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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Death of the Professor of History at Oxford.

Father Tom Burke's Triumph Recalled.

The cable despatches of Saturday last announced the sudden, although not quite unexpected death, of the distinguished literateur, James Anthony Froude. At the time of his demise Mr. Froude held the position of Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford.

No doubt the authorities in Oxford had their own ideas of his fitness for the responsible duties that devolve on the scholar who fills the Chair of



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

History in that far famed University. It seems to us the position must have been secured to him through the powerful influence of political friends, or that it was conferred on him as a solatium of his old age, and a compliment to his brilliant talents as a literary romancer rather than to any merits he earned as a historian. True it is that he devoted a large share of his time to the solution of historical problems and to the correction of opinions universally held on certain events and characters in English history. But in the minds of most men conversant with the controverted points of that history, Mr. Froude's time was all lost or mispent and his corrections left unheeded, except in so far as they became the subject of much severe criticism. One English writer characterised his methods as "the ignorant and mendacious sensationalism of Mr. Froude."

His writings have been, and no doubt shall for long continue to be very popular in England, for the delectation of whose masses they were chiefly composed. His brilliant yet simple style, his imagination, and unsurpassed talent for narration, as the Globe puts it, and his dramatic instinct for character portraiture, will scarcely at any time lose their charm for English readers.

It will unfortunately happen however, that those English, and we may add, many American readers, will remain satisfied with Mr. Froude's one-sided views and be so captivated with the charms of his literary triumphs as to grow careless of facts or dates, and thus incur a loss of knowledge, for which figures of speech and entrancing pages are poor compensation.

It was 1860 that Mr. Froude's great work "the History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada" began to appear in the periodicals and magazines of that time. They were continued until the last volume was issued in 1869. The Globe says, this work "constituted a positive literary sensation. Historical faiths that were firmly fixed in the minds of English people were examined and tested with daring courage; Henry VIII. ceased to be the moral monster that had been his accepted character. Elizabeth's reputation for strength of mind and statecraft became sadly impaired." It might have added that all known history was distorted by the untruthful pen and bigoted mind of the writer.

However pleased and charmed the English people may have been with Mr. Froude's white-washing of such iniquity as Henry VIII., Oliver Cromwell and other celebrities displayed in their misrule and misgovernment of Ireland the world at large will never consent to take this for truth nor to accept falsehood as an element of civilization, nor matter how gaudily decked out it be in the trappings of rounded periods or literary settings.

In 1879 Mr. Froude came to America and lectured before cultured audiences in New York and Philadelphia. His declared object was to justify the conduct of England towards the Irish people. The methods he employed were misrepresentation of Irish history, of Irish character and of the customs and religions of the great majority of the Irish people. He repeated in those lectures what he had already set down in his magazine essays—and made quite a sensation among certain classes of Americans. Probably he would have succeeded in captivating the minds by tickling the ears and charming the fancies of his audience as he had lulled his own countrymen into acceptance of historical untruths of data and past events.

But a greater man than he as a historian and as a literateur was encountered in New York—Rev. Father P. Burke of the Dominican Order who, as Provincial, was visiting his religious brethren in New York City in that same year. A deputation of Irish Catholic gentlemen waited on the distinguished Dominican with a request that he give public lectures in refutation of the many vile slanders and offensive statements heard each night at the lectures of Mr. Froude. After some hesitation Rev. Father Burke consented to lecture each evening in some large hall and take up for examination every dubious or evidently calumnious statement advanced by the polished historian. Never in the history of American polemics was so splendid a victory gained for truth—never was a public lecturer so completely overthrown in battle or so overwhelmingly crushed as the English lecturer who had already gained the ear and the sympathies of large and influential crowds of New York's most wealthy and perhaps most intelligent citizens. Each evening people thronged the Academy of Music to see the far-famed Dominican orator and listen to his Philippic in scathing denunciation of the Englishmen's unfair treatment of Irish history. Rev. Father Burke achieved a triumph in which all lovers of truth the world over shared—but in a special manner, his

fellow countrymen at home and elsewhere whose character he vindicated and whose claims on the sympathies not only of America but of all free nationhoods he fully and eloquently maintained.

One single instance of Mr. Froude's honest dealing in history is quoted by Rev. Father Burke. During the life time of King Henry VIII. such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate the clergy in order to please the King. A prisoner in the tower named Hunn was found one morning hanged by the neck. A coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against a priest who was never once in the tower. The priest happened to be the chancellor of the Bishop of London, who brought the matter before the House of Lords. The King's Attorney took cognizance of the infamous verdict and by solemn decree vindicated the innocence of the accused priest, declaring the twelve jurors to be twelve perjurers. In alluding to this fact of history, Mr. Froude wrote: "The clergy of that time were reduced to so dreadful a state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against the chancellor of the Bishop of London," leaving the readers under the impression that this priest, this chancellor was a monster of iniquity and that the priests of the time were as bad as he.

The only fault Mr. Froude found in Queen Elizabeth's government of Ireland was that "she did not exterminate the entire Celtic race." But where Ireland or the Catholic Church has to be dealt with, Mr. Froude like Mr. Goldwin Smith, seems lost to all sense of honesty, honor and fair-play.

DIDYMOS.

A Story of John Bright.

John Bright went into an agricultural district one day and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving a dog-cart overtook him, and, learning his destination, offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers today?" the parson asked, when Mr. Bright had accepted a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech." "And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right." "Oh, no," said the irate clergyman. "If I had him here, I would feel like shooting him." Before they separated, Mr. Bright had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church the next morning. The theme of the sermon was Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his able sermon. As the rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said, "You have been preaching under a distinguished patronage this morning." "No!" said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; you had John Bright among the congregation. Didn't you notice him in front, in the middle pew?" "Why," said the rector, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog-cart, and called him a rascal and excoriated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a word. I must go and apologize at once."—*W. S. Walsh, in November Lippincott's.*

REASON AND REVELATION.

A Paper by Rev. John S. Vaughan.

AN ANECDOTE.

