

The Catholic Record.

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

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VOLUME XV.

My Beads.
Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kindly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.
For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.
Ah! time has fled, and friends have fallen,
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads;
And ye consoled me when I weaned.
How many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hall Mary sweet relief.
How many a story you might tell
Of inner life to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye kept my secrets well.
Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but a slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.
—Abram J. Hyatt.

BEFORE UNITARIANS.

Lecture by Bishop Keane of the University.

Bishop Keane of the Catholic University at Washington lectured before the Unitarian Club of Boston on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8. The occasion was the regular monthly meeting of the club, and the only other guest was Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester. After President Elliot of Harvard had read a set of resolutions on the death of Phillips Brooks, Dr. Hall opened the discussion of the evening, the topic being "New Problems and New Movements in the Field of Higher Education." After describing the wonderful strides which education has made throughout the world during the last twenty years, Dr. Hall said: "Everywhere it is the problems of the university, distinct from the college that is upon us. Everywhere the university is trying to free itself. The two institutions represented by your speakers tonight (Clark University of Worcester and the Catholic University of America), although small as yet, are the only ones in this country under undergraduate work, and they are striving to be the first on this higher plane.

Chairman Thayer, after delivering a graceful eulogy upon the character and high intellectual attainments of Bishop Keane of Washington, introduced that gentleman as the next speaker. When the applause had subsided, the Bishop proceeded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE UNITARIAN CLUB: From the depths of my heart I thank you for the very kind words in which I have been introduced, and for the exceedingly kind greeting with which you have received me. It is only what I should expect from such a body of men as this. I may as well begin by saying that of all that Dr. Hall has so beautifully presented on the subject before us this evening, with my whole heart I say amen. Dr. Hall has been an inspiration to me and my work for many years past. I firmly believe with him that in the future there must be a

CLEAR-CUT DISTINCTION between the school, the college and the university—that the school must educate the boy, the college must educate the youth, and the university must educate the man. I firmly believe that our aim must be quality and not quantity. I firmly believe that in the future most of the work must be done by the students, and that the great aim of the professor must be to make the student work, as Dr. Hall says, and while guiding youthful genius to find for himself that precious leisure which will make him give to posterity the intellectual fruit for which the providence of the Creator has fitted him.

And I firmly believe—as one who believes to the depths of his soul in American institutions—that the freedom of the university of the future ought to be freedom and not license. How to determine what is freedom and what is license may be harder in a university than it is in a form of government.

I firmly believe, as Dr. Hall was telling us a few moments ago, that over the university of the future will preside that Providence which it is declared presides not only over idiots and drunken men, but also over the people of America, the Providence which will enable us to draw the line. I also most profoundly agree with Dr. Hall that the great aim of the university of the future must be character—to produce not merely calculators, but to produce men.

The test of education, after all, is this: What sort of men does it give to the generation and to the country? Excellent must be the motto. What else could it be? Who is there that knows men and could have any other motto than that?

I have heard it said that you can tell the difference between men and mere animals by this single fact, that there is simply no limit to man's aspirations, while the animals have no aspirations. We have known the dog and the horse for thousands of years, and they are to-day what they were when they served prehistoric man.

NOT SO WITH MAN. Pitch him out there in the backwoods, or on the prairie where his life has

been spent in wringing bread from a stubborn soil, and his leisure spent in defending his wife and little ones from this ravenous wolf and the blood-thirsty savage. Then surround him with his kind and let the amenities of social life encircle him and at once the instinct in him develops. He demands a school, and then he wants a theatre and an opera house, then the college and afterwards the university.

There is no end to the man. You can't stop him. He is always reaching farther, and he will not stop short of the farthest realms of space. God made him that way, and we can't make him otherwise. And we have got to develop systems of education that will give that aspiration its broadest, wisest, noblest and deepest satisfaction.

The motives that impel him to aspiration nowadays are manifold, and all of them legitimate and natural. First of all, we know all these researches into chemical, physical and biological science pay; and after all that is just as much a craving in the heart of man as knowledge. Man loves what pays, and it is only right he should.

It is only by what economists call wealth that human life can be elevated. Leisure should be obtained that man should be able to go on thinking and broadening and deepening mentally and spiritually. In my own experience I know how impossible it is to do anything for God or man without money. There are higher motives than that. Man is a microcosm, and he has kinship to all that is beneath him.

And that thrill of kinship which makes the poet or artist is felt also in the heart of the true scientist when he dives down into all things that God has made in nature, but in order to feel the thrill of the intensest pleasure by becoming better acquainted with his kinship. How beautiful it is, as the poet says, "to look through nature up to nature's God." New England has been taught by Emerson and his followers never to stop at the crude material, but through the material to read the spiritual, and even in a distant vista to see the divine.

Side by side with these profound researches in nature must go on profound researches in man. Man is

ANOTHER MATERIAL NATURE after all. The life of man is the great study for man. We see that in all ages men have built up those special schools in which men learn the rudiments of history. Go back to the ancient records and we study the old monuments; and go down into the bowels of the earth for little records that were baked in clay thousands of years ago by man, and in every way we search for the rude implements made use of before man learned to write at all, and we find out how men lived and worked and grew in all the ages back.

And it does my heart good when I see these great schools of archeology and history so hard at work in Syria, Babylonia, Egypt and Greece, and it does my heart good when I visit Rome to again see them. It rejoiced me to see Leo XIII opening the archives of the Vatican, and calling all the scholars of the world to build up this great school of history and give all its treasures to mankind.

And then with man's study of history see how they are building up everywhere great universities and schools of social science; because you cannot possibly study history intelligently without going into those great questions of politics, economics and jurisprudence, all arising from the great principles of ethics and all crowned by the great principles of religion.

And when was there a time when it became so necessary for every intelligent man to know how the world ought to live; how human society ought to be directed and managed? Just in proportion as men grow under the guidance of providence and of God humanity grows from childhood and youth to manhood and comes to the years of self-possession and self-government.

We Americans are only just running ahead, taking the lead of what is going to be the whole world over. And just in proportion as self-government becomes the rule of all nations, so important it becomes for every intelligent man that he who must be the moulder of the action of his fellowmen should understand the great social problems of the past, and the experience of men under all social conditions, in order to know what shall be the result of social adjustments now. And the great schools of

SOCIAL SCIENCE will call for the great schools of philosophy. How can you have social life without philosophy? It is all based on ethics. And ethics, right or wrong, are not made by man; they coerce man and they command man.

Therefore we must have the schools of philosophy that will give us the record of how men have thought in the past, not with the object to prove from the oscillations between extreme idealism on the one hand and extreme materialism on the other, but to show how all the time between the extremes is the great conservative truth in the middle uniting the extremes, which was a system of truth, worthy of man—the microcosm. Not to tell you what everybody thought, but that, while it is not possible to give a cut-and-dried

system of philosophy that it will embody the fulness of human thought, we ought to know where the extremes are, and so that we will see in the future that our philosophy is not one-sided.

Then we must have the great schools of religion; for how can we have society or philosophy without religion? In every true and noble life religion is the supreme thing after all. And as it is in every individual life so it is in the life of humanity. Cicero told us that nowhere in the world, or in history, could there be found a tribe or race of men, who, even if they did not know what sort of a god to have, did not know that there was a God to have. Atheism and Deism are alien to mankind. And any system that does not square with human nature is false. You see I am no Calvinist. (Laughter.) I don't believe in it; but it rejoices me to see that Calvinists are coming back home, and believe just as we Catholics do.

So you see, therefore, that religion is the natural instinct in man. You know the great scientist has said that religiousness is so absolutely universal that it must be put down as one of the essential characteristics of humanity. What sort of a higher educational system would you have unless it did full justice to this highest fact of all? Therefore, with the schools of science of every kind, and the schools of philosophy of every kind, we must have great

SCHOOLS OF RELIGION that will open up all the records of the past and study the relationship between comparative religions of the past. I am sorry for the religion that is afraid to look into the past, that is afraid to look all the forms of religion in the face that ever have existed. I am sorry for the form of religion that is afraid to find a bit of goodness which is not in its own religion. If a man does not find a bit of goodness in his own religion he had better go, where he can find it. And, therefore, we can approach great study, the study of comparative religions, without fear. I am sorry for the man who is afraid of facts. Between truth and facts there can be contradiction. I do not believe in that Frenchman who once devised for himself a theory of things, and who, when some one said, "Look, the facts are to the contrary," answered, "So much the worse for the facts." (Laughter.)

We have no reason to be afraid of the religious facts of the past, and therefore, we should study them all carefully, knowing if we have any convictions worth keeping that the result of it will be not to work downwards to naturalism and humanitarianism, but to work upward to the fullness of truth, as found in Him who said, "I am the truth and I am the light of the world."

I have been studying sciences and philosophy all my life, and I have studied the old Catholic Church, and in all science and philosophy I do not know a single truth that in the slightest degree staggers my faith as a Catholic Christian. So in the building up of education let us look into facts, whether in nature or in man, without fear; and that in religion, science and philosophy we will have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The great work of the future must be done by specialists. No man can be more than a Jack-of-all-trades if he attempts all. But the great schools must never lose sight of their kinship. They must stand side by side in the spirit of fraternity.

THE DANGER OF THE FUTURE is one-sidedness. Specialists are in terrible danger of becoming narrow. They will go away down in a hole or away up on a tangent, but they will be as narrow as the point of a crowbar, or as narrow as the stick of a rocket. "I fear the man of one book," said the old wise man; and I fear the man of one science. It is not human. Man's being, man's mind, man's whole composite being, was not made to be one-sided, because if one-sided it becomes lop-sided, and is sure to tumble over some precipice or another. We must stand as men on the earth, seeing the brotherhood of all truth. As all truth springs from one great fountain, all truth grows on one great organic tree, and we must, as Dr. Hall said, balance one set of knowledge with another.

Therefore, I want to see the universities of the future constructed in such a way that the schools of science and philosophy and religion will stand in the same campus, and that men engaged in all various avocations will have opportunities to meet, shake hands, compare ideas, and be with no antagonism between brothers in learning and with no antagonism between these three great branches.

There cannot be antagonism between God and man and nature; nor can there be antagonism between the knowledge of God, the knowledge of man and the knowledge of nature. Men must come together just as Epicureans and Unitarians come together—with the knowledge that we are all brothers, without horns and hoofs; and these various forms of knowledge must stand together and build up the universities of the future. That is what I am trying to do in a little humble way in Washington.

We should try to build up that equilibrium which will be balanced by the spiritual; in which the theoretical will be balanced by truth.

So in these specializations we have a great work to do in the future. It must not be only a long and a strong pull, but a pull all together, in order to build up an all-round truth which will be useful and honorable to man and glorious to the love and esteem of the Creator.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Extracts From a Recent Able Speech.

At Bath, England, recently, the Hon. Edward Blake was the recipient of a perfect ovation. He was the speaker of the day, and the local papers reported his speech verbatim. It is a most complete and masterly exposition of the whole question. Two passages are especially worthy of quotation. Dealing with the claim that it would be wrong to pass a Home Rule measure while there is a majority of the English members opposed to it, Mr. Blake said:

"Unionists take no account of the United Kingdom when they talk of the elections. They cut it up in advance before the Home Rule Bill is passed. While they are protesting that they will perish their lives, their fortunes, and give their sacred honors (loud laughter), in perpetual defence of the condition of things as they are, they cut the kingdom up into divisions. They cut off Ireland, they take away Wales, they take away Scotland, and they take old England by itself; they say there is an overwhelming majority of 70—which, as I have shown, ought to be only 10—in England against Home Rule, that they do not attach much importance to Wales, and because England by itself has so decided it is impossible that the measure can be carried. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, now, I want no repeal of the union, but this is my contention, that I really must insist that while the kingdom is united we should talk of the United Kingdom, while the Parliament is one we should deal with its majority as a whole. There is, as I have said, a majority in the kingdom of 245,000, and in the House there is—or there was in the last session, for now there are about eight vacant seats—a majority of 40.

IRELAND IS FAVORABLE. That the majority is found in one part of the kingdom or another part of the kingdom has, I will not say nothing, but has not all to do with the matter. My own opinion is that it has something to do with the matter. If the Liberal-Unionists had been able to say that there was a majority in Ireland against Home Rule, they would have said that no matter how large a majority there was in England, Scotland and Wales for it, that the majority against it in Ireland was absolutely fatal to the idea. (Cheers and laughter.) I know they would, because they succeeded in getting a seat or two in Ireland by reason of some divisions and other circumstances. They speak great importance, peculiar, special importance, to the voice of Ireland if only to say "No." (Loud applause.)

But if Ireland says "Yes," it might as well be a dumb dog. (Renewed laughter.) Well, now, let us look again; why should it be that of these four divisions of the United Kingdom, England should naturally be slowest to recognize the propriety of the change? Well, there are two reasons. First, England is the most Tory of the four divisions, the most Conservative, and therefore the most averse to change. But there is another reason, lying deep down, once again at the roots of human nature. It is because you have got Home Rule in England yourselves at present; you do not suffer under the grievances and difficulties which Ireland, and, measurably and considerably, Wales and Scotland do. You have got 470 votes out of 670 votes at common Parliament; you can pass any local law you please, no matter if every man from Ireland, Wales and Scotland in Parliament shall vote against it; you control your own affairs just now and ours too, and therefore are not quite so alive to the importance of the thing. No man knows so well how the shoe pinches as the man that is wearing it, you know (laughter and cheer), and you are not wearing that shoe.

