

# The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1887.

NO. 431.

**NICHOLAS WILSON & CO**  
136 Dundas Street,  
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.  
**FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.**

**INSPECTION INVITED.**  
An Ode to the New Year.

God bless our land! with Faith's right hand  
Shower blessings on our people,  
From waste of snow to city's gleam,  
Ring love from every steep;  
From hearts where fondest hopes abide  
In real homes of splendour,  
Send forth to all in cot and hall,  
A message pure and tender!

God bless our land! with patriot hand  
Inscribe his name on every stone,  
Across the span of future years  
In deed of ceaseless glory;  
From east to west, from north to south,  
Shower blessings on our people,  
From waste of snow to city's gleam,  
Ring love from every steep!

God bless our land! with Faith's right hand  
Heal bitter strife and enmities,  
And wounded hearts with love  
From passion's rule and blindness,  
God bless our land! with patriot hand  
Shower blessings on our people,  
From waste of snow to city's gleam,  
Ring love from every steep!

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ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL BAZAAR.

The Bazaar, lately held in the City Hall in this city, having for object the liquidation of the debt on St. Peter's Cathedral, has been one of the most successful yet held. It opened on the 27th of December. On entering the hall we found the first table in charge of the ladies of St. Mary's parish, literally loaded with many beautiful and costly articles. This department was in charge of Mrs. Connors, Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Curran, Miss M. Powell, Miss Mary Ann Farrell, Miss Minnie Bird, and Miss Mary Hannah. The next in order, on the east side of the hall, and running almost its full length either way we found the magnificent display of the Children of Mary, presided over by Mrs. O'Brien, ably assisted by the members of the society. We may be here permitted to mention the fact that this good lady has during half a century been foremost in every movement for the furtherance of the interests of the Church. When London was a small town—when the church was a modest frame one—when Catholics were few and poor—when priests could only pay them a visit a few times throughout the year—Mrs. O'Brien was a remarkable figure in the congregation. During the long period of time named every bazaar was made successful mainly through her efforts. All who know this good lady sincerely hope she will spend many years amongst a congregation all of whom know her and hold her in the highest esteem.

On the north side of the hall the ladies of St. Peter's parish were found no wise behind their neighbors in the richness of their display or in earnest work to turn over a goodly sum of money. In charge here were Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Laobapelle, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Minnie O'Mara and Miss O'Rourke. The refreshment tables were placed in the Council Chamber. Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. O'Byrne, Mrs. Darcey and the other assistants may fairly claim that no one left their side of the house with any other than a look of the utmost satisfaction. We can state from experience that no hotel in the city supplied better meals.

Rev. Father Dunphy, who had charge of the bazaar, seemed to be at all times wherever his presence was required. For some months he has devoted much time and attention to the bazaar, and he must feel a great amount of satisfaction that his efforts have been crowned with such remarkable success. Father Tiernan has also been a constant visitor, encouraging by word and example all to do their utmost. His Lordship the Bishop honored the bazaar with his presence during the week, as also Mr. Bryners, Fathers Coffey, Walsh, Kennedy, Aylward, Boubat, Flannery, Corry, Corcoran, Brennan, Brady, Molloy and Cook, any of whom did not escape the watchful eyes of the ticket sellers. The band of the 7th Battalion each evening rendered some of their best selections. We should not forget to mention that to Messrs. B. C. McCann and J. B. Vining great praise is due for their constant and earnest efforts to swell the total amount. A pleasing feature of the bazaar was the presentation of gold watches to Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Fitzhenry, by Rev. Father Dunphy, on behalf of His Lordship the Bishop, as a recognition of the time and attention given by them for months past to render the undertaking successful, and for having sold the greatest number of tickets.

The last day of the bazaar a spirited contest for a gold headed cane took place between Sir John A. McDonald and Hon. Edward Blake. The latter carried off the prize by a vote of 309 against 610. The drawing of prizes took place on the north gallery of the hall, in presence of Rev. Father Dunphy, Messrs. Dromgole, McCann, Vining, Coffey, Philip and John Pocock, Patrick Kelly, J. J. Gibbons, Daley, Martin O'Meara and others. The two Masters Dromgole drew the prizes, and they were announced to the audience below as they were drawn. The following are the winning numbers together with the names of winners:

1 Fifty dollars in gold, given by Rev. J. F. Coffey, London, won by 14087, Mrs. Cox, Albert street, London, Ont.  
2 Dinner set, value \$40, given by W.

J. Beld & Co., London, won by 17924, Alex. Barclay, St. Paul, Mich.  
3 Outman, value \$25, given by a friend, London, won by 37962, Murdoch McJanis, Gray street, London, Ont.  
4 Oil painting of Bishop Walsh, given by a friend, London, won by 241, Mrs. J. J. Finch, 18 New Lexington, Perry Co., Ohio.  
5 Fifty dollars in gold, given by Father Matthew's Temperance Society, London, won by 30594, Frank Evans, Beechwood, P. O., O. L.  
6 Silver pitcher and goblet, given by M. Mauret, E. Q., London, won by 6841, Mrs. T. Deehan, London, Ont.  
7 Melodion, given by Dr. C. A. Sippi, London, won by 38829, J. J. Baine, London, Ont.

8 Fifty dollars in gold, given by St. Patrick's Society, London, won by 15955, Mrs. M. J. Walsh, Stratford, Ont.  
9 Fifty dollars in gold, given by a friend, London, won by 50994, Mrs. J. Stock, Kinkora, Ont.  
10 China tea set, value \$10, given by Messrs. Pigot & Bryan, London, won by 52662, George F. X. Petrolia, Ont.  
11 Silver butter dish, given by T. Gillan, Esq., London, won by 79163, John Timony, Silvery Cove, P. Q.  
12 Twenty-five dollars in gold, given by Mrs. S. R. Brown, London, won by 38555, Laurence Baine, 60 Cherry street, Hamilton, Ont.  
13 Twenty dollars in gold, given by T. Coffey, London, won by 18049, T. Hagan, address not given.  
14 Silver tea set, given by D. Regan, London, won by 38837, Miss L. Maloney, 156 Maple St., London, Ont.

15 Landscape painting in oil, given by Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Windsor, won by 4276, J. H. Coughlin, 707 Emerson St., East Saginaw, Mich.  
16 Twenty dollars in gold, given by Rev. Jas. Walsh, London, won by 61, Sacred Heart Convent, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
17 Fifteen dollars in gold, given by Rev. J. Kennedy, London, won by 73661, George Fox, Petrolia, Ont.  
18 Ten dollars in gold, given by John Garvey, London, 32075 A, Mrs. O. Dea, Dublin, Ont.  
19 Silver tea set, given by the Rev. L. A. Dunphy, won by 20644, James Daly, Barrie, Ont.  
20 Violin and bow, given by W. E. Hicott, won by 1102, J. Maloney, 517 Selgauer St., Montreal, P. Q.  
21 Embroidered table cover, given by J. J. Gibbons, won by 32381 A, Mary A. Rosch, Dublin, Ont.  
22 Ten dollars in gold, given by Pocock Brothers, won by 71036, C. Gantman, 545 Queen St., Toronto, Ont.  
23 Fancy chair, given by a friend, won by 49221, Thomas Van Idersine 733 Elias St., East London, O. L.  
24 Handsome table drape, given by Loretto Convent, Stratford, won by 27600, Mrs. McCarthy, 28 Horton St., London, Ont.  
25 Fat sheep, given by a friend, London, 4296, won by M. T. C. Sacred Heart Academy, Grosse Pointe, Mich.  
26 Table spread, given by Convent, Sarnia, won by 82018, Thomas Rodden, Port Arthur.

27 A coil oil stove, given by O. McClary, London, won by 49515, Mrs. W. Craig, Nilestown, Ont.  
28 Ten dollars in gold, given by Very Rev. J. Bayard, Sarnia, won by 26878, Edward O'Rourke, Amherstburg, Ont.  
29 A beautiful stove, given by a friend, London, won by 50110, no name on duplicate.  
30 A fruit basket, given by F. T. Trebilcock, won by 37391, Denis Hanley, 1834 Hall St., Kansas city.  
31 Ten dollars in gold, given by O. B. Greaves, London, won by 18198, A. Crowe, Qu'Appelle, Manitoba.  
32 Silver Jug, given by a friend, London, won by 60452, Miss Maggie C. Kilroy, Windsor, Ont.  
33 Lot in town of Morris, Manitoba, given by M. Mulrooney, won by 10315, Mr. Greer, London, Ont.  
34 Salad bowl, given by a friend, London, won by 49550, Mrs. M. Twomey, Amherstburg, Ont.  
35 Claret jug, (cut glass) given by a friend, London, won by 37890, John Stranger, London, Ont.  
36 An egg epergne, (in silver) given by a friend, London, won by 10358, C. O'Gorman, London, Ont.  
37 Silver tea pot, given by a friend, won by 7264, C. Madden, St. Ignace, Mich.  
38 Biscuit box, given by a friend, won by 952, Brother Edward, St. Joseph's Novitiate, Amewalk, N. Y.  
39 Music box, value \$20.00, given by a friend, won by 14045, Sister M. Elizabeth, the Convent, Chatham, Ont.

**CHILDREN OF MARY'S TABLE.**  
A beautiful drawing room cabinet, in ebony cherry, given by Bennett Manufacturing Company, London, won by Mrs. H. J. McGinnis, Kinkora, Ont.  
A beautiful easy chair, given by Ursuline Convent, Chatham, won by Miss Eva Henry, London, Ont.  
Sofa cushion, given by Miss Long, London, won by Miss Maud Whately, London.  
Milk maid stool, given by Miss Besie Wright, London, won by Mrs. T. Connors, Clarence street, London, Ont.  
Silver tea pot, given by Miss Agnes Brown, London, won by Miss Kate Griffin, London, Ont.  
Gold watch, given by Rev. Mother White, Sacred Heart Convent, London, won by Rev. L. A. Dunphy, London.  
Gold watch, given by Mrs. Coffey, London, no name on duplicate.  
Ottoman, given by John Ferguson, E. Q., London, won by Miss Mamie Coffey, London.  
Carriage rug, given by Mrs. Hevey, London, won by S. R. Brown, Esq., London.  
Crayon portrait of Rev. James Walsh, won by Miss Kate McKnight, Detroit, Mich.  
A diamond pin, given by a lady friend, won by P. Tierney, London.  
Seal cap, given by H. Beaton, London,

won by Mrs. J. P. O'Byrne, London.  
Ten cozy, given by Miss Edith Harper, London, won by Very Rev. Dean Murphy, Lightton, Ont.  
Crayon portrait of Van Dyke, given by Master James O'Higgins, no name on the duplicate.  
Cushion, given by Mrs. James L. Landon, won by John Garvey, London, Ont.  
Toilet set, given by Mrs. Cruikshanks, London, won by C. G. Wright, London.  
A panel, (painted) given by Madame Cruikshanks, Sacred Heart Convent, Grosse Pointe, Mich., won by Miss Kathleen Dromgole, London.  
A handpainted plaque, given by Miss Louis Mauret, London, won by Mrs. Dromgole, London.  
A pair of handsome handpainted glass plaques, given by Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont., won by Mrs. D. Regan, London, Ont.  
Lady's dressing jacket, given by Mrs. S. R. Brown, London, won by J. J. Gibbons, London.  
Pin cushion, given by Mrs. J. Dagan, London, won by Mrs. J. P. O'Byrne, London.  
Child's dress, given by Mrs. Reuber J. Kenney, won by Rev. M. J. Tierman, P. E. London.  
Perfume holder, given by W. Strong, Esq., London, won by T. J. Petrolia, London.  
A pair of vases given by Miss Julia Gibbons, London, no name on duplicate.  
A fancy clock given by L. Graves, London, won by J. J. Baine, London.  
ST. MARY'S TABLE  
A handsome marble top, handpainted table, given by St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., won by  
A crayon portrait of Rev. L. A. Dunphy, won by Rev. P. Corcoran, Parkhill, Ont.  
A pair of lace curtains, given by Mrs. Brock, London, won by Mrs. W. Grant, London.  
A persian lamp cap, given by a friend, won by Miss Tina McKennick, London.  
A handsome marble top table.  
A handsome liquor stand, valued at \$40, given by Col. Leys.  
An oil painting of the Madonna, given by Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Windsor, won by Mrs. F. McNeil, London.  
A handsome pair of vases, given by Mother Ignatia, Mount Hope Convent, won by Rev. L. A. Dunphy.  
An easy chair, given by Mrs. Fitzhenry, London, won by Mrs. McGrath, Dublin, Ont.  
A beautiful drawing-room lamp, won by Mrs. S. Vine, Ingersoll, Ont.  
A beautiful graphophone and stereoscope combined, given by Hugh McMahon, Esq., C. C. Toronto, no name on duplicate.

**ST. PETER'S TABLE.**  
A handsome marble mantle, given by Mrs. Burns, London, won by Rev. L. A. Dunphy.  
A crayon picture of Rev. M. J. Tierman, won by Miss K. Ragan, London.  
A beautiful china tea set, given by a friend, London, won by John O'Meara, London.  
A handsome toilet set, given by Miss Maloney, London, won by Rev. L. A. Dunphy.  
Six sugar cured hams, given by M. F. O'Mara, London, won by Miss Breen.  
**REFRESHMENT TABLE.**  
A beautiful sofa cushion, given by Miss Ella Dewan, won by Rev. B. J. Watters, Guelph, Ont.  
A beautiful lamp given by Mrs. Darcy, London, won by Rev. J. Walsh, London.  
A pair of pillow shams.  
A pair of panels (hand painted)  
A beautiful landscape.  
And several other beautiful articles.  
Any person winning a prize in the General Lottery, is required to send their tickets to Rev. L. A. Dunphy, St. Peter's Palace, London, before he can send the prize.  
The medals will be distributed in due time.

**THE FIRST CATHOLIC NEGRO MISSION OPENED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.**

There is a large number of colored people to be found in the cities and towns of the Dominion, but nowhere are they more numerous or thickly settled than in the counties of Essex and Kent, where they are numbered by the thousands, Windsor alone having a colored population of one thousand, Chatham about as many, Amherstburg and Sandwich coming in for a goodly sprinkling. Besides those living in the above named towns there are various colored settlements, the most important of which is New Canaan, in Colchester, about twelve miles from Windsor. Heretofore the Very Rev. Dean Wagner, P. E. of St. Alphonsus Church, has been unable for one reason or other to direct his attention to those poor people and to give them the encouragement which he would otherwise so gladly have done. However, within the last six months he has, assisted by Fr. McMann, taken steps towards bringing into the fold of the Church as many as possible of this interesting portion of humanity; and the united efforts of these two priests have succeeded that it has become necessary to open a Catholic free school for colored children. Quite a number of adults have lately been received into the Church and a class of twenty (20) juveniles are under instruction preparatory to baptism. Arrangements are being made to open the school immediately after the Christmas holidays. Temporarily it will be placed under the care of a lay teacher until next September, when the charge will be assumed by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. In the course of time, or as the work will grow in importance, the colored people will need a chapel of their own, and a priest will have to be detailed to attend to their spiritual wants. Meantime a number of pews are reserved at the "Pocock mass" so that they be enabled, as their white brethren, to fulfil their Christian obligations. Now all the above sounds very well, but where are the means to come from? God will provide, as He has done in innumerable other undertakings of a similar nature. The Rev. gentleman at the head of the noble work is in no way deterred by the sight of the difficulties to be encountered. Meantime he confidently appeals to the charitable public at large and hopes that every one who reads this hurried notice will be kind enough to send an offering, be it ever so small, to the address below, and they will thus have the merit before God of having helped in laying the foundation of the first colored Catholic mission in the Dominion of Canada.