A story is told of an infant born in the depths of a vast mine in America. In that dark, dismal abode beneath the earth it grew up year after year without ever once being carried to the surface. It was in no way discontented with its lot, because it had never known any other. It played and ran about, and laughed in those subterranean corridors, illuminated by the lurid glimmer cast by a few oil lamps placed here and there, wholly unsuspecting of the roar and bustle of the great world outside. The external world—the towns and cities and the thousand busy hives of human industry were unknown—in fact, it naturally supposed that the interior of the great mine, with the labourers and their wives working all day, was the only world that existed. At last, however, when the child was eight or nine years old, it chanced to find its way to the mouth of the pit. It was at noon in summer, and the sunlight was streaming down in all its golden splendour over hill and valley. The child had never seen anything half so beautiful. For the first time in its brief life it looked out over wide-stretching plains; it contemplated on one side vast forests and wood-covered mountains, and on the other the far-off sea that glowed like molten gold, and stretched itself out till it seemed to blend and lose itself in the sky, now shimmering in the richest tints of red and purple. The astonished child stood like one petrified and riveted to the spot. It seemed bewildered and unable to take in the gorgeous scene. The immensity of space, the undreamed of distances, the gigantic proportions of the earth seemed to overwhelm his mind and oppress his senses. At last, following the promptings of nature, he threw himself down flat on his face and worshipped the author of all this beauty and magnificence.

APPLICATION OF THE ANECDOTE.

In the history of this child we have a beautiful figure of the history of the human race. For thousands of years man lived upon this earth and was satisfied to contemplate its form and nature and to sing its praises. He knew hardly more of the great planetary universe beyond than the child we have spoken of knew of the woods and seas that existed beyond the mine in which he dwelt.

ASTRONOMY IN EARLY DAYS.

To primitive man the earth was practically the whole creation. He never doubted but that it was the very centre of the universe, rooted and established for ever. The sun and moon and stars were but as so many lamps to light it. The earth, according to his ideas, did not move, but stood rigid and fixed while all the great planets and suns danced attendance upon it. Man had no idea of the vastness of the realms of space stretching out upon every side. He could form no conception of the size and magnificence of the heavenly bodies, so that in those days the creation spoke to him with nothing like the eloquence with which it speaks to us now. Indeed, until the science of astronomy had advanced, and enor-

mous and complicated telescopes had been invented, and observatories and instruments of precision placed at man's disposal and brought into common use, man knew but very little of the magnitude and of the colossal scale of the visible creation.

PRESENT KNOWLEDGE—THE EARTH.

By the help of the refracting and reflecting telescopes, and through the general advance along the whole line of science, we have now come to correct our views. We are no longer living in the mine, but have reached the light of scientific day. We find that the earth, our dwelling place, is not the important planet that was once supposed. So far from being the centre of the universe, the chief among the myriad celestial orbs moving in space, we are compelled to admit that it is a very small and an extremely insignificant object. Compared to the rest of creation it is but a tiny mote, a mere grain of dust, an inappreciable point. We may speak of the sun as "a lamp to illuminate our earth," but we now know that this lamp is considerably more than a million times the bulk of the earth which it illuminates. So small in comparison is the earth, that we might take matter enough from the sun to fashion a thousand earths the size of ours, and the sun would seem as large, as bright, and as beautiful as before, and its glory be hardly diminished. Nay, if the globe of the sun were to be sliced up into a million equal parts, each one of these million parts would be appreciably larger than the bulk of our earth, so inconceivably great is the sun—yet if the sun and the earth and the whole of our solar system, together with all which it contains, were to be suddenly effaced and utterly obliterated, the effect in the universe at large would merely be that a tiny star had ceased its twinkling. The myriad host of stars which stud our sky has been elevated into vast importance. "Each one of those stars is itself a mighty sun actually rivaling and in many cases surpassing our own luminary. We thus open up a majestic conception of the vast dimensions of space, and of the dignity and splendour of the myriad globes by which that space is tenanted" (Ball.)

VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

As a living writer has well expressed it: "Of those celestial bodies which gravitate in majestic harmony through infinite space, some are suns first bursting into flame, others are suns well-nigh burnt out. Here are worlds which are the cradles of life; there are worlds which are its tombs—vast, nameless sepulchres, black and frozen, minatory of the end to which our terrestrial home is surely hastening. This earth is but a diminutive islet in the boundless celestial archipelago, which has its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere; one of the least considerable planets of our vast solar system, which, again, is a mere speck in the illimitable ocean of space." To destroy the whole of our earth would produce no more effect upon the universe itself than the destruction of a single leaf would produce upon a great forest; it would leave no more appreciable gap than the destruction of a single grain of sand would in the immense bed of the ocean.

WEAKNESS OF MAN.

What a poor, weak and foolish thing is man in the presence of the great and irresistible Power who has spread out the heavens above and around us, and has filled all space with such innumerable and such wonderful worlds. When we issue forth into the night and peer fearfully into those fathomless interstellar depths; when we gaze with reverential admiration at those distant stars, which we know are enormous suns, and yet look but as mere grains of golden splendor owing to their stupendous and measureless distances, do not feelings of reverence

and awe steal over us: and do we not feel inclined like the child first issuing from the dark mine into glad some day, to throw ourselves on our faces, and to worship and adore the Lord and Master of all that glorious creation. To break out with the prophet into words of wonder and of praise; "The heavens and the earth are full of Thy glory. They are but the works of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure, they shall all grow old as a garment, and as a vesture Thou shalt change them and they shall be changed, but Thou shalt be the self-same, and Thy years shall not fail." Yet, though the boundless extent, the exceptional beauty, and the perfect order and symmetry and proportion of the material creation is a perfect revelation of God: though we see the perfections of the Divine Artist shining, as it were, through his work, and reflected in every part of creation, yet He is still more clearly manifested in man himself.

MAN'S WONDERFUL NATURE.