A GLOWING FERRATION. The passages which follow occurred in the peroration:

I say to you, then, that we want nothing but this, that Ireland shall control Irish affairs, that Great Britain shall control the affairs of Great Britain, and that Great Britain and Ireland in the great and supreme Imperial Parliament shall continue to control the common affairs of the two countries. (Applause.) I admit there are difficulties in the way. I admit that hair splitters may find something to cavil at in every line and word of a great constitutional settlement like this. I am a lawyer myself, but I devoutly thank God that the great Balfour made the mistake of attempting the defense without knowing his own mind. They will take very little account of these hair-splitting cavillings, of these far-fetched theories of the imaginations and suspicions. They will apply to the solution of this

question the great doctrine that it is impossible to provide against all conjecture, phantoms of the imagination, and that with good will and an earnest desire on the part of both parties to carry the matter to a prosperous conclusion, they are of no consequence whatever (cheers)—that the true concern and salvation of peoples, the true methods of achieving a constitutional settlement, are by teaching foundations of justice and fair play, of common interest and consent, and that then all other things will settle themselves, and therefore you shall not ask for complete logical accuracy, particularly when some of the gravest defects are due to the fact that some of the other divisions of the country are not yet prepared to accept what I have no doubt in a few years you will be disposed to accept—a further extension of Home Rule to the other divisions. You will not insist upon complete logical precision and reform in a matter we are bound to present before you somewhat imperfectly, because it is not ripe for similar action in other parts of the kingdom. (Applause.) I ask you to ponder over these things, and I ask you to consider whether there is anything inimical to this country and to the safety and security of this kingdom, whether they do not in fact constitute a proposal, a God-given opportunity for healing a sore centuries old, for making it, in truth, for the first time a really united kingdom, for setting forward Ireland on a fresh career of happiness and prosperity, and with that a fresh career of happiness and prosperity and renewed vigor and vitality to this venerable kingdom, to this ancient Parliament which I wish to see once again restored to its dignified and efficient conduct of its transcendent concerns, and it is the devout wish of my heart that it may live and flourish for centuries to come. (Loud and long continued applause.)

The Bath News published a splendid photograph of Mr. Blake, printed on fine paper, one of the best likenesses that we have seen.

ULSTER LOYALTY.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Belfast has sent out a vehement manifesto against Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The manifesto demands either union with Great Britain or complete separation from Great Britain. "We would accept the latter," says the manifesto, "sorrowfully, but courageously, as the only alternative left to a deserted and betrayed people, but we would resist to the death any attempt to force upon us a bastard combination of the two."

The manifesto names March 2 as the date of a great Unionist demonstration in Ulster Hall, where the men of Ulster will formally declare their uncompromising opposition to the Home Rule Bill. The manifesto closes with the exhortation that the Unionists avoid anything calculated to cause disorder, and thus likely to betray them into the hands of their historic foes.

It is reported from Belfast that the Orange societies in the north of Ireland are preparing for forcible resistance to a Home Rule parliament should one be established. It is being arranged that all the Irish opponents of Home Rule shall simultaneously withdraw their deposits from the postoffice savings banks and purchase arms to be used in case physical force should become necessary to prevent the assertion of Irish Home Rule in Ulster. Inquiries are already being made with a view to contracts for a supply of the latest improved weapons, and an Orange club at Danganagh has received an offer from a Birmingham factory of one thousand Martini rifles. Excitement is running very high among the Ulster loyalists, and many of them declare that in the event of the enactment of Home Rule civil war will inevitably ensue. All of which is very extraordinary conduct on the part of men who have so loudly proclaimed their love of law and order.

SEXTON'S INVECTION.

A special dispatch from London to the Sun says: The episode in the House this week which of all others was most interesting from a tactical and spectacular point of view was the unanimous condemnation of the Times. The attack and the rout of their old enemy were most cleverly managed by the Irish members. Spite has reduced the erstwhile monarch of the press to a condition of impotent fury, which sometimes makes itself wounding rage almost pitiful. Even its disgrace by the Pigott forgeries has not taught it discretion where Ireland and Home Rule are concerned. Every accusation, provided it be black enough against the Irish members, it is ready to indorse and amplify.

It so happened that none of the Tories had read its article accusing the Irish members in wholesale fashion of being in the pay of English politicians, so when Mr. Sexton in most eloquent and incentive denounced the attack as a breach of parliamentary privilege, Mr. Balfour made the mistake of attempting the defense without knowing his own mind. As Sexton had read only one of the milder passages of the article, Balfour's justification fell to the ground, when a more severe passage was read. There has never been a more drama-

tic little scene in the House than when Mr. Sexton turned upon the Tories, who were inclined at first to ridicule his resentment against the attack on the honor of his colleagues.

"Yes, you jeer," he cried with infinite scorn, "and you are the gentlemen of England. I tell you there is not a peasant in Ireland who would not be ashamed of your conduct."

The stinging words of the angry Celt not only shamed his opponents into silence, but won for him all their votes in condemnation of the cowardly attack of their principal journal.

HOME RULE NOTES.

ANOTHER LIBERAL GAIN. The Liberals have recaptured Cirencester, Mr. Harry L. W. Lawson, the Liberal candidate, being elected by a vote of 4,687 to 4,445 for Mr. Colchester Master, Conservative. The victory is regarded with great satisfaction by the Liberals, as showing that the agriculturalists of England are true to Mr. Gladstone and his policy.

A POSSIBLE FEDERATION. Among the party leaders of all sections the feeling is growing that the passage of the Home Rule Bill will be followed in a very few years by the granting of local parliaments to England, Scotland and Wales, the Imperial parliament remaining, in which all four countries, as well as the colonies, will be federated for Imperial purposes. Mr. Chamberlain is playing for that.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S HEALTH. Justin McCarthy's health gets worse and worse. He was unable to attend to his parliamentary duties this week, being laid up with severe bleeding at the nose. He was last in the House of Commons a week ago Friday, when he came down at great personal risk to vote for the first reading of the Home Rule Bill. He looked very ill, and should be not be able to resume his seat, there would not now be the same difficulty in securing a successor to him as there would have been six months ago.

Lord Randolph Churchill has again this week appeared in the parliamentary arena, and, though he is still shaky and broken down, he made a much better showing than in the Home Rule debate. There is no doubt he has pulled himself together to a great extent in consequence of the significant criticism passed on his recent performances. Mr. Balfour is ill with influenza, so Lord Randolph seized the opportunity to take over the deputy leadership of the Tories, and he acquitted himself vastly better than Mr. Balfour had done; but the Unionists are still in a demoralized condition, and, as they lost another seat this week, they seem to be going from bad to worse. They are inclined to put the blame on Mr. Balfour, who, they say, has no enthusiasm as a leader. Although there seems to be truth in this, a more direct cause of their collapse is because they are intellectually outmatched by the present Government. In every debate they have been worsted. Lord Randolph Churchill was the only one who managed to infuse any reality into the attacks. There is no doubt, moreover, that the British public is increasingly inclined to give Mr. Gladstone a chance of settling the Irish question.

Religious Vocations.

A religious vocation is a matter of difficult recognition. Inherited piety is sometimes taken for a divine call. A love for prayer, church services and an occasional meditation are interpreted as evidences of a vocation to a religious life. Women who have these and nothing more misconceive their future and live on frittering their time away in the vain hope of being received into some religious community. The Dublin Review in an article on "Vocations of Catholic Women" has the following:

Is it not a little too much taken for granted among Catholics that every woman who has an inclination to work for others, and to lead a more or less regular and serious life, must therefore go into a convent, and that those who remain "in the world" have no vocation at all, but must lead a life of frivolous, aimless dissipation? Good women are needed also in the world, and there are vocations as true, as wives and mothers, whose duties are more difficult to fulfill than those directly withdrawn from the temptations and foibles of society and who devote themselves to a life of contemplation and prayer within the sanctity of cloistered walls.

The expression has often been made with regard to the Catholic Church, that it is the best exemplification of a republic. Birth has nothing to do with preferment; even the Popes and Cardinals have risen from the humblest places in life. The New York Tribune mentions that the present Archbishop of Cologne is the son of a butcher. The father of his predecessor, Cardinal Geisler, was a vintager, and his mother was a washerwoman. The Archbishop of Posen is the son of a shoemaker. The Prince Bishop of Breslau comes of a family of weavers. The Bishops of Strasburg and Munster were poor peasant boys, and the Archbishop of Olmutz is the son of a tenant farmer. —Baltimore Mirror.



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GRAPES AND THORNS.

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

CHAPTER XI. A HARVEST OF THORNS. One of the greatest severities in the imprisonment of a criminal is, probably, that he can no longer see the wide earth nor the free skies, so that not only is his body cramped, but his mind is thrown back on itself, and forbidden to send out those long tendrils which can sometimes shoot through the eyes, and fasten on distant objects, when those near by are repelling.

Mr. Schoninger's window in the jail had been low, giving him a sight of the street not far away; but his cell in the prison was higher up, and separated from the window by a passage. Sitting or lying down, therefore, he saw only a small square of sky; and standing, the topmost line of a blue hill became visible.

One morning, when he opened his eyes just as day was beginning to flicker in the east, he saw a large, full star, so brilliant that it trembled in the silvery sky, as if about to spill its brimming gold.

The prisoner knelt on the stone floor of his cell, and lifted his hands. "God of my fathers," he said, "deliver me! for I am turned in my anguish while the thorn is fastened!"

It was his own Judge, which he had never seen, indeed, but which was to him what the fountain is to the stream—the source of his being. How fair and peaceful was that silent night that overhung, unbarred by iron bolts, free from horizon to horizon!

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born child on its bed of straw, while Joseph, his Jewish brother, ministered to both, feeling sad and troubled, it must be, that those so dear to him were so illy cared for at such a time.

Yet with what a blaze of glory the Christian Church had surrounded this simple human picture! The poor man who had been able to give his family no better shelter than a stable was held by them more honored than Herod or Caesar; and cherubim, bright and warm from heaven, like coals just from a fire, drew near to gaze with him, and burned with a still white light above a miraculous mother, they showered titles over her like flowers and gems, they placed the moon beneath her feet, and wreathed the stars of heaven into a garland for her head.

How terrible and how beautiful was this Christian legend! The Jew had abhorred it as a blasphemy, and his blood chilled as he suffered his thought to touch one instant the awful centre of this strange group—the Babe to whose small hand these idolaters gave the power to crush the universe, on whose tiny head they placed the crown of Omnipotence.

"A Christian would call it miraculous," he muttered, looking at that light; and he shuddered as he spoke. But that shudder did not come from the depths of his soul, where a new light and peace were brooding.

The Jew did not know that, however, nor guess nor inquire what had happened in his soul. He scarcely thought at all, but stood there and let the light steep him through. Some dim sense of harmony stole over him, as if he heard a smooth and noble strain of music, and for the first time since his imprisonment he remembered his loved profession, and longed to feel the keys of a piano or organ beneath his hand.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

This book had been to Mr. Schoninger an intellectual substitute for that spiritual consolation which he had not found since his imprisonment. Finding early in his imprisonment that his mind was working itself into a frenzy over the horrors of his position, and injuring him physically more even than confinement did, he had begun the study of a language which he was entirely unacquainted with, and, whenever he found his thoughts accomplishing nothing profitable, he turned them resolutely to this study, and bent them, with the whole force of his will, to learning dry rules and regulations.

How many times during those terrible months he had striven to produce a perfect calm in his own soul by calling up stoical thoughts, and all in vain; or, if not in vain, the only effect had been a temporary and enforced calm.

Nor was it unworthy a manly and reasonable character that such an effect as he now experienced should be produced by something which, apparently, appealed only to the artistic or the marvellous. Every soul has its beautiful gate; and if truth, walking about outside, should choose to enter by that vine-wreathed portal, and reach the citadel by way of gardens and labyrinth, instead of approaching by the broad avenue of reason, who shall say that it is not as well? Besides, in the artist, that gate stands always open.

It was those same sunbeams, shining on the hill-top, and speaking to the lonely prisoner of a dawn of hope and joy, which to Annette Gerald's eyes had flashed like the two-edged sword by whose lightning the first sinners in the world had flung out into the desert. But this sorrowful daughter of Eve missed one of the consolations of our first mother; for Eve could lament aloud, and call on all creation to weep with her; but this later exile must take up her misery as if it were a delight.

She went about smilingly, making preparations for this little journey she had announced her intention of taking.

order, just as if you were never coming back again," her mother said. "I'll see to things."

She was sitting in Annette's chamber, and watching her at work. "Well, mamma, just as you please," the daughter answered gently, and touched her mother caressingly on the shoulder in passing.

A lock of Mrs. Ferrier's dark hair had fallen from the comb, and was hanging down her back. Annette paused to fasten it up, and, as she did so, caught quickly a pair of scissors near, and severed a little tress.

"What in the world are you cutting my hair for?" exclaimed Mrs. Ferrier, who had witnessed the operation in a looking-glass opposite.

Annette laughed and blushed. She had not meant to be detected. "I'll tell you when I come back, mamma. You shall see what I am going to have made. It will be something very wonderful."

"She turned quickly away, and bit her lip hard to keep down some rising emotion. She had seen a single thread of silver in that dark-brown tress, and the sight, touching at all times—the mother's first gray hair—brought with it the poignant thought that white hairs would come fast and thick when her mother should know what this journey meant."