Address: Very Rev. Dean Wagner, P. E., Windsor, Ont., Canada.  
**CATHOLIC PRESS.**  
Catholic Columbian.  
Catholic American.  
An English priest, having inserted in a London Catholic newspaper a notice to the effect that he would receive into his home one or two young men and educate them for the priesthood, without exacting any compensation, received over seventy applications. He ascertained that about fifty of them were pretty well educated and otherwise eligible as candidates for the sacred ministry, and he drew back to their proud ambition being the lack of means to pay the cost of their training.

**BAUQUET TO MR. O'HAGAN.**  
Pembroke Observer, Jan. 1.  
On Monday evening last, at the Copeland House, a complimentary banquet and purse containing seventy five dollars were presented by the citizens to Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, previous to his departure from town; also a complete set of the works of Parkman, the historian, given by the St. Patrick's Literary Society. Mr. O'Hagan has for the past two years been Modern Language Teacher in the Pembroke High School, and in that time has made many warm friends and admirers, as was abundantly proved by the large concourse of leading citizens present on Monday. Among these were:—  
Mr. S. E. Mitchell, P. M.; Thos. Murray, M. P. P.; J. Findlay, Beachburg; Wm. Moffat, County Treasurer; Thomas Clarke, Chairman High School Board; R. C. Miller, President Young Men's Liberal Club; J. Sarsfield, President St. Patrick's Literary Society; F. E. Fortin, President St. Jean Baptiste Society; W. C. Irving, Clerk of Division Court; Dr. Bedard, M. J. Gorman, L. B. B., Barrister; M. M. McKie, B. A., J. C. Stewart, Principal Public School. Messrs. M. Howe, Thomas Mackay, Walter Findlay, &c. with a large representation from the St. Patrick's Literary Society and the Young Men's Liberal Club.

Regrets, expressing their inability to be present, were received from Mr. W. O'Meara, Esq., Mr. Arch'd. Foster, Mayor, and Mr. W. Murray.  
The chair was occupied by S. E. Mitchell, Esq., Police Magistrate. In opening the after part of the proceedings he delivered a speech in many respects eloquent and brilliant, and one warmly complimentary of the guest of the evening, whom he declared to be a gentleman highly cultured and of no small literary promise.  
It is impossible with our limited space to give a report of this or in fact the many other speeches delivered. Suffice it to say that all abounded in eulogiums of Mr. O'Hagan both as a man and a scholar. Before the presentations were made the Chairman called upon Mr. M. J. Gorman, L. B. B., to read the following address:—  
Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., M. A.  
DEAR SIR:—A few of your many friends in Pembroke have assembled here to-night on the subject of your departure, and we feel that in losing you we are losing a warm hearted friend, and our town a worthy citizen.  
Your courteous bearing and gentlemanly conduct during your two years residence here, as teacher of Modern Languages in our High School, and your kind and timely assistance in our public entertainments have justly merited for you the respect and gratitude of all those with whom you have come in contact, and we feel that in losing you we are losing a warm hearted friend, and our town a worthy citizen.  
Before allowing you to depart we beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, as a slight earnest of those feelings which we have briefly and inadequately expressed, and with it our heartfelt wishes for your future success and prosperity.  
Pembroke, 3rd January, 1887.  
Mr. O'Hagan, who was received with applause, replied as follows:—  
My Chairman and Gentlemen: I am deeply grateful for the kind words that have been spoken of me, and the warmth of cordiality with which the complimentary reference to me by your worthy chairman has been received. To have gained the good will and esteem of those amongst whom our lot is cast is always a matter of great gratification, but when the manifestation of that esteem takes the shape of a complimentary supper, a well filled purse, and a gift of books, as you have been pleased to honor me with to-night, I feel that more than an ordinary expression of thanks is due on my part, in recognition for such kindness at the hands of my fellow citizens. As I am on the eve of my departure from Pembroke, I may be permitted to express myself more freely than other circumstances would warrant me in doing. I see amongst those assembled here members of the Young Liberal Club, members of the St. Patrick's Literary Society, members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and friends of both political parties.  
To my friends of the St. Patrick's Society I say, as a parting word, 'Be steadfast in your devotion to dear old Ireland, the land of our forefathers, where repose the bones of your degen. I would be recent to the instincts of my nature if I did not cherish as the very life within me love of freedom for Ireland, the glory of her past, and the bright hope of her future. But, love of freedom should not

be bound by national lines. He is narrow and contracted who cannot see beyond the horizon of his birth. At the altar of justice the true patriot will fight his torch of freedom, and in the tabernacle of his heart he will cherish liberty for all mankind, irrespective of race or creed—true to his country and true to his God! True to the poet Lowell who says, in beautiful words:  
He's true to God who's true to man; where ever wrong is done  
To the humbled and the weakest 'neath the all-blessing sun.  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all the race.  
And so, if we wish to become good Canadian citizens, we must give the right hand of fellowship to the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Frenchman and the Irishman. This is the true spirit of freedom, a spirit which has gained for Canada the proud title of being the best governed country in the world. Our first duty belongs to Canada, but we cannot better perform that duty than by adding lustre to our citizenship, through a great pride in the heroic deeds of our ancestors. To be a great Canadian people, we must be an united people, and we can never become a national unit unless we respect national sentiment in one another. I do not believe any class in Canada can justly claim a monopoly of Canadian patriotism. The same glory that lights up the shaft on Queenston Heights, and tells of the heroism of Isaac Brock, sits the pulse of every Frenchman, as he gazes with pride upon the fame-lit field of Chateaugay. Let us bring to the adornment of Canadian life the national virtues of our forefathers. Let the Irish Canadian share in pride with the genius of Auld Scotia—in the purple light of fame that rests upon her heather'd hills. Then, must the Scotch Canadian feel rapture of joy when he beholds the morn of Ireland's freedom dawning through that much to be desired boon, Irish Home Rule.

Permit me at this point to thank the St. Patrick's Literary Society for their handsome gift of books. In reading the pages of Parkman, I will be reminded of the glorious deeds of sons of La Belle France, in Canada, at a time when, to shape the destiny of this country required a heroism and self sacrifice that have won for the early pioneers of Christian civilization in Canada the admiration of the whole world. In the pages of Parkman I will learn to revere the honored names of Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Marquette, and the sacred Laval, whose piety, courage and devotion laid widely and deeply the foundation of this our beloved land. Long since have these pioneers of Christian civilization in Canada passed away. They are not here!

"Not here! Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel.  
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells on ocean's shore  
Harmonious echoes ring, and names that in the days gone by  
Were spells, are aient with that soft music.  
If there dwells the spirit here our country's fame to spread,  
While every breast beats with joy and triumph  
And earth vibrates to our measured tread,  
Banish all wreath should own our reverence for the dead!"  
But already I have spoken at too great a length. Let me assure you, gentlemen, I will cherish in grateful memory the kindness you have shown me this evening. I came to Pembroke two years ago, a stranger, and it is a source of much gratification for me to know that at my departure from the town I leave behind me so many warm and sincere friends. I thank you, sirs, gentlemen, and assure you, in the words of Burns to Gairnair:—  
"The bridegroom may forget the bride was made his wedded wife yestreen,  
The monarch may forget the crown that on his head an hour hath been,  
The mother may forget the child that smiles as sweetly on her knee,  
But I'll remember you, my friends, and all that you have been to me."  
Short addresses were afterwards delivered by Thos. Murray, M. P. P., the vicar-chaplain, and Messrs. James Findlay, Wm. H. P. B. Farib, M. J. Gorman, Thos. Mackay, M. H. Mackay, H. Jamieson, and others; these were interspersed with songs by Dr. Bedard and A. J. Fortier, and a clever recitation, "Dunphy's Speech on the Fixing of the County Town in Pembroke," by W. C. Irving. All the speakers referred in most flattering terms to Mr. O'Hagan, and all deeply regretted his departure. Mr. O'Hagan left by the afternoon train on Tuesday for Toronto. He has just reason to be proud of the estimation in which he is held by so many of his late fellow citizens.

**OBITUARY.**  
Mrs. Sarah Gleeson, Fletcher.  
This good lady died on the 29th of December, at the age of 66 years, after receiving the last sacraments of our holy church of which she was a faithful adherent. She came to this country, from the county of Antrim, Ireland, when about 15 years of age. She spent all her days on the farm with her husband, Thos. Gleeson, who still survives her, but in feeble health, at the age of 74 years. Her family of six children, four boys and two girls, are all grown up, the youngest being 25 years old. She was buried on the 31st Dec. at Queen's High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Higinson, at St. Patrick's Church, Raleigh. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends, all of whom we offer our sincere condolences.

Cardinal Gibbons has received a notification by cable from the Vatican of the appointment of Father Bardard J. McManus, as a Monsignor. Father McManus is one of the ablest and most prominent priests in Baltimore. He is an Irishman by birth, but he came to this country when he was a boy.  
Suns blinded by the dust of the world cannot understand what an affliction it is not to find G. d.

While looking back in sad and solitary musing, during the fast fluttering hours of the dying year, when memory is so active and the heart so full, how solemnly these words of Cardinal Newman fall upon the soul: "The end is the trial; the world passes; it is but a pageant and a scene; the lofty palace crumbles; the busy city is mute; the shops of Tarsish have sped away. On the heart and flesh death comes, the veil is breaking."  
When T. D. Sullivan—one of Ireland's sweetest poets and bravest patriots—was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, people looked at each other in wonderment. When the glorious young patriot priest and scholar, the Most Rev. Wm. Walsh

was enthroned as the successor of St. Lawrence in Dublin's Archbishop's See despite the preventing efforts of English emissaries, the Irish race was wild with delight. And now comes the further victory that Thomas Sexton—Sexton the uncompromising nationalist, Sexton the fearless member from West Belfast, Sexton the ex-suspect—is High Sheriff of this same Dublin. And so let us rejoice and give thanks that we live to see in these our days, this stronghold of the hostile Pale—Dublin the paradise of West Britonism, whose national life has been blighted and whose national heart has been withered so long by the deadly airs that blew from the Viceroyal Castle—at last redeemed.

Catholic American.  
An English priest, having inserted in a London Catholic newspaper a notice to the effect that he would receive into his home one or two young men and educate them for the priesthood, without exacting any compensation, received over seventy applications. He ascertained that about fifty of them were pretty well educated and otherwise eligible as candidates for the sacred ministry, and he drew back to their proud ambition being the lack of means to pay the cost of their training.

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Pembroke Observer, Jan. 1.  
On Monday evening last, at the Copeland House, a complimentary banquet and purse containing seventy five dollars were presented by the citizens to Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, previous to his departure from town; also a complete set of the works of Parkman, the historian, given by the St. Patrick's Literary Society. Mr. O'Hagan has for the past two years been Modern Language Teacher in the Pembroke High School, and in that time has made many warm friends and admirers, as was abundantly proved by the large concourse of leading citizens present on Monday. Among these were:—  
Mr. S. E. Mitchell, P. M.; Thos. Murray, M. P. P.; J. Findlay, Beachburg; Wm. Moffat, County Treasurer; Thomas Clarke, Chairman High School Board; R. C. Miller, President Young Men's Liberal Club; J. Sarsfield, President St. Patrick's Literary Society; F. E. Fortin, President St. Jean Baptiste Society; W. C. Irving, Clerk of Division Court; Dr. Bedard, M. J. Gorman, L. B. B., Barrister; M. M. McKie, B. A., J. C. Stewart, Principal Public School. Messrs. M. Howe, Thomas Mackay, Walter Findlay, &c. with a large representation from the St. Patrick's Literary Society and the Young Men's Liberal Club.

Regrets, expressing their inability to be present, were received from Mr. W. O'Meara, Esq., Mr. Arch'd. Foster, Mayor, and Mr. W. Murray.  
The chair was occupied by S. E. Mitchell, Esq., Police Magistrate. In opening the after part of the proceedings he delivered a speech in many respects eloquent and brilliant, and one warmly complimentary of the guest of the evening, whom he declared to be a gentleman highly cultured and of no small literary promise.  
It is impossible with our limited space to give a report of this or in fact the many other speeches delivered. Suffice it to say that all abounded in eulogiums of Mr. O'Hagan both as a man and a scholar. Before the presentations were made the Chairman called upon Mr. M. J. Gorman, L. B. B., to read the following address:—  
Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., M. A.  
DEAR SIR:—A few of your many friends in Pembroke have assembled here to-night on the subject of your departure, and we feel that in losing you we are losing a warm hearted friend, and our town a worthy citizen.  
Your courteous bearing and gentlemanly conduct during your two years residence here, as teacher of Modern Languages in our High School, and your kind and timely assistance in our public entertainments have justly merited for you the respect and gratitude of all those with whom you have come in contact, and we feel that in losing you we are losing a warm hearted friend, and our town a worthy citizen.  
Before allowing you to depart we beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, as a slight earnest of those feelings which we have briefly and inadequately expressed, and with it our heartfelt wishes for your future success and prosperity.  
Pembroke, 3rd January, 1887.  
Mr. O'Hagan, who was received with applause, replied as follows:—  
My Chairman and Gentlemen: I am deeply grateful for the kind words that have been spoken of me, and the warmth of cordiality with which the complimentary reference to me by your worthy chairman has been received. To have gained the good will and esteem of those amongst whom our lot is cast is always a matter of great gratification, but when the manifestation of that esteem takes the shape of a complimentary supper, a well filled purse, and a gift of books, as you have been pleased to honor me with to-night, I feel that more than an ordinary expression of thanks is due on my part, in recognition for such kindness at the hands of my fellow citizens. As I am on the eve of my departure from Pembroke, I may be permitted to express myself more freely than other circumstances would warrant me in doing. I see amongst those assembled here members of the Young Liberal Club, members of the St. Patrick's Literary Society, members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and friends of both political parties.  
To my friends of the St. Patrick's Society I say, as a parting word, 'Be steadfast in your devotion to dear old Ireland, the land of our forefathers, where repose the bones of your degen. I would be recent to the instincts of my nature if I did not cherish as the very life within me love of freedom for Ireland, the glory of her past, and the bright hope of her future. But, love of freedom should not

be bound by national lines. He is narrow and contracted who cannot see beyond the horizon of his birth. At the altar of justice the true patriot will fight his torch of freedom, and in the tabernacle of his heart he will cherish liberty for all mankind, irrespective of race or creed—true to his country and true to his God! True to the poet Lowell who says, in beautiful words:  
He's true to God who's true to man; where ever wrong is done  
To the humbled and the weakest 'neath the all-blessing sun.  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all the race.  
And so, if we wish to become good Canadian citizens, we must give the right hand of fellowship to the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Frenchman and the Irishman. This is the true spirit of freedom, a spirit which has gained for Canada the proud title of being the best governed country in the world. Our first duty belongs to Canada, but we cannot better perform that duty than by adding lustre to our citizenship, through a great pride in the heroic deeds of our ancestors. To be a great Canadian people, we must be an united people, and we can never become a national unit unless we respect national sentiment in one another. I do not believe any class in Canada can justly claim a monopoly of Canadian patriotism. The same glory that lights up the shaft on Queenston Heights, and tells of the heroism of Isaac Brock, sits the pulse of every Frenchman, as he gazes with pride upon the fame-lit field of Chateaugay. Let us bring to the adornment of Canadian life the national virtues of our forefathers. Let the Irish Canadian share in pride with the genius of Auld Scotia—in the purple light of fame that rests upon her heather'd hills. Then, must the Scotch Canadian feel rapture of joy when he beholds the morn of Ireland's freedom dawning through that much to be desired boon, Irish Home Rule.

Permit me at this point to thank the St. Patrick's Literary Society for their handsome gift of books. In reading the pages of Parkman, I will be reminded of the glorious deeds of sons of La Belle France, in Canada, at a time when, to shape the destiny of this country required a heroism and self sacrifice that have won for the early pioneers of Christian civilization in Canada the admiration of the whole world. In the pages of Parkman I will learn to revere the honored names of Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Marquette, and the sacred Laval, whose piety, courage and devotion laid widely and deeply the foundation of this our beloved land. Long since have these pioneers of Christian civilization in Canada passed away. They are not here!