Man is a far more wonderful and a far higher creation than the whole material universe; and he affords a still more incontestible proof of both the power and the wisdom of God. To look upon that microcosm man is to look upon a work divine. His whole being speaks of God, and demands God for its Author. Indeed, it would be far easier to suppose that such a complicated and beautiful piece of machinery as a steam-engine or a chronometer sprang into existence without any exercise of thought or reason, and without rational artificer to conceive and fashion it, than it would be to suppose that man, with all his parts and organs and faculties of mind, could exist without a divine intellect to conceive him, and an omnipotent power to produce him. And, what I wish to lay special stress on is that—not revelation only, not scripture or tradition, or theological teaching only—but science itself compels us, unless we are to stultify ourselves and to deny the clearest dictates of reason—science compels us to admit an all powerful and an all-wise Creator.

SCIENCE.

In these days men pin their faith upon science. Science is their teacher, their instructor, their only reliable authority. Men, who in their pride and self-sufficiency, reject revelation, denounce the Church, and ridicule the Bible, and all that savours of the supernatural, make science the basis and the source of their belief.

SCIENCE THE HANDMAID OF THEOLOGY.

Are we, as Catholics, afraid of Science? Do we reject her teaching? Do we close our eyes to her discoveries and investigations? No! Most emphatically no! Is not the Author of nature as of grace? Is not all truth from God, whether physical truth or moral truth, whether scientific or theological? And can God contradict Himself? Never! Why, then, should we fear the advance and the promulgation of science and physical research? We have no cause to fear it. It is an ally; a handmaid of theology. Does science deny God? Quite the contrary. If we go to science, science takes us by the hand and leads us back to God. Science proclaims the necessity of God, and cannot itself do without Him. Thus, to give one particular instance, what science teaches us about man, and his history supposes, as a necessary postulate, the existence of God.

GEOLOGY POSTULATES GOD.

Indeed, we cannot accept the scientific account of the history and development of the earth, without admitting the necessity of God. To make this clear let me briefly state, at least in outline, what scientific men tell us of the history of our little earth. We have a fairly accurate idea of the condition and configuration of the earth

as it now exists. It is partly rock and soil and partly water. Forests, fields, cities, towns, hamlets, rivers, lakes, seas, mountains and valleys cover it from pole to pole. We might, if left to ourselves, have imagined that it had always been much in the same condition. But science rises, puts on its gown and wig, and proceeds to instruct us. Science may be represented by the geologist, the chemist, and the astronomer. The geologist diligently and carefully investigates the nature of the rocks, the formation of the different layers and strata. He determines, or attempts to determine, how they were formed, when, and where, and so forth. The chemist enters upon an elaborate analysis of matter, and applies all kinds of chemical tests, in order to extract the true process and methods of terrestrial formation. The astronomer studies the heavens, and by a process of analogy, determines the history of this earth by what he sees actually taking place in other and more distant worlds. It would take far too long to describe their labors, or even to give an outline of the contents of the big volumes and learned tomes they have published. We must be satisfied with some of their more interesting results.

BIRTH OF THE EARTH.

They tell us that the earth we now know so well was once in a very different condition. They bring forward proofs to show that there was once a time, far distant indeed, when there were no human beings whatever upon the earth. A period—a very remote period of course—when there was no life of any kind. No animal life; no vegetable life, no muscular movement; no beat of heart or pulse, no sound of hurrying feet, or of flapping wings, or of feathering fins, either in sea, or air, or forest, or fen. And why? Well, for this very good reason—because the earth was once in a condition in which it could not have supported life. Even to-day, if we descend down deep enough into the interior of the earth the temperature is found to rise. Could we approach the centre we should probably find heat intense enough to liquify metals. Yet, the earth has been cooling for thousands of years. Well, scientists teach that at one time the entire earth was of a higher temperature than even its centre is at present.

THE EARTH A HALL OF FIRE.

Go back, they say, to a sufficiently remote period. Put it as far back as you please—for we may draw without limit on the Bank of Time—let us say, then, 100,000 years, or, if you prefer it, let it be a million or ten million years, and then look at the earth. The earth is, as now, floating in space, but it is as a ball of fire; the heat is so fierce that the earth glows like a sun. It is in a state of incandescence; it fills the heavens with dazzling splendour wherever it goes, and moves along a path of glory. The iron and copper and brass, and silver and gold, and in a word, all other metals included in its composition, are all in a liquid or molten or possibly even in a gaseous state. The intensity of the heat will not allow these substances to cool and harden. Even did man exist he could not approach within a hundred miles of its surface without being instantly reduced to a cinder. Even if—to suppose an impossibility—he could endure this heat, compared to which the centre of a brick kiln would be cool and comfortable, he would be destroyed by the fumes and scorching gas and fiery vapours and agitated molten metals. In fact, it would be far easier to live in the middle of a furnace seven times heated than to live anywhere upon this earth at that period of its history.

SCIENCE SUPPORTS THE TEACHING OF FAITH.

Observe; this is not Scripture, nor theology, nor revelation—it is pure, simple, unadulterated science. Now,

to what conclusion does this point? Two facts may clearly be set down. 1st. There was a time when no man existed upon this earth. *Fact number one.* 2nd. Man now does exist and live upon this earth. *Fact number two.* Here are two plain facts. Now comes the question; how came the first man? We may trace man back from son to father; from father to grandfather, and so on, up to a certain point—but it not very far. Not to the time when the earth was a ball of liquid fire. Between that period and now man must have been introduced into the world; but how? Are we to believe that as soon as the earth had sufficiently cooled and solidified that man appeared? That he came from nowhere, and was made by no one?

SCIENCE CONFESSES HER IGNORANCE.

How can science help me? Science cannot answer. Science is silent. Science hangs down her head. All science can say is, "I don't know." "I can't explain." The utmost that unaided science can tell me is, that once man was not, and that now he is. But as to how he came; or where he sprang from, it can say nothing. Science is dumb. Did the hardened metals or the solid rock give birth to man? Impossible. Did man make himself? Still more impossible. He must first be before he can act at all, and before he can make anything; how then could he have made himself? Then, who did make him? I am forced to use my reason, and my common sense, and both oblige me to believe that some superior and intelligent Power made man, and this Power we call "God." That once granted all is clear and reasonable. But until you admit God as the author and originator you must remain puzzled, befogged, and dissatisfied. Thus, at the very outset of our investigations, we are, I might say, almost in spite of ourselves, constrained to acknowledge and to postulate the existence of God; for, without that, we are confronted with the impossible supposition that though man began to be, yet that no one made him—in other words, that an effect—and a stupendous and remarkable effect exists, without any cause—which, of all absurd things, is the most absurd.