"What are you taking all those common dresses for?" Mrs. Ferrier asked. "They are hardly fit to go to the mountains with."

"Oh! we do not mean to be gay and fashionable," was the light reply. "We want to have a quiet time by ourselves."

"But you have got your jewel case," the mother persisted. "I don't see what you want of diamonds with a shabby black silk gown."

In spite of the almost intolerable thought that after these few hours she would probably never see her mother again, Annette found this oversight irritating. Yet not for anything would she have spoken one word that was not dictated by respect and affection. The only way was to escape now, and make her preparations afterward, and for that she had an excuse.

"By the way, mamma," she said, "I want to see P. Chevreuse, and this is just the hour to catch him at home. Won't you take your drive now, and leave me at his house? Wouldn't you just as lief go out before lunch as after? You and I haven't had a drive together for a long time."

And then, when she was alone, she made haste to put into her trunks all those common, useful articles which fitted her present needs, and the few souvenirs too dear to leave behind, and the valuables, which might some day be sold, if money should fail them.

She had scarcely turned the key on the door, when her mother came in again, pulling on her gloves. "I want to speak to P. Chevreuse myself," she remarked, "and I will go in with you."

Annette said nothing, but dressed herself hastily. It really seemed as though every obstacle were being placed in her way; yet how could she be impatient with her poor mother, whose heart was so soon to be smitten, through her, by a terrible grief, and who would soon recall in bitterness of soul every word and act of this their last day together?

And, after all, she had no desire to talk with the priest. What could she say to him? All that was necessary was written, and she could not ask his blessing nor any service from him, nor even his forgiveness. The one thing he could do for them was to denounce them, set the officers of justice on their track, and make their lot worse than that of Cain, since the earth was no longer wide and wild, but close and full of watching eyes and prating tongues. The world seemed to her, indeed, oppressively small, having no taller nook where the restless, curious traveller did not penetrate with his merciless pen, for every ready to sketch all he heard and saw to gratify the equally restless and curious people at home.

"Is it a confession you have to make?" Mrs. Ferrier asked, as they approached the priest's house.

They had been driving along in silence, and at this question Annette started and blushed violently. "Dear me, mamma!" he said, in answer to her mother's look of astonishment, "I was off a thousand miles, and you gave me such a start when you spoke. Yes, it is a confession. You can see P. Chevreuse first, and I will go in after. You need not wait for me. I am going to walk out to the convent to see Sister Cecilia a few minutes. The walk will do me good; and afterward I would like to have you send the carriage there for me."

The excitement under which she was laboring led her unconsciously to assume a decided and almost commanding tone, and her mother submitted without any opposition. Annette certainly did not look well, she thought; and, besides, she was going away. This last consideration was one of great weight with Mrs. Ferrier, for she looked on railroads and steamboats as infernal contrivances expressly intended to destroy human life, and never saw persons in whom she was interested commit themselves to the mercies of these inventions without entertaining mournful apprehensions as to the probable result. Moreover, Annette had been very sweet and fond with her all day, and was looking very beautiful, with that wide-awake glance of her bright eyes, and the crimson color flickering like a flame in her cheeks.

"I think, dear, on the whole, I won't go to-day," she said. "It might take too long; for this is his busy time of day. To-morrow will be as well."

Annette only nodded, unable to

speak; but in stepping from the carriage, she laid her small hand on Mrs. Ferrier's, and gave it a gentle pressure.

"That girl grows prettier and sweeter every day," said the mother to herself, as her daughter disappeared within the doorway. "And how black velvet does become her!"

Father Chevreuse knew well that no ordinary errand could have brought Annette Gerald to his house, and it was impossible for him to meet her with the ordinary forms of civility. Scarcely any greeting passed between them, as he rose hastily at her entrance, and waited for her first word. She was, perhaps, more collected than he.

"Are you quite alone here?" she asked.

He led her to the inner sitting-room, and closed the door after them, and even then did not think to offer her a chair any more than she thought of taking one.

"We have told mamma that we are going away this evening for a little journey, and she expects us to return in four weeks. John knows all about our affairs. At the end of four weeks, he will say something to you, or you to him, whichever you please, and at that time you will open and use this packet."

She gave him an envelope carefully sealed, with the date at which it was to be opened written on the outside. "If anything should happen to you in the meantime, some one else must open it; but care must be used not to have it read before the time."

"You need not fear," the priest said, taking the packet and looking it over. He thought a moment. "I will write also on this, that in the event of my death, it is to be opened by P. O'Donovan or by the Bishop of the diocese."

He went to a table, wrote the directions, and then gave them to Annette to read.

"It is a private paper of mine," she said, after reading and giving it back; "and I have the right to say when it shall be read. I give it into your hands only on the condition that my directions shall be complied with."

He bowed, understanding perfectly that the words were intended as a future shield for him.

"At the same time, you will open this also, which is yours," she added, and gave him a paper roll sealed and tied, but without any direction.

P. Chevreuse shrank a little, took the roll, then let it drop from his trembling hand. The cold and business-like manner of his visitor and his sympathy for her had kept his thoughts fixed on her; but here was something which brought his mother's image up before him with a terrible distinctness.

It was impossible for him not to know that this little package was what she had died in trying to save. Tears blinded his eyes. The last evening he had spent with her came back like a vision; he saw her face, heard her voice, saw her kneeling before him for his blessing.

Making an effort to control and hide his emotion, he stooped to take up the package he had dropped; and when he looked up again, his visitor had left the room, and was walking quickly to the street door. For one moment he stood irresolute; then he hurried after her. But she had already gone out, and either did not or would not hear him call her back.

The sight of her going away so, wrung all thought of selfish grief out of his mind. He went back to the room, and watched her as she walked swiftly up the street. So innocent, so generous, so brave as she was, yet of all the sufferers by this miserable tragedy, with one exception, the most unhappy! The grief that must fall upon the mother of the guilty one no one could fathom; but the mother of a criminal can never hold herself surely innocent of his crimes, since a greater holiness in her own life, a wiser care in his training, and a more constant vigilance in his behalf might have saved him; but the young wife was, of all people in the world, the most innocent and the most wronged.

How light and graceful her step was! Who would not think that it betokened a light heart? She met an acquaintance, and stopped for a word of greeting, and the friend came along afterward smiling, as though at some merry jest. Passing the house of another friend, she nodded and kissed her hand to a child in the window, with how bright a face the priest, who had seen her self-control, could well guess.

Is there nothing I can do, nothing I can say, to help her?" he asked himself, turning away from the window.

"It is cruel that one so young should bear alone such a burden! What can I do? What can I do?"

He searched in vain for some means of help. There was none. For what she should do her own wit or the advice of others must suffice; and for words of comfort, they were not for him to speak to her. Her manner had shown clearly the distance which she felt must lie between them, and there was no way but for him to accept that position. He could pray and that was all.

By the time he had come to this conclusion, Annette Gerald had reached the convent, and was greeting Sister Cecilia.

"I have only two words to say to you, dear Sister," she said, "and those may seem very childish, but are not so in reality. Lawrence and I are going to make a little journey, which may last about four weeks, and poor mamma will be lonely. Besides that, she will worry. She hates to have me go away from her. Will not you be very kind to her, if she should come to you? Oh! I know you always are that; but really, when you see her, that I am not all she has. A son does not

count for much, you know, especially when he is a young man. Very few young men are much comfort to their mothers, I think. Tell P. Chevreuse the very first time you see him that I said this to you, but don't tell any one else. And now, dear Sister, I have but a little time, for we start this evening. If there is no one in the chapel, I would like to go in a while. People have got so in the habit of wandering into the Immaculate, and looking about carelessly, that it is no longer pleasant to go there."

The same air, as of a person gentle, indeed, but not to be detained nor trifled with, which had impressed P. Chevreuse in his visitor, was felt by the Sister also. She rose at once, saying that there was no one in the chapel, and would not be for some time, all the Sisters being engaged, unless Anita should go in.

"Anita has not been well?" Mrs. Gerald remarked with absent courtesy.

"No; she has not been the same since that terrible trial," the nun sighed.

Annette Gerald's face lost its absent expression, and took a somewhat haughty and unympathizing look. "Is that all?" she inquired in a tone of surprise.

"But, you know," expostulated the Sister, "Anita's testimony was of the greatest importance. Besides, the scene was a most painful one for her to be dragged into. She is such a tender, sensitive creature."

Annette had paused just inside the parlor-door, and she had evidently no mind to let the subject drop indifferently.

"My dear Sister," she said with decision, "I am truly sorry for your sweet little Anita; but I think it were certain to foster the idea that there are certain sensitive souls in the world who must be pitied if a breath blows on them, while others are supposed to be able to bear the hurricane without being hurt. A great deal of this shrinking delicacy comes from a selfish watching of one's own sensations, and forgetting those of others, and a great deal from being pampered by others. You remember, perhaps, an old myth, which I have half forgotten, of a Camilla who was fastened to a lance and shot across a stream. She was a woman soft and weak, perhaps, but she had to go. Now, in this world there is many a woman who has all the miserable sensitiveness and delicacy of her kind, but with that there is also a will, or an unselfishness, or a necessity which transfixes her like a spear, and carries her through all sorts of difficulties." For one instant a flash of some passion, either of anger, impatience, or pain, or of all mingled, shot into the speaker's face, and seemed to thrill through all her nerves. "Oh! it is true in this world also," she exclaimed, "that unto him that hath shall be given. The happy must be shielded from pain, and those who cry out at the prick of a pin must be tenderly handled; but the miserable may have yet more misery heaped on them, and the patient find no mercy."

"My dear lady!" expostulated Sister Cecilia, when the other paused, quivering with excitement.

"Oh! I do not mean to speak harshly of your sweet little Anita," interrupted Mrs. Gerald, recovering herself; "I was only reminded of others, that is all. But even to her I would recommend thinking more of the sufferings of others and less of her own."

"It is precisely that which hurts her," replied the Sister, a little displeased. "She thinks of the sufferings of others, and, fancying that she has caused them, breaks her heart about it."

Annette made a motion to go, and had an air of thinking very slightly of the young novice's trouble. "She merely did her duty, and has no responsibility whatever," she said. "The child needs to be scolded, and set about some hard, wholesome work. It would do her good to work in the garden, and spend a good deal of time in the open air. A person who has been taken possession of by some morbid idea should never be shut up in a house."

Sister Cecilia suffered her visitor to pass on without saying another word. She was surprised and deeply hurt at the little sympathy shown in their household flower and pet, yet she could not but perceive that, in a general way, much that had been said was quite true.

Passing by the chapel-door shortly after, she saw Annette Gerald on her knees before the altar, with her head bowed forward and hidden in her hands. Half an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Ferrier's carriage came, she was still in the same position, and had to be spoken to twice before she was roused. Then she started and looked up in alarm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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RIGHTS OF MAN WORLD.

A Lecture by Bishop of the Catholic University.

A large audience Public Lecture Hall University last week Rev. rector lecture on the following subject: The following lecture:

The world is at present endeavor to establish good has resulted from America. The inquiry: the greatest interest: lege it is to have Amer and her treasures as of In no spirit of boasting in a spirit of profound to the Author of every trying to calculate how is better off because of of Columbus. But to make sure in such an are guided by the right measure by the right

According to the that men have of human welfare they different measures for the problem. Some the million of acres food for men, which derness or only gav Others dwell upon the of the useful and pres they lay idle in the b or only served here a the barbaric splendor majesty, but which wealth of nations a industries which pla front rank of enter Others again tell us gates and avenues trade thus opened u the commerce of th these things and oth mentioned are of j must receive their j ing up the total of we must remember acres, and food, a money, and industri and wealth are me above all others is has all the discovery of improving the con Has it put into huma more comfort, more worth. What has it ing human wrongs human rights; tow reign of physical, i and spiritual huma

To answer this take a synoptic gladi ditions in the Old W Fortunately for our remarkable constan one of the chief ep transformation and human conditions going on quietly three hundred year recovery of America, same time toward last century in tw similar in purpose, in character and re tion of the rights sistent Assembly adoption of her e new-born nation of

The character of t supply us with mat and readable study which I am to h delivering before y therefore, let us st and action of the with awful inter medium of the Fre Revolution whi On the 18th of French Constituent its declaration of and the Citizen.

be a measure whic an end in France oppression, to all un just burdens— sought to make country on earth the reign of li fraternity. What humanity would thought? It sou the angelic song men of good will."

Eagerly we loo how bitterly it dis promise of peace is maelstrom of confu good will vanish turbulent passions ery and equality awful reign of c tells us dire.

Why this dir blasting of so nob the declaration of fail because it w was not the reason In the first pa Assembly was th tent, which was a was universal. Th huduculmation i social conditions w not endure, and e tolerate. If the transferred into th and that into the and that ere long Assembly, thus r revolution, the fact that can b as Americans or a teen years before had wrought in o revolution, for wh and Christians, thank God. An of violence conn ition from the Constituent Asser deads of violence ington and Bank

It was not there binary character that the cause of

RIGHTS OF MAN IN THE OLD WORLD.

A Lecture by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America.

A large audience gathered in the Public Lecture Hall of the Catholic University last week to hear the Right Rev. rector lecture on the above subject. The following is a report of the lecture:

The world is at present very busy in the endeavor to estimate how much good has resulted from the discovery of America. The inquiry is naturally of the greatest interest to us whose privilege it is to have America for our home and her treasures as our joint heritage. In no spirit of boasting, therefore, but in a spirit of profound thankfulness to the Author of every good gift, we are trying to calculate how much the world is better off because of the achievement of Columbus. But it behooves us to make sure in such an inquiry that we are guided by the right principle and measure by the right test.

