



ON LAND AND SEA.

Cleaning Out a Gang of Pirates. BY M. QUAD.

During the year 1868 no less than three trading vessels fitted out at Singapore for traffic in the Java Sea mysteriously disappeared, and no trace of them could be discovered. Two more were added to the list early in June 1869, and about July 1st was whispered around that a nest of pirates had been discovered on an island off the north coast of Java. If the news were true the chief of the gang must be a bold fellow indeed, and needed looking after at once.

The merchants at Singapore were talking of fitting out a ship to investigate, when H. M.'s cruiser The Shark arrived. She was one of the old-fashioned ten-gun brigs once so numerous, and at that time was engaged in a survey of the south coast of Borneo, or about to be. As I was one of her crew I can relate what happened during the next two weeks first-hand.

It seems that the story of the pirate was accepted as a fact, for we overhauled our armament, took in a lot of ammunition and strengthened our crew by fourteen men before sailing.

These men were drafted out of a new crew belonging to a man-of-war which had been wrecked on the Malay coast, and all were old hands. The captain got his bearings from some source unknown to us, and when we left Singapore the brig was headed to the east. We jogged along down the coast of Sumatra for a week without any unusual incident, and though we spoke a score of crafts none of them had any information about the pirate. The crew had begun to ridicule the idea when something occurred to open our eyes very wide.

One morning, about an hour after daylight, we came up with a Dutch trader, which was taking care of herself. All her sails had been cut away, ropes were flying in every direction and she was so low in the water that we wondered why she didn't go down. When a boat pulled off to her it was to find the captain mortally wounded and his wife and two sailors stiff and dead and horribly mutilated on the deck beside him. We got him off, but had no time to give the bodies burial before the little craft went down. The captain was a man about forty years of age, and though hardly alive when we found him he rallied enough to tell his story.

The trader had been trafficking along the Java coast and had finally completed his cargo and headed for Singapore. Just at sunset on the previous evening he had been overtaken by a native craft carrying about forty men. He was then about ten miles off the coast and about five miles south of the island known as the "Queen's Bower." He had no suspicion whatever of the natives, and the first thing he knew they boarded his craft and began to cut and slash. When they had finished the crew they began to plunder and strip the vessel, and were with her until midnight. Before leaving they bored her full of holes, and we had reached her just in time to rescue the captain. The first craft was joined by two others later on, and the three carried at least a hundred desperate fellows. The captain heard and understood enough to satisfy him that they were an organized gang of pirates and that they were also well equipped for their bloody business.

The island mentioned was not over twenty miles away, and as the Java Sea was a great highway it did not seem possible that men would take such a risk as those pirates had. The trader said that no less than three friendly sails were in sight when he was attacked, but all too far away to signal, even had he been warned in time to do something. Owing to the shoals surrounding the island our craft could not approach near enough to use her guns and shell the fellows out, and we were not strong enough to land from our boats and deal with them. The sight of our armed vessel around would put the pirates on their guard, and it was resolved to play them a Yankee trick. We ran into a bay on the coast and set to work.

You are probably aware of the fact that an Englishman of war, no matter how large or how small, is a pattern of neatness and regulation, and the cut of her sails will alone establish her identity while her hull is yet below the water line. We had, therefore, to undo and overhaul a great deal. We put everything in seeming confusion aloft, disguised her hull as much as possible, and when we left the bay. The Shark had the look of a merchantman which had been through a typhoon and was too short-handed to make repairs. The Dutch captain died on the day after we found him, and his last words were a prayer that we might fall in with and punish the pirates.

It was just at daylight that we approached off the north coast of the island and anchored on a bank about three miles from the beach. Men were sent aloft as if engaged in repairs, a boat was got down as if to work on the hull, and the crew remained in hiding below. No doubt the fellows ashore had a lookout in some tree, and provided with a good glass could see everything going on aboard. It was hardly sunrise when a small native craft, with four men in her, came out to within pistol-shot of us to make an investigation. Our captain hailed them and they replied with gestures to signify that they would return to the shore for help. They evidently took us for what we pretended to be, and were well piped to breakfast feeling that our work would succeed.

About 8 o'clock, with the wind blowing up lively, three native sails put out for us. A man aloft with a glass reported that each craft

was crowded with natives, and it was now our plan to weigh anchor and make a little sail and pretend to be standing away from them as if alarmed. The object was to draw them as far away from shore as possible, and we had added a mile to the distance when the foremost boat came within hail. She hadn't a gun of any sort in sight, but she had forty-eight desperate-looking fellows in plain view, and every one of them had a cutlass and pistol. While her captain was hailing us in a language no one could understand, she was slowly edging along down upon our starboard quarter. At the same time a second craft was drawing ahead on the port side, and the third kept in our wake.

Only seven or eight men were in sight on our decks, and the natives seemed to have no suspicion of a trick. The breeze was a little bit too strong for their maneuvering at first, but after we were about six miles off shore the two suddenly closed in to board us. Our captain had been closely watching them and waiting for this move, and our decks were alive with men. I was captain of No. 3 gun crew, and had the honor of firing the first shot. It was a solid ball, and it struck the craft on her port bow, and went clean through her and dropped into the sea beyond. This opened the fight; the natives instantly realized that they had caught a Tartar, and they saw, too, that their only means of escape lay in capturing the ship. Therefore, instead of running away, as we had looked for, each craft bore down on us to board.

They were handled as easily as an Indian manœuvres a canoe, and it wasn't five minutes after the first gun was fired ere they were on our quarters like wolves seeking to hamstring a deer. I fired another solid shot, and then loaded with grape, and this last charge was fired right into a mass of natives waiting to clamber up the side. The gun next to me fired a solid shot, which tore through her bottom, and two minutes later she foundered right alongside of us. The second craft got near enough to grapple, but the iron was thrown off, and two guns played solid shot into her hull until she went down stern foremost, leaving thirty men struggling in the waves.

The third craft had forged ahead, sailing five feet to our one, and would have boarded us at the bows, but for the sudden destruction of the others. Their fate frightened her off, but she had scarcely laid her head for the island than it was brought around, as if her crew had made some desperate resolve. Now occurred a curious thing. She had about thirty men on board, and she came down on us with every one of them shouting and screaming, and tried to lay us aboard. We could have sunk her with one gun even, or we could have picked off the whole crew with our muskets before they had crossed the rail. Word was passed to give her a full broadside at command, and when the smoke cleared away she was not to be seen. There were over twenty of the pirates hanging to the wreckage around us, however, and the boat was lowered to pick them up. You can judge of their desperation when I tell you that every one of them fought like a tiger against being picked up, and that we got only five out of the lot. The others we had to kill as they floated about with the sharks snapping at them. Two of the five leaped out of the boat after being pulled in, and were seen no more, and the others gave us so much trouble that the captain swung them up to the yard arm. Thus, not one single man of the hundred or more who came out to attack us escaped with his life. I was in one of the two boats afterwards sent ashore to see what sort of a lair the pirates had made for themselves. The only human beings ashore were an old native woman, a one-armed Japanese, and a white boy about fourteen years of age. This boy was an English trader captured the year before, and had been held prisoner ever since. He said there were one hundred and seven men in the gang, and we found enough plunder on the island to load our ship. They had captured about a dozen different vessels, large and small, and in every case had plundered and sunk them. They did not always kill all the crew. Soon after the boy was captured they brought in an American sailor off a spice trader. The boy knew him only by the name of William, but remembered that his home was in Boston. It turned out that they had spared his life to make use of him as a blacksmith, but when they found he had no knowledge of that work he was put to death. By order of the chief he was hung in chains on a tree about a quarter of a mile away, and was eleven days in dying. The boy went with us and showed us his bones still hanging.

The one-armed man and the old woman, assisted by the boy, where the cooks for the gang. They at first seemed very much alarmed, and protested their innocence of any complicity in the crimes of the pirates, but when they came to understand that all the villains had met their fate, and that we had come ashore to clear the island of its last bale of plunder, they suddenly ran into a rude store-house, blocked up the doorway with boxes, and opened fire on us with pistols. We had two men wounded before we could dislodge them, and they were then hanged to the same limb and their bodies left to the birds. What plunder we could not bring off we burned on the island, and before leaving we set the forest on fire in a dozen places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation.—New York World.

A CANDID PROTESTANT.

Interesting Impressions Gleaned in a Great Catholic Capital.

The following letter, written by Dr. Don M. Bosworth, a Protestant physician, of Atlanta, who is now in Austria, Vienna, Austria.—The silence that prevails in the university and the great Austrian hospital at this hour is remarkable; and in the silence and cessation of work I have time to give a few lines to the Journal.

At present Easter is on, and this great city, of over 1,000,000 inhabitants, is giving religious attention in the many churches here. Speaking of free churches, one should see some of these Vienna church buildings; especially see inside of and take in their magnificent appointments, decorations and furnishings, by the side of which all the churches of our own lovely city of Atlanta sink into shadows. And in these magnificent churches, too, there is spiritual worship; for I have visited many of them, not altogether through curiosity, but actuated by a wish to observe the Sabbath and be benefited, if possible, by the worship.

The longer one lives and the more one sees and reads, the more one becomes, not liberal-minded, but really informed, and the less one is prejudiced or envious against others who do not believe just as they believe. Here the Catholic Church is greatly in the ascendency, being many more in number and in strength than all other denominations together. Their churches and church property are the finest in the city—numbering sixty churches in all, including chapels; while there are only three Protestant and three Greek churches, with a few synagogues; and with all their splendor, numbers, influence and great wealth, they are certainly a godly and spiritual people, as is evidenced by their worship. Yesterday the death of our Blessed Saviour was illustrated by an image lying in the tomb with all around decorations of mourning, and over the tomb was the cross upon which He was crucified. This was such an impressive scene that it imprints on the minds of children, to say nothing of a grown person, a scene of crucifixion that they can never forget; its sadness, and the fully apparent sufferings that had been endured by our Blessed Lord, is indelibly fixed upon the mind so strong that the mind ever reverts to it with pity when it is referred to.

Thus, when one is listening to a sermon in which the crucifixion of our Saviour is spoken of (and no religious denomination teaches the story of the crucifixion of these Catholics), it crosses more than do any other scenes in the mind and helps the listener to better comprehend the readings of the Scriptures or the speaker. I stood and beheld this scene and I wondered to myself, noting the sadness, expressive of love, depicted on the thousands of faces present, "do these Catholic people love our Saviour better than we Protestants?" Gazing at the wonderful architecture of their church buildings, the flash within and the grandeur without, and the impressive lessons taught here by solemn worship, prayers, songs and sermons, illustrated by such scenes as just described, fittingly teaching all ages and all grades of intelligence the great truths which our Protestant ministers are always striving to explain, and our catechism and Sunday-school literature teaches, I could not help but express the full belief that those who are Christians and are traveling in the middle of the road, if it be narrow, that leads toward the pearly gates.

To-day these many churches are filled with people who go to worship, and, of course, go fasting. It is a strange thing, nevertheless true, that the churches of the Catholic people everywhere are the finest, the most substantial buildings possible; particularly is this true here in Vienna. Good church buildings are a contribution to the Lord, and is evidence of the faith of the people. While most of the churches here are buildings of almost antiquity, still there is an architectural style of magnificence about them which is scarcely to be reproduced to-day. St. Stephen's is the largest in the city and the oldest. Its tower ranks, I believe, fourth in height with the churches of the world, and it was here where the Turks attacked, tunneled under and destroyed the city. Of course, this makes this magnificent church very historical, and its style of architecture is not surpassed by the church here known as Volkirkirche, which was recently opened to worship. It is, of course, a modern in architecture as human skill of the present day could devise, being built by the Emperor on a spot where he came near being assassinated, and it is a masterpiece of him, as one of the great rulers in Europe, that he in this way openly expressed his gratitude to the Great Creator for his timely deliverance. It impresses his millions of subjects of his own recognition of the hand of Providence, which was a fine object lesson. Think of it! an emperor thus signifying his gratitude toward his Maker so fittingly and openly is enough to impress his subjects and please His all-seeing eye.

Often my mind reverts to my home in Atlanta and her churches; of the many devices adopted and the schemes put forth there to raise money for various church purposes. I refer to church fairs, concerts, entertainments, piano-concerts, and before leaving we set the forest on fire in a dozen places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation.—New York World.

THEY HAVE A CROZIER, TOO!

Another "Roman Article" added to Bishop Gratian's Crozier. A Catholic Describes the "Services" and the Bishop's Address.

Milwaukee Citizen.