THE HUMAN BODY.

The absurdity of ascribing his existence to any but God becomes more apparent the more closely we consider his nature and composition. Consider for a moment even his body, which is, after all, the lowest and inferior part of him. What a marvellous creation it is. How wondrously put together, how wisely contrived, and how miraculously formed. The parts are innumerable, and yet all are co-ordinate and adapted to serve a common end; and each organ fulfils a special function. Though we each possess a body, though we are constantly using it, though it is a part of our very selves yet, even we don't half understand its mechanism and functions. Not only the first man; but every man is a living testimony to the power and wisdom of God.

BIRTH AND LIFE.

Take the newly-born babe. Take the child of a day old. How can we explain its existence save by referring to God. The mother herself knows not how her child was formed. She is but an instrument in the hand of God, from her blood is moulded the new creature—from her blood is fashioned in a manner all divine, the hands and the feet, the heart, the lungs, and every other portion of the infant form. How is each joint and bone manufactured, and how are all so beautifully and so skilfully arranged and connected together; what power places the muscles and ligaments and sinews in position; who constructs the various and complicated organs, whether external or internal?

THE EYE.

Take for instance the eye—the eye of the newly-born child. Two distinct conditions must be realized before the eye is possible. First, all its completed parts must be made, and secondly, all these parts must be perfectly adjusted and connected together. The ball of the eye, the pupil, the iris, the retina, the crystalline lens, the veins running through it and supplying it with blood, the muscles to move it, and a great deal more. The eye itself is a manifestation of divine power, wisdom, and love, and yet it is but a single organ of the still more wondrous body. How then shall we explain its formation but by an appeal to infinite Wisdom and uncreated Goodness, i.e. to God? What a mind was that which conceived it; what a power was that which carries out such a conception! Who can look upon a human form without realizing that he is looking upon a masterpiece of a great Artist? It is so essentially a work divine, that while we admire it we cannot explain it. It is so little the work of man, that even the mother of a child knows not all the secrets of its being. And though the body has been studied since the earliest ages, yet some of the most important functions have lain undiscovered till, comparatively speaking, modern times.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The circulation of the blood is an instance in point. What a strange fact it is that this vivifying and life-giving fluid should be perpetually circulating through every limb and organ of the human body from infancy to old age; that the heart, like some wonderful pneumatic pump, should—by virtue of a power that we cannot control—force the blood through vein and artery day by day and hour by hour for sixty, seventy, and eighty or more years without intermission. This must always have been so, from the time of Adam himself, yet it was only discovered in the 17th century. For over 5,000 years, therefore, this had been going on, and yet no one even so much as suspected it. We have so little to do with it that it continues without our will or intention or even knowledge. Through the unconscious babe resting in its mother's arms, through the laborer stretched in deepest sleep in the shadow of some tree, the blood is circulating and pulsating continually: yet neither babe nor man is even so much as conscious of it.

THE MYSTERY OF NUTRITION.

Or take another miracle in the order of nature. The mystery of nutrition. A man takes food, and by an extraordinary and gradual process that food is transformed into his own substance; into his very body and bones. Were it not that we are so accustomed to it, it would assuredly strike us as very strange that the self-same food should be so disposed of, as to form such wholly different things as bone and muscle, hair and skin, and blood and nails and teeth. Yet such is the simple fact.

TRANSFORMATION OF SIMPLE MILK.

Take as an illustration an infant who lives entirely on milk for two or three years, and wonder at the stupendous miracle of nutrition. "How wonderful that so common and simple a thing as milk should hold in solution all the elements necessary to the composition of an ear, an eye, or a tooth—that this despised substance should be capable of being changed, by combination with the juices of the body and by exposure to common air in the lungs, into blood—and that from this single fluid should be produced all those diversified and heterogeneous matters which make up the entire body—the brittle bones, the soft and pulpy brain, the hard and horny nails, the silky hair, the flesh, the fat, the skin, everything in fact from the corn on my lord's toe to the down on my lady's cheek—from the sweat on the brow of

labour to the dew on the lip of beauty" (p. 164, Ed. Johnson). The power of assimilation is a standing and permanent miracle in the order of nature which must impress every man who has a mind to think and a heart to feel.

TESTIMONY OF THE CREATION.

And I call the attention of my readers to these marvels of nature that they may learn more and more the truth of those words of Holy Writ:—"The Lord He is God, He made us and not us ourselves." All things speak of Him, all things refer to Him, all things proclaim Him as the Creator of the universe and of everything it contains. They declare His might and His power, they proclaim His wisdom and intelligence, they tell of His mercy and goodness. Now, God not only made us, but being wise, He must have made us, for some definite end and purpose; for it is the mark of wisdom never to act without proposing to itself some distinct motive. He therefore must have had some definite object in view. Further, being good as well as wise, He must have proposed to Himself not only a purpose, but a good, a holy, and a merciful and benignant purpose. To describe more fully what that purpose was will be the subject of the next chapter.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

What Exchanges are Saying.

The Globe.

In the libel case of Oles v. Preston at the Brantford Assizes Hon. A. S. Hardy, counsel for the defendant, said:—"A lawyer I once heard of, a very good man, but an awful man to charge costs, on one occasion made a prayer in church, and at the conclusion said:—'And now, Lord, grant us these our petitions—with costs.'"

The Mail.

In many quarters the suggestion of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER that a monument be erected in Toronto to the memory of D'Arcy McGee has been favourably received. At present Sir John Macdonald has George Brown for a companion in Queen park, but it is thought that the addition of D'Arcy McGee would make matters more agreeable all round. Beyond doubt he could give both the other gentlemen lessons in eloquence.

The Pilot.

What good did any "Irish Nationalists" expect to achieve by trying to break up Hon. Edward Blake's meeting in New York last week? The attempt only advertised the unwillingness of some unwise people to give a fair hearing to one with whom they choose to differ as to the best method of helping Ireland. It did not advertise their liberality, or love of fair play, or fitness to serve their country better than this upright, self-sacrificing Irish-Canadian who is devoting his time and talents and money, most generously, to a sacred patriotic purpose. How can your Irishman ask a hearing for his own opinions before the world if he be unwilling to grant the same to another?