According to the various notions that men have of what constitutes human welfare they will naturally use different measures for the solution of the problem. Some will enlarge upon the million of acres now producing food for men, which then were a wilderness or only gave food for beasts. Others dwell upon the boundless stores of the useful and precious metals which then lay idle in the bowels of the earth, or only served here and there to grace the barbaric splendor of Indian majesty, but which now swells the wealth of nations and builds up the industries which place America in the front rank of enterprises and thrift.

Others again tell us how the countless gates and avenues of international trade thus opened up have multiplied the commerce of the world. All of these things and others that could be mentioned are of real importance and must receive their just value in making up the total of the results. But we must remember that far above acres, and food, and metals, and money, and wealth are men. The question above all others is this: What effect has the discovery of America had in improving the condition of men? Has it put into human life more peace, more comfort, more happiness, more worth? What has it done towards ending human wrongs and establishing human rights; towards advancing the reign of physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual human welfare?

To answer this question we must take a synoptic glance at human conditions in the Old World and the New. Fortunately for our purpose and by a remarkable coincidence which notes one of the chief epochs in history, the transformation and fermentation in human conditions which had been going on quietly or stormily during three hundred years since the discovery of America, culminated at the same time towards the close of the last century in two great facts, very similar in purpose, yet very different in character and results,—the declaration of the rights of man by the Constituent Assembly of France and the adoption of her constitution by the new-born nation of the United States. The character of these two facts will supply us with matter for interesting and profitable study in the two lectures which I am to have the honor of delivering before you. This evening, therefore, let us study the condition and action of the Old World as seen with awful intensity through the medium of the French Declaration and the Revolution which it inaugurated.

On the 18th of August, 1789, the French Constituent Assembly issued its declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen. This purported to be a measure which aimed at putting an end in France to all tyranny and oppression, to all unfair distinction and unjust burdens—a measure which sought to make France the happiest country on earth by establishing in it the reign of liberty, equality and fraternity. What heart that loves humanity would not leap at the thought? It sounds like an echo of the angelic song "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Eagerly we look for the result. Alas, how bitterly it disappoints us! That promise of peace is swallowed up in a maelstrom of confusion. That vision of good will vanishes in a tempest of turbulent passions; that dream of liberty and equality ends in the most awful reign of carnage that history tells us of.

Why this dire failure? Why this blasting of so noble a promise? Did the declaration of the rights of man fail because it was false? No, this was not the reason of the failure. In the first place, the Constituent Assembly was the outcome of discontent, which was as well grounded as it was universal. The eighteenth century had culminated in intellectual, moral and social conditions which humanity could not endure, and even had no right to tolerate. If the States General were transferred into the National Assembly and that into the Constituent Assembly and that ere long into the Legislative Assembly, thus gradually working a revolution, there was nothing in the fact that can be blamed by us, either as Americans or as Christians. Thirteen years before, the patriots of '76 had wrought in our country a similar revolution, for which, both as Americans and Christians, we bless them and thank God. And if there were deeds of violence connected with the transition from the States General to the Constituent Assembly, so were there deeds of violence at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill.

It was not therefore in the revolutionary character of the assembly such that the cause of the failure is found.

Was it then in the falsity of the declaration? No.

The Right Rev. speaker then read the Declaration of Rights and showed that interpretations of a radical and pernicious character, while quite possible, are by no means necessarily involved in it.

Neither as Americans nor as Christians need we find serious fault with the Declaration, nor seek in its terms the reason of its failure. Where, then, is that reason to be found? It is to be found in the historical facts preceding the Revolution. The events preceding the French Revolution had almost completely taken Jesus Christ and His principles out of the minds and hearts of those who issued the Declaration and of those who were to put its provisions into effect. The scepticism of the seventeenth century had reached its climax in the cynicism of Voltaire. His unrivaled power of sarcasm turned all things sacred into ridicule, and thus sapped the foundations of faith and reverence in the upper classes. Voltaire's horrible utterance concerning Christ and Christianity, "Ecrasez l'Infame," was the prelude to the horrors to come. What Voltaire had done for the upper classes, Rousseau had done for the masses of the people. Rousseau taught the masses to attribute their miseries to religion itself.

The Constituent Assembly was chiefly composed of men thoroughly imbued with the anti-Christian teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau. When they came to make a declaration of principles, however, it is the principles of all the Christian ages that we seem to hear. No other principles could respond to the needs and aspirations of the human heart.

But those men had lost the convictions and the spirit which alone could make such principles a living power and render their application practicable. As a matter of course, the facts soon proved to be the very contrary of the principles they had proclaimed. Their lip spoke liberty and soon the prisons were not large enough to hold the hapless multitudes of those whose opinions differed from theirs. They spoke equality, and soon the revolution was turned into a desperate struggle of rival ambitions. They spoke of fraternity, and soon the guillotine was too slow for the work of massacre, and platoon volleys cut down in masses the hapless victims of fratricidal jealousy and hate. Finally, by a solemn decree, Christianity was abolished.

But religion they must have, so they made a new religion and a new God. The religion of reason is decreed. For a God they enthroned a lascivious woman, and offer her their adorations. In human history no parallel can be found for this horror of November 1793. It seemed that France in the frenzy of its terror must die or go helplessly mad forever. Then Robespierre, demon though he was, saw that to avert utter ruin the influence of religion must again be vindicated. Robespierre failed in his effort and was dragged to the guillotine for his pain. Poor France seemed sinking fast into the abyss of anarchy, when with giant grasp Napoleon seized her and saved her from utter chaos by subjecting her totally to his own despotic will. Creator of the Revolution though he was, his practical sense clearly read the demonstration wrought out in those terrible facts, that without religion civilization was impossible. Napoleon alas! discredited his measures in favor of religion by plainly showing that he wished to use it as a tool for his ambition.

And so the old Voltaire virtue lingered on poisoning the moral life of the French people. It has lived on to our day, inspiring rulers like Paul Bert and Blanqui. No wonder, then, that the principles of Declaration of Rights were so disastrous; that Liberty and Equality are still in France to a great extent empty names, and that the attempt at Republican self-government should still be so dominated by the spirit of absolutism and tyranny that we in America look on the experiment with but little hope of its ever succeeding.

NEW ENGLAND CATHOLICS

And How They Are Regarded by the President of Bowdoin College.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, Lewiston, Me., in his discourse to the college students, referred to the great changes that have taken place in New England in the last half century in industrial pursuits, social and religious views, and the comparative nationalities of its inhabitants. He spoke of the rapid increase in the Catholic population, and predicted that the time is not far distant when they will outnumber the puritanic Protestants of the country. In this connection he denounced the position taken by some over-zealous Protestants who seek to drive the Catholics from their religious creed. Whatever we most cherish in our New England life, he said, we should strive to impart and to strengthen. The right things and best things will be the ones that will be handed down the ages. If the principles we advocate are right they will prevail. It will become a question of the survival of the fittest.

Ex-Mayor Robert Bowie, Brockville, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a bad case of catarrh, and it cured me after having ineffectually tried many other remedies. It never fails to give immediate relief for cold in the head. There is no case of cold in the head or catarrh that will not yield to Nasal Balm. Try it. All dealers at 50c; and \$1 a bottle, or by mail, post paid. G. T. Falford & Co., Brockville, Ont."

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NEITHER BOND NOR FREE.

Notable Address to Colored Catholics by Archbishop Ireland.

Archbishop Ireland's address at the recent dedication of St. Peter Claver's church for colored Catholics, in St. Paul, has attracted widespread attention. For his text the Archbishop announced:

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii., 28.) "God sees in men souls—souls made to His own image and likeness, born to immortality," said His Grace. "All else in men is accidental, transient, and enters not into the make-up of human dignity. The world had sorely departed from the truth in this regard. Passion and pride had emptied the strong to lift themselves up upon the ruins of the weak, and to consider themselves as beings apart, whose personal importance implied hatred of and contempt for others. The Greeks viewed the people of other countries as barbarians; the Romans had no respect for one who bore not the title of citizen of Rome, and Greek and Roman held in dire bondage over one-half the men who inhabited their own lands.

"Christ came upon earth to regenerate humanity, and to save it from its errors. He proclaimed the cardinal principle that all men are children of the same Saviour, and brothers in one family. 'There is neither Jew nor Greek; neither bond nor free.' This sublime utterance of Christ's religion upon the dignity of human nature and the unity of mankind proves a divine origin. In the name of Christ we assemble to-day. For us there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free. We are children of the great Father of all.

"This is a day which I have long wished to see, when I should be able to dedicate in religion's name a church in St. Paul for the special use of my colored brothers, and in doing so give them a solemn proof of my respect and love for them. From the earliest days of my youthful priesthood I have felt myself drawn towards them, and as opportunities offered and other time-taking occupations permitted, I have labored for them and induced others to work for them. Their sad lot drew me towards them; my sense of justice enlisted me in their service. I saw them in slavery. Oh, that in this Christian age and in this Christian land the dire word should ever have expressed a reality! Can we ever sufficiently repeat that we reduced our brother man to be a chattel, and bought and sold him for our own base profit.

"America has at last struck down its shackles, but it lacks to this day the courage to be logical, and in the pathway of life it pushes cruelly to one side the colored man as if he were an inferior being, with whom contact was degradation. We are as small-minded and as small-hearted toward our fellow-men as the Indian Brahmin. In no civilized country in South America and in Europe can you find men socially branded in the United States for the simple accidents of shades of coloring in the face. I rejoiced in my soul when slavery ceased; I will rejoice in my soul when this social prejudice shall cease, and in the meantime I will work in the name of humanity, of religion and patriotism to kill it out.

"The objection may be made that in dedicating a church for the special use of the colored people I am myself yielding to this prejudice which I am condemning. There is truth in the objection. On principal there should be no special churches for the colored man. Both should kneel before the same altar and sit upon the same seat. Separate churches are not to be permanent institutions. For the time being, in view of conditions which we do not accept, but which we must consider, separate churches are more pleasant and more profitable for the colored people. We have them for those among you who desire them. But in the meanwhile be it well understood that every Catholic church in the city of St. Paul is open to you on equal terms with the white man.

"Make your choice. The first pew in the cathedral may be yours as well as your white brothers, and as things are, for the sake of a strong protest against prejudice, I would prefer to see it occupied by a colored man rather than a white man. St. Peter Claver's church is yours in a special manner. I offer it to all the colored people of St. Paul, whether you call yourself Catholic or not. I wish you all to be at home under its roof. Come and see and hear and draw your own conclusions. You will be as free to disagree if we do not convince you as you are to come. One thing is certain—our hearts will go out to you in warmest affection.

"The Catholic Church offers to the colored people the fullest recognition of all their rights as Christians and as men, and offers to them her power to have those rights recognized by others. There are individual Catholics as prejudiced against the colored man as others are; but Catholics are so in spite of their principles. Principles always work out logically.

"The Catholic Church is the grandest school the world has ever seen of human rights, human dignity, and civil and social equality. She it is who, in the person of Paul, sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon as a brother in the Lord. She it is that banished slavery from European nations. No one ever spoke in thundering tones against the African slave trade as did her Pontiffs. To-day it is Leo that is stirring up Europe to withstand in Africa the traffic in men.

In the lamented Lavigerie who has distributed over the desert thousands of Christian crusaders to intercept the vile trader and give freedom to his victims. In no other temple do black and white, savage and civilized man come so closely together on such perfect terms of equality as they do at the communion rail of a Catholic temple. For the sake of all rights which are yours, and for which you are struggling, I would have you be Catholics.

"In becoming Catholic, the colored race secures at once the potent influence of the great Church, which resists all tyrannies and never yields up the rights of her children. For her own sake, too, I pray that she may gain you. The colored people are to-day, and will be so in the future, a mighty element of power and influence. Those who do not labor for them are lacking in zeal and in foresight. Besides, and precisely because of prejudices from which the colored people suffer, the work for their conversion and elevation is most noble and tempting—just the work which appeals to the chivalrous soul of the Catholic Church, and to the fire of sacred ambition burning in the breast of every true Catholic crusader. The choicest, most promising field for apostolic work to-day in America is our colored Americans. They who do not see it are blind; they who, seeing it, do not embrace the opportunity have not in their souls the apostolic fire."

GOUNOD'S CATHOLIC SPIRIT.

A Crucifix Occupies a Place of Honor in His Library.

Charles Gounod nails his Catholicism to the mast. The Catholic spirit in him seems to be growing even stronger now that he is an old man. Though continuing to be an idol and an oracle of French society, he is not afraid to give a place of honor on his library table to an imposing crucifix, and to proclaim before women of fashion and worldlings that Jesus Christ is Lord and Master in his home. Examples of this kind are valuable in France because of their extreme rarity outside distinctly religious circles.

The demon of human respect or of pusillanimity in religious matters seems to have got tight hold of French Catholics, for nine out of ten believing Catholics at heart are afraid to give open expression to their religious opinions. Therefore it is refreshing to come across a Charles Gounod now and then.