It was rumored in our town, prior to June 23, that on that day his "Lordship the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac, would confirm a class in the Church of the Nativity, and that the Bishop would wear in addition to the somewhat fantastical (in contrast with the robes formerly worn by Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church) dress a cope and mitre. Having been under the delusion that the cope and mitre were worn only by Bishops of the Catholic Church, my curiosity led me to attend the services, not only to see a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in cope and mitre and also the style and make of the robes, but to see whether his "lordship" would appear "to the manor born." I assure you there was no lack in elegance and richness of material used and that the Bishop appeared as much out of his element as a Catholic Bishop would in a Protestant Episcopal Church.

The services began by the playing and singing of what I understand is called a "processional hymn;" during this singing the sacristy door opened, a young man in cassock and surplice entered, followed by two of the clergy and at last our eyes were greeted with the sight of a P. E. bishop clad, to all appearance, in the garb of a Catholic bishop, and you may rest assured it was a very unwelcome spectacle to every member of this church composed of very, very Low churchmen. It is very confusing to know just what name to apply to the service of the P. E. Church. The Rev. Ritelie, of New York city, calls it "Mass;" Bishop Gratian, "late celebration;" the Low Church people, "morning prayer;" each party resenting the name used by any other party as a sort of insult. In trying to find a name inoffensive to all, I referred to their prayer-book and finding masses condemned and forbidden emphatically I gave up the search. When sermon time was reached His "Lordship" removed cope and mitre and coming to the front of the chancel, beheld, there was resting on his shoulders a bishop's cape. He seemed so much more at his ease by the removal of cope and mitre that I wondered he did not add to the evident feeling of relief by removing the cape also—he may have thought the people would be so dazzled by his unusual appearance that the cape would pass unnoticed. Well, next came the most extraordinary sermon I ever heard:

He said, in substance, that not only persons but the Church was subject to somnambulism and must be awakened—that there was bodily sleep and spiritual sleep and that at times when the Church was laboring under these spells errors crept in, sins were committed in her name and with her sanction; that it became necessary that she be aroused and purified from them; then began a tirade on the Pope, notably those of the tenth century; the Church at that time was sorely afflicted with one of these spells. The only inference I could draw from his story was that the Church was spiritually under a "spell" from the tenth to the sixteenth century and then began a reform. While trying to enlighten us as to the benefits derived during this return to spiritual life, he became very obscure in his statements—spoke of being released from the "tyranny of the Pope," giving the "open Bible" to the people, "restoring the service of the vernacular," and wept at the benefit bestowed on all who became Anglicans.

Then he told us the corruptions were so great that not only in England but on the continent there were great awakenings, the only difference being that while those outside of the Anglican communion followed men such as Luther, Calvin, Wesley and others, and were, therefore, out of the Church, we (and it was such a long-drawn-out big word) followed Christ.

I believe this is what has given rise to the so-called "branch-theory;" they are the "Anglican branch," Catholics the "Roman branch"—which would be all right, as far as they are concerned, if they would only show us the tree to which they are attached—this they fail to do, a living (?) branch without a living tree is an anomaly.

He then told us of another spell the Anglican Church had and how she was awakened by what is called the "Oxford movement;" how under the leadership of such men as Pusey and Keble they awoke to new life and light. He was so overcome by the glory of the times that he utterly ignored the greatest, most loved, and holiest man connected with the movement, who at that time left the "branch" and joined the Catholic Church—Cardinal Newman, of blessed memory, presumably because he said: "I looked at her (the Catholic Church) at her rites, her ceremonies and her precepts, and I said, 'This is a religion, and then, when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had labored so hard, and upon all that had appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and aesthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities;" and again: "As to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, well, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but, for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, we saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily attired youngster before I can, by my own wit, acquiesce in it, for antiquarian arguments are alt-

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I believe this is what has given rise to the so-called "branch-theory;" they are the "Anglican branch," Catholics the "Roman branch"—which would be all right, as far as they are concerned, if they would only show us the tree to which they are attached—this they fail to do, a living (?) branch without a living tree is an anomaly.

He then told us of another spell the Anglican Church had and how she was awakened by what is called the "Oxford movement;" how under the leadership of such men as Pusey and Keble they awoke to new life and light. He was so overcome by the glory of the times that he utterly ignored the greatest, most loved, and holiest man connected with the movement, who at that time left the "branch" and joined the Catholic Church—Cardinal Newman, of blessed memory, presumably because he said: "I looked at her (the Catholic Church) at her rites, her ceremonies and her precepts, and I said, 'This is a religion, and then, when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had labored so hard, and upon all that had appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and aesthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities;" and again: "As to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, well, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but, for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, we saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily attired youngster before I can, by my own wit, acquiesce in it, for antiquarian arguments are alt-

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He said, in substance, that not only persons but the Church was subject to somnambulism and must be awakened—that there was bodily sleep and spiritual sleep and that at times when the Church was laboring under these spells errors crept in, sins were committed in her name and with her sanction; that it became necessary that she be aroused and purified from them; then began a tirade on the Pope, notably those of the tenth century; the Church at that time was sorely afflicted with one of these spells. The only inference I could draw from his story was that the Church was spiritually under a "spell" from the tenth to the sixteenth century and then began a reform. While trying to enlighten us as to the benefits derived during this return to spiritual life, he became very obscure in his statements—spoke of being released from the "tyranny of the Pope," giving the "open Bible" to the people, "restoring the service of the vernacular," and wept at the benefit bestowed on all who became Anglicans.

Then he told us the corruptions were so great that not only in England but on the continent there were great awakenings, the only difference being that while those outside of the Anglican communion followed men such as Luther, Calvin, Wesley and others, and were, therefore, out of the Church, we (and it was such a long-drawn-out big word) followed Christ.

I believe this is what has given rise to the so-called "branch-theory;" they are the "Anglican branch," Catholics the "Roman branch"—which would be all right, as far as they are concerned, if they would only show us the tree to which they are attached—this they fail to do, a living (?) branch without a living tree is an anomaly.

He then told us of another spell the Anglican Church had and how she was awakened by what is called the "Oxford movement;" how under the leadership of such men as Pusey and Keble they awoke to new life and light. He was so overcome by the glory of the times that he utterly ignored the greatest, most loved, and holiest man connected with the movement, who at that time left the "branch" and joined the Catholic Church—Cardinal Newman, of blessed memory, presumably because he said: "I looked at her (the Catholic Church) at her rites, her ceremonies and her precepts, and I said, 'This is a religion, and then, when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had labored so hard, and upon all that had appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and aesthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities;" and again: "As to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, well, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but, for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, we saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily attired youngster before I can, by my own wit, acquiesce in it, for antiquarian arguments are alt-

A Royal Devil.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land," said an acquaintance of the notorious ruler to the Chicago Evening Post, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day while walking with his highness in the garden, the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The khedive and I walked towards the cage to watch the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the cage with her hands resting on the bars, was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the enclosure. 'Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?' the khedive asked the keeper. 'Oh,' replied the keeper, 'they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her.' 'Then open the door and put her inside,' said the khedive. 'My blood froze at the command, for I could not. I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the subsmissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. But seeing none in the khedive's face, he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside, and as the door swung he turned his face away and groaned. The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily, the father did not see the beast. The khedive alone was moved, and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. This lion went up to the child, smelled of her, looked at her for fully half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, and each second I expected them to spring but they did not. This continued, I think, about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl, and ceaselessly lashing the floor. 'The khedive, by this time, was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to throw a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled the keeper caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb. 'Take out the child,' the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out, and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm, walked on.'

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, \$5; 3rd, \$2.50; 4th, \$1.50; 5th, \$1.00; 6th, 50c; 7th, 25c; 8th, 10c; 9th, 5c; 10th, 2c. Send a pretty picture to those who send not less than 100 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 45 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in the Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Health in Herbs.

Health-giving herbs, barks, roots, and berries are carefully combined in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate the secretions, purify the blood and renovate and strengthen the entire system. Price, 25c a bottle, 6 for \$5. Less than 1 cent a dose.

Mothers and Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure?

It has no equal for removing those troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Holland's Liniment is used by Physicians.

AUGUST... PIER... A Negro the Life Appen... New York... The first Ca... Bishop, priest... appeared in... Toussaint, bo... who by his vi... the esteem o... circles of soc... three score a... met man... Pierre Toussa... in the writ... rosary with... Peter's is a... Pierre Tou... 1760 in St. D... of the Berar... grandmother... winning favo... ness. When... in St. Doung... others, resol... United States... for the trou... came with l... former slaves... Rosalie among... his plans for... Mr. Bernard... affairs, but... except what... Amid these... a pleurisy a... meanwhile le... by his skill... Madame Ber... exhausted... jewels to rais... days he haud... containing t... his own sa... dresser pres... for a settle... work. I d... garded all h... he needed t... mistress... He was na... fond of annu... limits, but... everything... Berard, even... in later year... to make her... God that she... As she ne... headed fully... devoted... She said:... but God w... madame! I... 'You have... she. 'The... tion for suc... After her... freed, and... freedom of... married... Juliette No... fashionable... The most d... ety employ... house to her... herself. Gos... carry nos... extract som... tain family... dignity, '... hair, he is... another la... agreeable... no memory... Accident... with men... and their... appreciat... tress. As... ness

PIERRE TOUSSAINT.

A Negro the First Catholic Whose Life Appeared in Book Form in New York.

The first Catholic of New York city, Bishop, priest, or layman, whose life appeared in book form was Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo, who by his virtues and merit acquired the esteem of people in the highest circles of society.

Pierre Toussaint was born about 1766 in St. Domingo on the plantation of the Berard family, to which his grandmother and mother had belonged, winning favor by fidelity and devotedness.

Amid these trials he was seized with a pleurisy and died. Toussaint had meanwhile learned hair dressing, and by his skill began to lay up money. Madame Berard's resources were soon exhausted. She gave Toussaint her jewels to raise \$40 on them.

He was naturally gay, cheerful and fond of amusement within reasonable limits, but he denied himself almost everything for the sake of Madame Berard, even after she married again.

As she neared her end she comprehended fully the sacrifices of this devoted servant and friend. She said: "I cannot reward you, but God will."

After her death, he was by her act freed, and he labored to purchase the freedom of his sister, and see her well married. Then in 1811 he married Juliette Noel. By this time he was the fashionable hair dresser of New York.

The most distinguished ladies in society employed him, and he was sent from house to house. But he was prudent and self-reliant. Nothing could induce him to carry gossip. When a lady tried to extract some information about a certain family from him, he said, with dignity, "Madame, Toussaint dresses hair, he is no news journal."

He lived happily, having adopted his sister's child Euphemia as his mother's death. Faithful to his religion, hearing Mass daily, charitable, his days glided on in peace. Liberal himself to the orphan asylum, he always on his birthday took Euphemia there to present a large basket of cakes to the orphans.

He was a man of thought and resource. A French lady in distress asked his advice. He suggested her giving French lessons, as her language was pure. But she declared that she had never studied the French grammar so as to be able to teach the language.

Toussaint rendered great service in reconciling families in the little vicinities arising from zeal or fancied slight or lasting words. He acted with such prudence, judgment and Christian charity that he never failed to restore old friendships in family troubles, when no one could apparently be trusted. Toussaint was always prompt, silent and sure. He travelled often great distances to trace some wayward child, plead, argue, prevail, and return with joy restored to a grieving household.

His charity went further. During the yellow fever he discovered a white man entirely abandoned. He was an utter stranger, but Toussaint took him home and by his care and purse saved his life. On another occasion he found a priest in a garret with ship fever and destitute. He took him to his house and, making the case known, attended him till he recovered. Being childless he was constantly helping boys till they were old enough to earn a living. In time he purchased a pleasant

house on Franklin street, where white and colored friends called to enjoy his company. Some of his savings, invested in stocks of insurance companies, were swept away by the great fire of 1835, but when friends wished to get up a subscription for him he prevented it.

His faithful wife preceded him to the grave, and at last he became unable to totter to St. Peter's to his daily Mass. He gradually sank, and his last days were attended by Sisters of Charity and by Rev. William Quinn, who respected him highly. He was buried from St. Peter's, and the church was filled with Protestants and Catholics, with white and colored, the wealthiest and the poorest. The Rev. Mass and as grand as if given for a prince. Father Quinn said: "There were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for Church and for the glory of God; among laymen, none."

A "Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo," was written by Mrs. H. F. Lee, author of "Three Experiments in Living," etc., and appeared at Boston in 1854. It ran through several editions.

The Conduct of Protestant Ministers Towards the Catholic Church.