Catholic Standard.

Of the visit of the Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., to this city and of the public reception to be given to him at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening of this week we again take occasion to remind our readers. This will afford sympathizers with the Irish cause opportunity to show once more that Philadelphia is always in the lead. There is so much the more reason for them making a special effort now as, not only is the cause now in need of the strongest public display of sympathy in America but the member for South Longford is a man of whom by reason of his exalted character any people might well feel proud.

Mr. Jacob R. Brown, of Grahamville, S. C., was troubled with chills and fever, and unable to procure relief, until he began to take Ayer's Pills. He is now enjoying excellent health and is a warm and sincere advocate of Ayer's Pills, for all complaints of stomach, liver, or bowels.

The Propaganda.

In the course of a recent conversation the Holy father lamented the effects of the Italian legislation regarding the world-wide and international institution for the spread of the Gospel.

New taxes have been imposed upon it, so as to cripple its usefulness. The Propaganda was established in the sixteenth century by Pope Gregory XII., at a time when the discoveries of navigators and men of commerce made known many new lands. The Popes of the time labored to provide, on a vast scale, for the sending forth of missionaries for the conversion of the heathen in countries then discovered.

It was clearly international in its scope, and much of its revenues were derived from other nations than Italy. The new government that was established in Rome sold at a bad time, and consequently at a very reduced rate, the landed property owned throughout Italy by the Propaganda, and placed the monies received in the Italian funds, paying an interest on the same to the Propaganda. This interest was reduced by a taxation of 13 per cent., and this enormous income tax reduces the income of the Propaganda by an additional 40,000 francs a year. And these losses coincide with the ever increasing necessities of the institution.

Each year enlarges the field of action of the Propaganda. The recent earthquake at Constantinople has seriously damaged the residence of the Apostolic Delegate and other properties belonging to the Propaganda. The war in Corea, between China and Japan, will necessitate new expenses for the safeguarding of the missions and the missionaries. With the varying fortunes of the Italian government, which seems driving to hopeless bankruptcy, this eminently civilizing institution suffers and will also become bankrupt when Italian funds fail. Nearly all the bishops of the world protested in the name of their flocks against the action of the Italian government in 1883 when it declared the Propaganda an Italian institution, and so subject to Italian guardianship. No heed was paid to such protests, because they were not backed by material force—the only appeal that Italy listens to. These were the considerations that occupied the mind of Leo XIII., in speaking of that institution. He is quite conscious of the aid the Propaganda has furnished toward civilization.—*Catholic Universe.*

Patrons of the Month.

First among the Patrons of the month comes St. Winifred (3d). She lived in the eleventh century and was the daughter of a Welsh nobleman of Flintshire. One day when she was alone in her father's castle, a certain King Caradoc, made his appearance and, captivated with her youthful beauty, wooed her. She straightway fled away to the church where her parents were praying. The King pursued and cut off her head on the very threshold of the church. On the spot where the martyr's head fell a spring bubbled up whose waters flow to our own days. It was held in veneration for its miraculous powers and gave the name to the town of Holy Well. Over the spring, which runs into a large pool, a Gothic porch was built. Many are the cures effected through this miraculous well. After centuries of oblivion, owing to the loss of the true faith, St. Winifred, the martyr of holy modesty, is once more becoming popular and her well is resorted to by many pilgrims.

S. Charles Borromeo (4th) is so well known a saint, that he needs but little mention here. Eminent by noble birth, character, talents, wealth and position he became still more eminent by his zeal in sanctifying himself and others. As Cardinal Archbishop of Milan he devoted himself, especially to the spiritual welfare of his flock. This he accom-

plished by instituting a reform in the lives and studies of the clergy. He distributed his riches among the poor and was a model of poverty, penance and piety. He died in 1584. He was the founder of the Oblates of St. Charles.

Our third patron, Bl. Martin de Porres (5th), is probably a stranger to many of our readers. He was born in Lima, Peru, in 1569. Out of compassion for the sick poor he studied medicine in order to attend to them for the love of God. Later on he entered the Third Order of St. Dominic as a lay-brother, and became remarkable for his humility and charity. He interested himself particularly in the religious education of foundlings and young orphans. He is commonly known in the Spanish Provinces of South America as the *Saint of the rats*; for they say that his picture will promptly clear all places infested by rats and mice. He made this name for himself by pleading with the sacristan of his convent for the lives of some rats that had gnawed the church hangings. They were consequently to be poisoned. Brother Martin called all the rats to him and gathered them into a basket which he carried to the garden. He promised to feed them every day if they would desist from injuring the convent.—*Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, late of the Boston Herald, whom the Pilot pronounces to be, perhaps, the best of the younger men in Catholic journalism, has succeeded Mr. Thomas C. Quinn in the editorship of Donahoe's Magazine. Mr. Quinn has been editor since Mr. Donahoe disposed of the property.

The city authorities of St. Louis have adopted a plan of conveying patients from the dispensary to the city hospital by means of an electric railway ambulance. An electric car has been fitted up as an ambulance. It is intended to run the car to all parts of the city in response to ambulance calls. The car will be permitted to make an average speed of twelve miles an hour.

Ireland and England seem to be full of centenarians, judging from the record of one week. A lady has just died at Highgate, age 101; and another who died at Skibbercen was said to be 107. Even a man who was abstemious, but fond of smoking, died at Middleton, aged 112, and yet retaining all his faculties to the last. But the last is probably the most striking case of all—that of a man who died at 102, who eighty years ago was given up as a hopeless consumptive.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

For the last seventeen years J. Clancy has supplied the East End with coal and wood of the best that could be got. He is now in a position not only to supply the East End, but all parts of the city with the very best of coal and wood, at the lowest prices. Also the best Flour that McLaughlin and Co. make at 10 to 15 per cent less than any place in Toronto. Call up 2063, take a car, or drop a card to 421 Queen street East, and you will be attended to.

FIFTY YEARS AGO OCT. 20.

The Celebrated Dr. Brownson Became a Catholic Convert.