It is refreshing also to read a letter he has just written. Writing to a bishop of the late Mgr. Gay, a papeyrist of Anthoned, he says: "How can I thank you for having sent me a copy of your admirable funeral oration on my dear and holy friend, Mgr. Gay? I was an object of his sincerest friendship for sixty-three years, and from the moment that God called him to Himself I have looked upon him as a saint in Heaven as a powerful intercessor for me as long as I remain on earth. My prayers go with my convictions that the Church will raise him to her altars." "I am not afraid of God," respecting his latest work—"Instructions to Persons Living in the World,"—Charles Gounod says: "It is an imperishable work, destined by its sublime doctrine to effect the salvation of thousands of souls."

Training of Members of the Society of Jesus.

We condense from a discourse by a Jesuit Father the following account of the manner in which members of the far-famed Society of Jesus are trained:

In the first place, as a boy, "the future Jesuit gets two years' training in habits of devotion, with the eyes of his superiors upon him, to see if he is fit for his vocation." After this he applies to be admitted as a novice, and if admitted is expected to practice such humility that persons who had been "high military officers and Judges were not thought too good to clean shoes and knives and peel potatoes." After these two years, the student is permitted to take vows and become what is called "a clerk regular." Then comes three more years of study in rhetoric and philosophy, and after this seven years' employment as teacher or perfect of studies in some college where teaching in the branches just named is required. Then, after this, comes four years more of study, specially in dogmatic theology, moral theology, pastoral theology, canon law, etc. Thus the student has now been sixteen years in the Society (not counting the preliminary two years of trial before admission as a novice). He now "becomes a priest," but, though "burning to go forth with all the zeal and fire of the Apostles," he must still wait one more year, in which "he goes back to his first year to knock at his own heart and see if he is still inspired with his earlier devotion." Thus, as the Father shows, "it takes seventeen years to make a Jesuit."

And as he says, too, the Jesuit's best friends are those who know him best. Those who do know him confide in, and love and revere him. The world hates and maligns and persecutes him, because it does not know him; preferring to follow out its own imaginings with regard to him, that it may be more free to gratify its own malice in persecuting them, and to invent lies in self-justification. —Catholic Standard.

1892. "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

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

A STORY OF ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

When Archbishop Ryan, the great orator of the American Church, first went to Philadelphia, a prominent Protestant gentleman with broad views came to him and said: "It would be a good thing if you would mingle with the people generally. Take part in public events, and come to the front when matters affecting the city as a whole are being discussed."

Apropos of this, when the famine in Russia was at its worst, the people of Philadelphia chartered an ocean steamer and filled in tons of provisions for the starving subjects of the Czar. On the day appointed for the sailing, religious ceremonies were held at the wharf. A clergyman of every denomination was on hand to participate in the ceremonies. The Methodist preacher, the Presbyterian minister, the Episcopal clergyman and the Baptist, all went through their forms of prayer. The large crowd was listless, and seemed anxious to have the ceremonies end. Archbishop Ryan was standing modestly in the background with a heavy black coat on. He was invited to say something. He walked to the centre of the place assigned to the speakers, threw aside his coat, and was revealed to the great audience arrayed in full pontificals. Raising his right hand solemnly, he pointed to the vessel about to sail on its errand of mercy. There was a profound silence for a moment, and then the Archbishop began a beautiful prayer, calling down the blessing of heaven on the vessel, its crew and its cargo. The people were visibly affected. Another words seemed hollow and vain beside his. There was an undying feeling that here was a true, living faith. But the Archbishop had made no special effort—for him there was nothing out of the usual. He was simply himself—noble, dignified and impressive. As the crowd was dismissed, and the Archbishop started to leave, the Protestant gentleman mentioned in the beginning of this paragraph, came up, and grasping His Grace warmly by the hand, exclaimed in sincere tones, "Well, you are coming to the front."

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The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 481 and 483 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum. Editors: GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," THOMAS COFFEY.

London, Saturday, March 4, 1893.

They who glory in the advancement of science and foresee in its every discovery a sign of the impending disruption of Catholicity would perhaps have their illusions dispelled by a correct estimate of the doctrine of the Church. Now and then, though the question has long since been discussed, we read that the Mosaic Cosmogony has been proved false and untenable by the scientific investigations of recent years.

TAKE for example the question of Evolution. Some years ago a scientist, whose name is cherished by all lovers of original thinking, undertook the task of championing the cause of Darwin. He did not, of course, admit the transmutation of species—a theory with but the vain imaginary arguments of its progenitor to commend it, and one utterly discredited by reputable scientists.

AGASSI, a distinguished writer of the present day published, but lately, an article that occasioned a great deal of adverse criticism. We refer to St. George Mivart's paper on the "Happiness of Hell." Many and talented writers, armed cap a pie with theological armor, took the field against him. It was a goodly fight. Surely were the guns trained against the position of the English scientist, and when the smoke cleared away it was unappreciated, simply because it was impregnable.

It has been said, and justly, that the over-zealous defenders of the truth mislead the weak-minded: they bring confusion into the ranks; they impede the action of competent men, and shut them out from achieving real good. Truth is too vast to find shelter in any text-book, or to be hemmed in by narrow boundaries, drawn out with mathematical precision.

deepened by long thinking and continuous study, unfold an opinion whose very novelty may startle the world. It may run counter to our cherished convictions, but we may not, with any show of reason, relegate it by a mere assertion to the domain of the fanciful and absurd. A writer who has a regard for the verdict of posterity, and who understands his responsibility, will not venture to uphold a theory absolutely false. We may not grasp its whole import, but succeeding generations may seize upon it and place it in its true light.

SHE, as past records prove, never bestowed her approval on any theory. "When the Copernican system," says Cardinal Newman, "first made progress, what religious man would not have been tempted to uneasiness, or at least fear of scandal, from the seeming contradiction which it involved to some authoritative tradition of the Church and the declaration of the Scripture? It was generally received as if the Apostles had expressly delivered it, both orally and in writing, that the earth was stationary, and that the sun was fixed in a solid firmament which whirled around the earth.

MISS ANNIE BESANT, the High Priestess of Theosophy, is endeavoring to convert America to her peculiar doctrine. Her zeal and learning are worthy of a better cause. She is undoubtedly a woman of great ability, and it is pitiful to see her wasting it in a fruitless task. Better for her to employ her talents in a manner more befitting her sex and more beneficial to humanity. But ours is an age in which woman plays many parts, and Miss Besant is just as much entitled to exhibit herself as any other female with a craving for notoriety. Eloquent does she depict the benefits that Theosophy desires to bestow on mankind; and yet in India, the cradle of Buddhism, where all its beauty and truth and good producing power should be apparent, we behold naught but myriad of human beings separated from their fellows by the hard, selfish lines of caste.

WE feel, however, she is sincere. We admire her passionate enthusiasm, and regret that an airy nothing enlists all its thought and fervor. Bereft of the divine faith that teaches humanity to find peace and consolation in the Divine Heart, whose every pulsation was one of love and which shelters all who labor and are burdened, she seeks support in the exploded theories of Eastern visionaries. But it will not last long. The immortal soul must tend to its own perfection. It will burst asunder the fetters that bind its creatures, and, exulting in its freedom, will wing its flight to higher things; and, in the possession of the light which enlighteneth every one that cometh into the world, will find rest.

In connection with Theosophy there is a favorite objection with the polished imitations of ungodliness, viz., that Christianity is but an off-

shoot of Buddhism. Two centuries before Christ, they tell us, Buddha is said to have been born without a human father. Angels chant the glory of his coming, an aged hermit blesses him, and at an early age his wisdom astonishes his elders skilled in all manner of knowledge. Hence, it is argued that Christianity cannot be from heaven. This argument, apparently so convincing, was disposed of by Bentley, who discovered that this legend of the life of Buddha was invented by the Brahmins in the seventh century, and fraudulently inserted in their religious records.

THE seventeenth annual meeting of the Tabernacle Society of Washington took place on Feb 6, in the presence of about one hundred members. The Tabernacle Society is a guild of pious ladies who furnish needy missions over the country with the various sacred vessels, vestments, and altar cloths and linens necessary for Divine service. Truly a noble charity! Last year it distributed more than \$4000.

NATURALISTS tell us that in Africa there is an insect so unclean that it poisons everything with which it comes in contact. It is a very good representation of the detractor, who has no nobler aim in life than the rending of his neighbor's reputation. His sly tongue is forever casting the filth of an impure mind upon another's character. Motives are misrepresented, and baseless reports are circulated. He should be scourged out of any respectable community. As it is the season of Lent let him make a resolution to abstain, for he who refuses to listen to backbiting and calumny putteth out from the presence of Jesus an unclean animal. "He who is grieved to hear evil of others dresseth the wounds of Jesus."

THE HOME RULE DISCUSSION.

AS was expected, the introduction of the Home Rule Bill into the British House of Commons gave occasion already to some spirited speeches delivered from both sides of the House, but from the despatches so far received the Liberal supporters of the Bill have had by far the best of the argument.

One episode arising out of the question was rather an amusing one, as it resulted in Viscount Wolmer, the Tory member for West Edinburgh, being obliged to make an apology to the House for having maligned the Irish members.

The Viscount stated at a meeting in St. James Hall that the Irish members subsist on contributions given to them by the Gladstonian Parliamentary caucus; and starting from the basis of this statement, the London Times heaped up a number of unfounded accusations against the Nationalist party, saying amongst other things that "Mr. Gladstone's majority would be wiped out if the Irish members did not receive stipends from the Liberal party fund or from the private liberality of rich English partisans."

Mr. Thomas Sexton, the Nationalist member for North Kerry, pointed out that these statements are entirely false, as neither the Liberal party nor any rich partisan supplies funds for the support of any Nationalist member.

The Speaker of the House called upon Viscount Wolmer either to bring forward satisfactory proof of his statement or to apologize to the House. Being unable to sustain his assertion, he chose the latter course, and very unwillingly admitted that he had gone too far, and expressed his regret.

The Times has also been obliged to publish an apology for its statements. Sir Randolph Churchill attempted to be witty at Mr. Gladstone's expense, comparing the Home Rule Bill to the marvels witnessed by Alice in Wonderland. He brought up no solid reasons, however, against its passage, nor any reason at all which has not been already brought forward and triumphantly refuted as unsatisfactory.

He declared that there is a British majority against the Bill, and that it is sustained by an Irish majority, which is of course in one sense true, but it is also sustained by Scotland and Wales. The argument, however, is of no force against the Bill. As the Hon. Edward Blake pointed out in one of his speeches delivered recently at Bath, there was a popular majority of 245,000 in the United Kingdom in favor of Mr. Gladstone's candidates; and as long as the countries are united they must be dealt with as united. Scotland and Wales are one with Ireland on this question, and the English majority in favor of the Tory administration being blotted out by the majorities from these three countries, all of which have a right to their voice

in the matter, the result must be accepted as the expression of the will of the united Kingdom.

If there were an Irish majority against Home Rule we would soon hear it said in triumph that Ireland does not want the measure; but as it is it must be conceded that Ireland wants it most decidedly, and it is a question on which Irishmen are the best judges. They know best the needs of their own country. England does not follow Ireland in this, because England having a larger representation in Parliament than all the rest of the united Kingdom, practically has Home Rule, and she does not appreciate its need for Ireland. But as all have been united to have one Legislative body, the voice of the majority in the united Parliament must be taken as the ruling voice.

The Hon. E. Blake also answered the speech of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the House, and in his answer showed the thoroughness with which he has mastered the subject under debate. His speech has been pronounced by Sir William Vernon Harcourt the best on the subject which has ever been heard in the House of Commons. There is no doubt that Mr. Blake's advocacy of the Irish cause will do much towards making the demands of Ireland better understood, especially in England and among the Protestants of Ulster. Mr. Blake has all along appreciated the honor and liberality which prevail among the Catholics of Ireland and he is firmly convinced that there is no real need of guarantees for the preservation of the rights of the Protestant minority. Mr. Gladstone's bill, however, so completely provides all the guarantees which could possibly be required that there is no basis for any reasonable protest against it on the ground that the rights of the minority are overlooked.

THE QUEBEC LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The present position in Quebec in regard to the Legislative Council is both curious and instructive. There is now little doubt that the cumbersome machinery of Local Government in the sister Province will soon be simplified on the model of the Ontario Legislature, which has no second Chamber, and yet gets along remarkably well without one.

The theory according to which a second Chamber is supposed to be necessary to secure well-considered legislation is that the hasty measures of the popular branch will be revised by the more sedate body which may be supposed to represent the concentrated wisdom of past Parliamentary generations. But the experience of Ontario is to the effect that such a revising Chamber is unnecessary, at least in the Local Legislatures.

The Dominion Parliament may need a second Chamber, and it is generally conceded that the peculiar relations in which the Confederated Provinces stand towards each other make it necessary that there should be a counterpoise to the popular branch in which population only is represented. Hence the need of a second Chamber in which the respective Provinces are represented on a different basis, so as to afford a protection to Provincial rights.

In Quebec the local legislative Council was established expressly with a view to guarantee to the Protestant minority a safeguard against possible aggression from the Catholic French majority; and for the purpose of making the guarantee more efficacious, there is a special provision in the British North America Act to secure an English Protestant representation in it as well as in the Dominion Senate so long as there remain any Protestant districts in the Province. It was believed the security thus afforded to the minority would be well worth the expense which would be incurred by keeping it up.

But it now appears that the Protestant minority are the most anxious to sweep the Legislative Council out of existence, and the chief reason is because of the expense. We presume that they have opened their eyes to the fact that they are not in any danger from French Catholic aggression, else they would not be so ready to get rid of the guarantee for which they were so anxious in 1866.