There is no doubt that one of the greatest transgressions of which Protestant ministers render themselves guilty is the bearing of false witness against the Catholic Church. They seem to be altogether forgetful of God's solemn commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," whenever and wherever the Catholic Church is in question. They speak and write with magisterial assurance on all matters affecting the doctrines, discipline and history of the Catholic Church, and all the while every word, every line, betrays their woeful ignorance or malice. Protestant ministers will not feel complimented when they are told that they are constantly making exhibition of the grossest ignorance when and where matters Catholic are concerned, or if that of ignorance, then certainly that of malice. And yet such is undoubtedly and unfortunately the case. But though one may, in charity, be inclined to admit that their attacks do not, in all cases, proceed from malice, yet we are certainly not prepared to say that an ignorance, to a certain degree culpable, is not the source thereof. The claims which the Catholic Church advances to be the only true Church founded by Jesus Christ are so urgent, so constant, that they necessarily force every thinking person to an examination thereof, unless there be a calm and deliberate intent to create and foster that contempt prior to examination, which can and will resist any amount of argument and proof whatsoever. Boswell is authority for the statement that Dr. Johnson said of the Protestant Bishop Burnet's History: "Burnet's History of his own times is very entertaining; the style, indeed, is more chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lied, but he was so prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not." The same remark may be most truthfully applied to the average Protestant ministers whenever and wherever the Catholic Church is concerned. But is such a plea an acceptable excuse for ignorance? We should say that it is anything else but that. This system of general misrepresentation of the Catholic Church has been fully confessed by candid Protestant writers. Thus Rev. Mr. Nightingale, in his "Religion of All Nations," says: "From diligent inquiry it has been ascertained that party spirit and prejudice have thrown the most undeserved obloquy upon the religion and practices of the Roman Catholics. In scarcely a single instance has a case concerning them been fairly stated, or the channels of history not grossly, not to say wickedly, corrupted." Let those who from party spirit and prejudice are guilty of the conduct so severely animadverted on by Mr. Nightingale reconcile their conduct to their conscience as best they may; we think it will avail them naught to offer as an excuse their party spirit and prejudice before Him who gave the commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

And for us who mourn the dead is not this Communion of Saints the consoling truth that their death is but their going to dwell in another home, where between them and us there may be daily, and if we will, hourly, interchange of remembrance and sympathy? Nothing in death is sadder than the truth that the life of a lost friend soon fades for us into a faint, far off memory. When our wounds are fresh and our hearts still bleeding, the thought of such a thing seems like cruel treason to him. We cannot believe that we will ever be guilty of it, until some day ere long we hang our heads in shame and sorrow to find our heads in a time preoccupation with other things has banished him from our thoughts.

The sovereign preventive of this unwilling treason of our poor, unstable hearts is found in the Communion of Saints. Who could ever forget a friend, though separated from him by the whole width of the world, if he could only get a message from him every day? Then how can we forget our dead as long as we lift up our thoughts and our words to them every day, as we will do if we believe that the bond of love and sympathy between them and us has been, not broken, but strengthened, by death? How consoling is the teaching of St. Paul—that we can "fill up in the body that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ"—that though His sufferings alone can atone for the guilt of sin and take away its eternal punishment, yet ours, when united in spirit with His, can make sweet reparation for all the sorrow we have caused Him. And not only so, but as if there should be absolutely no bounds to His generosity, He tells us that He will accept as a reparation for the faults of those whom we loved in this life any sacrifice we may make for His sake and theirs. If we offer Him our sufferings and our prayers on their behalf, while they are in the place of exaltation, He will account it to them as if done by themselves.

It must be a hard heart that can long neglect so sweet and consoling a duty. All who do it faithfully can testify that nothing so helps to keep alive that constant, living memory of our dead friends, which we wish and purpose at first ever to cherish most fondly, but which often, alas, fades so soon and so easily away. To one who comes, long after the death of loved ones, to believe in the Communion of Saints as Catholics hold that truth, it seems like their veritable resurrection from the oblivion of the grave, so sweet, so real, so life-like is the communion between his spirit and theirs.

And then, too, how can those who have gone before ever forget us who are on earth, whether they are still in the place of expiation or already in heaven? For in the former it is no more true of them than it was of Jesus that they are so absorbed in their sufferings as to be unmindful of all else; nor in the latter do they give themselves up to a selfish enjoyment of eternal rest. In heaven their purified souls find their happiness in an unceasing activity in the service of the Redeemer. And it so surely they must delight in that work so dear to His Heart—the consolation, the help, and the salvation of those who are walking in the Way of the Cross upon earth. He Himself tells us that they are "as the angels," who rejoice over the sinner doing penance, and whose knowledge therefore of the innermost workings of human souls on earth must be full and complete, or else there might be a false joy in heaven over a false repentance on earth.

Then is not this the same thing as His telling us that death breaks down that invisible barrier which ever prevents perfect communion between our spirits as long as we are clothed in the flesh—behind which he hid in every soul of man secrets of which his fellows see and know nothing? Is it not the same thing as His telling us that there is never in our hearts a hidden sorrow that our friends in heaven do not know, never a cross laid upon us that they do not see, nor ever a sigh from our weary souls that they do not hear? When weighed down by suffering we turn to a poor fellow-pilgrim at our side, groaning beneath his own burden, and ask and find consolation from his half and sympathy, and from his promise to pray for us. But how much sweeter and better to look up into the loving face of father, or mother, or brother, or sister in heaven, and say, if we can say no more, "Pray for me. Surely if there be efficacy in any prayer to God at all it must be in the prayer of a Christian who has received his crown for one who is still bowed beneath his cross."—N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE CONSOLATION OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

To those who ask of God only the portion of goods which falls to them in this life, one touch of the hand of Death laid upon those they love, one breath of His mouth, dims all the glory of the world, blows away the empty bubble of its false joys, and turns its hopes into ashes. But in the Christian household all that he can do is to bring into it all the members go and dwell in another home. Perhaps it may be the eternal home of heaven. For who can set the limits to the generosity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Who can tell but that He has accepted the expiation of sorrow made in this life for the sins that were washed away in His Precious Blood, and has welcomed it at once to His divine presence?

But even if it be not so, we know that in the place where our lost one abides for a while, there reigns that sweet, broken-hearted peace, which was all that Jesus Himself ever knew until He returned to His throne in heaven. It is broken-hearted because the soul that feels it is so full of loving sorrow for its waywardness and forgetfulness of Him while on earth, and so full of a longing which nothing but the sight of His face can ever satisfy. Yet it is sweet, too, because it comes from the consciousness of making at last full reparation for the poor, undue quiet return made in this life for all His divine love and patience. The soul experiences a great joy, which we will never understand until we feel it ourselves, in having its own share in sufferings like those which He once endured for it. While it participates more fully in the sorrows of Jesus it also shares more fully in that divine peace which His sufferings never interrupted for a moment. And thus it enters, in sweeter and fuller measure, into that blessed Communion of Saints which binds together in living sympathy with their divine Head all the souls He has redeemed, whether they belong to the Church militant, the Church suffering, or the Church triumphant.

And for us who mourn the dead is not this Communion of Saints the consoling truth that their death is but their going to dwell in another home, where between them and us there may be daily, and if we will, hourly, interchange of remembrance and sympathy? Nothing in death is sadder than the truth that the life of a lost friend soon fades for us into a faint, far off memory. When our wounds are fresh and our hearts still bleeding, the thought of such a thing seems like cruel treason to him. We cannot believe that we will ever be guilty of it, until some day ere long we hang our heads in shame and sorrow to find our heads in a time preoccupation with other things has banished him from our thoughts.

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HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

How They Can Make Home the Best-Place on Earth.

Wives! wives! wives! The model wife! Where is the model wife? We are intimately acquainted with the frivolous wife, the farmer's wife, the literary wife, the gossiping, the back-biting, the hysterical—but where is the model wife? All this seems a little unfair, for we are quite sure that the model wife still exists, instead of belonging to an extinct species.

Yet how many men are made or marred by the women they marry, and, too, how many and many a feminine soul is sorrowed or sweetened by domestic surroundings! The toiling woman, whose back is bent, whose face is furrowed and faded, whose hands are hard from years of labor, perchance once was a simple, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, dimpled lassie, with hands soft and white, when the young man wooed her. Through the years of marriage she has been her own house-keeper, cook, chamber-maid, seamstress, and washer-woman.

If she has done all this work faithfully, the neighbors probably say, "she has made a good wife for John." But she may have done all this, and been a scold, or a fretful woman, making her narrow life only the narrower by worrying over the annoyances and perplexities of her dull round until the light of her soul is gone, and the bloom and freshness of her heart has faded with her girlhood's physical charms.

On the other hand the husband may have only himself to blame. He may have left with courtship days the kind thoughtfulness, the tender courtesies that make life sweet to a woman. Ah! we do not wonder that her life is a dreary thing! If he would only sometimes bring her a book, a magazine, a flower, or at least a smile and kind word! Poor woman! she cannot, alone, make a home.

But the wife with a mission other than her home, who is absorbed in all sorts of reforms save that of her children, alas! we know her well. But, as some clever person has said, "There will always be a few female men in petticoats." In spite of the injustice done to women by the modern newspapers, and the novelists, whose delight it is to show the frailties of the feminine gender, the heroines of the home are countless, and nameless, too, except in the hearts of men. She adapts herself to his necessities, and is mindful of little things as of great—for life is made up of trifles.

Do we not know her? The unselfish mother, the sympathetic wife, in whose presence the world seems bright, where the sun always shines, and troubles disappear—who is domestic in the sense that her home is her castle, in which she holds court and ever reigns the Queen of Hearts.

But—the woman with the sweetest nature, and best intentions in the world is human, and she cannot always *alone* rise above the cares and petty rounds of her life. Her husband must act well his part. Let him be always the lover. Business cares, if possible, are better left at the office. Let him be ready to go out with her evenings, even if he does prefer his slippers and an open fire. His life has not the monotony of hers; he sees many faces while she is within four walls. Let him be always the man; if, unhappily, he comes home at night and finds his wife tired and fretful, let him kiss away the two perpendicular lines between her brows. A loving word is better than a grumpy evening behind a newspaper—or cheer from the flowing bowl with the boys.

Kind, tender, loving, in sickness, in prosperity and adversity, in life, in death, the husband should remember that he has taken the maiden to a life of which she knows nothing, and instead of being the arbitrary head of a family, a foolish man—and, saddest of all, an unfaithful husband—he should be patient, indulgent even, always loving—ever ready to soothe, to pet, to help over the hard places, and new responsibilities that meet the bride on every hand. With this mutual help they feel the measure of each other's being and home is "sweet" indeed "the dearest place on earth."

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London, Saturday, August 15, 1891.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS IN THE EAST.

Notwithstanding the persecutions to which the Church is subjected throughout the Asiatic portion of that region is very encouraging as regards the spread of the Catholic Church.

The Sultan himself is disposed to be tolerant, but the Pashas of districts remote from the centre of Government are as disposed to tyranny as ever, though their despotic acts are usually with a view to self-aggrandizement.

The Pashas are very intolerant of any inroads made by Christians upon Islamism; but when it is a question of conversion from one form of Christianity to another they make little opposition, generally, unless the conversions take place on a large scale.

Under such circumstances their relations to the different denominations become considerably modified, and they are apt to make it an occasion for enriching themselves by imposing a tax or fine.

It is with no small astonishment, therefore, that the news has been received that a body of 200,000 Chaldean Nestorians, with their priests, have been received into the Catholic Church.

It has been the aim of Pope Leo XIII. to place before the schismatics of the East the claims of the Roman See to be recognized as the divinely appointed centre of Catholic unity; and there have been numerous returns to the faith from the Oriental or Greek schisms in the Austrian Empire, Bulgaria, Persia and Turkey, both during the time of the present and the late Supreme Pontiffs, but the latest conversions of Nestorians have been on a larger scale than any which have preceded them for four centuries; and they give reason to hope that the period for the termination of those ancient schisms is not very distant.

There is, indeed, very good reason to believe that they would in bulk receive the Catholic doctrine, and return to the one fold under one shepherd at almost any moment, were it not for the ambition of the monarchs and patriarchs, who, as matters stand, rule the existing national Churches absolutely as they will; for though it is usual to speak of these Churches as "the Greek or Oriental Church," they are as independent of each other as are the National Established Churches of England, Scotland and Prussia.

No one can be so blind as not to see that the Church of Serbia would have refused to grant a divorce to ex-King Milan, if it had not been completely at the service of the petty monarch who could at will command it to set aside the law of God in his favor; and it is equally evident that if the Church of Russia were to recognize the supremacy of the Pope, his authority would be at once applied to remedy the demoralization of the clergy, which is so notorious in that Empire.

The obstacle to union does not come from the people, who would gladly see an improvement in all this, but from the ambition of the patriarchs and Bishops, who, not having been educated to obedience to one supreme head of the universal Church, do not appreciate its necessity, and they are influenced by that ambition which is so natural to frail humanity to rule the Church themselves without being under the responsibility of rendering an account of their stewardship to an outside superior.

