Riga went, though she would rather have remained. She was conscious of a vague sense of uneasiness, for which she blamed herself, yet could not cast off.

Joseph meantime waited; and as the evening fell, until night was upon him, he, too, began to think it strange that Gaspard did not come.

"He must have returned home another way," he said half aloud but added almost in the same breath, "No, he said he would meet us here; he will certainly come this way."

Then he lifted his voice and called loudly his brother's name. But there was no reply.

Up to this moment the apprehension of anything wrong, or of accident, notwithstanding Riga's suggestion, had not entered his mind, but in the dead silence which followed the dying away of his own voice, a sudden fear of evil seized him for an instant. He threw it off then impatiently. No doubt Gaspard had wandered farther than he intended, had been overtaken by the darkness, and was waiting for the moon to rise. The moon was full this evening, he remembered. And even as this reassuring thought occurred to him, the edge of the golden disc appeared over the shoulder of a high hill to the right of where he stood.

"He will soon be here now," the watcher thought, "for the moon has been up some time on the other side, of course."

But the great round orb rose higher and higher—it was clear now of the mountain top, and pouring its silver rays down into the valley. Yet still there was no sign of Gaspard.

Antoine shouted again: and this time there came a response, not from Gaspard himself, however. It was Fio's loud and prolonged barking that caught his ear—sounding as if very far away.

He started at once in the direction whence it came—and as he hurried along as rapidly as the nature of the ground and the impeding brushwood permitted, the apprehension of a few minutes before returned more strongly than at first. It seemed to him that there was a note of entreaty and distress in the dog's voice. There would be a short intermission of the bark, then it would burst out again—loud, eager, imperative in tone. At the foot of the steep hill, or rather mountain ridge, Joseph paused to take breath, and shouted to let Fio know that he was coming. The reply to this was first a few short, sharp barks of evident relief, followed by a long, mournful howl that caused the young man's heart to sink and sicken within him. Up the mountain he went, utterly unconscious of the physical strain it required to mount the almost perpendicular height, and, still guided by the voice of the dog, that was now modulated to a low, distressful whine, he made his way at break-neck speed along the face of the declivity to the ravine below. By the time he reached the prostrate form over which the faithful Fio stood lamenting, he knew what to expect. He was not surprised to see his brother lying, as he thought, dead before him. The moonlight was streaming full over the relaxed figure and death-white face—and as his gaze fell upon it, he thought that life was already extinct. But at the cry that burst from him, Gaspard's eyes unclosed.

"Thank God that I can speak to you—before I die," he said faintly.

Then in a voice of despair Joseph cried, "Gaspard! Gaspard! You are not going to die! You cannot, you will not die and leave me, and leave Riga, and our poor uncle! Oh, no! oh, no!"

And Gaspard replied quietly, gently, "Yes, little brother. I must die. It is the will of our good God and—He knows best."

"He is not good if He takes you from us!" cried the younger, in such a distraction of anguish, that he knew not what he was saying. "But you will not die! It is only that you are faint. Let me bind up your wounds—"

"No—but water," gasped the dying man; and Joseph, snatching off his hat, brought some in a moment from a trickling stream that flowed along the wall of rock beside them. From the palm of his hand he poured it almost drop by drop between the pale lips parted to receive it. And Gaspard was greatly revived. His eye brightened: he looked steadfastly at his brother with a gaze which controlled the latter.

"Listen," he said—his voice, though very weak, sounding clear and distinct. "Little brother. I am dying—and that I may die in peace you must make me a promise."

"Anything! You know I will do anything!—but let me—"

Human help would be vain," interrupted Gaspard. "I am glad that only you are with me. Thank God, the others—are spared—seeing me die. You must bear it. I do not suffer. The shock of the fall paralyzed sensation. Since I regained consciousness I have had time to pray and think. Life is going fast now. Listen."

He paused to gather strength, then resumed, "Joseph, my uncle is old—Riga is very young. You must take my place. When time has healed Riga's grief for me, try to love and marry her. I wish it—for both your sakes—and our uncle's."

"I promise," said Joseph eagerly.