The bill for the abolition of the Council which came up in the Assembly recently was supported by every Protestant representative in the House, and the vote upon it was a tie, the measure being defeated only by the Speaker's casting vote. This fact is an indication that the Legislative Council must go sooner or later, and probably very soon. The Councillors

themselves appear to take it in very ill part that they have received so strong an intimation that the people do not want their services any longer; but it would be more creditable to them if they would show a disposition to retire gracefully under such circumstances. We are pleased, however, to find that the movement to get rid of this fifth wheel of the wagon was not supported in this first instance by a majority of the Catholics in the House, as it would certainly have been interpreted by the irreconcilable wing of ultra-Protestants in Quebec and Ontario as if the Quebec Catholics wished to destroy the main prop of Protestantism in the Province. They cannot now truthfully say that such is the state of affairs, since these irreconcilables are the loudest in demanding the repeal of those clauses in the Constitution whereby the second Chamber is established. In fact these snarlers, through their organ, the Toronto Mail, have already said that it is the Catholic Church, always aggressive, that wishes the Council to be retained as "a home for crippled statesmen, and a sort of last resort to which the Church can appeal against measures of reform." (Mail of Feb. 17.)

We do not put on any mask of a pretended desire to meet the whims of these grievance-mongers. It is impossible to satisfy them, and we shall not attempt it, for whatever course we advocate they will discover evil intentions on our part. We therefore state our opinions frankly whether they please or displease these discontented politicians.

Of all the Provinces in the Dominion, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island alone have retained Local Legislative Councils; but it is probable that before long all will adopt the simpler governmental machinery of Ontario. In Nova Scotia this will soon be the case, as matters are already in preparation with this object in view. It is to be hoped that the example will shortly be followed in the other two Provinces. Economy is especially desirable in Quebec, where the people are already saddled with a heavier burden of debt than they can readily pay.

ALTERING HISTORY.

A course of historical lectures was begun in Trinity College on Thursday 16th February with a view towards instructing the students of that institution and such of the people of Toronto as may avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them to become acquainted with "early English history."

The first lecture was delivered by Professor Rigby; and considering the matter which the Professor laid before his audience, we are by no means surprised at the statement of the Mail's reporter that the audience was "amused."

The Professor said on opening his address, "When a man tells me he does not find history interesting, I don't try to alter history, I try to alter him." Notwithstanding this declaration, our reading of the synopsis of the lecture convinces us that the purpose of the lecturer was to alter history so as to make it accord with certain new-fangled notions which have of late become popular with Anglican clerics, for the simple reason that they seem to afford some pretext, though a poor one, for the Anglican schism of the sixteenth century.

The Professor gave an account of the Druidical religion of Britain which existed before the introduction of Christianity. He next spoke of the conquest by the Romans, and of the introduction of Christianity. We are told that after "he had exploded several myths as to how Christianity came to Britain, it was shown that the Church of Gaul was the Mother Church."

It is a pity that the learned Professor while exploding some myths thought proper to bring in so palpable a myth as is contained in the last clause of this statement:

"The Church of Gaul was the Mother Church of Britain." We can easily understand with what object such an assertion was made. It was for the purpose of giving some air of plausibility to the next assertion, which is:

"That the British Church was independent of the Roman See is clear from the fact that the usage of the two Churches differed in the important matter of the time of keeping Easter, the difference of the tonsure, differences in the liturgies, and minor usages; all of which prove the independence of the early British Church."

The object of all this is, of course, to give the impression that the ancient

British Church was one and the same with the modern Church of England. It will be remarked, however, that even if this distorted historical narrative were perfectly true it would not prove the point aimed at.

Apparently for the purpose of showing the Gallic origin and affinities of the British Church, the professor states that "at the Council of Arles, 314 A. D., there were present from Britain three Bishops, a priest and a deacon, thus proving that there was an organized British Church at this early date."

All this is very true, and it proves that the British Church was at this time, two hundred and eighty-three years before St. Austin or Augustine preached in Kent, in communion not only with the Church of France, but with the whole Western Church, for this was a Council of the Western Church, and Bishops or their delegates were present at it from Spain and Africa, Italy, Sicily, Gaul and Germany as well as Britain.

It is undeniable that these countries were all in communion with and subject to the authority of the Pope, whose delegates also assisted at the Council.

It will be sufficient to quote the synodal letter sent by the Council to Pope Sylvester, to show this:

"To the most beloved Pope (Papa) Sylvester. . . eternal salvation in the Lord. Bound together and adhering together by a common tie of charity and in the unity of the Catholic Church, our mother. . . we with well merited reverence salute you, most glorious Pope. . . We would, most beloved brother, that you had done us so much honor as to be present here. . . because we assuredly believe that a more severe sentence would have been pronounced against those (Donatists); and you, judging together with us, our assembly would have exulted with greater joy. But as it was not in your power to leave those places in which the Apostles daily sit. . . it was resolved that by you who hold the greater dioceses, by you especially, our sentence should be made known to all men."

As a further evidence that the Church of France, from which, according to Professor Rigby's statement, the British Church derived its faith, recognized the Pope's authority, we shall here add St. Cyprian's testimony that Pope Stephen had authority to excommunicate Marcianus, a heretical Bishop of that very city, Arles, and to order a new Bishop to be elected.

St. Cyprian said, (Ep. 67 to Stephen): "Let letters be addressed from thee to the Province and people dwelling at Arles, by which Marcianus being excommunicated, another may be substituted in his place, and the flock of Christ, which at this day is unceasingly scattered, and wounded, be again gathered together."

Want of space obliges us to defer to another issue the proof that it was from Rome, and not from France, that the missionaries were sent who converted Britain in the second century. We have, however, quoted enough to show that the Pope's authority was recognized by the Church of the entire West, not only in the reign of Constantine the Great, but much earlier, namely, in the middle of the third century, when St. Cyprian flourished. The British Church was part of that "united Catholic Church" of which the Council of Arles spoke; and Britain must, therefore, have acknowledged the Pope's authority like the rest of the Catholic world. In fact the British Bishops signed the synodal letter of Arles equally with the other Bishops present. The independent British Church was not thought of till the sixteenth century.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

It is an axiom in all reasoning that a principle which leads to absurd consequences is itself absurd; and it has been frequently shown that such a principle is the supposed right of private individuals to sit in judgment upon God's revelation, which is the very foundation stone of Protestantism.

A recent illustration of how schism directly results from this principle is to be found in a statement which has been published by the New York Star on the authority of its Cincinnati correspondent, that a new development has arisen out of the heresy trials of Dr. Briggs of New York, and Dr. Smith of Cincinnati. The statement is to the effect that the two professors, being accused on the very similar grounds that they have both attacked the inspiration of the Scripture, though in a different manner, have come to an agreement to secede from Presbyterianism and form a new Church, if the charge against Dr. Briggs is sustained by the General Assembly which is to meet this year.

The case of Professor Smith, it will

be remembered, was decided against him by the Presbytery before which the trial took place, but it has been appealed to the synod of Ohio. It is considered a foregone conclusion that the synod will sustain the decision of the Lower Court, and thus the Professor will be obliged to retire from Lane Seminary unless the faculty sustain him against the ecclesiastical authorities, as the faculty of the New York Union Theological Seminary have done in the case of Professor Briggs. The latter, however, has so far been sustained even by the New York Presbytery, but it is taken as a certainty that the General Assembly, which has already manifested a determined opposition to such innovations as these, will condemn both the accused if their cases be brought before it.

It is further said that Professor Smith has promised that in the event of the establishment of the new Church as proposed, Lane Seminary will go with them, and Dr. Briggs appears to be confident that the seminary in which he teaches will also adhere to them, together with the most important Presbyterian Churches in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

In fairness it must be added that Professor Smith has denied that it is the intention to establish a new Church, and we may assume that he tells the truth, strictly speaking, namely, that there is no intention just now to establish a new Church. Yet this is quite consistent with the *Sun's* statement that in the event of a certain thing happening, such a Church is to be established, and we are inclined to think that such will be the end of the matter.

A schism has already been openly predicted by prominent Presbyterian divines, whatever might be the result of the trials, and in case they should both be adverse, it does not seem possible that either of the two Professors will remain in the existing Presbyterian Church. Nothing will remain for them, therefore, but one of these alternatives, to hereafter belong to no church in particular, or to join some Church, like the Unitarian, which teaches doctrines resembling theirs, or to establish a new Church. There is, of course, a fourth alternative, that they will retract their heterodox opinions, but their present firmness seems to leave this possibility out of the question. Weighing all things, the most probable course that will be followed would seem to be precisely that indicated by the *Sun's* correspondent.

Certainly Presbyterianism has no right to complain if the two recalcitrant clergymen follow this course; for Presbyterianism itself is founded upon the right of individuals to create a schism when and how they deem it proper so to do. It is a curious circumstance, however, that this secession should take place just when there is most talk about the reunion of the various sects, and when it is beginning to be pretty generally acknowledged that when Christ established His Church He intended it should be one organized body.

THE JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

The public demonstrations in honor of the Holy Father, which began on Sunday, Feb. 19th, and are still going on, have been most enthusiastic, according to the reports of the celebration which have been transmitted by telegraph.

It is not often that a Bishop is able to celebrate the Golden Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of his Episcopate, as for such an event to occur he must necessarily have reached the advanced age of at least eighty years. It is of course much less frequent that a Pope should be able to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the same event which is now being celebrated in honor of Pope Leo XIII., who is eighty-three years of age.

The purpose for which Christ instituted the Supreme Headship in His Church was for the preservation of the unity of faith, as without such a Headship there must be only disorder and disunion. Hence St. Paul says of the whole hierarchy of the Church:

"He gave some Apostles, and some prophets, and other some Evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God... that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." (Eph. iv; ii, 14.)

To carry out this intention and to preserve Christians from dangerous

error, it was necessary there should be a Head of the whole Church, and for this purpose our Lord chose Peter, on whom He built His Church as on a rock, and for whom He prayed that his faith should not fail, but that he "being converted should confirm his brethren."

As the successor of St. Peter, it is the office of Pope Leo XIII. to preserve that unity of faith, and so to preserve the faithful from being tossed about by every wind of doctrine; and, like the whole line of supreme Pontiffs, he has admirably fulfilled his duty.

St. Cyprian, in the third century, said of the Pope's authority, "He (Christ) established one chair for the purpose of manifesting unity, and by His authority He appointed the origin of that unity which begins in one."

It is, therefore, for the purpose of preserving unity that Christ established His Church in union with one head, to which it should be subject for all time; and loyalty to the Head of the Church is a necessary characteristic of a true Christian.

Pope Leo XIII. would therefore be worthy of all honor, reverence and obedience if there were no other reason than his position in the Church for according these to him; but he is besides personally gifted with an intellect and a tact for administration which command our admiration, and place him in the front rank of Pontiffs who have ruled the Church during these nineteen centuries. This is recognized by the whole world, and at this moment, not only Catholics and Christians of every name take a deep interest in the celebration of his Episcopal Jubilee, but Jews, Mahometans and Pagans, the great and the lowly, unite in testifying their respect for Christ's Vicar and representative, whose office is the highest filled by human being.

Every country in the world has furnished pilgrims to unite in offering him homage, and the sovereigns and rulers of nearly every State in Europe, Asia, Africa and America have united with their subjects for this purpose, including the Queen of Great Britain, the Emperors of Russia and Germany, the Rajahs of India, the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. As a matter of course the rulers of Catholic States have also testified earnestly their respect and loyalty to the See which antedates all human dynasties, and goes back to the day when Christ gave His commission to St. Peter to feed His lambs and sheep.

We learn from the telegraphic account of the celebration that the Holy Father accorded special audiences to the Irish and English pilgrims who were introduced respectively by Bishop MacCormack of Galway and the Duke of Norfolk. To the Irish pilgrims he said that "Irish faith, piety and devotion to the Pope were always the same, and he exhorted them to persevere in their attachment to the Church."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"ALTHOUGH all the Canadian hoodlums are not in jail, the country is paying liberally for the cost of prosecuting those who are suspected of the offence."—*Mail*.

No, they're not all in jail And it's well for the *Mail* They are not.

"THAT notorious spook medium, Madame Dis de Bar, has been indicted for larceny by the Grand Jury of Geneva, Illinois. She has been in jail there for several months. She is accused of stealing \$735 from Irene Mitchell, of Elgin, and of obtaining money by representing that she was in rapport with spirits and could double it through investments recommended by them. The gross old swindler is pretty sure to land in the penitentiary."—*New York Catholic Review*.

And while all this is going on many of the people of Toronto and Brockville are lionizing a pal of Miss Dis de Bar, who has likewise a prison record, because she shoots forth some meteoric falsehoods about the Catholic Church. It will be remembered that the Bar woman was also engaged in the same enterprise a couple of years ago, and she made money at it too. The race of fools is ever ready to be duped by the race of liars.

The Ulster Orangemen are still loud in their protests against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The Belfast Orange Lodge has issued a manifesto on the subject in which the demand is made for total separation from England or a continuance of the union. They declare that they will resist to the death any attempt to force a bastard combination of the two. A report also emanates from Belfast that the Orange societies intend to resist by force the establishment of an Irish Parliament, and that arrangements are

being made for a large supply of the most approved firearms to the lodges. Of course all this bluster is intended to frighten Parliament, but it will not prevent the inevitable from its accomplishment. March 2 has been appointed for a monster anti-Home Rule Convention in Ulster Hall at which fiery resolutions are to be adopted.