On the other hand the vanity of the Czar is flattered by his being recognized as the uncontrolled head of Church as well as State.

History repeats itself in all this. It has always been the desire of earthly princes to dictate to the Church what morality should be taught, and what disciplines enforced, rather than that Bishop or priest should restrict them to the belief of certain doctrines or to the stringent practice of certain duties.

Kings Edwy, Rufus, John, Henry II., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth are examples of this in English history.

Lothaire and Napoleon Bonaparte on the continent of Europe.

It is not a matter of surprise that the same human passions should prevail in Russia, Servia and Greece, and should be an obstacle to the reunion of divided Christendom.

In those countries where the Greek schism is the established religion there is more hope for union from missionary labor on humble individuals and localities than upon Czars and patriarchs; and in infidel lands, like Persia and Turkey, where the monarchs have nothing to do with the rule of the schismatical Churches, there can be much more done for the restoration of unity than in those which recognize the monarch as the supreme head of Church and State.

The Chaldean Nestorians who have returned to Catholic unity dwell in the territory bordering on both sides of the Euphrates, including Mesopotamia. They claim that the gospel was originally preached to them by the Apostle St. Thomas, but this is not certain.

Christianity was, however, established among them at a very early date, and they were ecclesiastically subject to the Bishops of Edessa and Nisibis. But in the fifth or sixth century they were seduced, together with several Christian communities of the adjacent countries, to the errors of Nestorius, who denied the unity of person in Jesus Christ.

As a consequence of this belief they maintained that only the human person was born of Mary, and suffered on the cross. The doctrine subverts the efficacy of our Redemption through the blood of Christ, which would thereby be deprived of its infinite value as an atonement for sin.

As a consequence of the same doctrine the Nestorians denied that the name "Mother of God" should be applied to the Blessed Virgin. They said: "The Word (the Son of God) was not born of Mary, but dwelt in and was inseparably united with the Son of Mary."

These doctrines were condemned by the Council of Ephesus, which met A. D. 431, where it was shown that St. Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, called Mary "the Mother of my Lord," and that the Angel Gabriel, in announcing to her the birth of Christ which was soon to take place, said: "The Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (St. Luke i. 35, 43.)

These and other texts prove, contrarily to the Nestorian doctrine, that the same person, Christ, Who is the Son of Mary, is also the Lord, the Son of God, made man.

Many modern Protestants have adopted this last mentioned error of the Nestorians; though with that inconsistency which is characteristic of Protestantism they refuse to accept the doctrine on which the Nestorians founded their inference.

If Christ is God incarnate, and as such suffered on the cross for the sins of mankind the same God incarnate was born of Mary, and she is rightly styled Mother of God. This was the decision of the Council of Ephesus, and the decision is accepted by all the other schismatics of the east as the doctrine of the early Greek, equally with the Latin Fathers of the Church.

St. Cyril of Alexandria was one of the most resolute opponents of the doctrine of Nestorius, and he quoted the Eastern Fathers Origen, St. Dionysius of Alexandria, Basil, Athanasius, Eusebius and others in support of his contention that Nestorius was a heretic.

We shall here cite only the testimony of St. Ignatius, who was the disciple of St. John the Apostle. St. Ignatius says in his epistle to the Ephesians, that "Jesus Christ is God dwelling in man, the Son of Mary, and of God."

We hope and believe that the return of these Chaldean Nestorians to the bosom of the Catholic Church is a prelude to the restoration of many other Eastern schismatics and heretics to Catholic unity.

This would be a glorious event of the reign of Leo XIII. over the Church of Christ, and it was even supposed when he came to the Pontifical throne, that the title "Lux de Caelo," which is applied by an ancient prophecy to Leo XIII., has in view the triumph which would result to the Church in the conversion of the Greeks.

This event would be truly a light from heaven to the nations so converted to the faith.

The year-book of Catholic Missions publishes the following figures with regard to the Catholic missions in Africa, America and Australasia which are under the authority of the Propaganda: In Northern and Central Africa there are 191,805 Catholics; South Africa, 40,555; the islands off the coast of Africa, 166,580; British North America, 2,080,070; United States, 8,026,725; West Indies, 336,500; Patagonia, 28,000; Australia, 608,830; Australian Archipelago, 170,000.

The figures for the United States are thought to be defective, as it is almost certain that there are at least 10,000,000 Catholics in the United States.

DIVORCE LAWS.

We notice from the proceedings of the Canadian Parliament that three applications for divorce have been conceded by the Senate.

It is true that in Canada there is not the same facility for obtaining divorces which is offered in the United States and that it is only in very extreme cases that a divorce can be obtained in the Dominion.

Hence it is only in such extreme cases that divorce is even asked for by residents of Canada. Yet there is great danger that when any cause is regarded as sufficient the door will sooner or later be opened to the granting of divorce for such trivial causes as are regarded as sufficient in the United States.

Regarding this question in that country, Dr. Howard Crosby said recently: "Divorces have already in our country sadly weakened the marriage bond, and introduced a legalized licentiousness. We may, before we know it, reach the deep, deep depravity of Rome under the Emperors, when one man could legally marry twenty women in a single year. No one cause was more prominent than this in corrupting the Roman Empire and procuring its disastrous fall. The sacredness of the marriage tie is the hope of a nation's stability. Without family security there is no State security. Legalized licentiousness rapidly becomes barbarism."

That the family is the foundation of society is conceded by all, and, further, that the ties which bind together the Christian family constitute the basis of Christian civilization. It is, therefore, something extraordinary that such as is the United States, should offer the deplorable spectacle which it presents, of a total disregard of the sanctity of the marriage tie.

Official statistics show that in the United States during the ten years ending with 1886, 390,000 divorces were granted, and in 1889 it is computed that there were over 40,000 divorce decrees issued, being more than were granted in all Christian Europe and America besides.

The number of divorces granted annually is constantly increasing, at a much greater rate than the increase of population, and this alarming state of affairs has during the past few years directed the attention of thoughtful men towards an evil of such magnitude, that some remedy may be discovered and applied.

The separation of husband and wife under any circumstances gives rise to habitual lasciviousness, and the facility of such separation afforded by divorce laws is a continual temptation held out to the married couple to violate their marriage obligations, in order that under some pretext or other the marriage once contracted may be annulled.

Besides all this, families are altogether broken up by such separation. The death of father or mother before the children be grown up is a severe blow to the whole family, and is felt especially by the children, who must in such case be reared under the care of one parent only.

But this is an inevitable state of affairs arising out of the morality of the human race, and it must be borne and provided for by greater attention to be paid by the surviving parent to the proper education of the children.

But though we must bow to the will of the Almighty in this case of death, it cannot be reconciled with parental obligations to fulfill their duty to their children to break up the family by their own voluntary act.

In the case of a divorce an evil of greater magnitude befalls the family than is entailed even by the death of one of the parents. Against the divine and natural law, which enjoins respect, reverence and obedience to parents, the child which is brought up by a divorced father or mother can only learn to disobey and disrespect the living parent who is cut off from all intercourse with and control over it.

We say, therefore, that divorce, through civilly legalized, is a much greater evil than is contemplated by divine or natural law. Add to this the fact that where divorces can be obtained with such facility as is afforded in many of the States, marriage cannot be regarded as a permanent condition of life.

It follows from this that the contracting parties will enter upon it simply as a temporary agreement to be dissolved whenever either of them will be able to make up a sufficiently strong cause of complaint; and whereas almost any incompatibility of temper is sufficient to secure dissolution of the marriage tie there is very little difficulty experienced in finding sufficient cause for divorce when one of the married couple desires it.

Besides the reasons we have given above why marriage should be indissoluble, the discussions which arise between families, and the difficulties of

deciding to which parent the children should be given in charge are powerful reasons why divorces should not be given under any circumstances.

Ordinary contracts may be dissolved by consent of both parties who have bound themselves to their observance; but the marriage contract differs from all others in this respect that it lies at the root of civil and Christian society, and when it loses its inviolable character evils result which threaten to overturn society itself.

Nations and individuals may abrogate their treaties and partnerships with each other, but reason itself teaches us that the marriage contract is of such a character that it should not be dissolved, because more than individual interests are at stake.

It is true that under the old law it was permitted under certain circumstances for the husband to grant a bill of divorce. But Christ tells us that this was done on account of the hardness of the hearts of the Jewish people who were under the law.

He restored marriage to its primitive indissoluble character, declaring that it was God's intention from the beginning that a man should cling to his wife, and that for this reason He created one man and one woman to be the progenitors of all mankind.

This original intention of Almighty God He declared to be the law under which marriage should in future be contracted and He pronounced that what God hath joined together no man may put asunder.

We are sorry to find that our Legislature makes the least inroad upon the marriage law as divinely instituted. Yet we have an evil of less magnitude than that of the United States, just because our laws make divorce more difficult of attainment. Proposals are made from time to time to establish a divorce court similar to those of the United States to facilitate the granting of divorces; but we hope it may be long before such retrogressive legislation be adopted.

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fessions that they alone are the friends of civil and religious liberty were extraordinarily loud.

But it is a matter of notoriety that Catholics ask nothing but that they be allowed to exercise their liberty of conscience in the education of their children; and though they are not so boastful as their Puritanical persecutors it is a matter of history that they surpass the latter in willingness to grant to all the fullest liberty of conscience.

It is well known that over two centuries ago the Catholic colonists of Maryland were the first who proclaimed liberty of conscience to all who took up their abode among them, whatever their religious convictions might be.

But the Puritans of New England legislated in a very different spirit. They fled from the persecution which was directed against them in England, after the restoration of the monarchy, and looked for a place on the new continent where they would be free to worship according to their own convictions; but they were not willing to accord to others the liberty they wished for themselves.

The blue laws, which punished with the severest penalties all who differed from the early Puritanical settlers, are a monument of their intolerance; and that they were superstitious as well as intolerant is testified by the zeal with which they hunted and burned so-called witches. This witch-hunting was the peculiarity of this most straight-laced of Protestant sects.

Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, recently delivered a lecture in the Cathedral of Philadelphia in which he pointed out another feature of the kind of civilization which the Puritan Pilgrims established within their jurisdiction.

Speaking of the bitterness with which the descendants of the Puritans attacked the Southerners on account of the existence of slavery, he said: "The Southern States may be blamed with slavery and war, but I say that the Pilgrim Fathers were far more cruel towards the negro race than any other. The very ships that brought them to Plymouth Rock were afterwards used to transport the negroes from Africa to be sold as slaves. While we are glad that slavery and war are over, yet we should not throw all the blame on the South."

And yet it was the descendants of these Pilgrim Fathers who raised the loudest outcry against the South on account of the perpetuation of the slave system.

A COUNCIL WITHOUT AUTHORITY.

The Congregationalists of the world are at present holding an International Council in London, England.

The delegates who are assisting at this council number about 300, of whom 100 are from the United States, 100 from the British Isles and 100 from other parts of the world.

early Fathers considerable diversity, so that her actual age cannot be determined with certainty. It is generally believed on the authorities of the greatest weight that she died at the age of sixty-three; and St. John Damascene states that two pious persons, Marcianus and Pulcheria, proposed to Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, to bring to a memorial temple which they had erected in Constantinople the body of the Blessed Virgin that it might rest in a place of honor. Juvenal answered that the place of Mary's sepulchre was in Jerusalem at Gethsemani, but that the body was not there, as three days after her interment, when the Apostles visited the tomb, they found only her garments which emitted a sweet odor.

This great saint says in his sermon on "The Sleep of the Mother of God,"

"We have received from ancient tradition that at the time of the glorious sleep of the Blessed Virgin, all the Apostles, who were traversing through the world for the salvation of the nations, assembled suddenly in Jerusalem, whither they were brought in a moment of time, by being borne through the air. And when they were there a vision of angels appeared to them, and a psalmody was heard of heavenly beings, and in this way, amid the divine glory; (the Blessed Virgin) gave up her holy soul into the hands of God. Her body, which she had received from God in a wonderful manner, and which was deposited in the place called Gethsemani, was raised to heaven amid the chanting of the angels and apostles, their psalmody being heard continuously for three days. After the lapse of these three days, when the angelic singing was finished they opened the sepulchre, but were unable to find the body; but they discovered her garments, which emitted a fragrant odor, after which they again closed the tomb miraculously, but they arrived at the conclusion that it was the will of her Divine Son to take to heaven her virginal flesh, from which His own body was formed, whereby He, being the God Word and Lord of Glory, was made man. It was His will that her virginity should be thus preserved incorrupt, and should be honored by being transferred to heaven before the common and universal resurrection."