The Old Cathedral of Boston the Scene of His Conversion—Bishop Fitzpatrick Presided at the Ceremony—Sketch of the Doctor's Career—His Famous Review and Its Varying Fortunes.

Fifty years ago, there was received into the fold and membership of the Catholic church an individual who is considered even to the present day by many to have been the brainiest convert that ever entered its pale in this country from another religious denomination. The ceremony of his reception took place at the old cathedral in Franklin street, and his abjuration of his former errors and his profession of Catholicity were received by Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, then about six months consecrated.

Orestes A. Brownson, for such was the name of the convert in question, had just passed his 11st birthday when he had the happiness of embracing the faith of which he became subsequently so stalwart an upholder. He was born Sept. 16, 1803, at Stockbridge, Vt., both of his parents being native Americans, and the family, up to a short time before their distinguished son's birth, had been comparatively well to do, though his father lost nearly all of his property, about the beginning of the century, by business reverses. The elder Brownson did not long survive his financial misfortunes, and his death did not, of course, improve the condition of the family. In consequence of their straitened circumstances, Orestes, at the age of 6, was confided to the care of some distant relatives, an aged couple, who kindly offered to relieve his mother of his support, and who did so until he could for himself. Their best, however, the little, and at the time when an ordinary child is found at school or play, young Brownson had to toil as well as he could on the farm whereupon his relatives had mainly to depend for a livelihood. He got very little schooling, in consequence; but he had an insatiable thirst for knowledge and managed to pick up a vast amount of information for one so young. He was an assiduous frequenter of the meeting house,

WHERE HE SHOWED HIMSELF

an attentive listener to the preachers who visited the place. He does not seem to have professed any particular creed, though, and it was not until a number of years afterwards that mention is made of the fact that he joined the Presbyterians. At the age of 14 he quit the roof that had sheltered his boyhood and went out into the world to make his way in it. The next we hear of him he is studying at Ballston, N.Y., and supporting himself by his own hands, while prosecuting his studies, as best he could in his spare hours. His education, however, was gained in the most primitive of schools, a fact which he himself admitted some years afterwards, when, delivering an address before the students of Dartmouth College, he said: "The recollections and associations which make this a great day to you, a day long to be remembered and looked back upon as marking an important epoch of your life, form, I regret to say, no part of my experience. I have no recollections or associations connected with college halls or academic bowers." The character of his mental training did not, though, prevent Dr. Brownson from becoming, largely through his own unaided efforts, one of the most accomplished of scholars and one of the more vigorous and profound thinkers and writers. The pages of his famous Review bear ample testimony to the breadth and depth of his learning; and he was proficient in many of the ancient languages and in other modern tongues than his own.

The Presbyterian creed which he adopted at the outset of his career soon proved wholly inadequate for such a religious mind as Dr. Brownson possessed, and he abandoned it for Universalist teachings. He even became in 1825, being then in his twenty-second year, a preacher of Universalism; but before long he recognized that he was still astray from the truth, and for a while he wandered in

THE MAZES OF DOUBT

and unbelief, and advocated various sorts of reform, political, moral and social. In 1832, after having read considerable of Dr. Channing's works, he drifted into Unitarianism, of which creed he became a minister; and, later on, he edited a publication which he called the Democratic Review. It is worthy of note that, after he became a Catholic, he admitted that the nearer he came in his previous gropings after truth to the principles of sound philosophy, the closer he found himself to the Catholic church. His actual conversion to Catholic truth took place, as already stated, here in Boston in October, 1841, when he took the final step in the old cathedral. "Seldom," says one of his eulogists, "is it given to a man to make as great a sacrifice he did by that one act. He sacrificed the wealth he could have attained in the Protestant ministry, the highest honors which were within his grasp in politics, and the love of hundreds who, in like labors and pursuits had been linked to him in the tenderest bonds of friendship." These things counted as nought, however, with Dr. Brownson, who, throughout his whole career, never flinched from making any sacrifice that the cause of truth might demand from him.

His conversion effected, Dr. Brownson devoted his splendid abilities and wonderful energies to the championship of his new found faith. At the request of the American hierarchy, he made his Review an organ of Catholicism, changing its name somewhat, and for the following twenty years its pages teemed with brilliant papers, exposing the errors and sophistries of Protestantism, and replying with resistless logic to the calumnies and misrepresentations that its enemies levelled against the Catholic church. His virile mind grew stronger under Catholic influences, his insight into truth clearer, and even his style took on a new force. In alluding to the work he did in those days for the Catholic cause,

THAT OTHER GREAT CHAMPION

of the faith, the still deeply-lamented Monsignor Corcoran, said: "He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorns. It is like the mantle of gold that enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Pheidias." And a writer in the Catholic World declared, years ago, on the same subject, that "the terse logic of Tertullian, the polemic crash of St. Jerome, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet are all to be found in his writings in combination or alteration, with many sweet strains of tenderness and playful flashes of humor." In addition to his editorial work the doctor found time to write not a few volumes, the most noted of which are "The Convert, or Leaves of My Experience," a work that has often been compared to Cardinal Newman's famous "Apologia"; "Liberalism and Church," and "The American Republic," generally considered the best of all his books, which appeared in 1865.

Dr. Brownson's Review fell into disfavor, however, after it had upheld the Catholic cause for about twenty years, and complaints of the tone of its articles began to multiply. These complaints, some of which found their way to Rome, led to such a falling off

of the magazine's patronage that it had to be abandoned in 1864 from lack of support. Its editor was too dogmatic in his manner to suit the times, and it must be acknowledged that in more than one instance he showed himself lacking in tact. His great abilities and profound learning were beyond question, however, and after the suspension of his Review his pen was frequently pressed into service by other Catholic publications that were eager, as far as their limited means would allow, to secure his contributions. In 1873 the Review was again resumed.