It is rumored that an effort will be made to pass a resolution in the House of Commons rescinding the former expressions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Another rumor is to the effect that a motion in favor of Home Rule is likely to be brought forward. It is good policy to let well enough alone. Canada, through her Parliamentary representatives, has already three times declared in favor of Home Rule and a broad measure of self-government for Ireland. To bring the subject up again would be a mistake. However, should an attack be made by the enemies of Ireland, the friends of Home Rule will, beyond doubt, give a good account of themselves in the House of Commons of Canada.

ANOTHER event is to be added to the history of the progress of the Church in the German Empire. The Emperor William has restored to the Benedictines the Abbey Church of Maria-Laach, near Bonn. This church was confiscated in 1794, but now after ninety-nine years' alienation from the purpose for which it was built, it is restored as an evidence of the Emperor's good will towards Catholics. Thus every year brings forth a new proof of the folly of Bismarck's blood and iron policy of persecution.

BODYKE, which has been the scene of so many troubles and so much suffering in the past owing to the cruelty with which the law of eviction was carried out by the heartless landlord Colonel O'Callaghan, is again in a turmoil resembling a state of warfare. Barricades of stones are erected across the roads and sentries are posted wherever it is deemed expedient, to give warning to the tenants of the approach of the police, so that their stock may be concealed before the arrival of the enemy to make seizures. The cause of the present difficulty is the refusal of Colonel O'Callaghan to continue the rent reduction, the concession of which was the cause of the cessation of hostilities. The Colonel is obstinate in his purpose to collect rack-rents, and the tenants on their side are equally resolute to not to submit to them. The Home Rule Bill will of course finally settle such troubles, but before it will become law, and before a satisfactory land bill will be passed, necessarily much time will be consumed. In view of this it is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will find time to provide at least a temporary means for the just settlement of the present difficulty and future ones of a similar nature to that which is now occurring, in this unfortunate locality.

The present administration of Ireland is devoting itself earnestly to the task of remedying the many injustices to which that country has been hitherto subjected, amongst which is the crying iniquity that Catholics and Nationalists have been rigidly excluded from the Irish Magistracy. Thirty Irish Catholic Nationalists have recently been appointed to the office, and it is intended soon to appoint more. Naturally this new departure has given great satisfaction to the Nationalist party.

MR. STUART KNILL, the present Catholic Mayor of London, is giving very general satisfaction through his admirable administration of the duties of his office, and his popularity has been attested by the ovations accorded to him whenever he makes his appearance officially before the public. He is said to be affable, charitable and just, and he fulfils the functions of his office with great tact. Mr. Beaufoi Moore, however, who made such vigorous though futile attempts to keep him out of office, still spends much of his time in making speeches against the occupancy of the seat of the chief magistrate of the largest community in the world by a Catholic. But bigotry is now a drug on the market, and Mr. Moore and his Popery association are making themselves the butt of popular ridicule by the insensate course they have deemed it proper to pursue.

It will be learned with gratification by the Catholics of the United States generally that General Morgan, the Indian School Commissioner who received his appointment from President Harrison, has handed in his resignation, which will take effect on March 1, the day on which Mr. Grover Cleveland will enter on his duties as President. General Morgan, who also claims the title of Reverend, has been a bitter persecutor of the Catholic Indians during his term of office, and it was the general conviction that he would be relieved of his duties on the assumption of office by President Cleveland. By his resignation he has saved the incoming President the trouble of dismissing him.

MR. RICHARD O'BRIEN, of the *St. John Globe*, has been in Ottawa since the 1st of February, representing that journal in the Press Gallery. Alderman O'Brien is a popular and successful journalist and a prominent member of the Liberal party in New Brunswick. It is said at Ottawa that he is likely to be one of the candidates for St. John in the interest of the Liberals at the next general election.

A DESPATCH from New York, dated the 23rd, states that Rev. Jesse Albert Locke, who until last November was one of the assistants at St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church on Varick street, has become a convert to the Catholic Church. As recently as Christmas Day he assisted in conducting the services in a London parish church.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Chicago News World.
Last week we received a letter from a Catholic lady who resides in an Illinois town, informing us that in her employ, in the capacity of servant, is a young woman, a Lutheran, who has for sometime past been progressing in an inclination to become a Catholic. Recently, in company with some young women of her own age, she attended the Swedish Baptist Church where she lives. The minister of this church is a student of Chicago University. Whether from the fact that he had received from her companions some inclination to become a Catholic, we do not know, the minister took pains to speak with her in the church (or Sunday school room) and got from her own lips a statement of her inclination to become a Catholic. He then told her that he would give her a book to read which would remove from her mind any inclination to become a Catholic. In a day or two he called on her at the residence of our correspondent and, after a long talk, gave her the promised book. What was the book? None other than that vilely immoral thing, written by "Rev." Justin D. Fulton, and widely circulated by him, entitled "Why priests should wed." The Swedish Baptist minister commanded her to read this book, and told her that after doing so she would never think of becoming a Catholic. A glance at the dirty volume was enough for the girl. She cast it away from her as a foul thing—and she is now more than ever resolved to become a Catholic.

Catholic Columbian.
The Apostles of the Divine Founder of Christianity, the first Bishops of the Church, lived poor and died poor, thus illustrating their compliance with the command the Master gave them when He said: "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses." To come down to our own days, and to cite only a few cases of many similar ones that might easily be brought forward, the late Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, died so poor in this world's goods that he left barely wherewithal to give him a becoming burial; and he often said during his life that apart from his clothes and books, he owned nothing but the bit of ground where his mother was buried. The great Cardinal Manning left behind him an estate whose value was less than £100; and the lamented Dr. Dwenger's property is estimated at \$500. The distinguished and universally-regretted Episcopalian prelate, Bishop Brooks, whose character possessed so many noble traits, and whose life may be said to have been one of the highest modern exemplifications of the virtues of natural religion, left an estate estimated all a million; and the announcement of that fact caused general surprise and induced some of his admirers either to deny or to endeavor to explain his great wealth, which they seemed instinctively to feel, was inconsistent with his sacred calling. It is such contrasts as these which convince dispassionate and reflective minds that the Catholic Church is justified in claiming that she alone preserves the true spirit of Christianity, and illustrates that spirit, not alone in her doctrine and discipline, but also in the lives and deaths of her worthy priests and prelates.

Another very strong and startling proof of the fact that drunkenness and poverty go hand in hand is found in the returns made to the Government for the sale of internal revenue stamps on malt, spirituous and vinous liquors, during the past two months, compared with the rest of the year. The reports show a decided falling off in receipts from this source, and the cause is assigned to the intensely cold weather. In other words, the laboring man, out of work or with work, who is the most constant feeder of the saloon, was forced to restrain his appetite for drink and apply his meager wages to the purchase of articles necessary to protect him and his family from the rigors of a severe winter. The necessity was appreciated, but why not appreciated

at other times? The poor wage-worker is a fruitful source of revenue to the Government by way of the saloon. The liquor dealer does not pay the license or the tax, but the liquor drinker does it for him.

Boston Pilot.
The appearance last week in Boston of the Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., rector of the Catholic University of America, as the guest of the Unitarian Club, and his address before that body, which includes in its membership some of the best brains of New England and of America, was an event memorable in the intellectual life of Boston, and sure to have far-reaching consequences. It were beside the mark to speak of the pride of the Catholics in their noble representative on this occasion. Let us speak, rather, of the best secular sentiment epitomized in this quotation from a Boston Herald editorial:—"Bishop Keane... not only vindicated himself in his right to the title of a position voluntarily accorded to him of a wise leader in his own communion, but he profoundly impressed the Unitarians, whose guest he was, that the highest courtesy prevails in the Roman Catholic Church, and that a Christian gentleman is the highest style of man. He did more by that little speech before a representative body to disarm hostile criticism and to warm the hearts of liberal Christians towards his own communion than has probably ever been done by any Roman Catholic prelate in this community in a single short address since the world began. It was his courage, his insight, his exquisite tact and his ability to say the right thing at the right time that characterized his address. Boston will be glad to hear from Bishop Keane again. He clears the atmosphere wherever he goes, and if he can increase the number of Roman Catholics who represent his own spirit, it will increase the religious force and strength of the whole community."

The loyal Toronto *News* is worth with Goldwin Smith because of his annexation sentiments, and says that it is time that he should be "pulled up short or expelled from the country," and the *Empire* of the same city mildly remarks: "The disloyalty of this renegade Englishman has been well known for years, but his proceedings on the present occasion present a most disgraceful chapter in his career. We warn Smith and those who are acting with him that the limit of patience of the Canadian people will soon be reached." Which, being interpreted, signifieth: "Hang him to the nearest lamp-post!" It is none of our funeral, but we warn the people of Toronto that if they do anything of the sort, we shall annex Canada at once—out of pure gratitude.

Several years ago a poet named F. C. Weatherley wrote:
"The hawk unto the open sky,
The red deer to the wood,
The Romany lass for the Romany lad,
As in the days of old."
And now comes Rudyard Kipling in a brand new poem, and remarks:
"The wild hawk to the wind swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wood,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old."
Coincidences like this do not necessarily imply plagiarism. Only last week a poet sent us a beautiful lyric beginning:
"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried."
Yet we do not draw the conclusion that Rev. Charles Wolfe plagiarized from our honest contributor when he wrote the Burial of Sir John Moore.

Catholic Citizen.
A well known missionary priest once said that he never knew an intelligent Catholic family that failed to take a Catholic paper. The explanation was that, if intelligent and if truly Catholic, their wants led them to look for a Catholic paper as a necessity. But there were intelligent persons, conforming as Catholics, who did not care for Catholic papers. It was lack of interest in Catholicity. They were intelligent, but not truly Catholic. How about the Catholic who is not intelligent? who will eagerly devour local gossip and sensational stories, but who can't read a Catholic paper? More intelligence is the thing most needed.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.
Balfour the coercionist, and Gladstone the liberator. What a contrast! Their pictures in juxtaposition remind us of the "before and after" medicine cuts which appear in certain patent medicine advertisements.

A few months ago, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop Hare of Dakota preached a forcible infesting that country. And now comes the Rev. Dr. Collier, the well known Brooklyn divine, who went to Dakota seven months ago just to get a divorce. And he got it.

Baltimore Mirror.
Bob Ingersoll is good enough to say that he believes "the Catholic Church is growing better, slowly to be sure, but still getting a little better." This is a handsome concession on the part of the colonel, who has hitherto denounced the whole Christian system as hopelessly evil. Churches of all kinds he has hated, but the Catholic Church most of all, because its doctrines are farthest removed from the general free and easy principles maintained by himself. We should like to be able to return Ingersoll's compliment and say that he is getting better, even a little; but it would not be true. He is just as coarse, untruthful and blasphemous as he has always been.

Monsignor Satelli is the personage of the hour in the United States. The Washington *Star* and syndicates have been giving columns about him, and last Sunday the *New York World* had

an illustrated article showing how the Monsignor delivers a lecture at the University. One of the interesting facts mentioned about the most reverend delegate is that he is becoming proficient on the type-writer. In America this time and labor saving instrument is growing very nearly indispensable. He is also fast acquiring the English language, and after a while will know what people mean when they say he is "right in it."

The *New York Catholic Review* thus comments upon a characteristic feature or tenet of the Catholic Church which is now, as it always has been, the Church of all the people: "The Catholic Church is in one way a great democracy. It judges a man by his merits and not by the name he inherits. Not to speak of its prelates in this republic where all are alleged to be equal who have come up to the purple from the humblest circumstances, mention may be made—in proof of the statement that in it

A man's man.
For a that and a that—
that the present Archbishop of Cologne is the son of a butcher; that his predecessor, Cardinal Geissel, had for father a poor vintager and for mother a washerwoman; that the Archbishop of Posen is the son of a shoemaker; that the prince bishop of Breslau comes from a family of weavers; that the bishops of Strasburg and Muenster were poor peasant boys; and that the Archbishop of Olmutz is the son of a tenant-farmer. The Church appreciates their virtue, their learning and their administrative ability, and with it piety is more precious than Norman blood. No wonder that it has made progress in America!"

The *Christian Register*, commenting upon Bishop Keane's address before the Unitarian Club, says: "Those who have followed this eminent prelate in his career already knew that, while a devoted Roman Catholic, he was also a distinguished scholar, a thorough American in his feelings, and had broad ideas of education. Such were, therefore, not taken by surprise at the free and broad tone of his recent address. It surely is a hopeful sign that, while differing in religious opinions, men meet together to discuss the question of higher education. As Bishop Keane says, 'Men must come together just as Episcopals and Unitarians come together, with the knowledge that we are all brothers, without horns and hoofs; and these various forms of knowledge must stand together, and build up the universities of the future.' We shall make a still further advance when those of marked and vital difference can meet and in a friendly spirit discuss not only the points on which they differ, but also those on which they differ. Take it all in all, this speech of the Roman Catholic Bishop was remarkable." The Catholic Church is fortunate in possessing so distinguished a prelate, and one who wins golden opinions from our separated brethren, not by any sacrifice of principle or doctrine, but by his learning, his eloquence and his loyalty to his religious convictions.

THOROLD TIPS.