The saint adds that besides the Apostles, St. Timothy, Bishop of Ephesus, Dionysius the Areopagite, and others were present, and that the latter had written a letter to St. Timothy in which the particulars of the event are related at length, as he himself had described it.

This history is not a dogma of Catholic faith, nor is it pretended that there is any obligation to believe it; nevertheless it is founded upon testimony of such weight that the eminent Cardinal Baronius says it would be rash to deny its truth. It is certain that there is no trace of any relic of the Blessed Virgin's body having been preserved in any church of the East, though there is every reason to believe that if her body had remained in the tomb, such relics would have been preserved with the greatest care, on account of the intimate relationship existing between Christ and His ever Blessed Mother, if it had been possible to procure them. The fact that there have not been such, therefore, favors belief in the history related by Juvenal, who, being Bishop of Jerusalem, was in a suitable position to know the most truthful account of the circumstances attending the Blessed Virgin's death.

The feast of the Assumption has been kept from a very early date, for it is mentioned in the capitularies of Charlemagne, and in the decrees of the Council of Mayence, held in 831. It was celebrated in the East long before this, for St. Andrew of Crete speaks of its observance in many churches during his time.

There is this difference between the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and the Ascension of Our Lord, that Christ ascended into heaven by His own power, whereas the Blessed Virgin was assumed, or taken up, into heaven by special favor of her Divine Son. This St. Peter Damian explains in his Treatise on the Blessed Virgin:

"The Saviour ascended into heaven by His own power, as the term Ascension implies; as He is the Lord and Creator. He was accompanied by Angels, but was not taken by their help into the heavenly kingdom; but Mary was taken to heaven through the favor of God, the Angels accompanying and assisting in the act of her translation."

Many are the graces which God vouchsafed to bestow on Mary from her Immaculate Conception to the time when she became Mother of God, and it cannot be a matter of great surprise that at her death God's favor should be manifested to her by her miraculous assumption to His everlasting kingdom.

THE PROSPECT CLEARING.

Never since the break-up of the Irish National League has the political prospect appeared in colors so cheering as at the present moment. The two men in Ireland who have suffered most by their fearless advocacy of justice and independence for the tenants of Ireland—John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien—*duo fulmina belli*, who possess jointly the deepest hold on the affections of the Irish people, have both declared that the ranks of the Parliamentary party must close up, and again present the same solid, unbroken phalanx which made legislation impossible for England as long as the claims and grievances of Ireland remain ignored. On emerging from the gloom of Galway prison both John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien gave proof of their devotion to God and Mother Church by paying their first visit to Bishop McCormack. What transpired under the hospitable roof of the good Bishop has not been told, and probably never will, at least as far as public curiosity is concerned, but it may be naturally surmised that whatever advice or good counsel was vouchsafed by His Lordship had in view nothing but what would redound to the honor of his martyred friends and the very highest and dearest interests of the people of Ireland.

The pronouncement of Dillon and O'Brien was awaited in feverish anxiety by the Irish public at home and abroad. In fact it may be said without exaggeration, that the entire English-speaking world felt a deep interest in the declaration they were about to issue of their aversion or their adhesion to Mr. Parnell. Nowhere was this anxiety so visibly manifested as in the British House of Commons; and when the telegrams were received and handed round which announced that the two most esteemed and most influential men in Ireland condemned Parnell's policy of abandoning the Irish tenants and withholding the large subsidies locked up in Parisian banks—when it was officially announced that John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien could not co-operate with their former leader, but would do all in their power to strengthen the hands of Justin McCarthy, Healy and Sexton—the whole Irish party and the entire Liberal party cheered again. Mr. Timothy Healy was heard to exclaim, "Now we are in sight of land."

Most undoubtedly, had those two victims of Balfour's barbarity declared in favor of condoning Mr. Parnell's heartlessness in leaving the Tipperary tenants to their hard fate and actually robbing them of the thousands subscribed and contributed in Australia and America—had they, as Irish Catholic gentlemen, been willing to overlook the public crime of which the ex-leader was found guilty and which he still brazenly out before the world, without remorse or shame, then, indeed, might Ireland hang her head in grief, if not in absolute despair. Then, indeed, might all those who feel for the Irish people and sympathize in their sorrows abandon all hope of better days or brighter prospects for what all should consider a "doomed nation."

Most fortunately Dillon and O'Brien have not hesitated this time. They had, while in prison, full time and opportunity to think over the specious arguments and glamor of Parnell's presence at Boulogne. They felt how deceitful were his promises, how unpardonable his public offence and how unjustifiable his base abandonment of the tenants in whose cause they were tortured almost to death in Clonmel, Tullamore and Galway dungeons. It was impossible for those brave, fearless men to continue in their allegiance to a leader who forfeited the esteem and the confidence of the nation and appeared incapable of understanding the moral delicacy or eternal interests of the people he wished to govern. In their acceptance of the programme issued by Justin McCarthy, and accepted by the clergy and hierarchy of Ireland, has confidence once more shone out, and the dark cloud of utter confusion caused by dissension has entirely disappeared from Erin's political horizon.

It was thought by many that when Parnell's leadership ceased there was no longer any hope for Ireland and that there was an end to all her aspirations for life and liberty. In fact it was predicted by many that when Parnell disappeared the sun of Erin's hopes for a return to her ancient glories had sunk forever out of sight. Now we firmly believe that the morning of a new life for the country of our sires has dawned and that her prospects of untarnished glory and worldly prosperity are brighter

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The Archbishop, attended by Rev. Fathers Kelly, Carey and Murtagh, conducted a profession at the House of Providence on Monday last. The ladies who made their vows of religious profession were: Miss Quirk, Bondsville, Mass., taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Fidelis; Miss Curran, Holyoke, Mass.; Sister Mary Anthony of Padua; Miss McMahon, Holyoke, Mass.; Sister Mary Christina; Miss O'Sullivan, Holyoke, Mass.; Sister Mary Cypryan; Miss Mangan, Brewer's Mills, Ont.; Sister Mary Angel Guardian. Two other ladies were favored by reception to the holy habit: Miss Boland, Pennsylvania; Miss Lyons, Northampton, Mass.

In the afternoon of the same day all the clergy of the archdiocese assembled in the new Memorial Chapel of St. James for the opening of the week's retreat under the direction of Rev. Father John Murphy, S. J., of St. Mary's Church, Washington, D. C. At the conclusion of the spiritual exercises on Saturday morning, the clergy presented, through the Archbishop, an unanimous vote of thanks to the learned and zealous preacher for the ability with which he had discharged his laborious task. Then His Grace, in presence of the assembled clergy, constituted the Very Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier as his Vicar-General, instead of Dr. Alex. Macdonell, now Bishop of Alexandria. The appointment was received by the new Vicar's fellow-priests with hearty applause, and he was immediately called by the Archbishop to take his oath of office.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE SINCE constituents of Mr. Dalton McCarthy are making enquiries as to what has become of him. During the canvass preparatory to the election it was supposed that the country could not get along without him; and it was assumed that in case of any changes in the ministry he would certainly be called upon to form a government in which the "noble thirteen" would hold many portfolios. But instead of this being the case, when Sir John Macdonald died, Mr. McCarthy suddenly disappeared from the country, and the anti-Jesuit and North-West Bills, which the Equal Rights expected to be introduced by the member for North Simcoe, have not put in an appearance in the House of Commons. It is no wonder that the North Simcoe electors, who were expecting so much from their member, are asking "Oh! where is Mr. Dalton McCarthy?"

It appears that "definite Church teaching" is strongly objected to by many so-called "Evangelicals" of the Church of England. A correspondent of the *Mail* who signs his name "Churchman" makes a bitter complaint against the "Catholic Revival" in the Church, because it substitutes "definite Church teaching, Catholic Order and Church lines" for "Faith in Christ, repentance towards God, and the power of the Holy Ghost." If this complaint is based upon good grounds we should infer that the teachings of our Lord are indefinite, and that to have faith in Christ we should doubt all His positive teachings. Another correspondent hits the nail upon the head when he says that "Churchman has an infinite capacity for writing twaddle, and very ignorant twaddle too."

The adhesion of England to the triple alliance between Austria, Germany and Italy has caused France and Russia to exhibit greater cordiality than ever towards each other. The French fleet visiting Cronstadt was welcomed by the Russians with every token of rejoicing. The officers were banquetted, and crowds of Russians sang the "Marseillaise" as the French crews paraded through the streets. The French ambassador at St. Petersburg, under instruction from his government, has also restored to the Russian Foreign Minister two holy banners which were captured by the French in a Church at Eupatoria during the Crimean war, and were deposited in Notre Dame cathedral of Paris. The Russian press express themselves as highly gratified at this act of courtesy.

The United States Census Bureau has issued a statistical account showing that there are 6,250,045 Catholics in the country above the age of fifteen years. More than half of this number are in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. Considerably more than half the value of church property is in the same States. The total value of the Church property, including buildings, the ground on which they are erected and furniture amounts to \$118,381,516. Much of this property consists of schools, orphanages, hospitals and other charitable institutions. From the large number of Catholics over fifteen it may reasonably be inferred that the total number of Catholics in the country is about eleven million.

The Propaganda has decided that Greek and Oriental Catholics coming to this country shall conform to the ecclesiastical laws in vogue here and priests accompanying them shall be subject to the Bishops in whose dioceses they settle.

The French-Canadians of the parish of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Flint Village, Fall River, Mass., are erecting one of the largest and costliest churches in New England. It will be of granite, will cost about \$300,000, and will be nearly four years in building. The style is of the Corinthian.

A Useful Work.

The Catholic Union Publishing Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., have issued a second edition of Rev. M. Phillips' arrangement of the Funeral Services of the Catholic Church, containing all the Psalms and Antiphons, a Requiem Mass, and Absolution for adults and children, modern notes and full accompaniments. It is a concise and helpful work, neatly and clearly printed, and of great assistance to organists and choirs.

The unprecedented success of the first edition, and constant inquiries for the work since its exhaustion has led to publication of the second edition. Price, sent free by mail, 50 cents. Address, Catholic Union Store, Buffalo, N. Y.

RETURN OF REV. FATHER MOLPHY.

The many friends of Rev. J. P. Molphy, P. P. of Ingersoll, will be pleased to learn that he has returned to his parish in renewed health. The train on which he travelled on his way from New York, met with a fearful accident, by which a number of persons were killed. He describes the scene at the wreck as appalling. He was asleep in a sleeping car when the crash occurred. He says that it appeared to him that the coach he was in jumped about ten feet into the air and came down with such a jar that he imagined for a time his neck was broken. He had hardly time to ascertain whether it was or not before some one who had recognized his office by his dress cried out: "For God's sake, Father, go forward; there has been an accident and you are wanted!" He lost no time in getting out of the coach and was at once taken in charge by the conductor and led to the engineer, who was a Catholic and was calling for a priest. After confession, the engineer explained that the morning was so foggy that he was unable to discern a signal until it was too late. The poor man, who was sinking fast, declared that he had done all he could to avert the calamity but could not.

Most of the killed and wounded were Italians who were in the smoking car. Father Molphy hastened among the injured, but, as the men could not speak English, he was working at a disadvantage. Finally he secured an interpreter and, by his aid, prepared over a dozen of them, according to the rites of the Church, for the eternity into which they were passing. The unfortunate sufferers, in the midst of their agony, experienced a sense of gratitude for the spiritual consolation imparted to them by the good priest.

ORDINATION AT ALEXANDRIA.

On Saturday and Sunday last His Lordship Bishop Macdonell held his first ordination services in St. Finnan's Cathedral. On the first mentioned day His Lordship conferred the order of deaconship on Mr. Ronald J. Macdonald, of the parish of Glennevis, and on the latter day the order of priesthood. There was an exceptionally large congregation present at the impressive ceremony of ordination, among whom were many immediate relatives of the young priest, whose blessing they reverently sought after the Mass.

His Lordship was attended by the rev. clergy of the cathedral and the ecclesiastics of the diocese. Father Macdonald returned with his friends to his father's home in the afternoon; and celebrated his first Mass Monday morning at St. Margaret's Church, Glennevis, in presence of many friends, whose fervent prayers and beneficial purposes to the order of the parish of Glennevis, and on the latter day the order of priesthood. There was an exceptionally large congregation present at the impressive ceremony of ordination, among whom were many immediate relatives of the young priest, whose blessing they reverently sought after the Mass.

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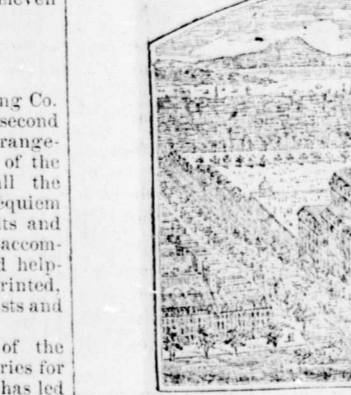
NEW BOOKS.