PRINCIPALLY FOR THE PURPOSE

of removing the suspicions that had attached to the doctor's loyalty to the Church; and in the introduction to the first volume of the new series, its editor said: "It was always the last wish expressed to me by my late wife, whose judgment I never found at fault, that I should revive my Review, if only for a single year, and prove to the world that my faith has never wavered; that I am still an humble and devoted son of the Church; and that I am, as I always professed to be, an uncompromising Catholic." The resurrected Review was not destined to enjoy a long existence, though, as, in fact, could not be expected, considering the advanced age of its editor. It continued to make its quarterly appearances for the space of two years, and then it ceased; but not before the doctor had cleared away all the misgivings that had existed in his regard with certain individuals, and had effectively answered all the allegations that had been directed against him on the score of his faith. His humility disarmed his critics; and his vigorous defence of Catholic doctrines delighted his many admirers. His own position in resuming the publication of his quarterly was thus defined by himself: "I have no palinode to sing; I enter on no explanation of the causes of the opposition I encountered from some of my own brethren, such explanations would be mistimed and misplaced, and could edify nobody. I willingly admit that I made many mistakes; but I regard as the greatest of all the mistakes into which I fell during the last three or four years that I published the Review, that of holding back the stronger points of the Catholic faith, on which I had previously insisted; of laboring to present Catholicity in a form as little repulsive to my non-Catholic countrymen as possible; and of insisting on only the minimum of Catholicity, or what had been expressly defined by the Holy See or a general council." Continuing, he asserts that he is

NOT LIKELY TO FALL

into that error again and disavows all desire to be taken for a liberal Catholic, adding that there is no element of liberal Catholicity in his nature or convictions.

Dr. Brownson's wife, to whom he was devotedly attached and to whose judgment he publicly paid the tribute of declaring that he never found it at fault, died at the family's place of residence, Elizabeth, N.J., in 1872. Some time subsequently the doctor went to live with his son, Henry L., at Detroit; and there the final summons came to him on April 17, 1876. His life, consequently, covered a period of nearly 73 years, and almost all of that space of time found him actively employed in some pursuit or another. For 33 of his years he was a member of the Catholic Church, whose obligations to him for the services his pen rendered it were many and manifold. His memory is still treasured by American Catholics, as his writings are prized by them, and more than one of our Catholic lyceums have been named in his honor, as have several of our Catholic Reading Circles. His works have been republished in some twenty volumes, and these contain a wealth of information, much of which would

be vainly sought elsewhere. Those volumes bear the title "The Works of Orestes A. Brownson, Collected and Arranged by Henry L. Brownson;" they were published at Detroit in 1888, and they bear evidence to the wonderful fertility of the doctor's mind, his wide, profound and varied knowledge and his marvellous mastery of the English language. Fifty years ago he embraced the faith he so valiantly upheld by his pen, and his conversion occurred here in Boston, it seems but fitting that his memory should be recalled to the reader in this the month that saw his entrance into the Catholic fold.—The Republic.

Timothy D. Sullivan Arrives.

Among the passengers that came down the gangplank from the Umbria on her arrival at New York last Saturday was a short, rather bent white-haired and white boarded man, dressed entirely in black. He wore a silk hat, and carried a light overcoat on his arm. He was greeted on his arrival by J. R. Van Zandt, the lecture manager and father of Marie Van Zandt, the opera singer.

This little old man was Timothy D. Sullivan, member of Parliament for West Donegal and ex Lord Mayor of Dublin.

"How did I enjoy the trip?" he repeated, in answer to a question of a reporter. "Why, immensely. We had fine weather nearly all the time. Coming up the bay this morning was a grand climax to the voyage. It's no use asking me what I think of America, for I was here several years ago and expressed my admiration then. This time I am on a lecture tour. Mr. Van Zandt has booked me, I believe, for a hundred lectures. I begin in Springfield, Mass., Tuesday, and after that go to Hartford, New Haven, Boston, and various other New England cities. I expect to lecture in New York, and to get as far West as Chicago, anyhow.

"I have prepared four lectures. The subjects are 'Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life,' 'Fourteen Years of the British Parliament,' 'Poets and Poetry of Ireland,' and 'Ireland's Famous Men and Famous Places.' In my political reminiscences I shall not touch in any way upon the factional differences in the Irish party, confiding myself to the broader historical field."

"I have not come," said Mr. Sullivan, "for any political purpose. My lectures are merely for entertainment and instruction. Of course as I intend to give reminiscences of my own experience in and out of Parliament, I shall of necessity touch on politics and you may be sure I shall let my Irish hearers know that the Home rule question is not yet dead."

Mr. Sullivan thinks that Ireland must eventually get Home Rule. Lord Rosebery, he thinks in earnest for Home Rule, and the only bar is the Lords. The House of Lords will not be abolished. The English are too conservative for that. But the power of absolute veto, which at present the Lords possess, must be curtailed.

Mr. Sullivan is a well-known Nationalist. In 1887, when he was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he was arrested and confined for two months in Tullamore jail for publishing notices of perscribed Land League meetings in his paper, *The Nation*. He edited that paper with his brother, the late A. M. Sullivan and strongly espoused the cause of the Irish Nationalists. As a poet, Mr. Sullivan takes a high rank. His lyrics are known in this country quite as well as in the land of his birth. During his stay in New York he will stop at the Sturtevant House.

Mr. Sullivan will be here in Toronto on Nov. 29th.

A cough which persists day after day, should not be neglected any longer. It means something more than a mere local irritation, and the sooner it is relieved the better. Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

By Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan.

The central picture of the collection of paintings and pen and ink sketches by James Tissot, occupying two rooms in the Champs de Mars Exhibition of this year was a large painting entitled "Voices Within." It represents a poor man and his wife in the depths of poverty and ruin, whose despair is changed into faith and who are inspired with a new courage by Jesus who appears to them and shows them His hands so cruelly pierced. This picture has a history. The painter himself said of it "That was the starting point of my new dispensation, but I had a long and hard struggle before I could bring myself to begin it. More than one night did I lie awake for hours till my head was burning through the mental strain, struggling against the admission into my heart of the new light that was dawning upon me. But when I finally felt myself conquered, and was penetrated through and through by the grand mystery of a God turned man in order to save humanity, I could no longer escape from it. So of course this large painting must go to the Champ de Mars for it is really the father of all this big brood of little ones"—referring to the 280 water colors and 100 pen-and-ink drawings in the collection, which are to be used for an illustrated edition of the four gospels or those portions at least which inspired the pictures and are illustrated by them. The title of the proposed book "Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By a pilgrim of the Holy Land. Begun Oct. 15th, 1886" reveals the spirit of the artist.