"Not here! Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel.  
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells on ocean's shore  
Harmonious echoes ring, and names that in the days gone by  
Were spells, are aient with that soft music.  
If there dwells the spirit here our country's fame to spread,  
While every breast beats with joy and triumph  
And earth vibrates to our measured tread,  
Banish all wreath should own our reverence for the dead!"  
But already I have spoken at too great a length. Let me assure you, gentlemen, I will cherish in grateful memory the kindness you have shown me this evening. I came to Pembroke two years ago, a stranger, and it is a source of much gratification for me to know that at my departure from the town I leave behind me so many warm and sincere friends. I thank you, sirs, gentlemen, and assure you, in the words of Burns to Gairnair:—  
"The bridegroom may forget the bride was made his wedded wife yestreen,  
The monarch may forget the crown that on his head an hour hath been,  
The mother may forget the child that smiles as sweetly on her knee,  
But I'll remember you, my friends, and all that you have been to me."  
Short addresses were afterwards delivered by Thos. Murray, M. P. P., the vicar-chaplain, and Messrs. James Findlay, Wm. H. P. B. Farib, M. J. Gorman, Thos. Mackay, M. H. Mackay, H. Jamieson, and others; these were interspersed with songs by Dr. Bedard and A. J. Fortier, and a clever recitation, "Dunphy's Speech on the Fixing of the County Town in Pembroke," by W. C. Irving. All the speakers referred in most flattering terms to Mr. O'Hagan, and all deeply regretted his departure. Mr. O'Hagan left by the afternoon train on Tuesday for Toronto. He has just reason to be proud of the estimation in which he is held by so many of his late fellow citizens.

**OBITUARY.**  
Mrs. Sarah Gleeson, Fletcher.  
This good lady died on the 29th of December, at the age of 66 years, after receiving the last sacraments of our holy church of which she was a faithful adherent. She came to this country, from the county of Antrim, Ireland, when about 15 years of age. She spent all her days on the farm with her husband, Thos. Gleeson, who still survives her, but in feeble health, at the age of 74 years. Her family of six children, four boys and two girls, are all grown up, the youngest being 25 years old. She was buried on the 31st Dec. at Queen's High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Higinson, at St. Patrick's Church, Raleigh. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends, all of whom we offer our sincere condolences.

Cardinal Gibbons has received a notification by cable from the Vatican of the appointment of Father Bardard J. McManus, as a Monsignor. Father McManus is one of the ablest and most prominent priests in Baltimore. He is an Irishman by birth, but he came to this country when he was a boy.  
Suns blinded by the dust of the world cannot understand what an affliction it is not to find G. d.



adrift like himself. In spots the sea was smothered by charred and sometimes blackened fragments. A galley up a long way was lying with a torn sail hanging from the tilted yard, and the oars all idle. Still farther away he could discern moving specks, which he thought might be ships in flight or pursuit, or they might be white birds a wing.

An hour passed thus. His anxiety increased. If relief came not speedily, Arrius would die. Sometimes he seemed already dead, he lay so still. He took the helmet off, and then, with greater difficulty, the cuirass; the heart he found fluttering. He took hope at the sign, and held on. There was nothing to do but wait, and, after the manner of his people, pray.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOLLY MURPHY.

AN IRISH BALLAD OF REAL LIFE, THE AUTHOR OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN.

Molly Murphy, five-and-forty, lived along the Cooley strand— Lived by selling fish and coxies—and she was marked for Molly's hand. Mooney was a man of fortune, owned a pony and a cart. And oh, the life of fortune! owned poor Molly Murphy's heart.

Molly's heart was very tender, though her hand was rough and red. Scared by fifty lines and creases in the toll for daily bread. Molly's waist was far from dainty, and her voice was somewhat loud. Heard above the din of purchase in the little market crowd.

Dressed in drugged gown and praskin, with a kerchief red and green. With a creel behind her shoulders, sturdy Molly might be seen. There is little good in gushing, still I think that I may say. Had the world all Molly Murphys truly 'twere a wondrous day!

Mooney's mother lay in fever, Mooney's self was stricken down. "This is taking," said the doctor, who had driven out from town. "It may be their death to move them," all the neighbors abrank in dread—"I will nurse them," Molly said.

"It may cost your life, good woman," said the doctor, cold and dry. "God is good," she answered, purpose pointed in her eye. "Bravely spoken," cried the doctor, "but the time will soon grow wild. After that—should he get through it—you must nurse him like a child."

Then he caught his ear and left her where the son and mother lay. One at each end of the cabin, as the daylight died away. Hovering between their pallets, Molly marked the mother's head. And she thought, "He'll have to-morrow—be must have the priest to-night!"

But the men had all gone fishing out upon the evening tide. And the dreary cold of fever made the women terrify'd. Years before the fall destruction devastated all their little homes. And the recollection filled their frightened hearts for evermore.

No, she must not scare the neighbors; she herself will bring the priest. Though he live far down the parish—two long Irish miles at least. With a murmured benediction on the little thatched roof. Molly hopped the door behind her and proceeded down the road.

When she reached and told the curate, suddenly she saw him stir. Like a twig that awakes and trembles underneath a steady wind. "Father dear," she cried in anguish, "you are young and far from strong! I will run for Father Brad—'tis not so very long."

"I will go," the young priest answered, as he pulled the pallor on his cheek. "No, your reverence—no, scush!—'tis I, Father Brad's own. He is old, but he is steady, as your own will be some day. Please God!" Molly curtseyed, left him, and dashed down the road.

In the solemn hours of morning, when the watcher by the bed. Feels the awful sense of silence weigh upon his heart like lead. Molly watched the curate's patients and her heart went high in prayer. Grateful she had found the father and had brought his blessing there.

All the love she long had cherished, often with a sense of shame. For the rough and sturdy Mooney now she felt was from her name. Blessed love that links creation! Love unselfish, brave, serene. Makes the proudest queen a woman—makes the humblest woman queen!

Mooney raved, and in his raving told what Molly had not known. Told the secret of his passion for the dark-haired Kate Malone was young and blooming, decked with ribbons neat and smart. And poor Molly, as she listened, felt the words go through her heart.

Did she leave him? Friends, I fear me! have told my tale in vain. If you question this of Molly—honest Molly, poor and plain. No! she would sooner and mother days and nights when both were wild. Then as first the curate said it, nursed them gently like a child.

And when Mooney's strength came to him and he mixed once more with life. Gratitude within him prompted and he sought to make her wife. "No," said she, "you love another; love is not for such a man as I. Kate, no doubt, will make you happy—I would rather far be free."

Kate Malone is Mrs. Mooney; children crowd her cottage floor; Molly Murphy toils to market as she did in days of yore. While her back can bear a burthen Molly's crust is pretty none. After that—well, there's the workhouse—wealth's last tribute to the poor!

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

The Deaf Made to Hear.

After eight years suffering from deafness so bad that I was unable to attend to my business, I was cured by the use of Haggard's Yellow Oil. With gratitude I make this known for the benefit of others afflicted." Harry Ricardo, Toronto.

J. H. Earl, West St. Paul, P. Q., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Elettrolic Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, etc., and I think it equally as good for horses as for man."

Be on Your Guard

Against sudden colds, irritating coughs and soreness of the throat. Keep Haggard's Pectoral Balm at hand for these prevalent troubles of Fall and Winter.

"THE PRIEST IN THE FAMILY."

FATHER ROBINSON ON LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

An enormous congregation attended the evening service at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Sunday, when the Rev. Walter Croke Robinson continued his course of sermons on the above subject. The reverend preacher proceeded to say: "We have done now with politics, with civil or political liberty. To-day, we speak of dogmatic liberty of conscience, which is a far different thing. There has been a multitude of correspondence on this subject of the priest in the family, and I must say that some of this literature has been so foolish, that we have been obliged to ask the Postmaster-General whether he allows such things to pass through the post in England. He has replied that he does not allow it, and has kept many post cards back. Now, it seems to me that the Protestants who have indicated these communications, those who are so much against the priests, are in very strange company. A man is known by his friends, they say, and so is a cause. I repudiate, on the part of my fellow countrymen, the action of the people who have so written. Amongst others, a Protestant society has sent a pamphlet which I could no more describe to you here than I could the obscenity of the London streets at night; and if we were thinking of asking the Home Secretary to prosecute them. Really, does it not look like Pilate and Herod going against Christ? Next, we have anonymous letters. The man who writes an anonymous letter is a liar and a sneak; such conduct is an English. Such letters may be read, so pray not to send them to me for me to only go into the waste-paper basket. Now, there has been one objection raised. 'The idea of the Catholic Church talking of liberty of conscience—does the Catholic Church allow it?' What is the real popular meaning of that? Does the Church allow freedom of opinion in matters of religion? Look at my answer.

DO YOU THINK I AM AFRAID of the question? Certainly not. "Ah," says one, "I thought he would have come to that." But am I afraid of it? Do I look like it? "Ah, yes, but you have waited a long time, you have got to come to it at last." So far from being afraid of it, I think this the very crowning point of my life; I never thought I should have had this magnificent opportunity, unworthy as I am, to defend the Catholic Church in this manner. May God give me grace to do it well, and you the grace to listen to me. I say, then, that you Protestants are not asking for liberty but for license, and between those two there is all the difference in the world. What the Church puts its foot down upon is license, not liberty of conscience. I maintain that there cannot be truth liberally maintained and secured by law. I think of one case where liberty is not license, where there are no red Indian tribes, and he remains the monarch of all he surveys; but suppose another man comes and settles there; he must respect his rights. Let us look in the social order. Take a householder in London, who has a nice house and garden, and is fond of it. One day his brain becomes a bit addled, and he decides he will take a walk in his neighbor's garden, because you know this is the law of liberty. His neighbor naturally asks what he wants there, is that liberty or license? It is license, for the liberty would be made into license by the coercion of the law. Could that man then trespassing say, "Oh, what a prisoner I am; here comes the law and says I must not go on his property." Take another case. A person has a cruse for natural history—a resident in London, and he fancies he will have

TWENTY ANIMALS IN HIS HOUSE.

He says, "I have a perfect right to do what I like with my own," but the Vestry says, "I beg your pardon, you have not, because you will be a nuisance to your neighbors." Is that any cause for a person to say, "Oh, what a nuisance to my neighbors! Now I am in an express train at night, and I look ahead out of the window; the train is rushing through the darkness at the rate of fifty miles an hour, going over bridges, roads, rivers, and canals, and cutting through dells and hills; my nerves give way. The engine driver is used to it; but presently I see an ahead a foaming, frightful looking thing. It is another train, and I think to myself, 'Oh, we are going to run into it.' It is we! No, nothing of the kind. The driver of the engine knows that we are safe, because each train has a separate and certain set of rails to run upon. Now what is the liberty of that train? It is a liberty which coerces and saves it from running into bridges, going to the bottom of canals and rivers, and running into towns and knocking down houses. What would be the license of the train? By running of the rails to be sure. I take another case. Two people come to London who know nothing of the city, and I say to them, "I want you to find the British Museum." I say to them, "You can go where you like, do your best, and find it out;" but I tell one of the two that it is not on the south side of the Thames. Here we have one man free and the other not. Which, think you, will find the Museum first? The coerced man to be sure, for he is told not to go to the south, where the other man may possibly go first. Well, I look round the world and nowhere do I find license permitted. Wherever you look in this world, or in whatever department, you will find this great principle prevails, YOU WILL FIND BEAUTY EVERYWHERE, and you will also find law and order. Look at botany and geology, look at every part of nature, you must recognize the beneficence of law and order. I know nothing more wonderful than this. In every science laws are laid down. Let us take the beautiful science of music, in which there are numerous standard laws. Let an amateur go and try to compose a piece, and he will find twenty or thirty errors in every page. He may say, "Oh, hang the laws, I will go and put my music into the hands of the orchestra." What would there be in a few minutes? Not much music I fear! Would you call the brain of Mendelssohn fettered. He was a man who kept most stringently to rule. Will you tell me that the mind was fettered (because bound down by rule)

that composed such an oratorio as "Elijah" or "St. Paul"? Keep this in your mind, and tell me it is likely that the great God who in His lower creation makes use of coercion, in which there is liberty, and slavery outside it—is it possible, then, in His higher world with man He dispenses with all the science of law and order and obedience? Do you think it likely He should say in this, the highest of all sciences, "I don't wish it to be in law and order, but I do wish it to be all confusion worse confounded. MY PROTESTANT OBJECTOR, YOU ASK FOR license not liberty, but I tell you that all over the world you cannot find liberty without the coercion of law. The Church says to me, "God has given you the rails for the train to run upon," and I am obliged to lay down the rails as Noah did. True liberty with the antediluvian would have been obeying the law, whereas they preferred license, and were swept away in the deluge. Moses was the authorized standard of truth and he was followed by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and the Holy Catholic Church has since continued to lay down the rails, and if you say to you will be saved, and if you get off them you will go to the bottom of the canal." I hear somebody saying, "Oh, you are begging the question; I doubt the result being so disastrous as going to the bottom of the canal." Do you? Well, let us look at the question. Look at the state of England now compared with what it was before the Tudor dynasty, when it was one in the faith. Is it not better to be of one Faith altogether? If you say no—that it is better to differ and to quarrel and to have all these jarrings about "The Priest in the Family," then

YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE THE CHURCH. Some one has said there are 153 sects, and another says you mean not less than 253, and all of them clamouring to get people away from the other. They say they don't; but they are very glad when they go to another. What does a priest often find? A man will say, "I don't know how I shall ever come myself. What am I to believe? One man tells me one thing and another another." Poor wretch, without a creed what is the good of him? Is it a happy thing for England to be full of agonized hearts because they do not know what to believe? What is license but the setting of one class against another. In the public institutions of England you will find the vast majority of the Protestant poor dying without God altogether; and I have heard the children of the faith say, "They die like dogs." I have hundreds of times inquired of these people, and they say, "Oh, I have no religion." "But," I have said, "won't you say your prayers." "Oh, what is the good of that?" says the dying Protestant; and I do charge Protestantism with this. You have had possession of England for 200 years—how is it that England is half pagan? Well, the Ritualists have been saying about here in connection with these sermons, "Oh, mind you don't go to the Pro-Cathedral." These Ritualists say they belong to a certain Guild, and they must not go to a Catholic Church. They say it is only a branch Church. Very well,

from one branch to another? Your freedom of opinion means that one must be indifferent. If a man makes the question yes or no, black or white, it's all the same. Then comes that dreadful blasphemy—"it does not matter." Can the Pope as Vicar of Christ forgive sins or not? Oh, it's all the same; it does not matter. Surely that follows from the Protestant idea of freedom of thought. One says so and so, and I do charge Protestantism with this. It does not matter; it is all the same. What would you think of a judge in a court of justice who would say that two contradictions were the same thing? Is not such an argument making God indifferent to truth. That is my first charge against your liberty of conscience. If you say every man is entitled to his own opinion, then I say there is no such thing as truth. I give you an illustration. In a city college garden of one of the universities, I will make it as vague as possible—there is a tree; it is twenty feet high, and nobody but a botanist can make it out. You will see visitors there wondering what sort of a tree it is. One says, "I think it is a plane tree." "Oh no, it is an oak," says another, and some one else will point to it as a pine. Well, perhaps they are all agreed that it is a tree. I am not so certain about that; perhaps some would call it a shrub. Whatever they would call it, I make it as vague as possible of a public school where you deny that it is a tree, but according to the opinion of each one—and there are all correct—it must be a thousand different things. The Protestant says there is no objective truth. Whatever you think, or do not think, the Catholic Church says this is the Truth; it is one certain kind of tree

AND NO OPINION OF YOURS WILL ALTER IT. There is the one objective Truth, independent of what you may think about it. If you don't believe in that you destroy Truth altogether, and therefore "let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." If a Protestant is logical he must be an infidel. A Protestant recently conversing with a priest said, "If Truth be what people make it, then it does not exist of itself. Suppose I chose to say I don't believe in Jesus Christ. I have as much right to make it as you have. I say that as you have to say the reverse." So that in reality giving way to free thought was logical. This is the Protestant claim—license not liberty, and that is what is making England at the present day in a great measure infidel and freethinking. Our Divine Lord speaks of a Church seated upon a hill, which no one can mistake, and He speaks also of false teachers. In other words He does but lay down the rock of Truth on which we are to run as Noah did in the early days. "Oh,

I DON'T SEE MUCH OF THE POPE of Rome in the first three centuries." Don't you? A hundred and eighty years after our Lord's ascension we find a celebrated theologian and writer called Irenaeus, who was a disciple of St. Polycarp, who was himself the disciple of St. John. He was therefore a disciple once removed, and must have had the apostolic tradition. Listen. He says with the Church of

Rome because of its more powerful primacy, which means supremacy—every Church must agree, for that is the depositary in which the tradition of the Apostles has ever been preserved. How is it that Protestantism don't see that? Why? Because they don't want to see it. Nelson could not see a certain signal at Copenhagen. Why? Because he was blind in one eye, and he put the telescope to the blind eye. Who was it that first brought the faith here to England? We cannot say, but in the year 180, King Lucius sent to Pope Eleutherus to ask him for teachers, and the Legates of Pope went and taught the Faith all over England, and yet we are told that this was not Catholicity. In the year 311 there were three British Bishops, and we are told they were not Catholic. This is about the most audacious remark I have ever met with. These three Bishops signed a certain document, and what do you find about that? Why, that it was sent to the Pope, and yet we are told that the English Church was not Catholic and Roman.