"Glencossigue" is the name of a new Irish work of which the author is Richard Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. It is published by John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, and the price is \$1.00. This work will rank among the very best Irish novels. Its delineation of Irish character is truthful, a commendable feature being the absence of that vulgar coloring which is oftentimes employed and which is as much out of place as it is ridiculous.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Mount St. Louis Institute, 441 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal.



This Institution, founded three years ago, gives a complete Commercial and Scientific Education. It offers all the modern improvements in buildings and teaching apparatus. Boys are received from the age of seven and upwards. Board and tuition, \$25.00 per month. \$15 a month. \$2.00 for Prospectus. 401 W. BRO. STEPHEN, Director.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY, SARINIA, ONTARIO.

This Institution is delightfully situated on a gentle elevation in the midst of beautiful scenery. The sisters of the above named order can boast of having here a healthy, handsome and very homelike Boarding school, where pupils of all denominations receive a solid, useful and ornamental education. The ladies of this excellent institution wish to inform the public that their school will reopen on the first Monday in September. Pupils however, are admitted at any time. For terms, etc., address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, Box 35, Sarinia, Ont.

KINGSTON WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

FIRST OF ITS CLASS IN CANADA AND LARGEST LIST OF GRADUATES—new College building—well located—very good teaching staff—three Lady Professors—full Hospital advantages—affiliated with Queen's University—reduced fees to medical students—valuable scholarship prizes. Hon. DR. STELLVAN, Dean of Faculty; R. V. ROBERTS, M.D., President, Trustee Board. Catalogues for session 1891 on application to DR. ISABEL McCONNELL, Kingston, Ont.

CIVIC HOLIDAY

AUGUST 17th.

GRAND EXCURSION

TO

DETROIT

Via G. T. R., under the patronage of

BRANCH 4, C.M.B.A.

TICKETS GOOD FOR TWO DAYS.

Train leaves London at 7:30; Chatham 9:30. Returning leaves Windsor at 10 p. m., London time.

Tickets may be had of E. de la Hooke, City Ticket Office; G. T. R. Ticket Office; D. Regan, P. Cook, P. Cook, Br. J. P. O'Higgins, A. Rolfe, Davis & Son, A. Taylor, Oak Leaf, Dundas Street; P. McFadden, Richmond St. All are welcome. Comm.

THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, ONT.

Sep. 17th to 26th, 1891

CANADA'S FAVORITE

Live Stock, Agricultural, Industrial and Art Exhibition.

Arrangements are complete for the largest and most extensive exhibit ever seen in Ontario. Entries are rapid by coming in. The first in secure the best spaces.

The Art Exhibit will be magnificent and comprise pictures valued at \$1,000 sterling. Special Butter Making, Cross-cut Sawing and Fire Engine Contests.

The Attractions are without doubt simply immense.

EXHIBITS close in speed class Sept. 16th, in all other classes Sept. 12th.

For Prize Lists and information address, CAPT. A. W. PORTE, THOS. A. BROWNE, President. Secretary.

ALBERT GAUTHIER, IMPORTER OF

Bronzes, Church Ornaments, Chandeliers, Altar Wine.

Manufacturer of Statues, Stations of the Cross, Paintings, Decorations, Banners, Flags, Badges, Etc., Etc.

1677 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

OBJECTS OF THE

New York Catholic Agency

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

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are:

1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—

2d. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

3d. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

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HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaling, itching, pimply, pimply, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scurfiness, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and healthily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is a strong language, but true. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 60 Bleecker St. New York, N. Y.

THE COURSE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of a Conversion.

Buffalo Union and Times.

In a secluded spot among the mountains of Pennsylvania is situated a charming little village, almost completely surrounded by mountains, which, to a stranger's eye, presents the appearance of "falling over," so straight is the ascent. The scenery is extremely picturesque, and a peaceful quiet reigns supreme. To the weary traveler, accustomed to city "flats" or "brick rows," it is indeed a haven of rest—a spot like Sweet Auburn, "where smiling spring its earliest visit paid and parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

In this beautiful little hamlet there lived two young girls, whose lives were like one long, summer day, each of whose families being in very comfortable circumstances, they had never known a want. They dearly loved their charming village, its magnificent surroundings, and each other. One was a brunette of the most perfect type, tall and slender, with large, soft, brown eyes, whose depths showed a soul pure and true, sympathetic and sincere; her features were straight and regular—classic they might be called. To say appearances were deceitful would be doing a great injustice to Agatha Gordon, for to those who knew her best she was all and more than her appearance implied.

The other was a blonde, under the medium size, very light in build and with small grey eyes whose depths betrayed not of what traits her character was formed. Long and intimate acquaintance was the only means of learning the nature of this young girl. Extremely retiring in her manner, she seldom attracted the attention of those who came in contact with her. She gained the friendship of the persons into whose company she was most often forced to mingle. For she was to a certain extent for Monica Dowd cared not for gaiety or pleasure; she preferred a volume or two of her favorite poets and a secluded seat in the lovely glen near her home to the gayest of companions. When at school she was ever alone, and the tender heart of Agatha Gordon was touched by her apparent loneliness, and often left her gay, young friends to go and chat with Monica. At first she sought her through sympathy; but on further acquaintance she found in her many likes and dislikes similar to her own.

Agatha was an ardent admirer of many of the poets and was delighted to find Monica enjoyed them also. They soon found much to talk of which pleased them both, and together passed away many pleasant hours.

Monica seemed to understand the motive which caused Agatha to leave her gay companions to come and chat with her; and what was at first but grateful regard soon grew into a strong, true friendship such as only noble characters, drawn together by a pure motive, can experience. Agatha soon found the key to unlock the treasures of this character, pure and noble, but unknown. She discovered in Monica a truly devout Catholic, extremely scrupulous in the practices of her holy religion and ever eager to shun and avoid aught that might cause her to offend God or commit even the slightest fault.

Agatha was an Episcopalian, whose parents were at church members who endeavored, to the best of their knowledge, to make of Agatha, their only child, a good Christian woman. During the summer months these two friends often spent hours in their favorite glen, with a copy of the works of their favorite poets. Being ardent admirers of nature, they fully enjoyed the picturesque grandeur of their surroundings and often completely exhausted their exclamations of wonder in endeavoring to express their admiration for the beauty which was to them ever new.

Monica was scarcely ever without a copy of Father Ryan's or Adelaide Procter's poems, and never ceased reading over and over the pure, sweet sentiments of these gifted writers. She called them her "recreation," so much peace and happiness did she ever derive from their perusal.

Agatha delighted in Longfellow, Tennyson and Poe. She had never met with either of Monica's favorites and was anxious to study the character of their works. After carefully reading them she was more than charmed with their sweet simplicity. One in particular of Adelaide Procter's poems seemed to please and puzzle her: it was the beautiful poem entitled the "Bride's Dream" or "The Two Brides." One day reading it over, trying to fathom its meaning, she suddenly exclaimed: "Monica, what does this mean? what is meant by this 'other bride'?" It seems to me as if I do not understand it. I know of but one bridal sorrow. Perhaps you can tell me—do you understand this writer so well?"

"Yes, dear Agatha, I can tell you; but I fear you will not understand it as I do. Then remember, dear, you are not a Catholic, and cannot see the depths of our holy religion, its true peace and exalted character. The bridal bliss spoken of is one which leads to a life of duty, sacrifice and self-denial, a pure young soul who, as our poetess so beautifully expresses it, 'for sakes for heaven, vain joys below.'"

In a word, she who consecrates to God's service her youth, her talents, her life becomes the 'Bride of Christ.' In our convents, in our hospitals, wherever an act of charity can be performed, you will find these 'happy brides.'"

As Monica finished speaking she turned to her companion, who sat be-

side her with a dreamy, far-off look in her eyes. Monica, who knew well how to deal with the moods of her friend, allowed her to so remain silent until she should choose to speak.

At last she turned to Monica and, placing her hand fondly in hers, said: "Monica, you are my faithful friend. You I can trust. My mind has for some time been filled with a strange uneasiness. I do not feel contented with my life. I do not feel alarmed at such remarks. Strange, no doubt, they sound, coming from me, but I shall endeavor to make myself more clearly understood."

"Perhaps you remember the day we were far up the glen, when we were overtaken by the terrific storm. We sought shelter in the ruins of the old mill, and crept down to a portion which still had covering overhead. We no sooner reached our refuge than you knelt down on the bare, damp ground, folded your hands devoutly, closed your eyes, and prayed. And although the thunder burst with awful force at that very moment, you seemed not to hear it, and your face wore an expression so full of confidence and peace, I shall never forget it. As you arose from your knees you turned to me with a smile, and exclaimed: 'Our Blessed Mother will protect us from any harm, do not fear.'"

"I had not uttered one prayer or even in my heart asked God to protect me. As I stood there watching you I felt that there was between us a 'great gift,' a something which I could not describe. I felt desolate; never had I felt that there was for me a Blessed Mother in Heaven—one to look fondly on me, to protect me in danger, and guide me through life. I have never enjoyed the peace in my religious exercises which you always seem to enjoy, and which is the very spirit of those sweet poems. Many times I have asked myself why, but fail to learn the cause. I have often thought to ask you, but it seemed an opportunity never before presented itself. I am glad now to have the chance to speak plainly with you. I feel that you can do something to help the unhappy state into which my mind has fallen. I shall do whatever you ask, brave any difficulties, if I can feel certain that I am doing what is right. I so often feel that my life is useless indeed. I have never, it is true, done my fellow-beings any harm; but have I ever done them any service? I have never known the want of a luxury; my every wish has been gratified; sorrow or trouble or strangers to me. I am not ungrateful for these blessings, but I often feel that I am not in my right place. Did indeed this remark may seem to you, but it is true nevertheless, I feel a longing for a life of usefulness. A something in these sweet poems seems to touch my heart and fill me with determination to be 'up and doing,' for, as Longfellow says: 'Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us farther than to-day.'"

"Dear Agatha, I thank you for your confidence and trust I may be of some assistance to you. As you have promised to do as I ask you, I know you will comply with the requests I am going to make. First, I shall give you a book to read, which I think quite suited to you; it is entitled 'Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity.' It is a clear, unprejudiced explanation of the three subjects. You are to read it carefully and thoroughly. And while doing so I ask you as the second favor to say this short prayer each day, at least once: 'Blessed Mother, pray for me that I may do the holy will of God.' You will faithfully do this, Agatha, and I shall pray for you also, for you know we can do nothing of ourselves. We must ask the assistance of God on all our undertakings."

Agatha pressed the hand of her friend, and promised to do as she wished. "And now, dear, as the shadows are telling us we should start for home, we shall do so. I shall go as far as your home with you and take with me the book you have spoken of." Having obtained it and parted with Monica for the day, Agatha walked thoughtfully and slowly on toward her own home, fully determined to comply with the requests Monica had made.

Monica, who always spent the twilight hour in the little church near by, turned her steps in that direction after parting with Agatha. How fervently she prayed on this particular evening! How earnestly she poured forth thanksgiving to God for the favor of this day, that this dear friend, for whose conversion she had long prayed, had expressed a desire to be instructed. She begged of God to enlighten and guide Agatha, to bring her into the true fold, then softly added: "Thy holy will be done."

A few months previous to this occurrence, Monica had made known to her parents her intention of entering a religious order. She felt within her the Divine call and had not delayed to respond. She was both grieved and disappointed to find they were opposed to such an action; but unlike many who become morose and gloomy over disappointment, Monica at once sought the advice of her confessor, who bade her wait yet awhile. God had His own designs in placing this obstacle in her path, as she was still very young. She should wait at least another year; if she then still held her resolution unshaken, she would be enabled to carry it out. In the meantime she should be resigned to the will of God.

Monica had always been most earnest in her desire to do the holy will of God, and in this case she endeavored to faithfully obey the advice of her confessor. How fully repaid was Monica now for the disappointment she felt, to find that she should be the instrument through which God should effect the conversion of her dear friend—how

happy she was in the hope of Agatha becoming a Catholic!

As the sweet summer days passed peacefully on, each pleasant day found our young friends in their favorite resort.

Agatha's friends began to complain of her apparent selfishness and exclusive preference for Monica's company; but Agatha heeded not their complaints; she endeavored to be kind to them all and treat them with her usual friendliness, but she considered the subject which brought her in Monica's company oftener than usual of too great importance to be set lightly aside for the whims of friends.