The funeral of the late Judge Baxter brought a lot of people into town last Friday. Among the many visitors were some who having a little time to spare, decided to visit some old familiar haunts. Crossing on the ice near where the bridge stood in the sweet long ago, and ascending the opposite hill, they soon came face to face with the chateau of Thorold of old days, but a stately stone structure, a beautiful commanding edifice, lifting its head sublimely on high and looking down over miles and miles of the surrounding country with apparent consciousness of power and superiority. The interior is equally impressive—with its handsome oak panels, noble life size statues, spacious organ loft and magnificent grand altar and chancel marble. Not a stone of the chateau of Thorold reveres their pastor (Father Sullivan), who did all these great things, unselfishly postponing to the last the renovation of his own residence, which now stands as a regular appearance.

Filled with the memory of former days, the visitors looked around for the school, and were delighted to find, not the iron frame building, but a respectable two-story brick school overlooking expansive well kept playgrounds and containing five class rooms furnished with everything necessary to make school life profitable and happy all the day long. At the noon recess, the classes were not in session, but one of the children playing about gleefully announced that they were going to have a holiday, as Inspector Donagan had just finished a regular inspection of the school, having spent a day and a half in the five rooms putting the pupils through a searching oral and written examination from the table to the blackboard, and ending, during his stay, there had prevailed a genuine unbridled old-fashioned Canadian snow-storm, so that the attendance was not so large as usual; nevertheless, it seems that the intellect of the school was fully represented. For, referring to the visitor's book, it was learned that the classes individually and collectively had acquitted themselves admirably, and that although this was his eighth visit to the Thorold school, the inspector was never better satisfied with the results than on the present occasion. Further inquiries elicited the fact that he had warmly endorsed the manner and disposition of the children, stating that he had nowhere found anything more edifying—a condition which the visitors were not slow in attributing to the salutary influence of the life and labors of the worthy pastor.

Before going to the funeral, the visitors sought one other object of interest. Within their recollection there once stood across the street a miniature convent, so modest in size that it seemed to be trying its level best to be the smallest house in town. But it was gone, and instead of it they saw a more pretentious two-story brick building, the Joseph home of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, to whose self-sacrificing and untiring labors the Catholics of Thorold mostly owe the educational success of their school. Taken all in all, there is a group of buildings on this hill, and a system of school and church management in this town that would serve as models for the country at large.

More Anon. OLD THOR.
Feb. 27, 1893.
Men and times change, statesmen and parties pass away; but the aspirations of a people are imperishable.—*John O'Leary*.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest." A. H. Huggins, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid." W. H. Williams, Gosport, N. D.

Lung Trouble

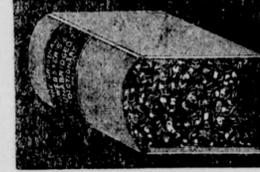
"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the prostrations frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine." Franz Hoffmann, Clay Centre, Kansas.

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LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TANTE MODESTE FINDS LADY JANE.

When Paichoux read of the death of Madame Jozain in the Charity Hospital, he said decidedly: "Modeste, that woman never left the city. She never went to Texas. She has been hidden here all the time, and I must find that child."

"And if you find her, papa, bring her right here to me," said the kind-hearted woman. "We have a good many children, it's true; but there's always room for Lady Jane, and I love the little thing as well as if she were mine."

Paichoux was gone nearly all day, and, to the disappointment of the whole family, did not find Lady Jane.

His first visit had been to the Charity Hospital, where he learned that Madame Jozain had been brought there a few days before by the charity wagon. It had been called to a miserable little cabin back of the city, where they had found the woman very ill, with no one to care for her, and destitute of every necessity. There was no child with her—she was quite alone; and in the few lucid intervals that preceded her death she had never spoken of any child. Paichoux then obtained the directions from the driver of the charity wagon, and after some search he found the wretched neighborhood. There all they could tell him was that the woman had come a few weeks before; that she had brought very little with her, and appeared to be suffering. There was no child with her then, and none of the neighbors had ever seen one visit her, or for that matter, a grown person either. When she became worse they were afraid she might die alone, and had called the charity wagon to take her to the hospital. The Public Administrator had taken charge of what she left, and that was all they could tell.

Did any one know where she lived before she came there? No one knew; an old negro had brought her and her few things, and they had not noticed the number of his wagon. The landlord of the squalid place said that the same old man who brought her had engaged her room; he did not know the negro. Madame had paid a month's rent in advance, and just when the month was up she had been carried to the hospital.

There the information stopped, and, in spite of every effort, Paichoux could learn no more. The wretched woman had indeed obliterated, as it were, every trace of the child. In her fear of detection, after Lady Jane's escape from her, she had moved from place to place, hunted and pursued by a guilty conscience that would never allow her to rest, and gradually going from bad to worse until she had died in that last refuge for the miserable, the Charity Hospital.

"And here I am, just where I started!" said Paichoux dejectedly, after he had told Tante Modeste of his day's adventure. "However," said he, "I shant give it up. I'm bound to find out what she did with that child; the more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that she never went to Texas, and that the child is still here. Now I've a mind to visit every orphan asylum in the city, and see if I cant find her in one of them."

"I'll go with you," said Tante Modeste. "We'll see for ourselves, and then we shall be satisfied. Unless she gave Lady Jane away, she's likely to be in some some place; and I think, as I always have, Paichoux, that she stole Lady Jane from some rich family, and that was why she ran off so suddenly and hid. That lady's coming the day after proves that some one was on madame's track. Oh, I tell you there's a history there, if we can only get at it. We'll start out to-morrow and see what can be done. I shant rest until the child is found and restored to her own people."

One morning while Lady Jane was in the school-room busy with her lessons, Margaret entered with some visitors. It was a very common thing for people to come during study hours, and the child did not look up until she heard some one say: "These are the children of that age. See if you recognize 'Lady' Jane among them."

It was her old name that startled her, and made her turn suddenly toward the man and woman, who were looking eagerly about the room. In an instant the bright-faced woman cried, "Yes! yes! Oh, there she is!" and simultaneously Lady Jane exclaimed, "Tante Modeste, oh, Tante Modeste!" and, quicker than I can tell it, she was clasped to the loving heart of her old friend, while Paichoux looked on twirling his hat and smiling broadly.

"Jane, you can come with us," said Margaret, as she led the way to the parlor.

There was a long and interesting conversation, to which the child listened with grave wonder, while she nestled close to Tante Modeste. She did not understand all they said; there was a great deal about Madame Jozain and Good Children Street, and a gold watch with diamond initials, and beautiful linen with initial letters J. C. embroidered on it, and madame's sudden flight, and the visit of the elegant lady in the fine carriage, the Texas story, and madame's wretched hiding-place and miserable death in the Charity Hospital; to all of which Margaret listened with surprise and interest. Then she in turn told the Paichoux how Lady Jane had been found looking in the window on Christmas Eve, while she clung to the railings, half-clad and suffering with the cold, and how she had questioned her and en-

deavored to get some clue to her identity.

"Why didn't you tell Mother Margaret about your friends in Good Children Street, my dear?" asked Tante Modeste, with one of her bright smiles.

Lady Jane hesitated a moment, and then replied timidly, "Because I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of, my child?" asked Paichoux kindly.

"Tante Pauline told me that I mustn't." Then she stopped and looked wistfully at Margaret. "Must I tell now, Mother Margaret? Will it be right to tell? Tante Pauline told me not to."

"Yes, my dear, you can tell everything now. It's right. You must tell us all you remember."

"Tante Pauline told me that I must never, never speak of Good Children Street nor of any one that lived there, and that I must never tell any one my name, nor where I lived."

"Poor child!" said Margaret to Paichoux. "There must have been some serious reason for so much secrecy. Yes, I agree with you that there's a mystery which we must try to clear up, but I would rather wait a little while, Jane has a friend who is very rich and very influential—Mrs. Lanier, the banker's wife. She is absent in Washington, and when she returns I'll consult with her, and we'll see what's best to be done. I shoudn't like to take any important step until then. But in the meantime, Mr. Paichoux, it will do no harm to put your plan in operation. I think the idea is good, and in this way we can work together."

Then Paichoux promised to begin his investigations at once, for he was certain that they would bring about some good results, and that, before many months had passed, Mother Margaret would have one orphan less to care for.

While Margaret and Paichoux were discussing these important matters, Tante Modeste and Lady Jane were talking as fast as their tongues could fly. The child related for the first time about poor Mam'selle Diane's loss, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy for her gentle friend. And then there were Pepsie and Madelon, Gex and Tite—did they remember her and want to see her? Oh, how glad she was to hear from them all again; and Tante Modeste cried a little when Lady Jane told her of that terrible midnight ride, of the wretched home she had been carried to, of her singing and begging in the streets, of her cold and hunger, and of the blow she had received as the crowning cruelty.

"But the worst of all was losing Tony. Oh, Tante Modeste!" and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm afraid I'll never, never find him."

"Yes, you will, my dear. I've faith to believe you will," replied Tante Modeste hopefully. "We've found you, ma petite, and now we'll find the bird. Don't fret about it."

Then after Margaret had promised to take Lady Jane to Good Children Street the next day, the good couple went away well pleased with what they had accomplished.

Tante Modeste could not return home until she had told Pepsie as well as little Gex the good news. And Mam'selle Diane's sad heart was greatly cheered to know that the dear child was safe in the care of good Margaret.

And oh, what bright hopes and plans filled the lonely hours of that evening, as she sat dreaming on her little gallery in the pale, cold moonlight!

The next day Pepsie cried and laughed together when Lady Jane sprang into her arms and embraced her with the old fervor. "You're just the same," she said, holding the child off and looking at her fondly; "that is, your face hasn't changed; but I don't like your hair braided, and I don't like your clothes. I must get Mother Margaret to let me dress you as I used to."

And Mam'selle Diane had something of the same feeling when, after the first long embrace, she looked at the child and asked Mother Margaret if it were necessary for her to wear the uniform of the home.

"She must wear it while she is an inmate," replied Margaret, smiling. "But that will not be long, I suspect. We shall lose her—yes, I'm afraid we shall lose her soon."

Then Mam'selle Diane talked a long while with Margaret about her hopes and plans for Lady Jane. "I am all alone," she said pathetically, "and she would give me a new interest in life. If her relatives are not discovered, why cannot I have her? I will educate her, and teach her music, and devote my whole life to her."

Margaret promised to think it over, and in the meantime she consented that Lady Jane should remain a few days with Mam'selle Diane and her friends in Good Children Street.

That night, while the child was nestled close to Mam'selle Diane as they sat together on the little moonlit gallery, she suddenly asked with startling earnestness:

"Has your mama gone to Heaven too, Mam'selle Diane?"

"I hope so, my darling; I think so," replied Diane in a choked voice.

"Well, then, if she has, she'll see my papa and mama, and tell them about me, and oh, Mam'selle, won't they be glad to hear from me?"

"I hope she will tell them how dearly I love you, and what you are to me," murmured Mam'selle, pressing her cheeks to the bright little head resting against her shoulder.

"Look up there, Mam'selle Diane, do you see those two beautiful stars so near together? I always think they are mama and papa watching me. Now I know mama is there too, and will never come back again; and see, near those there is another very soft

and bright, perhaps that is your mama shining there with them."

"Perhaps it is, my dear—yes, perhaps it is," and Mam'selle Diane raised her faded eyes toward the sky, with new hope and strength in their calm depths.

About that time Paichoux began a most laborious correspondence with a fashionable jeweler in New York, which resulted in some very valuable information concerning a watch with a diamond monogram.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

If the soul of any unborn child were transported with joy at the voice of Mary, what will be our happiness not only to hear her voice but to see her face to face?—St. Bernard.

Philip II. died saying, "O! that I had been a lay brother in some monastery and not a king." Philip III. said: "I had lived in a desert, for now I shall appear with but little glory before the tribunal of my God."—St. Liguori.

Whatever expands the affections or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe and all that it inherits, in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate us in the scale of being.—Channing.

We may have some years still of temptation, and sorrow, and warfare, and of the Cross on earth. These things may be, storms upon the lake, clouds upon the mountain—these are our earthly lot. What matters? If we be children of the Resurrection, heaven is ours. And heaven is near; we know not how long or how soon our day may be.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the blessings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Mr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance.

What a life is ours! We serve God by fits and starts; we have cold fits and hot fits, like men in an ague, like those that are struck by fever; sometimes we are in earnest, sometimes we give up; we are carried away by gusts of temptation; a frown of the world will kill off all our good intentions. Such is our life perpetually tossed to and fro like the waves of the sea.—Cardinal Manning.

Ireland in all its poverty, in all its suffering, in all its penal laws, now happily gone forever, has again covered the face of the land with cathedrals, churches, convents, seminaries, and colleges, and it is not only in Ireland but throughout the world. In northern America, in Australia, throughout the British empire—the Irish faith and the Irish blood are spreading, scattering broadcast the seed of eternal hope, which, taking root, springs thirty fold, sixty fold, one hundred fold.—Cardinal Manning.

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little clouds will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.

We make our little cares, our common duties, our trade, or our profession, a plea for shortening our devotions, or leaving our conscience unexamined, or postponing our confession, and St. Charles Borromeo comes always and he prayed always; for his prayer and his work were one.

Is not obedience the shortest and quickest road to God? Is anything more pleasing to Him than the sacrifice of our will? Are there any means more secure of protecting us from illusion than to do the will of those who hold the place of God in our regard.—Life of Clare Vaughan.

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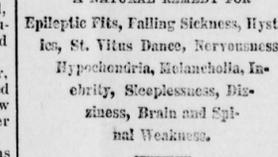
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