I WISH PEOPLE WOULD KEEP TO THE TRUTH and put away bigotry. This is as true as any fact in history, and yet we are told by Bishops of the Protestant Church (men who ought to know better) that the early English Church was not Catholic. Now I want to take you up stairs, and what is the first step? If your soul is to be saved, God must show the way. He must somehow, somewhere, and sometime show the way. It cannot be that we are to tell Him our opinion of a word of which we know nothing. The one story is that of the Catholic, the other that of the Protestant. The next step is that this way must be one and not two; for there cannot be one way contradicting the other. Now the Pope is infallible. The Protestant says no. But now look: those two contradictory things cannot be true—one must be right and the other wrong. Either I am here in this pulpit to-night or I am not. At Oxford it used to be quite a thing to smile at, at the end of one street there was a man with reverence because he is dead, a celebrated man, Dr. Pusey, and almost opposite to him was an Evangelical clergyman just as good in his way. A man goes to Pusey and asks, "Can you forgive sins?" "Most certainly I can," says Pusey. "Oh, but wait a minute, I am not fifty yards further, and he goes to the minister of the English Church, "Can you forgive sins?" "What is the reply?" "Certainly not; the idea is a fable and a dangerous deceit."

OH, WHAT A STRANGE CHURCH! It teaches black and white, yes and no, at the same time. That church must be in error somewhere. "What am I to think about it?" I hear some saying. I don't know, except what I thought about it. Well, God has made a way, and He cannot utter a contradiction to what He has said. The next step is that the Church must be infallible. Don't be afraid of that word. It means certainty. The next step is the enormous importance of belonging to that Church. Where is the religion that answers to those steps I have put before you? Well, there is a man in search of a religion. He goes over the road to that church which with the great spirit and asks, "Are you the Catholic Church?" "You are infallible?" "Infallible God forbid." "Go to all the sects, it is the same. I need not dwell upon it, for they break down everywhere. A man comes to the Catholic Church and he says, "Are you one, absolutely one, all over the world? Are you infallible?" "Yes. "Are you exclusive?" "Yes. "Is it of very great importance to belong to you?" "Yes, the difference between heaven and hell. Then he would say, "I will go, but I will not." "You can easily find the Church if you want, for it is 'seated on a hill.' Two hundred years ago you might have had great difficulty in finding it; you would have had to go to the barns and the hollows of the country. Now, if there is anything wanting in the Church of England it is unity; and yet here in this little one and Catholic Church we have 250 millions of people all over the world absolutely one. There is a room with three ascended at one end, and there are assembled the people of many nationalities—a Red Indian and a Frenchman, a German and a Russian, a Spaniard and a Dutchman, Bulgarian and a Turk, an American and an Englishman. What a gathering to be sure!

WHAT A ROW THERE WILL BE in a few minutes! The curtain is drawn aside and there is an altar. The priest enters to say Mass, and what happens? Why, all these men, Catholics from every nation under the sun, kneel together in one act of adoration and worship in perfect unity. They have no notions of High Church, Catholic or Low, Broad, or Narrow Church Catholic. They are one. Well, the direct production of the Catholic Church's holiness. I know there are some Catholics who are very tiresome and been but in the Catholic Church? Is it not wonderful to think that the name Catholic was cast out of this country three hundred years ago as something hateful, and now they are all trying to make out they are Catholics, and they not only the Ritualists but sound English Churchmen? What does that term mean? I never could make it out. What is the meaning of the term Catholic? It is the gathering of all the nations into one. Sin came into the world and separated man from his brother. Look at Babel, and what has its result but confusion and separation. So was with the advent and invention of the sects.

War Ahead. There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of happiness, prosperity and wealth. Wherever you go, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards each month. Some have earned over \$100 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new; both sexes. All ages. Pay, as above guaranteed, from first start.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate IN DIGESTIVE DISORDERS. DR. E. V. WRIGHT, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., says: "I have used it for years, and my experience has proved beyond question, that the peculiar combination of phosphates renders it most valuable in the treatment of digestive disorders." Sure Cure for Rheumatism. If the system is properly cleansed by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Burdock Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will use Haggard's Yellow Oil according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

THE MONKS WERE NOT "DREAMERS."

The enormous amount of misinformation that is all at once amaze a plain man. These are the days of rapid reading, of condensed learning, of pocket encyclopaedias, of "education" so called. Even the Protestant pulpit seems to be reading nowadays something besides its unvarnished King James Bible, though one must own it is a pity that it does not choose its reading more carefully. For instance, the rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church, New York, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, lately preached a sermon to his flock on the fateful subject of the day, labor agitation, and he thought fit to refer to "the monks." It is amusing, by the way, to note how often "the monks" are referred to as if they were a prehistoric species, a subject to treat, and yet gave considerable space to the election of an abbot by a young but flourishing community of monks in Newark, N. J.

But Dr. Huntington has evidently been reading something recently about "the monks," though where he got his information it is hard to say. The following passages from his sermon, as reported in the New York Tribune (December 6), will show every Catholic, whether highly educated or not, and every non-Catholic who has read history to any advantage at all, that Dr. Huntington has been badly misled, or has not read with proper attention to the subject.

"The dream of a community of goods was what lay behind the so-called monastic system, that wonderful network of religious societies or communes that once overspread the whole face of Christian Europe. It was a brave and praiseworthy idea, and every non-Catholic who has read history to any advantage at all, that Dr. Huntington has been badly misled, or has not read with proper attention to the subject.

It is necessary to correct Dr. Huntington. Dr. Huntington was thinking for the moment of the Middle Ages. But in the Middle Ages there was no "labor problem" for monks or any one else to solve. The free guilds under the patronage and guidance of the Catholic Church controlled the labor of the cities and towns, while in the country, where feudalism still maintained some of its olden barbarism in the shape of the manor, the labor was performed by serfs. As this is by the way, the main point is that neither St. Benedict, who gave the first rule to the monks of the West, nor any of the saintly men who in after times recognized or modified his rule to suit special circumstances, had any notion of "persuading society at large to exchange its own form of organization for theirs," nor were they greatly concerned about what Dr. Huntington so pathetically describes as "unloving competitions of the every day world."

The ingenuous M. Mallock, a few months ago, published a romance in which the project was brought forward of reuniting monasticism on a large scale in England, not as a religious and ascetic institution, but as a sort of Christian substitute for Fourier's phalansteries. Can it be possible that Dr. Huntington's knowledge of the monastic system is derived from Mallock?

The "labor problem" will never be "solved" by any other than those who labor themselves. Eloquent discourses to well-dressed, carefully gloved ladies and gentlemen, whether in a church or a public hall, will merely help to begot the matter. The monks, who had for the motto of their own lives, "pray and work" were the best friends that wage-working laborers ever had, yet, in spite of Dr. Huntington's pretty fancies, their own system of living was designed for no other purpose than that of saving their own and their neighbors' souls and thereby glorifying God.

If Protestant ministers wish to dabble in serious economic questions, they ought at least to leave the religious orders of the Catholic Church alone, for these orders have been founded by saints, have been founded for holy ends, and have without exception been notably severe to sentimental trifling of all sorts.—Catholic Review.

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Bell Telephone Co., Bellefonte Electric Light Co.

The following extract from Chief Justice Wilson's Judgment in this case granting an injunction against the Bellefonte Electric Light Company and compelling them to remove four of their poles to the opposite side of the street from those of the Bellefonte Company will be interesting as being the first decision of the kind in Canada. After referring to the Statute of the Dominion and of Ontario, under which the Plaintiffs are incorporated and derive their powers, and reviewing a large mass of evidence and quoting extensively from articles in American Electrical Journals, His Lordship says:—"It appears the plaintiffs were in possession of the ground for the erection of their poles, and that they had their poles erected about two years before the defendants put up their poles. That however did not give them the exclusive possession or right to use the sides of the road on which they had placed their poles, even if they had the independent right to use the sides of the roads under the Dominion Act without the consent of the Municipal Council. It is not necessary to say whether the Dominion Act or the Provincial Act is the Act under which the plaintiffs have the right to exercise their powers, that is, whether they have the right to use the road sides for their poles without the leave of the Municipality, or only with such leave according to the Ontario Act. It is sufficient to say that being in the earlier possession of the ground required for their poles, the defendants have not the right to interfere with or do away with the poles of the plaintiffs earlier rights. The defendants would not have the right to cut down or remove the plaintiffs' poles, nor to make use of them, nor to place wires or do anything else which would damage the purpose or usefulness of the poles or wires which the plaintiffs had placed there, nor to render useless or prejudice the business which the plaintiffs were and are authorized to carry on by means of these poles and wires, nor to cause danger to life or property by stringing their wires so near to those of the plaintiffs that life or property is endangered thereby. There is abundant testimony that placing the wires of these parties too near to each other (and the later erection would be the act of the wrong doer), while the instruments are in use or in electrical storms is dangerous and has not only caused danger, but has destroyed property by fire, and has destroyed human life. And the instances of such accidents are more numerous than those who do not give much attention to these matters would suppose. So numerous that in many parts of the United States special legislative interference has been urgently called for and to such an extent as to prohibit the placing of electric light wires on the same side of the road upon which either telegraph or telephone wires are strung. For although the electric wires may be a few feet distant from the others either in parallel lines or above or below the others, some accident may connect the two wires by breakage of one of them, or otherwise, that danger may be produced. It is also said it is difficult to preserve complete insulation and that if the material used for it becomes melted through, the insulation is destroyed and the covering of the wire is no greater protection against induction than is the exposed wire. How far the defendants could be indicted, see Regina vs. Lester, Deara vs. Bell, C. C. 209; Hepburn vs. Lordan, 11 Jur. N. S. 132, 2 Hem and M. 345. I am quite satisfied there is and must be danger from accident or neglect to be apprehended from these two wires running parallel to each other on the one side above or below the other in the proximity of the one to the other as represented in the evidence, and that the defendants are the wrong doers in the respect that they are the persons who while the plaintiffs were in possession of the ground have placed their poles and wires in that position of danger towards the works of the plaintiffs; that not much harm has been done to the plaintiffs so far according to their own account is fortunate for both parties; that it may happen at any moment, and reasonably be feared, but what the extent of that harm may be either to life or property cannot be limited or defined. The R. S. O. c. 157 sec. 19 and 70 which are part of the 45 Vic. c. 19 and 3, have some connection with this application. But independently of these general provisions the plaintiffs are entitled to relief on the general and common law grounds upon which summary protection and relief in cases of the kind are granted. The fact that the City Engineer located the defendants upon the side of the road in question will not give the defendants an indefeasible right to maintain their poles and wires as against the plaintiffs upon the side so assigned to the defendants. The plaintiffs had the prior right, they have always opposed the defendants' right to have their poles where they are, and the City Council had not the right to destroy or prejudice the privilege they had already granted to the plaintiffs. I think the plaintiffs are entitled to the relief they ask and I am glad to say it cannot be a very serious matter to the defendants if the whole of the cost of transferring their wires to the other side of the road will cost only about \$10. In my opinion the defendants must be ordered to remove their poles and wires to the other side of the road in question, that is to the side of the road on which the plaintiffs have not their poles and wires, and that the defendants do pay the costs of this application. The order will be in the usual form to proceed with the trial of the action to pay damages, &c. The removal to be made on or before

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. It stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use. Four Years of Suffering. Mrs. Torrance McNish, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years of intense suffering with scrofula, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical aid had failed.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 480 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ENGLAND.

REV. JOHN F. COFFEY, M. A., L. D., EDITOR

GEN. AGENTS: Messrs. Donat Crowe and Luke King.

OTTAWA AGENCY: F. J. Coffey, General Agent, 74 George St.

Approved by the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishops of Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, and Peterboro, and leading Catholics throughout the Dominion.

All correspondence addressed to the Editor will receive prompt attention.

Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

Persons writing for a change of address should invariably send us the name of their former post office.

Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1887.

FREEMASONRY A GREAT EVIL.

The Masonic body, especially in the English-speaking countries, was deeply distressed when Pope Leo XIII., in his admirable Encyclical Humanum Genus, struck it with a renewed and emphasized condemnation.

Why should Freemasonry be placed outside the pale of Catholicity, seeing that they are nothing but a harmless friendly society of benevolents, with no other object but that of driving dull care away by means of a set of mysteries which every one knows to be meant for naught but mystification?

Thus reasoned a good many people at the time when the late Pope Pius IX pronounced condemnation of that institution and its votaries.

Let us consult a little book recently published at Leipzig under the title "The Papal Church and the Free Masons" (Die Papstkirche und die Freimaurer) to see what the real aims of "the Craft" are.

1st.—The breaking up of every ecclesiastical authority.

2nd.—The complete separation of Church and State.

3rd.—The abolition of all religious instruction.

4th.—The humanization of family life, i. e., doing away with religious marriages, baptisms, church worship, etc.

5th.—Winning over the women by the suppression of all convents and convent establishments.

This is the programme of Freemasonry in Germany, which does not go anything like so far as the French and Belgian programmes, for both in France and Belgium the very belief in the existence of the Deity is now looked upon as rank treason to the masonic craft, so much so that in the decrees of the French "Grand Orient" the words, "To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe," which were compulsory but twenty-five years ago, have disappeared.

Let there be no mistake; both Pius VII and Pius IX knew what they were about when they condemned Freemasonry. [See XIII. also.]

The Universe here very clearly reproduces the Masonic platform. Take France, take Italy or Spain, and are not the aims above given very steadily, persistently and defiantly pursued by Masons and their sympathizers? Are not all the leading anti-clericalists Masons? Do they not carry their elections through the machinery of the loafs? Do they not draw their financial aid from the powerful and controlling Jewish element in the organization? Is not the press of continental Europe literally owned or notoriously subsidized by Jewish masonic money? Yet there are Catholics gullible enough—the word is none too strong—there are, we say, Catholics gullible enough to believe Masonic declarations of benevolence, fraternity and the like, and some, too, wicked enough to enter the portals of that anti-Christian body.

We argue not for the destruction of the Masonic organization by force, but we do think that there is a pressing and imperative duty resting upon all Catholics to combat this great evil by every legiti-

mate and peaceful means in their power. At this very moment the Holy Father is a real, not nominal, prisoner in the Vatican. The head of the Church is as much constrained by persecution, as much bereft of liberty, as were any of his venerable predecessors in Imperial Rome. He dare not leave the Vatican to appear in public in his own Eternal City. His life, as it is, is not at any time worth a week's lease, with the bitter enemies that surround him, some of whom openly threaten to destroy the Vatican with dynamite.