We shall pass silently over a few months during which it is needless to say, our young friend is most earnest in her endeavors to search the truth. She has most faithfully followed the requests of Monica. Each day finds her more charmed and delighted with the teachings of our holy religion, and more determined to embrace it.

It is Christmas eve, clear, cold and frosty. The sweetest eve of all the year, when peace, true heavenly peace, is ready for all who earnestly seek it. In the little church of our beautiful village all is quiet. It is the sweet twilight hour. The faithful have departed, one by one, to their homes. At the altar rail in profound adoration where the rays of the sanctuary lamp shed a peaceful radiance upon and about them knelt two young girls. They heeded not the time, the hour nor the shadows of evening, so happy are they, so loth to depart from the sweet Presence which fills their souls with such holy joy. They are none other than our two young friends, Monica and Agatha.

Agatha has made her first confession, and is to receive her first Holy Communion on the following day. She is now a Catholic, earnest, devout and sincere. Every obstacle has been braved, every barrier has she mounted to embrace the faith which she has learned to love.

In all this peaceful village—aye, in all the land—there could not be found two more truly happy souls. And why should they not be? Monica has gained the object of many and fervent prayers—the conversion of her dear friend; while Agatha, blessed with the priceless gift of Faith, is supremely happy in the possession of her new-found treasure. When first informed of the intention of their daughter, Agatha's parents had strongly opposed such an action. Finding her determination not to be shaken, and perceiving the noble intention which prompted her act, they at last consented to allow her to follow the voice of her conscience.

Agatha's happiness at this unexpected privilege was beyond expression; prayers of thanksgiving and gratitude were ever on her lips. She would often exclaim: "O Monica, where is there a mortal more blessed than I? How can I ever prove my gratitude to God and our Blessed Mother for the great favors I have received?" "God will teach you how, if you wait and pray," was Monica's oft-repeated reply.

Two years have passed peacefully since the happy Christmas eve which found our young friends kneeling in the little church. Many changes have taken place in their young lives. Agatha is an orphan. Her father had met with an accident which resulted in his death. While riding one day he was thrown from his horse; the fall rendered him unconscious, in which condition he was brought to his home, only to linger in that state a few days, when all was over. His sad and sudden death was a severe shock to Mrs. Gordon and Agatha. Agatha bore this severe affliction with true Christian resignation, and did all in her power to console and comfort her mother. But all her entreaties and consoling words were useless to break the melancholy which seemed to have settled on her. Her health, never the best, soon began to fail, and a few months found her beyond the aid of medical skill. Agatha was to her the ideal of a devoted daughter. She dearly loved her mother, and in spite of her determination to bear this heavy cross patiently, she often spent the hours in which she was forced to retire for some rest weeping bitterly and praying most fervently for the conversion of her dear mother. She fully realized that the end was fast approaching, and the fact that her mother was still outside the true fold was the cause of many hours of bitter anguish to Agatha and her faithful friend Monica Dowd.

One evening Agatha had resumed her place at her mother's bedside after a short absence. She had been to confession, and her pure soul was filled with peace and a holy confidence that God would hear her prayer.

Both were silent, and strangely similar were their thoughts. At last Mrs. Gordon spoke: "Agatha, my child, at last I have decided to embrace your faith; with God's help I shall die a Catholic. Surely that which enables you to bear your severe trials with so much resignation and patience is come from God. The struggle in my mind has been most severe, but I am now fully determined to follow your example and embrace what I firmly believe to be the true faith which Christ founded. I will see Father Martin to-morrow if you wish to bring him to me."

The following day, and for many days to come, Mrs. Gordon was visited by Father Martin, with whom she was very much pleased and whose kind words consoled and comforted her.

A few weeks later, on a bright, beautiful morning in May, around the bedside of Mrs. Gordon knelt Agatha and Monica, while Father Martin administered the solemn rites of the Church to the dying convert. Although Agatha's heart was nigh breaking with grief, still she was so full of gratitude to God that her dear mother was dying a Catholic who almost choked the sobs which almost forced themselves from her and devoutly answered the prayers for the dying. The prayers finished she approached her mother, who lay motionless with closed eyes and a heavenly smile, with the crucifix pressed to her lips.

But alas! for poor Agatha—all is over. Death had already claimed his due. As the full realization of her loss rushed over Agatha, now doubtfully bereft, she uttered one low, mournful cry and swooned in the arms of Monica, her true, tried and faithful friend.

Five months from the sad day which left Agatha Gordon an orphan, we find in an hospital ward, kneeling by the bedside of a dying man, a sweet-faced young novice, praying with the fervor of a saint and speaking kind words of hope and heavenly consolation to this poor creature, whose worn features and sunken eyes tell plainly his hours on earth are numbered; he does not speak, but occasionally turns his eyes to the young novice with a look of deep gratitude. Weary and tired is she from long watching, but she quickly drives the thought from her with an earnest prayer of thanksgiving that she is permitted to serve one of the forsaken of God's creatures.

But who is this sweet, young novice? Sister Mary Joseph, an humble Sister of Charity; but to her friends of the world she is still remembered as Agatha Gordon, the beautiful heiress who has forsaken for heaven vain joys below. She is at last in that position of usefulness for which her pure young soul yearned, and we find her eagerly awaiting the happy day when she will become the "bride of Christ." Her mind often wanders back to the happy day when in all her earnestness and sincerity she sought the meaning of this holy bridal. How fully now she understands it! With what pure happiness she awaits its arrival!

Dear reader, you may ask what has become of Monica Dowd, the faithful friend of Agatha; a few words will tell. She is taking the place of mother to her young brothers and sisters, four in number. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Gordon, Monica's mother succumbed to a long-endured disease and after a few weeks' illness passed peacefully away. Monica being the eldest of the family, was left with the care of the younger ones entirely on her. Like a true woman she bravely faced her task and endeavored to fulfill her duties well. She is not unhappy—far from it. She knows she is doing the will of God and she desires nothing more. She is content with the thought, "If God had another place for me He would not keep me here."

"No Heepee."

Monday morning a new ice-cream man appeared on Park row, New York, with his cart. It's a curious traffic a dozen or more of them make a living at in the summer—that of supplying the newsboys and bootblacks with a small glass of ice-cream or a dab of the mixture on a piece of brown paper for a cent. It was a new man, a new cart and a new brand of ice-cream, and the first customer was a gamin named "Fatty."

"Gimme a cooler," said "Fatty," as he passed over his money. The little glass was filled and then scraped off even with the brim. "Heep'er up!" shouted Fatty. "No heepee!" replied the man as he held it out. "Heep'er in the centre and don't be stingy."

"No heepee for one cent." "Won't you put on a dab?" "No heepee—no dabbe—for one cent." "No heepee no buy!" exclaimed Fatty, as he turned away. "Say, all you kids, here's a feller what won't heap for a cent! Everybody give him the shake and friz him out."

The new arrival stood firm until 12 o'clock. Then he realized that he was being left, and he changed his tactics and began to shout: "Ice-cream! Nice ice-cream! Heepee up for one cent!" It was a close shave from bankruptcy on his first day of business. Tuesday morning he was doing a slashing trade, as he gave "big heepee for one cent."

Attributes. "Sporting Life," London, Eng., says: "One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States. Sarah Marshall. King St. Kingston, says: "I was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for years and used numerous medicines and massages from the back, but by the use of 6 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured."

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SHORT SERMON. Preached in St. Paul's New York.

Pharisees and Publicans. St. Luke xviii. 9-15. You have often listened to this Gospel for your acceptance, which our Lord unit of various applications light we get upon it, it wears some, only, henniveness.

You want me to lesson is which our press. Well it is vessels make most make His teaching takes two men, rep prevailing classes them in their re- leaves no room for whom God accepts a Now let us try ourselves that class Lord if He were here a Pharisee—for we man at our perill- man whom our Lord the repentant publican to our eternal ad- honor to be of that

Understanding, thos as living today a Lord's day, and yo your eyes open an to recognize them. This typical n calls a Pharisee bel these days call the society; he ranked scale, and as such, mental refinement nor. Believed in traditions of his cl self of these trad persuasion that a social excellence w respect and plaud were secured. Th made profession of and acknowledged perform certain r the general felec class was that a n was successful and by his outward b he is much bother searching and se gentleman whom us was a repres successful and a when he came into a he came once in a so disposed—he ha give of himself: thanks that I am extortions, unju is this publicatio week: I give thi

By all of which that the Almighty very much compl a visit from such man in those d that he could lay Almighty, and match. He con- get, and how m- It was a r society man rec Our Saviour tells satisfied with his himself so much in this man? T was an exterior corresponding w times, it was an social man, but th no self-accentu the heart; perha was a private hi wanted to know could not overloo was a man tho himself, but reje for the reason I public life believ He was an emp great deal of so- crite. Before th than an ordinar God when he found wanting brought up a di character pron hypocricy a dis the spiritual or the natural ord error. Hypocri- blishes the mor victim. Yet hi- sin: it is a com- What is a hy- lity of people hypocrite a profession of ends, without p fesses; one who and licentious b by his outward he is religious; deceived; him hypocrites of the need not be all and we do all of believing th The gentleman said one is but it is very l- but it is very l- He de- deceived him- This is hyp- labors for hum of religion wh loves the prais approval of G is far in ex- This appear- ing to His dis- Scrofula and P- cious."—Lush- ing of hypocr- to guard agai- hypocrite is c- A regard to a good and

N. Y. Catholic Review. SHORT SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

Pharisees and Publicans.—(Gospel St. Luke xviii. 9-15.)

You have often had lessons suggested by this Gospel, lessons put forth for your acceptance; but the principle which our Lord unfolds is so deep and of various application that the new light we get upon it, instead of making it wearisome, only reveals its comprehensiveness.

You want me to tell you what the lesson is which our Lord means to impress. Well it is this, that "Empty vessels make most sound." And to make His teaching vivid our Lord takes two men, representative of two prevailing classes of men, contrasts them in their religious worth, and leaves no room for doubt as to the man whom God accepts and approves.

Now let us try to identify among ourselves that class of men whom our Lord if He were here would pronounce a Pharisee—for we must not be that man at our peril—and that class of men whom our Lord would class with the repentant publican—for it will be to our eternal advantage as well as honor to be of that class.

Understand, those classes of men are as living to-day as they were in our Lord's day, and you have only to keep your eyes open and your minds sober to recognize them.

This typical man whom our Lord calls a Pharisee belonged to what we in these days call the upper circles of society; he ranked high in the social scale, and, as such, would be a man of mental refinement and graceful manner. He lived in accordance with the traditions of his class, and availed himself of these traditions to justify his persuasion that spiritual as well as social excellence was attained when the respect and plaudits of the social rulers were secured. The society of his day made profession of belief in a Creator, and acknowledged an obligation to perform certain religious duties; but the general feeling of the dominant class was that a man whose public life was successful and unapproached need not much bother himself with heart-searching and self-accusation. This gentleman whom our Lord sets before us was a representation of his class—a successful and a liberal public man when he came into the temple—where he came once in a while, for society was so disposed—he had a good account to give of himself: "O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican. I fast twice in a week; I give tithes of all that I possess."

By all of which he meant to convey that the Almighty should feel himself very much complimented at receiving a visit from such a man. A society man in those days, as now, thought that he could lay down the law for the Almighty, and tell Him how much He could reasonably expect, and how much He was going to get. It was a nice scheme, but the society man reckoned without his host. Our Saviour tells us that God was not satisfied with this man who satisfied himself so much. What was the want in this man? This, that his religion was an exterior one: it was simply a corresponding with the fashions of the times, it was an advertisement of the social man, but there was no contrition, no self-accusation, no mortification of the heart; perhaps I might add there was a private history of which society was to know nothing—for society is very lenient to itself—but which God could not overlook. At all events here was a man thoroughly satisfied with himself, but rejected of God; and that for the reason that his profession and public life belied the state of his heart. He was an empty vessel giving forth a great deal of sound. He was an hypocrite. Before the world he was more than an ordinarily pious man—before God when he was weighed he was found wanting. We have been brought up to consider the hypocrite a character pronouncedly wicked and hypericry a disease as pronounced in the spiritual order as small-pox is in the natural order. Herein we are in error. Hypericry is a great sin which blights the moral life of him who is its victim. Yet hypericry is not a rare sin; it is a common sin.

What is a hypocrite? The generality of people understand by an hypocrite a man who makes profession of religion for secret ends, without practicing what he professes; one who is ill-disposed, greedy and licentious while he deceives others by his outward life into believing that he is religious; but he is by no means deceived himself. That there are hypocrites of this kind is true, but one need not be all that to be an hypocrite, and we will do the Pharisees the justice of believing that they were not so bad. The gentleman our Lord found wanting said one thing and did another, but it is very likely he was not aware of it. He deceived others, but he deceived himself just as well.