"No—I bind you by no promise in this. Do but try—when the time comes. Ask God's will. But the promise—Joseph, I ask—what you—will think—a hard thing—to forgive one—whom—you will feel—to be an enemy. But you are strong—and you are true. I can trust you. Keep my rosary always about you—to remind you—of my dying—ontreaty—to forgive—the unhappy man—who is the cause—of my death."

"Murdered! You are murdered!" cried Joseph, in a horror so intense that his whole frame quivered convulsively, and his face grew livid.

"Struck—in sudden blind frenzy," said Gaspard. "He did not—mean—to kill me."

"But who?" demanded Joseph in a voice almost marticularly hoarse. "Ah, I know!" he exclaimed the next instant. "He who was your rival!"

Yes—poor Colenso," answered the failing voice, which came to his ear as from a long way off, across a surging sea—the sea of blood that was surging through his throat and head in an all but suffocating tide. "I tell you—that you may—know the truth. But—you must not tell it—except—to the padre. Let it—be thought—an accident."

Joseph could not speak, and after a brief silence, Gaspard went on: "I was stooping—at—the edge—of the cliff—when he—spoke—beside me. I looked up—and—saw—he was—mad with—jealousy. He asked—if it was—true—that my marriage—day—was—set. When—I said yes—he struck—before—I could gain my—feet. I remember—his look—of horror—as—I reeled—backward. He—did—not mean—"

Many a time afterwards, Joseph marvelled how he lived through the agony of the moments that followed: how he could have remained quiet, silent, until Gaspard spoke once more and for the last time.

"Riga must never know," he said very faintly. "Be—resigned—all—to God's will. Tell Filipe—I forgive—him. I pray God—to—forgive—him. You—promise—?"

"I promise."

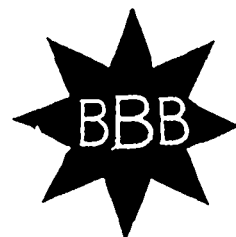
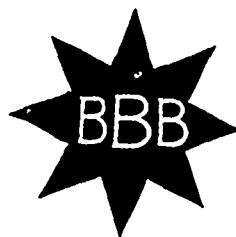
Gaspard smiled. His last words were spoken—but he lifted his gaze to heaven with an indescribable look of faith and love, as his moving lips syllabled the words, "Jesu! Maria!" His eyes closed slowly. He was dead.

A month after the fatal day on which Gaspard Paoli crossed the threshold of his home for the last time, a lethargy like that of despair almost, had settled upon the stricken house. The old man was silent and uncomplaining—but stunned, apparently, by the greatness of the calamity that had befallen him. Riga looked like a storm-beaten lily, white, drooping, crushed. To both the interests of life seemed  
(To be Continued.)

St. Benoit, County of Two Mountains, Feb. 1st, 1882.

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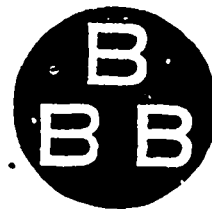
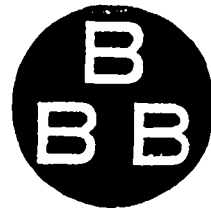
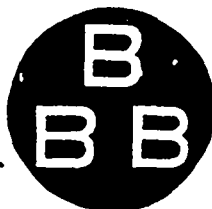
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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which draw the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892 7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00 TICKET, . . . \$1.00 do - - - 25 Cts.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 3 columns: Prize number, Prize worth, Approximation Price.

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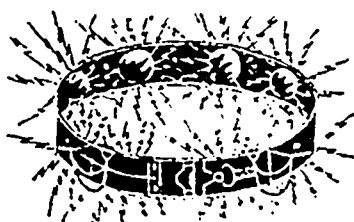
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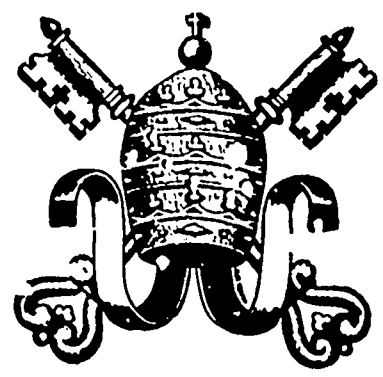


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