To what is this painful, disgraceful state of affairs due? To the machinations of the Masonic body and its leaders, whose platform is given us by the Universe, a platform framed in unconcealed hostility to the Church, and which its framers and promoters will seek and struggle to enforce upon the world.

Their antagonism to the Papacy is easily understood. The successor of Peter, vice gerent of Christ upon earth, sole legitimate guardian of Christian civilization, is their enemy, because he is the enemy of error and wickedness in every form. He must, therefore, be crushed before the principles above enumerated can be carried into effect.

TO MUCH OF ONE THING.

It is not often that we can agree with the Ottawa Citizen, but its views on the Howland re-election episode in Toronto are so sound and incontrovertible that we cannot but favor our readers with their perusal.

The speeches delivered by Mr. Howland and his supporters in Toronto when the result of the Mayoralty contest became known were of an extraordinary character. The name of the Almighty was frequently introduced by the re-elected Mayor, and other speakers made frequent mention of the holy name. The enthusiasm was so great at one stage of the publications that an enthusiast led off by singing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," by the grand old doxology being joined in by the thousands of citizens assembled to rejoice over Mr. Howland's victory.

It may be that Toronto up to Mr. Howland's election as Mayor was the vilest city on the continent—a city reeking with all manner of corruption and every description of vice, and that Mr. Howland was destined to prove a moral Hercules whose mission was to clean out that Augean stable; but outsiders will be of the opinion that the Howland business is being over-done, and that after all the "Queen City" was not so surprisingly wicked as he and his supporters and some of the newspapers would make out. He is a first class man in many respects, no doubt; but the contention that his re-election was an absolute necessity in the interests of law, order and morality is a fiction on the city's good name and upon the many good men who have filled the position of Chief Magistrate in the past.

If large majorities were an indication of unquestionable excellence, then Mr. Howland is the most excellent person Ontario has yet produced. In the contest of Monday, January 3rd, he polled a total of 9,220 against 6,943 cast for Mr. David Blain. In the contest for 1896 he obtained over Mr. A. ex. Manning, a very worthy man, a majority of 1,718—till then something unheard of in municipal elections. Majorities are not, however, a safe criterion to guide judgments as to the merits or demerits of a public man. Some of the wickedest, most unprincipled, unprincipled and villainous, and at times, too, some of the stupidest of our politicians have obtained elections by very large majorities, while men good and true either suffered ignominious defeat or barely secured by narrow votes the place they or their friends coveted for them. Mr. Howland is overdoing things in Toronto. It is too late in the day now to govern any city on this continent on the blue laws which obtained a century ago in Connecticut and Massachusetts. We know that system of government has led with our neighbors, Toronto will get over—at least we hope so—this temporary aberration and seek by solid means to become a lastingly moral and religious city. These means are within its reach and it should take advantage of them. While dealing with the subject of "Too much of one thing," we may be permitted to state that the Citizen is itself a gross sinner in respect of the sickening "No Popery" cry that the Mail has shrieked to the disgust of all honest men. The Citizen, during the election campaign, claimed that the insults heaped upon the Catholics by the Mail were simply the views of the Mail and of nobody else. Whereupon the Ottawa Free Press of the 5th asked:

It is in this manner unless to insult the first and last named, cannot be explained? The Toronto Mail has never descended to a course lower than this.

We know that the Citizen is at heart as thoroughly anti-Catholic as the Mail. It lacks the courage and the brilliancy, but is animated with all the bitterness of the latter. Let it take up the No Popery cry and an indignant country will bury it in oblivion.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

The English aristocracy has of late obtained very unenviable celebrity. In fact, its very name now excites a veritable moral stench that the Christian world refuses to endure.

Nothing can better serve to bring the hereditary legislative chamber, the laws of primogeniture, and the rest of the feudal injustices and anomalies into contempt, than the ill conduct of the nobility in social life. There is not one moral law for the people and another for the aristocracy. A writer in the Montreal Herald, of Dec. 23rd, contributes a letter on which we shall attempt to make no comment. Its opening paragraphs speak volumes in themselves.

His letter is dated London, Dec. 8th, and he begins by saying: "The latter half of last month—November—will be memorable in the annals of Great Britain, owing to the causa celeberrima which have come before them, the high position of the parties impugned, and the record which they present of heartlessness, cupidity, brutishness, infidelity, libertinism and immorality. Perhaps in no other country in the world, at the present day, and in a Christian land, are so many and so grossly tainted the principles of life have been exposed to the pure light of day as those which have disgraced the upper tennet in aristocratic circles in the Kingdom of England during the expiring days of November."

He then proceeds to enumerate for the information and thoughtful perusal of the readers of our Montreal contemporary four cases, three in the Divorce and one in the Divisional Court. The enumeration is a painful one. We abbreviate it for obvious reasons.

Miss Lina Mary Scott, eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Scott, and Arthur Schright, son of Sir John Schright, for a nullity of her marriage with him, on the ground that it had been forced upon her by fear, terror and fraud, and that she did not thoroughly understand the nature of the ceremony of marriage before a registrar.

Sir Henry Costa Lee Edwards asks to be divorced from his wife, Agnes Martha Clarke, on the ground of marital infidelity.

Mr. Charles Warren Adams institutes proceedings for libel against his father-in-law, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, and his son, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, M. P., and places his damages at £20,000.

Lady Colin Campbell applies for a dissolution of her marriage with her husband, Lord Colin Campbell, fifth son of the Duke of Argyll and brother of the Marquis of Lorne, on account of his criminal conduct; and as a counter case Lord Colin Campbell pleads to be divorced from his wife because of her alleged general misconduct.

The enumeration of criminality is a very painful recitation on the evils attendant upon hereditary wealth and title. How true it appears from these and other scandals that have of late shocked the civilized world that idleness is the mother of vice. The nobility of England know nothing of the arduous struggle for life in which all not born rich are of a necessity engaged. They are in too many cases bred in idleness and at an early age form habits of refined viciousness which yield heavy crops of crime and degradation. Here in America we have an aristocracy of intellect and of merit whose very existence depends upon its personal regard for the moral law—an aristocracy to which none in Europe can compare. Here in this free land, we speak both of Canada and the United States, every man is a lord. He is a sovereign citizen upon whose will depends the making and the unmaking of laws, of magistrates, of legislators and administrators. There is here no inherited title and little of inherited wealth. Monopoly has indeed shown its hand and made its cruel power felt even in America, but with a free ballot-box no one need fear that America's freedom will be crushed even by gigantic monopolies. Their existence will tend to make the people more vigilant and more active. There is an unfortunate tendency on this side of the Atlantic, too prevalent among our republican neighbors, but as yet barely observable in Canada, to worship foreign titles and a distant aristocracy. The Baltimore Catholic Mirror of Dec. 11th, felt constrained to rebuke, in terms sharp and severe, this painful tendency. The Mirror wrote:

"Giddy American girls who dearly love a lord, and are willing to marry any sort of thing so it has a title, should take warning by the recent developments of the divorce courts.

"Miss Anna Reid, of Union, N. Y., a beautiful and accomplished young lady, married Sir Arthur Percy Fitzgerald Aylmer, baronet, in 1854. He has the blood of blue blood, an old estate, and \$70,000 a year. According to the testimony, Sir Arthur, two days after the wedding, attempted to strangle and smother his wife, and later beat her with his walking stick and fist.

Miss Beesie Curtis, a New York girl recently got a divorce from her husband, a French marquis, and, despite the warning, the younger sister has just married a French aristocrat. What sort of people these foreign aristocrats are has been shown in the Colin Campbell case, the details of which have been sickening American newspaper readers for the past two weeks."

We hope that neither in Canada nor in the United States will ever be established any institution akin to the feudal aristocracy of Britain. The feudal system had its merits and served in its own good time a noble purpose, but usefulness hath long since parted with the system and it now stands an attenuated tottering remnant of absent vitality and almost forgotten greatness. The future of Canada and of the United States depends on their fidelity to democratic institutions. "All men equal in the eye of the law" should be the guiding principle of Canadian political life. Upon our fidelity to that principle, upon our strict adherence to its teachings rests our security, our peace and our prosperity.

A CHAMPION OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

In the days when toilers in the good cause were few, when fighters in the arduous battle for educational right could be counted on the finger ends of one hand, then appeared one man who never tired of work or of battle, one man whose heart was so much in his work, and enlisted so fully on his side of the battle, that he never suffered discouragement or temporary disaster to rob him of hope. This one man, a natural leader of men, is the Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, first Bishop of Rochester. Catholic America owes him more than its gratitude can ever repay. The cause that he more than forty years ago espoused, the cause to which he has devoted the best years of his life and the rarest talents of a gifted mind, is not now the unpopular, the reputedly impracticable cause it was away back in the days of Know Nothingism. It has of late years gained much favor amongst the American people, thanks to him and those like him, blessed with minds of broad and clever grasp—men courageous, outspoken, fearless, dreading neither the sneer of the internal foe nor the fierce onslaught of the avowed enemy. The services of Bishop McQuaid to the cause of Catholic education and to true American freedom are too precious to be ever covered with oblivion's dark pall. Patriotism, honor, gratitude all forbid. The Boston Pilot, the pioneer Catholic journal of the United States, lately gave utterance to American national sentiment in respect of Bishop McQuaid's life-long advocacy of the cause of the little ones of Christ's fold.

"Now," said our Boston contemporary, "that Catholic schools are springing up all over the country during the past few decades—that of the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, N. Y. They were mainly poor and without influence. The anti-Catholic element was strong, fierce and active. Any priest certainly he exempted from the decree of the Baltimore Council concerning school building. But the young priest saw the need of a school, though school building and teachers were at first out of the question. He turned the priest's house into a school and himself became the teacher. Later he was the right hand of Bishop Bayley in founding a community of religious teachers and establishing a splendid system of parochial schools in the diocese of Newark, which then included the whole State of New Jersey. He was also founder and first president of St. Ann Hall College."

The Pilot then adds that there are now nearly 30,000 children in the Christian free schools of the two dioceses of Newark and Trenton, and that a few weeks ago Bishop McQuaid preached at the laying of the corner stone of a new and magnificent school in Morristown, where in the early days of the American church he gave such clear testimony of earnestness in the cause to which his life has been devoted. Of his later services the Pilot says:

"Appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1868, he found the new diocese, except for a few little academies in his episcopal city, destitute of schools. In the face of difficulties which would have deterred even a fairly resolute spirit, he set at repeating on a new field the work he had done so successfully in New Jersey; and in little more than 10 years the entire diocese was provided with free schools, which impartial judges have pronounced unsurpassed in America.

During this time his articles in the North American Review, the Journal of Education, the New York Independent, etc., attracted wide attention. He was looked to as the foremost exponent of popular education from the Catholic standpoint, and, in response to many and urgent invitations lectured on this theme in the principal cities of the Union.

Readers of the Pilot will remember his lecture, 10 years ago, in Boston, at the invitation of the Free Religious Association (Free Thinkers). He then expressed his conviction that the equitable

settlement of the school question would come from Boston and Massachusetts, which in the very outset of their history made religion the corner stone of education. The recent significant utterances of President Eliot, of Harvard University, and a prominent Boston newspaper's acknowledgment—quoted in a late issue of the Pilot—of reason in the Catholic demands, and the wisdom of conceding something to them, begin to give to the Bishop's words the prophetic aspect."

We in Canada who enjoy privileges in the matter of education not yet conceded to our brethren in the American republic, have not been listless observers of the fight in the good cause maintained by the Bishop of Rochester. We have in him seen a true champion of the faith. We have seen him meet every objection, overcome every hostile argument with a candor, a courage and a convincing power that endeared him to the Catholic multitudes and won him applause from bitter opponents. His written and his spoken word on behalf of the cause of truth, justice and equal rights, have now borne fruit. The Catholic claims in the matter of education are no longer met with scoff and flout and jibe. Thinking men, as the Pilot points out, are beginning to see that education without religion is a curse, not a blessing, and that if the republic is to endure God must not be kept out of the school-room, but his presence there made a living reality to win the youthful mind to virtue and thus to true citizenship.

TWO OF A KIND.

There is a brotherly feeling between anarchists everywhere. The Parisian municipal council and the general council of the Seine have been petitioning the people of the United States for the extension of clemency to the condemned Chicago anarchists. Anything more revoltingly impudent we can not call to mind in our recollections of public affairs. The anarchists of Chicago are red-handed murderers of the most atrocious character. In a free country that freely extends the rights, the privileges and the dignity of its citizenship to every foreigner, no matter what color a strange sun may have burnt on him—these men, who could easily have obtained work had they so willed, and for their work got adequate compensation, combined to lay waste a great city by murder and incendiarism. The American people are, if anything, lovers of law and order. They reaped and overcame a king because he outraged the fundamental principle of justice. They put down, at the cost of millions of dollars in money and of rivers of blood, a rebellion against their federal system. Could it then for one moment be imagined that they could for a single hour tolerate the violence of the Chicago anarchists? Could any man, knowing anything of American history or American love of order, believe that these anarchists, caught red-handed in their murderous deeds, could be permitted to escape condign punishment? The American nation owes it to itself and to the world to repress such disorder with a firm hand.

We are not surprised that the action of the Parisian municipal organizations—very hotbeds themselves of communistic disorder—has excited deep indignation among our republican neighbors. The Michigan Catholic very moderately and judiciously, but sternly voices the American sentiment on the subject:

"A majority of the men who compose the bodies in whose names this petition is sent to the people of the United States are of the scum of Paris; fellows who have no more regard for the laws that should prevail in a Christian country than has the King of Dahomey. One of them, and the most influential of the lot, on being asked why the city of Paris should interest itself in the case of the Chicago anarchist, answered, 'because we believe they acted as men according to their convictions.' That is, the Chicago anarchists had 'convictions' that they had the right to kill seven men, and because they acted 'according' to these convictions and killed the seven men, they did only what they had a right to do, therefore they committed no crime. But listen to what this fellow says further: 'They (the anarchists) may be right or they may be wrong, but as free, liberal, Republican Frenchmen we cannot see men who act according to the dictates of their own consciences condemned to death with supreme! Good heavens! Who but a Paris communist, a petroleur, an anarchist who has lost all notion of right and wrong, all sense of conscience, would claim the right of murder as an exercise of liberty of conscience? Had this Frenchman anything to do with sending New York her 'Statue of Liberty?'

The Parisian communists may imagine that the rest of the world is filled with admiration for their theories, but if so America will soon undeceive them. The American people love liberty but loathe and condemn anarchy. France is to day the victims of administrative tyranny as despotic, as grinding, as odious and repulsive to every notion of true freedom as ever prevailed in ancient or modern times. She is but a republic in name, or sort of organized anarchy in which the aggressive few tyrannise over the submissive many. American freedom is something entirely different. It is

founded on the rule of the majority, and that majority obtained by free, unrestrained discussion of public affairs. America, in one word, is a free Christian country—France a despotically governed anti-Christian national existence.

THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation has shaken and demoralized the Salisbury Cabinet. The latest intelligence at hand conveys us the information that the noble lord had on two occasions previous to his taking the final step decided to offer his resignation. The first time when Lord Iddesleigh was taking what is termed the most incredible step of despatching Condie Stephen, one of the hottest of English Russophobists, to Sofia, to urge the Bulgarians to resist Russia to the last, a course that would have led to a general European conflagration. The second time was when Lord Salisbury despatched a secret memorandum to Vienna offering a fighting alliance with Austria. The third time came when "honor and conscience both obliged Lord Randolph to retire from the government." The truth is that Lord Randolph Churchill could not brook following a leader at once so audacious in speech and so poverty-stricken and cowardly in action as the Marquis of Salisbury. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer felt that with the head of the house of Cecil as leader of the Tory party that political organization would be run on old lines, and after antique fashions, to its utter disability, a living independence factor in English modern politics. No sooner had Lord Randolph announced his fixed purpose of retirement, than the Marquis of Hartington, by whose good grace, as leader of the Liberal Unionists, the Tory government is enabled to drag out a palsied existence. He was, it appears, willing to relinquish the Premiership in Hartington's favor, but the latter could not see his way to become just now a Tory leader, and refused the doubtful and dangerous honor. He has, however, so far drifted from the Liberalism of the day that he must soon, if he remain in politics, find a resting place in Toryism. Salisbury was more successful with Mr. Goschen than with Hartington. The former has accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and will contest the Exchange division of Liverpool for the Commons. He does not become leader of the House, that honor falling to the Right Hon. I. H. Smith, a sort of democratic Tory whose rise in the ranks of the aristocratic party is something phenomenal. The following brief notice now going the round of the daily press outlines his advancement to the front ranks in the Tory party:

Right Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, who has been called to the temporary leadership of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, made vacant by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, is 61 years of age, having been born June 24, 1825. His father was the founder of the firm of W. H. Smith & Son, which enjoys a monopoly of all the news agencies of the English railway stations. His first position of prominence in politics was in July, 1865, when he was defeated as a Tory candidate for the Commons. Three years afterwards he defeated the eminent John Stewart Mill and has represented Westminister ever since 1868. In Feb., 1874, he was made financial secretary of the treasury in the Tory administration, and in August, 1877, was promoted to be first lord of the admiralty, going out of office upon the defeat of his party in 1880. He was again a short time in office in 1885, and upon the defeat of the Gladstone government at the general elections last summer returned to his post in the admiralty. Mr. Smith is popularly believed to be the original of "Sir Joseph Porter" in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Pinafore."

Mr. Smith, whatever his abilities, has certainly none of the high qualifications for leading a body like the English Commons, which made Lord Randolph's brief period of command such a conspicuous success. His appointment to the post is, therefore, a transparent makeshift, and proves the utter and pitiful poverty of the Tories in men of ability. The Chicago Times seems to have formed a correct appreciation of the crisis. It says:

"The fact of the matter appears to be that the Salisbury government is on its last legs. The withdrawal of Lord Randolph Churchill has weakened it seriously, and the indications are that the incongruous alliance of Tories and dissenting Liberals by which it has thus far been supported can not be much longer maintained. The orthodox Tories and the Hartingtonians are only in accord upon a single question of domestic policy, and it is impossible that all other issues should be held in abeyance for any length of time."

The Times further points out that "many important matters are pressing for parliamentary action as to which these two elements of the so-called government party are hopelessly at variance. The emergence of any of these questions, or of a crisis in the foreign relations of the empire, would almost inevitably involve a rupture, and the consequent downfall of the government. Negotiations have recently been resumed looking to a reunion of the Gladstonians and dissenting liberals, which at last accounts were

a very promising aspect. Mr. Gladstone is reported to be in a good mood, and Mr. Gladstone is willing to concede a good deal to win back the reconciliants."

But the most cheerless prospect the Tories lies in Lord Randolph's attitude towards his chief. The Times says that tude is an element in the boding no good to any one, presented as saying that the difference between the late Chancellor Premier are wider than have been supposed, and that these differences to almost every question of politics. The Times concludes by lowering observations:

"Altogether, the conservative position seems to be in a pretty way—in danger not only of losing its allies, but of a formidable defection of its ranks, led by Churchill, whose die-hard followers are understood to revolt. The general situation is chaotic as it well could be, strong probability is that Salisbury be forced, at an early day, to the country. Indeed, it is to be expected that the preliminaries are already arranged for another general election very credible report in view of the increasing difficulties and perplexities surround the government."

We see in the crisis elements for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is the man of the house. The Tories are looking with longing for the grand old man, and willing that they should be the ranks. A London correspondent of the Liberalist writes:

"The air is full of talk of reconciliation and negotiation between the leaders of the two great parties. I am able to say that Mr. Gladstone's own private correspondence, the correspondence which alone he will consent to be published, is of the kind. First, the Rule bill shall have precedence in the House; second, that an Irish body shall be established subordinate to the Imperial Government in any way that is deemed but with power to legislate declared to be exclusively the executive Government of Ireland. From this it is evident that Chamberlain's speech at Bristol received no warmer welcome from Gladstone than from Mr. Liberal union means a Union. Mr. Chamberlain, I described by his friends as very bad temper, and detestable no further advances."

The Freeman's Journal justly affirms the adhesion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the Liberal party will be of great value to the Liberal party. It is a policy of an Irish Parliament which will never, as Mr. Chamberlain affirms, sanction such a ban of their rights. Ireland may system of Home Rule that will Rule not in name only but Home Rule that will restore perity and to the empire secure Rule that will make of England nations all over the world peoples rivaling each other in peaceful arts of Christian civilization."

THE LATE JAMES A. McMASTER.

The James A. McMaster, a lost in Catholic press. A McMaster, York Freeman's Journal, a man of grasp and herculean strength, to lead his followers, Mr. throughout a long and busy church and country services which it is impossible to content of which it were idle to describe. He was one of the men raised up at a critical moment in the history of the church which required men of mild temper to lay on a solid basis of an enduring Christian faith. McMaster seemed fully to understand the importance of the situation. Constancy, perseverance, firmness, all crowned with humility, these were among the qualities which marked, distinguished his long, busy life. How true the appreciative struggle uttered by F. G. S. J.

"Endowed as he was with extraordinary powers, which were trained and developed in a free by careful habits of discipline, he was peculiarly with the great exigencies of the time which affected the opinion that affected the time when he assumed the control of the paper with which so long he was honorably associated. The orthodox Tories and the Hartingtonians are only in accord upon a single question of domestic policy, and it is impossible that all other issues should be held in abeyance for any length of time."

The Times further points out that "many important matters are pressing for parliamentary action as to which these two elements of the so-called government party are hopelessly at variance. The emergence of any of these questions, or of a crisis in the foreign relations of the empire, would almost inevitably involve a rupture, and the consequent downfall of the government. Negotiations have recently been resumed looking to a reunion of the Gladstonians and dissenting liberals, which at last accounts were

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very promising aspect. Mr. Chamberlain is reported to be in a conciliatory mood, and Mr. Gladstone is evidently willing to concede a good deal in order to win back the recalcitrants.

But the most cheerless prospect for the Tories lies in Lord Randolph Churchill's attitude towards his quondam chief. The Times says that this attitude is an element in the situation boding no good to any one. He is represented as saying that the differences between the late chancellor and the Premier are wider than have been supposed, and that these differences relate to almost every question of current politics. The Times concludes by the following observations:

"Altogether, the conservative organization seems to be in a pretty bad way—in danger not only of losing its unionist allies, but of a formidable defection from its ranks, led by Churchill, whose immediate followers are understood to be ripe for revolt. The general situation is about as chaotic as it well could be, and the strong probability is that Salisbury will be forced, at an early day, to appeal to the country. Indeed, it is reported that the preliminaries are already being arranged for another general election—a very credible report in view of the increasing difficulties and perplexities that surround the government."

We see in the crisis elements of hope for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is again the man of the hour. The Unionists are looking with longing eyes to the grand old man, and he is willing that they should return to the ranks. A London correspondent says of the Liberal situation:

"The air is full of talk of Liberal reconciliation and negotiations between the leaders of the different sections. I am able to give, in Mr. Gladstone's own words to a private correspondent, the exact terms upon which alone he will consent to anything of the kind. First, that a Home Rule bill shall have precedence of the Land bill; second, that an Irish legislative body shall be established in Dublin, subordinate to the Imperial Parliament in any way that is deemed expedient, but with power to legislate on affairs declared to be exclusively Irish, with the executive Government depending on it. From this it is evident that Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham has received no warmer welcome from Mr. Gladstone than from Mr. Parnell. A Liberal Unionist means a Unionist surrender. Mr. Chamberlain, I may add, is described by his friends as being in a very bad temper, and determined to make no further advances."

The Freeman's Journal justly holds that the adhesion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the Liberal party will be decidedly brief if it cost the abandonment of the vital principle of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy of an Irish executive responsible to an Irish Parliament only. The Irish leaders will never, as the Journal affirms, sanction such a bartering away of their rights. Ireland must have a system of Home Rule that will be Home Rule not in name only but in reality—Home Rule that will restore to her prosperity and to the empire security—Home Rule that will make of English speaking nations all over the world a family of peoples rivalling each other in the peaceful arts of Christian civilization.

THE LATE JAMES A. McMASTER.

The Catholic press of America has lost in James A. McMaster, of the New York Freeman's Journal, a mind of gigantic grasp and herculean strength. A man born to lead his followers, Mr. McMaster, throughout a long and busy life rendered church and country services the value of which it is impossible to conceive and the extent of which it were idle to attempt to describe. He was one of those providential men raised up at a critical period in the history of the church given to a nation that required men of mind and of character to lay on a solid basis the beginnings of an enduring Christianity. Mr. McMaster seemed fully alive to the urgency and the importance of his mission. Constancy, perseverance and fearlessness, all crowned with an admirable humility, these were among the qualifications which marked, distinguished and illustrated his long, busy and successful life. How true the appreciation of his life struggle uttered by Father Pendergast, S. J.

"Endowed as he was with an intellect of extraordinary power, which had been trained and developed in the highest degree by careful habits of study and discipline, he was peculiarly fitted to cope with the great exigencies that constantly arose with the changes of thought and opinion that affected the public mind about the time he assumed editorial control of the paper with which his name has so long been honorably associated. The vigorous powers which he inherited from his sturdy Scotch ancestry enabled him to withstand the steady fire of every malignant and bitter enemy of the Church who had access to the columns of the bigoted public prints of the day. He became the special target of all the scribbles of that class by which was profaned the number and respective ability of its following, for the Catholic faith, whose body was composed largely of poor emigrants."

Born April 1st, 1820, at Duaneburg, Schenectady County, N. Y., James A. McMaster was the second of the three sons of the Rev. Gilbert McMaster, an eminent Presbyterian divine. Educated at Union College, Mr. McMaster, at an early age, devoted his attention to the

search of religious truth. Presbyterianism he early rejected, to adopt Episcopalianism which for him had some outward attractions. Needless to say that here his eager, powerful mind could find no resting place. He became a Catholic by force of conviction—when to be a Catholic was to be looked upon not only as an alien but a traitor to American institutions. How he withstood every persecution, how he vanquished every foe—it is not for us to tell. These are matters of history that must yet be told to an appreciative and grateful Catholic America, whose early history is as heroic as that of any Church in Christendom. He became, in 1848, owner, manager, and editor of the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, and gave that paper an individuality, life and power almost unique in Catholic journalism. His life-story, during his forty years of journalistic labor, are summed up in the words of Archbishop Corrigan in the funeral sermon delivered on the last day of the year 1886:

"During all those forty years, on all the religious topics of the day, for with other points we are not concerned here, on all matters affecting religious interests, the welfare of the Church, his utterances were vigorous and unmistakable. Wherever the Church put him by her supreme authority, there his word rang out sound and clear. There was no flinching, no wavering. The instincts of faith coming from that great gift of Divine truth were strong and clear. There is another instance of this instinct, that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he ever wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day."

The instincts of faith kept him true; and this because he had fully comprehended that great principle announced long ago by a servant of the Church, St. Ambrose: "Where Peter is, there is the Church, and where the Church is, there is the Holy Spirit." Mr. McMaster was, indeed, a good man and true. Loyal, submissive to authority, fearless in the expression of conviction, heroic in his devotion to truth, he was a citizen of whom America might well feel proud, a child that Holy Church deeply loved. He leaves to Catholic America a bright example of duty cheerfully and courageously done, of a life well and nobly spent. May his soul enjoy light, peace and refreshment everlasting.

THE POPE'S ADVICE.

In the late Ontario electoral contest Mr. Farrar of the Mail, himself at one time a Catholic, wrote column upon column of vituperation and misrepresentation to prove that the Church was the enemy of all liberty, and that the Pope was a blood thirsty tyrant, longing for Protestant blood, and ever eager for the massacre and obliteration of heretics. Protestant fears were encouraged, Protestant jealousies aroused by the wild statements. Medieval bulls were raised from long forgotten graves and the dust that covered them cast into the eyes of those the Mail deceived.

It now appears, however, that the Pope is not at all the monster that the Mail and its ex-Romanist editor would have the world believe him. Speaking to the new Bishop of Limburg, Germany, Pope Leo XIII. lately addressed that prelate certain wise and beautiful counsels to which we call the attention of our readers, Protestant and Catholic.

"You are a German Bishop. In Germany you live in the midst of Protestants, and you are obliged to have relations with them. It is a double duty for you, then, to fulfill your holy ministry in a spirit of love, of benevolence, of modesty, of meekness and gentleness, in regard to every one. For, when people will see that you are inspired by these sentiments, and that you see that your clergy avoid polemics and quarrels, if you remain always equal to yourself in pity for the poor, in meekness, in accepting contradictions, and in devotion to the service of the Church and of Christ you do not cease to aim at realizing the spirit of the Gospel, then many prejudices will fall; then people will be obliged to recognize, in the spirit which animates you and animates our Church, the spirit of God; then they will approach you and have confidence in you."

"The surest way to reach the heart is to show affection. Our Master and Divine Lord himself has said, 'They will recognize that you are My disciples if you love one another.' And this love will appear to Protestants themselves as a sign of the True Church. It is thus that we will approach each other. Have also good relations with the royal authorities. Relations of good will are not all, but they may have a great value. I hope to receive soon communications of a nature to lead to a complete understanding on the path already opened, and it is to the common mission of the Pope and of the Bishops to recognize the good will of the Government to consolidate that understanding in the just measure."

The Mail will not, we know, reproduce these counsels of the wise, enlightened, humane and eminently Christian Pontiff now filling the chair of Peter. Leo is animated by the very same spirit which animated the Blessed Peter, whose charity embraced all nations; animated, too, is he by the spirit of that Christ who declared: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be made one fold and one shepherd." (John x, 16.)

WILL THERE BE WAR?

The situation in Europe is at this moment one of grave embarrassment and difficulty. The Eastern question still looms up like a dark cloud of vast proportions to disturb all hopes of peace and demoralize all calculations as to the special form that the map of Europe must take in the event of war. The New York Times' correspondent, cabling on January 5th, spoke of the reported alliance between Germany and Russia as something to be looked on without serious doubt or distrust. He, at all events, takes a very keen view of the situation when he writes:

"Apart Germany and Russia represented the two great systems of division of European interests and prejudices, and on the whole pretty fairly reflected both, but together all the rest is confusion. France, whose rock-like hope has been of joining the Cossacks with her Turcos in the Ural des Londen, cannot turn elsewhere for friends, for Austria dare not move without Germany, and England and Italy both distrust French energy. Turkey, too, will unquestionably now definitely join Germany and Russia. The bitterness of this graceful coup will arouse Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Italy. It is easy to imagine that there is great despondency over one thing here, because of the conviction that this movement of peace in Europe means a Russian advance in Asia in the spring, which England will have to repel alone. In a European conflict she would have had allies in the work of crippling Russia, but in Asia it must be a duel. The savage indignation with which Katkoff and all the rest of the Muscovite war party receive the news of the German alliance shows the real object of the enmity of these turbulent fire eaters. But it will not be hard to switch them all upon the city, 'on to India!' and this you will see is what will be done in a minute by a revolt in Macedonia or the appearance of Prince Alexander in Bulgaria, but these are mere chances."

A Russo German alliance could not but excite feelings of dread in England and something akin to consternation in France. The long nursed hope of the latter power has been an alliance with the Empire of the Caesars, by means of which Frenchmen expected to reacquire their departed predominance in European councils. Russia has really little in common with French purposes or designs. If she can obtain German acquiescence in her own schemes of aggrandizement without a war, she will certainly not, out of mere sentimental love for France, seek, by force of arms, the humiliation or destruction of the Teutonic empire. France will, we think, have to fight her battles alone, unless a vast change for the better come over her councils. Radical France can have no friends abroad. Catholic France has devoted friends all over the world.