This is hypericry: When a man labors for human respect by profession of religion without observing that he loves the praise of men more than the approval of God, and that his profession is far in excess of his action. This appears from our Lord's warning to His disciples to "beware of the Scribes and Pharisees, which is hypericry."—Insidiously it must be. If, then, this be the Scripture meaning of hypericry, we surely have need to guard against it, for before God the hypocrite is condemned.

A regard to the opinion of others is a good and reasonable thing; but it must not be the motive of our actions. That men are excessively ruled by public opinions not by faith is seen: 1st. From the fact that according as men are made independent of the judgment of others they cease to be circumspect about their lives. There are two classes independent of the judgment of the community—the very rich and the very poor. And among these are found the most immoral people in the world. They pull down the standard of the living and are rejected of God for the very reasons they are self-satisfied—because their standard is low.

2nd. That it is fashionable to be charitable—to give to public purposes—to come to church on great occasions to worship, though these things are never done from the impulse of grace. In the Pharisee's day it was the fashionable thing to fast, therefore he did it.

Now it is folly to fast, so people have given it up. Now it is the fashion to keep religion out of the way, so you look in vain for manifestations of it in places where this feeling against it prevails.

In the Pharisee's day it was the fashion to pray in public, so he did it. Now it is the fashion to ignore this practice. So instead of praying publicly we have it not even in private. Very few, even of professed believers, have the moral courage to say grace before or thanksgiving after meals, even when inwardly so inclined if they be in public places. Is not this hypericry? Is it not the serving of men rather than God?

Some Catholics are to be found who in Catholic surroundings let Catholic lives; complied with the Church's ordinances; when placed in surroundings where it was neither pleasant or profitable to lead a Catholic life they ceased to do so and conformed to the spirit of the place—proving thereby that their religion even when they were religious was only a formal affair, and that their want of religion now is only an hypericry: simply because there is no principle underlying the one or the other but only a conformation to surroundings—to public opinion.

Principle makes a person the same everywhere. Human respect makes him the creature of surroundings. With the pharisee our Lord contrasts a man from another class, which, happily, is numerous, for our Lord makes the contrast very favorable to it.

Our Lord calls this second man a publican, that is to say he was a taxpayer, lower in the social scale than the pharisee, a hard-headed class of people who had to be up and doing for their living and knew the value of money, for their commission was not large. Our Lord presents this man entering the temple in a quiet corner, in a thoughtful manner and with deep feeling he struck his breast in prayer, asking God with all the energy of his soul to have mercy on him a poor sinner. In the pharisee he excited only contempt; the social man, the man of culture and refined manners and broad views, sees the poor fellow away in the corner in grief and humiliation at the knowledge of his sins, and in his superior accents he says to God: "I thank Thee, O God, that I am not like that fellow anyhow."

Yet, brethren, this poor contrite publican is accepted by God while the pharisee is rejected. How did this come about? It seems to me it was because he had a heart capable of love. Probably he had offended God in many ways, but he was not a cynic; he did not in his prayer condemn any neighbor, he did not seek to exalt himself at the expense of others; only looking into his own heart thoughtfully he saw that he had offended God his Father, his best friend and benefactor. God who is worthy of all his love, and he felt ashamed of himself; he asked pardon for himself but judged none else; he had a good heart toward God and his neighbor, and was scornful only of himself, and our Lord says of him that he went down to his home justified, that is, forgiven and full of God's grace. The lesson is very plain. There is always a welcome with God for the humble, sincere man—the repentant sinner. But beware of pretence—of an outward religion. Don't deceive yourself into believing that you need have no fear of God's judgment as long as you secure public honors, public praise, and your own commendation for your good works—these only count with men. With God only a contrite heart and an affectionate spirit will find acceptance.

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system like the clock runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it. A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles and the people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive GUARANTEE of its doing good in all cases.

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BORNEO'S HEAD HUNTERS.

Catholic Missionaries' Efforts to Civilize Them.

VERY REV. THOMAS JACKSON TELLS OF THEIR TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Brooklyn Eagle devotes considerable space to the story of a priest of the Catholic Church among the wild men of Borneo who is now visiting the diocese and appealing to its charitable people for assistance in promoting the work that has been most auspiciously and favorably begun. The priest is the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and Northern Borneo, who was born in England forty-seven years ago and whom the Eagle declares to be as remarkable as Henry C. Stanley.

He is visiting this country for the purpose of raising money in order to carry on the work of his mission, which already promises to be crowned with great success. He is a man of slight frame, but of marked determination of character. He wears a long, flowing beard, slightly tinged with gray, and, although exercising episcopal jurisdiction over more than one-half of the largest island in the world, the story of his life embraces acts of heroism and self-denial equal to any which are recorded in the annals of the society for the propagation of the faith.

In 1878 he obeyed a summons from Bishop Vaughan to leave St. Joseph's Missionary College, at Mill Hill, England, and render what assistance he could to the wounded and dying in the war in Southern Afghanistan. At that time the cholera added to the horrors of war. He had instructions to make his way to Candahar, which was at that time threatened by Ayoub Khan. To accomplish this he was compelled to walk seven hundred miles through a country racked with war and pestilence. Upon his arrival at Candahar he became chaplain to the Catholic soldiers in the garrison. When the army was ordered to march to Maiwand, Father Jackson went to the front and served with such distinction that he was specially commended on two occasions for remarkable exhibitions of bravery by the English Government.

At about that time Father Quarteron, a Spaniard, was visiting Rome, whether he had gone to inform the Pope of his fruitless efforts to establish Christianity in Borneo. Father Quarteron had succeeded in locating a sunken treasure ship in the East Indies, and his share of the treasure amounted to \$1,250,000. With this money he proceeded to purchase the liberty of Christian slaves held in bondage in Borneo, and after expending nearly a million dollars he found that he had accomplished no great results. The Pope, however, sent a despatch to Father Jackson, ordering him to proceed at once to Borneo to undertake the superintendence of the mission. The sum of \$2,000 was placed at his disposal, and he began his work in a territory inhabited by tribes of whose language he was totally ignorant, a large portion of which had never been visited by a white man. He was allowed three assistants, whose passage from England he paid out of his own pocket. His private fortune, amounting to about \$25,000, has gone to meet the expenses of the mission, as have \$5,000 which he received from his aunt. The expenses of the mission are to-day about \$10,000 a year, and the receipts from all sources amount to about one-half that much. More priests and sisters are needed. Many are willing to volunteer, but the expenses of their passage and maintenance must be met. That is the reason Father Jackson is here.

When visited by an Eagle reporter, who was anxious to get from him an account of his life in Borneo and the story of the establishment of his mission, Father Jackson speaks of the three assistants he had brought from England had done as much as he had. "It was rather up-hill work," said he, "when you consider that none of us had ever been in the country before, nor had we a single station in the whole of a country as large as France, which was entrusted to our spiritual direction. We picked up a little Malay, with the aid of which we were able to get along among the tribes, but as every tribe speaks a different language, and many of those in the interior are as ignorant of Malay as they are of English, the task of explaining who we were and what we wanted was one of considerable difficulty. The majority of the Dyaks have no conception whatever of a priest, a church or the service of God. We had to explain that we had come to be their friends and to help them, and we sought to do this in most every case by getting hold of the young. The adults, who had grown up in heathenism, were compelled to leave partly to themselves; but if they would let us have their children to rear in the Catholic faith we hoped that out of the schools thus established we might possibly train up a company of native teachers who would eventually undertake the evangelization of their countrymen. In this we have been successful. About seven hundred heathens have been carefully instructed and baptized and about one hundred and fifty native children are living with the missionaries and are educated as Christians. Our greatest difficulty after we had established confidence was to persuade the parents to leave their children long enough with us. Their ideas of education and of the advantages of schooling are of the most primitive kind. A man would bring his boy to our station and ask us to undertake to teach him and make him clever. In a few days the father would return complaining: "You have had my boy ten days

and he is no whiter than when he came first." For it was their belief that progress in education was accompanied by a whitening of the skin. Having undecided the father on this point, he would demand why it was his son could not tell when it was going to rain or how to find lost articles. On being informed that education did not give a man such power, the father would decide that it was worthless anyway, and put us to much trouble to persuade him that he should leave the boy a little longer.

"What do you teach the children?" Father Jackson was asked. "Every tribe has a different language, as I have said, and we are trying to teach the children to write the language of the tribe to which he or she belongs. The boys are also taught to decide that it was worthless anyway, and put us to much trouble to persuade him that he should leave the boy a little longer."

"Do you not have to carry weapons for self-defence?" asked the reporter. "I never carried any weapon other than my breviary. I have traveled on foot and in native boats over the greater part of Northwest Borneo, often returning from one of these trips with nothing but my sputane, having had to part with every other article of dress, down to my boots, in order to purchase food. I have been repeatedly prostrated with jungle fever. On one occasion I fell insensible and lay for twenty-four hours in the midst of one of the most savage parts, and on many occasions I have had to spend weeks together in the open boats of the natives, frequently reduced to the last stage of starvation. I have had to lie by the side of patients dying with the horrible, to hear their confessions and administer the consolations of the Church, yet I am here to-day sound in body, and only anxious to secure sufficient means to place the mission on a substantial basis."

"Do you find much difficulty in converting these people?" asked the reporter. "We do, because the natives are extremely superstitious, and no native will be enrolled as a convert who will believe in omens. The adult Dyak has scarcely any conception of the nature of the Deity. One man, with whom a priest had been laboring for a long time, and who appeared to be getting an idea of what was being imparted to him, astonished the priest by asking: 'Does God wear trousers, or a petticoat like you do?' referring to his sputane. Then, again, they will ask a priest for a hair from his beard to use it for seed, and cannot be laughed out of the belief that they can grow a beard by rubbing the hair on their chins. The tribes, as a rule, are all uncivilized. They are located far apart and are fond of changing their habitation. They wear scarcely anything in the way of dress. The Borneo hunter is proud of the number of human skulls in his possession. They seem to take the same pride in skulls that the American Indians formerly did in the possession of scalps. The women are responsible for the keeping alive of this custom, as they will not marry a man who cannot boast of being the possessor of a number of skulls. I have known them to go to the graveyard and dig up a body in order to get the head. They boil the head and afterward polish the skull. I have heard of instances of cannibalism, but it is rare. Near the coast the tribes are semi-civilized, and once a year elect a chief. They then plant rice according to instructions derived from dreams. While the rice is growing they have to remain up all night to watch it, and are compelled to build fires to protect it from the orangutan and wild pigs. These fires, frequently cause the greatest devastation by spreading to the virgin forest, destroying the homes of the natives and the crops they have been to such trouble to cultivate. Frequently the natives are reduced to such straits that they have to eat the monkeys. Notwithstanding the great difficulties under which we labor, the children are proving such apt scholars as to give us the greatest encouragement. We have no temporal resources, however, to carry on the work. I am forced to make an appeal to the Catholics of this land for help. More priests and sisters are needed. I have no difficulty in finding priests and sisters who are willing to go out, but I cannot accept them until I can obtain the means to pay their passage money and maintain them in Borneo. We also want assistance to erect wooden chapels in all our stations. We are willing to continue to live, as most of us have been obliged to do so since we landed in Borneo, in a state of semi-starvation and in the midst of privations and dangers of all sorts. To get into the country some of my missionaries were obliged to go out to sea in rude native boats, and, after being repeatedly shipwrecked, were landed by English boatsmen on the coast, and there, at the peril of their lives, had to make long and dangerous journeys to unknown and almost inaccessible places, wading through rivers infested by crocodiles, climbing precipitous mountain ranges and walking for days together through immense bogs and marshes. In the day time they often fainted from exhaustion and the intense heat, and in night time they were stung almost to madness by the sand flies, mosquitoes and other insects, which abound in the jungles. Borneo itself, you must remember, is an island about seven times as large as Ireland. The Rev. Fathers Gossons, Dunn and Kitty were sent out from St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, London, to join me in the beginning of this work. Later on other priests, two brothers and nine Franciscan sisters were sent out to me.

"Two years ago the church was built by Father Dunn and his uncles

and friends in Dublin. The Dyaks are the most powerful tribe. They are governed by Rajah Brooke, whose uncle, Sir Charles Brooke, forty years ago went round the world in search of countries not visited before. When he visited Borneo the Malays told him of a chief who would give him sixty miles of territory if he would help him fight a native tribe. He accepted the offer, and came to be looked upon as the ruler of the Island. He left all to his nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, and both have done a great deal to put down head-hunting. In North Borneo, however, head-hunting still flourishes. Labuan lies midway between North Borneo and Sarawak, and has its advantages because of its central location.

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