To the question will there be war, the Chicago Times replies with a very decided negative, saying:

"What have the great powers to fight about at this time? What is there to spur Germany into a conflict? It is now invincible; it is not menaced from any direction; it has nothing to fear from France; why, then, should it plunge into war? It may not be understood by many, but it is still a fact that the great powers are not constantly going about searching for a fight, and that, as a rule, each of them would much prefer peace to war. What has France to fight about at present? What grievance has it that would warrant its entering on a contest with Germany when a defeat is a foregone conclusion? Its condition is such that it not only does not desire war but it has no end of excellent reasons why a great campaign would be ruinous. Austria surely has no cause of complaint which would warrant its taking the field; and there only remains Russia to be accounted for. It is quite certain that when three out of the four powers are indisposed to fight there is not likely to be a breach of the peace."

The Times then goes on to account for the prevalence of warlike rumors, stating that the present warlike situation is not unlike the situations which have before frequently prevailed in Europe, adding that at least once a year war is eminent by telegraph and at such periods armies are on the point of taking the field. The Times furthermore writes:

"The purpose of this class of information is to affect the markets, to elevate the prices of some articles and disturb those of all. At all the centers of Europe, as well as in this country, there are unlimited amounts of capital lying idle or drawing but little interest, which its owners desire to employ in speculative operations. In a time of profound peace there is little variation in prices, and hence but little opportunity for speculation; it is only when there is war or prospect of one that speculation finds opportunity for active existence. It is just possible that the present excitement, the rumors of armies, and all that is due to agencies desirous of disturbing the dead level of the stock and grain markets."

"What is dull in this country; there have been no great fortunes made on its increase in value since the Franco Prussian and the Russo-Turkish wars. The souls of those who have been wasting their time, and often their money, in handling margins of a quarter or a half per cent. year for a rise which will be measured by the Bible. All these elements must have a European war. It is Taurus who leads them, but they fancy it is Mars."

That there is much to be said in favor of the Times' contention no one will deny. That the selfish interests of trade and commerce have much to do with the

origin and spread of alarming war rumors no one questions, but that Europe is at this moment in a state of grave uncertainty no thinking, observant mind will fail to perceive. Will there be war? We think there will, and that it will be a mighty conflict, in which some of Europe's present political organizations will go down for ever. Russia will bear a principal part in the conflict. Who her allies or who her opponents will be in this mighty struggle that we feel to be at hand we know not. This much we do know, and our knowledge comes from reflection on the lessons of history, that the Russian empire can not but fall a prey to internal dissensions unless she direct her immense strength and her fermenting energies against an external foe. The empire has laid down for it a policy by its founder, Peter the Great. In the promotion of that policy, in the furtherance of the great aims he held before his posterity, Russian energy will find that large scope for action which its powers demand. Russia must, in one word, fight or fall to pieces. It will, we believe, fight at all events. With whom will it fight? With any power and with all powers that stand in the way of its purpose to reach Constantinople and conquer India.

REPRESENTATION FOR MINORITIES.

It is always for us a source of genuine pleasure to chronicle any effort, come from whatever quarter it may, to give minorities their due share of recognition in the councils of the nation. Government by majority is despotic and brutal when the minority is silenced and overcome by unfeeling disregard not alone of their sentiments, but their fundamental rights of citizenship. Better by far the despotic government of one man than the tyrannical rule of a savage and intolerant multitude. The Ottawa Citizen, a semi-official government organ, on Saturday, January 9th, made the following announcement which will be read with pleasure by many throughout the Province:

"Dr. Charles Doucet Casgrain, of Windsor, Ont., and Mr. Samuel Mermer, of New Hamburg, Ont., have been called to the Senate, leaving one Ontario vacancy to be filled. In all probability other vacancies will occur at an early day. Mr. Casgrain's selection as the representative of the 120,000 French Canadians in the Province of Ontario in the Senate will, we feel sure, give general satisfaction to our fellow countrymen of that nationality in this province. He is a gentleman of ability and high standing and will worthily discharge the duties of the position."

Mr. Mermer is the first representative of the German element (numbering about 250,000) that has been called to the Senate; and in thus recognizing the growing numerical strength and influence of the German population the Government's action will, we have no doubt, meet with general approval on the part of the members of other nationalities in the Dominion. Mr. Mermer represented South Waterloo in the House of Commons from 1878 to 1882."

Without at all endorsing the political opinions of either of the gentlemen named, without expressing in the remotest degree approval of the present constitution of the Senate, we may say that as these appointments involve recognition of the rights of minorities to representation in Parliament, they have to that extent at all events our warm commendation. Mr. Patterson, M. P. for Essex, to whom is due the credit for the acknowledgment of French Canadian rights in Ontario, made in the appointment of Dr. Casgrain, is, we think, entitled to the gratitude of that section of the population and to the approval of all fair minded citizens for his furtherance of the cause of equality upon which peace and harmony must rest and the future safety as well as prosperity of this country depend.

It does seem to us, however, that the German element, numbering in this Province about 300,000 souls is, granting the right of the French Canadians with fewer than half that number of people to one Senator, fairly entitled to two members in that body. The German Catholics in Ontario are a numerous, intelligent, loyal and progressive class of citizens. They have many men in their ranks the equal of the very best the Canadian Senate now contains. Why not then give them the recognition to which they are entitled? Believing as we do that governments should be not only just but generous to minorities, we do think that the only remaining vacancy in the Senate should be given to a German—and a Catholic. Mr. Mermer is not, as all who know anything of him will admit, by any means the most brilliant man that the German body in Ontario can offer the nation.

"The Hub" Almost Catholic.

Boston Pilot. Last year in the city of Boston there were by official report over 11,000 births. Of this number over 7,000 were Catholics, as shown by the ecclesiastical register of baptisms. A steady annual growth of 7 in 11, independent of the gain by immigration, will in the course of one generation make Boston the most distinctly Celtic city in the world.

THE CHRISTIAN ALTAR.

ITS MYSTERIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL THREE-FOLD SIGNIFICATION—THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE IMMACULATE BODY OF CHRIST.

The signification of the Christian Altar is threefold. In the first instance, it is a place of sacrifice, that is to say, the place where Jesus Christ Himself is offered in the midst of His visible Church. For this reason, the altar is a figure of that table upon which our Divine Lord instituted the Holy Sacrifice; and more emphatically still, it is a figure of the Cross of Calvary and even of His Most Holy Body, which was the very altar itself, upon which and by which Jesus Christ consummated His sacrifice for mankind.

Secondly, the altar is the dwelling place, "The throne of the Body and Blood of the Lord," as says St. Optatus, in the mountain Gilead, the altar of the Heavenly Jerusalem in which St. John saw in the midst of heaven the throne upon which the Lamb reposes, and under which the souls of the righteous await their glorification. And, thirdly, it is the altar of spiritual sacrifice, upon which the prayers and holy intentions and good works of the faithful are laid continually, and therefore it is also the figure of the Christian heart.

TABLES OF WOOD.

The altars at which the Apostles and their immediate disciples served were tables of wood. The Altars in the cathedrals were stone coffins, containing the bodies of martyrs, the stone or marble lids of which served for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. In times when there was no persecution, the altars which Christians placed in their houses and churches, usually consisted of a simple table, commonly made of wood, standing upon four legs, which in times of distress could easily be removed. Nevertheless, the fourth successor of St. Peter, Pope Evaristus, A. D. 100-109, ordained strictly that thenceforward stone altars should exclusively be erected and consecrated. The altar of stone was meant to represent our Divine Lord, who is the rock and unmovable corner and foundation stone of the Church. The altar as well as the church was placed in the direction of the rising sun, and stood at the east end of the edifice. In shape as at present, it was a rectangular oblong, hollow inside, in which the bones of Holy Martyrs were enclosed with two small doors. And so up to the present day, the relics of the Martyrs are placed under the altar-stone, because they, like their Divine Master, were offered in sacrifice. "They are triumphant victims," says St. Ambrose, "ought to be brought to the place where Christ is the great expiatory sacrifice. He upon and over the altar, because he has suffered for all. They under the altar, because by His sufferings they have been exalted." In such a way should the Christian altar be an image of that which St. John describes in his Apocalypse (vi. 9): "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the love of God, and for the testimony they held." The altar was generally dressed in white linen and adorned with gold and silver. Upon such altar it was that ascending to the language of ancient Christendom, "the Mystery of the Faith" was consummated, and treated from the earliest times as a Holy Mystery. It was withdrawn from the eyes of the uninitiated, and even the initiated among the believers looked upon it with a reverential and holy fear. On this account the altar stood in the choir, separated by a screen from the congregation and under a ciborium.

THE CIBORIUM.

The ciborium was a sort of silken roof, which rested on four thin little pillars and overhung the altar. From one pillar to another ran rods, from which depended curtains of silk, which concealed the entire altar and the person of the priest, who stood behind the altar facing the people, in front of the Holy Sacrifice, and it was only at certain parts of the service that they were drawn aside. Above, upon the ciborium, stood a crucifix, and around it were placed lights and flowers by way of ornament. Ciboriums were also made of wood, of marble, of gold and of silver. Thus the Emperor Constantine had a golden ciborium made which weighed five hundred pounds, with a gable roof of silver weighing two thousand pounds. Right under the cross of the ciborium, beneath the sheltering roof, depending on two, three or four little chains hung the sacred vessel in which the all holy Body of the Lord, the Bread of Life for the sick and dying was received. This vessel, which gave the name of ciborium to the place, was at first made in the form of a dove, and later on in that of a tower. The dove was wrought in silver, and not unfrequently in gold, hollow inside and opening in the back. Instead in the place of a tabernacle of the present day. The ciborium altars continued in use until the fourteenth century, as well as the dove or tower, of silver or gold. These "doves" were also to be found in the centre of the church, hanging in front of the altar, in order that the faithful might pray in the presence of God.

THE TABERNACLE.

In the fourteenth century the custom began of reserving the Blessed Sacrament no longer over the altar, but in the so-called tabernacles near the altar. In small churches these were made of stone fixed in the wall and shut in with an elegant iron grating. In cathedral churches they built a beautiful little tower, highly wrought in stone and ornamented in many places with most delicate work and costly jewels and surmounted with a cross. In the lowest portion of the stem, usually reached by a staircase, the tabernacle was inserted, enclosed by a golden trellis in which the Blessed Sacrament was preserved in costly vessels. Frequently the tabernacle rested on a delicate little pillar, and over it rose the beautiful and elegant little tower. In the cathedral of Ulm and Ratisbon, in the Church of St. Lawrence, at Nuremberg, may be seen such ornaments of the faith and piety of former years. For one hundred and fifty years this description of the tabernacle was in use. It was perceived at last that the altar and all Holy should be separated; Gilbertus Bishop of Verona (1225-34) was

the first who changed the custom and ordered that in every parish church in his diocese, upon the high altar should be placed a beautiful tabernacle of wood or other material, in which the Blessed Sacrament should be reserved. From that day until now all our tabernacles are the resting place of the most Holy Sacrament. Here tarries our Jesus, our all under the form of Bread; here it is that love keeps him a prisoner; and hence He calls to all weary and heavy laden ones, "Come ye here to me and I will give ye rest."—Church Progress.

SCOTLAND CHEERING FOR HOME-RULE.

Boston Republic.

Mr. John Morley, M. P., in his great speech at Eliburgh, the full extent of which has reached us, took exceptionally strong ground in favor of Gladstone's policy of home rule. His defence of the character of the Irish people was, perhaps, the most notable feature of his exhaustive effort. Mr. Morley has served in the office of chief secretary for Ireland, and may be credited with intelligence enough and with sufficiently well developed powers of observation to know something of the people over whom the government had placed him. He declared frankly and vigorously that the Irish were capable of self government and, moreover, that nothing short of self government would be accepted in settlement of the long standing claim of Ireland. "You are asked," he said, "whether you are going to give a legislative and an executive power to a party of Kerry moonlighters, but does anybody accept that a passionate article writer or a pastorate politician say? Does anybody believe that the whole people of Ireland are Kerry moonlighters? Does anybody believe that there are not better men in Ireland? Depend upon it, there are good men and capable men in Ireland as there are in Scotland and England. They tell you that the Irish peasants are the most improvident people in the world. And who tell you so? Why, the landlords who are the most indigent representatives of their class to be found in the civilized world. Why, we are warned not to drive capital out of Ireland, whatever else we are to do; and who warns us? Why, gentlemen who draw many hundreds of thousands a year out of a country which they never saw and with which they have no practical relations. They put dead all pictures of the helplessness into which the Irish peasant would fall if he were left to himself; but who are the artists? They are gentlemen who live in chambers in London, who never see these poor, oppressed people from January to December."

In reply to the charge that the people of Ireland were not sympathetic or responsive to generous impulses or generous deeds, Mr. Morley cited the demonstration in honor of Lord Aberdeen when he vacated the office of lord lieutenant. "We have seen," he said, "a sympathetic regard shown for the feelings of Ireland, and we have seen good come from it. There was a day not long ago when the sullen cloud that overhangs Ireland seemed to lift, and that was the day when my noble friend Lord Aberdeen departed from Dublin. There was a going out of the heart of Ireland that day which had not been seen since 1795. And why was it? It was because these unfortunate, neglected, harshly-treated people saw a man—and perhaps it is not unbecoming of me to say that they saw a woman, too—who were more than Irish in their good will and their love for Ireland. Does anybody mean to say that all the emotion that was shown that day cannot be utilized? Does anybody mean to say there is no good in the Irish people to which we can appeal with confidence that it shall be responded to? I am sure nobody who understood what that day meant and what the days that went before it meant will entertain any notion of that kind."

This speech was delivered at the very time when the central Irish government had determined on trying the satrapated policy of coercion as a means to the proper government of Ireland. The kindly and sympathetic influence of Aberdeen and Morley was to be replaced by bayonets and buckshot, by police brutality and corrupt castle machinery, by the suppression of freedom of speech and the liberty of the press, by the packing of juries and the imprisonment of the chosen leaders of the people. Never was a repressive policy put in force here when the hearty sons of Scotland were to be found cheering an English statesman for his manly declaration in favor of self government for Ireland. It was a dramatic scene and one which emphasized very forcibly the desperate straits into which the greedy and grasping alien landlords who own the soil of Ireland had dragged the government.

Startling Statistics.

Right Rev. Bi-shop O'Farrell delivered a temperance address in this city recently, and during his address alluded to the startling statistics of the liquor traffic. He said that one thousand million of dollars were spent annually for intoxicating liquors. An average of \$20 per head for every man, woman and child in the United States. If all the churches in this country were burned to the ground, he said they could be built by total abstinence in six months. One hundred thousand persons in the United States are drunk every year, and they are not of the class society is anxious to rid of, but are in many cases the bones and sinews of the industry of the nation. In the city of Trenton, he said, there are spent for intoxicating drink \$40,000 a month—almost a half a million dollars a year.—Trenton Catholic Journal.

The Congregation of Sacred Rites will liberate 100 in the question which St. Thomas More, and the Roman Catholics executed in the reign of Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth should be beautiful and venerated as martyrs by the Church. The documents in favor of the beatification fill two large volumes.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin. All honor to the Protestant Home Rule Association! At its monthly meeting in Dublin on Dec. 13th, its members showed themselves to be true men, having no connection with the order of the white feather. The first resolution passed expressed hatred and detestation of government by coercion, and pledged the Association to maintain, as far as lies in its power, the rights of free speech at public meetings.

The men of Kildare assembled at Johnstown Bridge on Sunday, Dec. 12th, for the purpose of considering the depressed condition of the farmers and laborers in that part of the country. A splendid meeting was organized under the auspices of the local branches of the National League, and tremendous crowds came to the meeting from Meath and Westmeath. The Rev. John O'Leary, the popular and patriotic Parish Priest, presided. The following members of the Irish Parliamentary party were present: Mr. J. L. Carow, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. D. Sullivan. Mr. Carow delivered a rattling speech, in which he said that the very month after the rejection of Mr. Parnell's Land Bill, the very landlords who were instrumental in procuring its rejection were the first to acknowledge its necessary reductions.

The patriotic Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, arrived in Kilkenny, on December 15th, after an absence of some months in the Exeter City. Though the citizens got up about one half hour's notice of his return, a splendid demonstration was organized, to give him a suitable reception, and he was met at the railway station by the St. Patrick's and St. John's Bands, accompanied by a large number of torchbearers.

It is a puzzle to many to know how some Kilkenny farmers can live, much less to pay their rents this year; they have scarcely anything wherewith to eke out an existence, as cannot possibly procure sale for their corn even at great sacrifice. There are numerous instances where farmers have their corn prepared for market since October, with the result that they must choose the alternative of keeping the potato crop about Conny is almost entirely blank. It is said that the crop around Castlecomer, Clough, Feroda, Lowhill, and Ballyskull, is scant, as also in the opposite direction—Lisdowney, Ballyring, and Tefertina. Taking these facts into consideration, together with the reduction in the prices of cattle, pigs, &c., it is a question where are the rents to come from!

King's County. On December 13th, the tenancy on the property of Arthur H. Burdett, J. P., Coole House, Banagher, attended at the Young Men's Society Hall, for the purpose of adopting the "Plan of Campaign." The tenancy demanded a few weeks past a reduction of 20 per cent. on the rents due, but were informed their demand would not be accepted. A reduction of 10 per cent. was offered, but was refused. The "Plan of Campaign" was adopted. On Mr. Fallon's estate, Lismagh, 35 per cent. was offered to the tenancy by the landlord, but this offer was refused.

Queen's County. Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., addressed an immense gathering of Queen's County people at Luggacurran on Sunday, Dec. 12th. Bands and banners, and large contingents of the county folk, came from all the surrounding districts to swell the big meeting. The object of the meeting was to support the action of some of the tenants here, on the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who are about adopting the "Plan of Campaign." Sir Thomas Esmonde was the principal speaker, and in an eloquent speech said: "In lighting the battle of the tenant farmers all over Ireland—they were fighting to end foreign domination in this country, and to bring near the day when Irishmen would be able to make their own laws and to control the destinies of their own country."

Louth. A tremendous demonstration of Louth and Meath took place at Monasterboice on Dec. 13th. Messrs. T. P. Gill and Patrick O'Brien, M. P.'s, travelled from Dublin to attend the meeting, and were met at the Drogheda railway station by an immense crowd, headed by banners. In the waiting room of the station, Mr. Gill, the member for South Louth, was presented with an address of welcome from the members of the Independent Club. After Mr. Gill had replied, a procession was formed outside the railway station, and headed by the splendid brass band of the Drogheda Gaelic Independent Club, then marched to Monasterboice. The meeting was held here inside the walls of the new chapel which is in course of erection. Father Henry McKee, P. P., the patriot priest of Monasterboice, took the chair. Mr. Gill, in the course of a lengthened speech, said that never was an English government in Ireland brought to such a pass as this government of little Holmes and little Castlereagh. They had shown their teeth, but could not bite. Mr. Gill urged on the farmers the necessity of standing by the laborers in their harsh and trying times. Mr. Patrick O'Brien strongly urged the Louth farmers to adopt the "Plan of Campaign," if they found it was for their benefit, as he believed it was specially designed with that object. If the landlords, he said, found that the tenants were in earnest in carrying out the "Plan," they would quickly knuckle under to them.

On the property adjoining the Ponsonby estate they have just had a triumphant Murty Hynes case. In 1880, Mr. Timothy Smiddy was evicted from his farm (rent, £150; valuation, £72) in Mogeels, county Cork, on the property of Mr. William Humphreys. An emergency man was put in charge of the farm, and from that day till the March of the present year the farm remained without a tenant. In the beginning of this year Smiddy approached the landlord with a view to a settlement. But another tenant, Cronin, had also been talking with him and offering higher terms. When Smiddy heard of this there was an altercation, and the two tenants agreed to settle the matter amicably; but, meanwhile, in March Cronin entered into possession. The local National League Branch, under its energetic President, Rev. T. O'Connell, P. P., at length took the matter up, and Mr. Lane, M. P., was called on to arbitrate. The upshot was that it was declared a case of grabbing, in which justice would be done by Cronin surrendering the farm at the earliest day possible without causing him unnecessary loss. This Cronin readily agreed to, and his action was rewarded by a cordial vote of thanks from his neighbors. Thus a farm which had been six years in charge of an emergency man goes back on the landlord's lands again, the tenant who had grabbed it throwing it up voluntarily after a few months' unquiet possession. Mr. Ponsby, looking over his fences into his neighbor's estate, may or may not take the moral of this incident to heart. If he does not, it won't be from not having an unmistakable illustration of the strenuous state of public feeling in his district.

Kerry. On Dec. 17 the tenants on the estate of the Earl of Kenmare, in the parish of Rathmore, held a meeting and decided to adopt the "Plan of Campaign." It was the day for receiving rents on the Herbert property, and Mr. S. M. Husey attended at the rent office for this purpose. During the day not a single tenant was seen to put in an appearance. The tenants consider 15 per cent. inadequate, and have resolved to accept nothing less than 30 per cent. Most of them are disposing of their cattle in order to evade seizure.

Limerick. The late Mr. Joseph Walsh, of Dublin, who was a native of Limerick, and amassed a large fortune in the United States, has bequeathed £10,000 to Mount St. Vincent Orphanage, Limerick, and a large sum to St. Vincent de Paul society, which has been appointed residuary legatee.

Tipperary. The tenants on the Newtownard property, within four miles from Limerick, have adopted the "Plan of Campaign." On Dec. 10th, Mr. Dudley, Castleconnell, agent for Mr. Brooks, Brazier, Malloy, attended at Dobbyn's Hotel, to receive rents on his Tipperary property, situated near Limerick Junction. He offered 20 per cent. abatement. The offer of the agent made the tenants some two months ago, but they refused to accept it, demanding 25 per cent. The landlord then served the tenants with writs, when at the time some few of them paid, with the result that they all either paid or settled as to payment the reduction of 20 per cent. as originally offered.

Galway. On Sunday, Dec. 12th, notices were posted on the chapel gates at Ballinakil and other places, calling on the tenants to meet the agent, J. A. Lewis (the prosecutor of Finner Fabry), on the estate of Mrs. "Anna Lewis," at Ballinger House, on the following day. On the next day, the tenants, accompanied by Mr. J. Roche, P. L. G., and T. Finn, P. L. G., met, appointed their trustees, and decided on asking a reduction of 50 per cent. The trustees called at Ballinger House, and to their astonishment the door was opened by an emergency man armed with a double-barrelled gun, who informed them that he could admit but one at a time. The trustees were about to retire, when he told them to wait until he would see Captain Hamilton. Soon after they were admitted, and instead of the agent, Mr. J. A. Lewis, Captain Hamilton, who was in charge of the Emergency men during the foodfight campaign, together with a brother of Mr. Lewis's, sat at the table. The tenants asked what reduction would be given. After a private consultation between Mr. Lewis and Captain Hamilton, the latter informed the tenants that an all round reduction of 15 per cent. would be given. The tenants retired, and subsequently lodged their money less the 50 per cent. in the hands of the trustees.

Mayo. The movement has spread to out of the way in Mayo. About two thirds of that large island, which has a population of some 6,000, is owned by "the Society of Irish Church Missions for the conversion of Roman Catholics;" the other third has an Englishman named Pike for landlord. Both Pike and the society bought from Sir Richard O'Donnell. At the time of the sale the rents on the two thirds were £300 a year; the society ran them up to £1,800. The rents of the other third were £300; Pike ran them up to £1,000. We should like to know if the "Plan of Campaign" could find a more fitting place for its operations. To one ear of corn grown on the

island the landlord cannot make a just claim. Last winter the hand of charity begged through the world for the meek stolon here and there sterile nature, while the representatives of the sower mission and the other landlords stood by, never contributing one farthing either to save the people from dying of hunger, or to put down a little crop. But now they are ready to swoop down and seize the people's little all. A new spirit seemed to be infused into the people, and once and for all they have come to the determination of taking their stand, and whatever be the consequences; not to pay one farthing of what the charity of the world gave them into the insatiable landlords' maw.

Sligo. The little village of Booye, ten miles outside Sligo, was, on Sunday, December 12, the scene of a magnificent demonstration. Crowds of people from the village from an early hour in the morning, and on the arrival of Mr. John Deasy, M. P., there was great excitement and enthusiasm amongst the people. Mr. McDonald described the jury-packing in Sligo, and told how he was treated by the police. He referred to the recent proclamation of a meeting in Sligo, which, he said, was unparalleled in the history of the county.

Roscommon. The tenants on the property of The O'Connor Don, have been granted through the agent, Mr. Whitby Lynch, a reduction of 4s. in the pound in their rents. They had made arrangements to adopt the "Plan of Campaign" if an abatement was refused them.

A Talk With Parnell. The following brief interview, presumably genuine, was cable to America on the 23rd ult.: "In London a reporter called on Mr. Parnell at the Euston Square hotel this evening. Mr. Parnell looks much paler and thinner than at the end of the last session, but he is evidently making good progress. He said his illness became acute about the end of October. 'It is only within the last three weeks that I have permitted myself even to think of political affairs, while even the most common ailments of the last few days have distinctly thrown me back and made me feel worse.' Mr. Parnell said the government, now that Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned, would have something else to think of than coercing Ireland; it would have to struggle for existence. The government, he continued, would have been unlikely to apply coercive measures in any case, because the marked absence of crime, the general moderation with which the campaign had been conducted and the fact that the object of the government and of the campaign promoters was the same—namely, that of obtaining a fair rent abatement from unyielding landlords—had taken away many of the usual excuses for coercion. Regarding the legality of the campaign Mr. Parnell said he was unwilling to take the law from either Justice O'Brien or Justice Johnston, both of whom were strong political partisans who had received their offices in reward for strong political services, and who were notoriously lawyers of mediocre ability. There was confusion in the judgment itself as well as in the proclamation. 'In any case,' continued Mr. Parnell, 'if it should be finally and clearly decided by high legal opinion of recognized authority that the campaign is illegal, you must remember it will only be technically illegal, and only so because the same right of combination which the legislation after much agitation, legislation for British workmen, under the name of trades unionism, has not yet been extended to Irish tenant farmers.'

A Cure for Drunkenness. The cure of drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Since the discovery of the medicinal properties of a certain tonic, a man may overcome by force of will, drunkenness, and, in fact, all the ailments of the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard, the medicinal properties of this tonic consist in the employment of remedies that act directly upon the various portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause insanity, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite, for strong drink tends to the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the drunkard is deranged, and the tonic must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and mental prostration which follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Lubon's medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamps is enclosed for postage. Address: Mr. Lubon, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

A Lucky Escape. Mrs. Cyrna Kilborne, of Beamsville, Ont., had what was thought to be a cancer on her nose, and was about to submit to a cancer doctor's operation, when she tried Barrook Blood Bitters, which effected a radical cure. This medicine cures all blood diseases.

Threatened Danger. In the fall of '84, Randall Miller, of Maitland, N. S., was prostrated to his bed with an attack of indolent consumption. Cough remedies all failed. He rapidly grew debilitated, and finally despaired of recovery. He tried Barrook Blood Bitters, with immediate relief, followed by a speedy cure.

As AGE CREEPS ON AFACE, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their performance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile-secreting organs and bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

G. A. Dixon, Franklinville, Ont., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

Constipation And Headache Cured by Using Ayer's Pills. Causes, directly or indirectly, fully one-half the sufferings which afflict mankind. It is usually induced by inactivity of the liver, and may be cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. C. A. Schomerus, Great Bend, Kansas, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Constipation, with the most beneficial results." J. Windholm, Newark, N. J., writes: "Ayer's Pills cured me of chronic Constipation." Martin Koch, Huntington, Ind., writes: "Last year I suffered much from Biliousness."

Ayer's Pills. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

BELL ORGANS AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION. The Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. The Princess Louise, after testing all the exhibits in Canadian Court, purchased a handsome BELL ORGAN. Sales were made also to Right Hon. Sir Robert Bourke, Governor of Madras, Sir Robert Affleck and Lady Douglass, of Victoria, B. C. For Tone and Pleasing Design the Bell Organ maintains its supremacy as the best. Send for latest circular to W. BELL & Co., GUELPH, ONT.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless. THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Throat it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER. GUARD AGAINST SCANDAL. WOMAN MORE CUNNING THAN SATAN. The devil was one day sitting on the side of a solitary stone, on the side of a solitary stone, he appeared to be in some great He had rested on the ground before, his face was very sad; in short, seemed to be in sore distress. Along the road comes old Mag tunc tunc, and (as everybody who and feared her as such) the witch. "Halloo, master! you are to-day. What's the matter?" "I guess I have reason to be sweared the devil." "Working so yet gaining nothing?" "How is that?" said Mag. "Do you know that old cow yonder?" and the devil pointed to a lonely farm house out a piece of road. "The old man and woman over Certainly I know them." "A nice, peaceable old couple, grined the devil sadly. "Oh! that's what worried laughed the fortune teller. "A peaceable old couple, that won't get between them. Is that it?" "That's it exactly! I have working very hard for all the year are living together (and it is forty) to sow discord between t all in vain. I don't like to give project after having gone to trouble about it; and yet I almost of ever gaining my point." "What will you give me if I do what you cannot do?" asked Mag. own taunting way. "You bring discord between t old couple?" "Yes, I will." "How long will it take you to you think?" "Oh, a day or two." "You do in so short a time could not do in these forty year?" "Yes," laughed the old sin show the devil that there are p this world smarter than himself. "If you bring about what y will make you a present of a pair shoes." "Agreed!" said the witch. Thursday. Meet me here ag Saturday noon and I will get th Be sure to bring them along. W words Mag hobbled away, stude she could fulfil the devil's erran The next morning Friday, a to the farmhouse, to try her luc said. It was just as she wishe found the old lady alone peeling for dinner, while her husband w the field digging stumps. Mag good day and then began: "I Mag, the country fortune teller, you would like to have your told?" "I have nothing to do with tellers. Clear out of this house dately," and the woman mou show Mag her way off. "But Mag, "Just as I expected," said Ma cause I am a fortune teller, I d be listened to, but I must be driv the house. Couldn't I force to would treat me thus? If you hear me, then bear the consequen thus saying she turned to lea home. "Well, what have you to say the woman, calling her back. "Nothing if you don't like it!" Mag in a sharp tone, "However, come to get angry, though I kn enough that I would be thus t came to tell you the truth, wher like it or not!" "Well, what is it?" "There are great trials and awaiting you. All I can say is, come soon; your husband bring and there is only one way of them off." "What way?" asked the rather anxiously. "It is a somewhat odd way; a may not believe in it. When y hand is sound asleep, you must razor and cut a hair from his and the witch pointed to her o to show the woman the place. "If it won't do any good, I d least do no harm to try it," thou said. "Just as you think. But the you do it, the better." "She turned again to leave the when the woman called after he whether there were no charges. "No, ma'am, I take nothing May God preserve you from harm As the old witch passed thro gate she said to herself with a c "The old man's life is all right. the old man." She took a round about way, a to be suspected. "Sir, I come this way of a p thus Mag accosted him, "to warn a danger that is threatening you. "Who are you," asked th abruptly. "I am old Mag, the country teller." "I have no business with y your way and leave me in pea the man turned away from her to his work. "I did not come to tell you y tune," persisted Mag, "but to w against a certain danger." "Get out of this! 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