Immediately after the painting of "Voices Within," before the canvas was scarce dry M. Tissot, glowing with enthusiasm visited the Holy Land. A second time he returned to the places hallowed by the life of Our Lord and then retired to his own home in Paris, where the result of his travels, his studies, the studied the Scriptures in the Vulgate and in the English and French translations, read commentaries on them, read the Talmud books on Eastern travel, the history of the Jews and Arabs, and studied archaeology, gathered from traditions and the Apocrypha everything bearing upon the subject, his meditations and devotions appears in the collection of paintings and pen and ink drawings. In September last the celebrated artist, James Tissot, had entered the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in the hope of becoming a monk of the Order. The spirit that impelled the artist to this life breathes in his pictures: the "Voices Within" of the old masters lives in his work, yet there is no copying of the old masters' treatment of religious subjects, no sentimentalism. One is impressed with the truthfulness of the characters represented. As an instance of his attention to details, his thorough mastery of his lofty subject, it is interesting to read his note on the "Stairway of Fifteen Steps" in the Temple: "These steps were very low. It took three of them to make the height of an ordinary step. The

whole flight was a meter and twelve centimeters high. A tradition of the time says that when Mary at the age of three was taken to the Temple she ran up these fifteen steps at one bound. This is quite possible when we bear in mind these measures, but it would have been impossible if the steps had been of the usual height. The painters who have painted this tradition—among them Tintoretto—have all fallen into this error: they have made their steps too high."

Tissot formerly had a studio in London where he painted "Ball on Shipboard," "London Visitor and The Thames." Some of the more striking pictures of the Champ de Mars collection—creations of such originality as to startle the beholder—are "The Angels Ministering Unto Jesus," "What Jesus saw from the top of the Cross," "The Voice in the Desert."

Tissot is in his fifty eighth year. It looks as if he thought the fitting completion of work that he has labored upon so faithfully required that perfection of life to be found in the monastery. Of his faith he has said: "If I had not been supported by faith, how could I have withstood the fatigues of such a task, and, above all, have found such profound consolation in my labors?"

La Grande Chartreuse takes its name from the chain of the Alps upon which it is situate. The monastery was founded by Bruno. In early days societies or individuals contributed for the support of the cells, would found or endow the means for a cell as we hear now of founding a cot in a hospital &c. The life is solitary. A tiny kitchen is attached to each cell and formerly each monk prepared his own food, but it has been found more advantage of late years to have a common kitchen where the monks' meals are cooked for them. A work shop is attached to each cell where mechanical skill can serve as a profitable recreation. The monk cuts and chops his own supply of fuel for the winter. An interesting and profusely illustrated article on La Grande Chartreuse is in the current number of the Catholic World. In the June Century '04 is a short article on Tissot with illustrations of his "Magdalen (before her conversion)," "A Voice in the Desert" &c. from which is drawn the greater part of my knowledge of Tissot's works.

Aldrich has written a charming poem entitled "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book." I think material for an epic might be found in what will be Tissot's Beautiful Book.

The first fashion publication appeared in France in the 16th century. I suppose that before that time though the fashions came from the "best dressed people in the world" as regularly as they do now but without the opportunity for quite so frequent changes and quite so many novelties. It is embarrassing to select the most interesting from the bewildering number. First, though, as our climate warrants, a word about furs. The very newest thing is otter, dyed in seal shades. It is very expensive, but the richest of furs and durable I know from experience. Fashions repeat themselves and I have memories of a cap of dyed otter that outlasted decidedly its generation.

So long as there are hero-worshippers there will be heroes. The man who has kept from boyhood an ideal before him will be unconsciously moulded to the likeness of the hero of his thoughts, and will be ever striving to live up to what has seemed to him best and noblest.

On Monday last Mr. J. C. Walsh, Editor of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER,

lectured to the O.Y.L.L.A. on the life, character and achievements of the Young Ireland hero, Thomas Davis. At its conclusion Mr. Jas. Cashman moved, and Mr. Jno. Mallon seconded a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

As might be expected the lecturer infused into his hearers some of his own admiration for the subject of his remarks: at the same time instructing them in the position of affairs in Ireland at the time Davis lived—the great preparatory work he undertook to teach a people whom unjust laws and persecution had succeeded in depriving of nearly all but their religion—and so making possible the agitation of the present day.

Miss Steers and Mr. Anglin contributed to the musical portion of the programme and delighted the audience with their sympathetic rendition of the ever welcome Irish Ballads.

Monday, the fifth of November will be the next meeting night of the Society.

Dr. Paul, of St. Outhbert's, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, used to tell how the first Italian music-master who came to Edinburgh, being a Roman Catholic, had no place to worship with his fellows, and used to wander about the streets on Sundays. One day he was passing the Town Church as service was drawing to a close. The Italian drew near and was startled. He said to the beadle: "What is that horrible noise?" The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God." "Do the people think their God likes to hear that horrible noise?" "To be sure; of course He does." The sad foreigner rejoined, "Then their God must have no ear for music," and sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

C. M. B. A.

The members of the Association in Toronto will assemble at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday next at St. Vincent's Hall to attend Vespers at St. Michael's Cathedral. Rev. F. Ryan, S. J., will preach the sermon for the occasion and the turnout is expected to be large.

The following resolution of condolence was passed at the regular meeting of Branch 49, C. M. B. A., Toronto, held Oct. 26th, 1894:

Whereas God in His wisdom has seen fit to take unto himself the wife of our respected Brother, M. Nolan, be it therefore

Resolved—That this Branch tender its deepest sympathy to our said Brother and all relatives in this their hour of trouble and affliction.

By this death there has been removed one who had infinite charity toward suffering humanity, and thus her good works have come to an end, but the memory thereof will long remain, and many a prayer will still ascend to the throne of God for spiritual blessings to her—May her soul forever rest in peace. W. M. VALE, Rec. Sec.

At a regular meeting of St. Paul's Branch, No. 215, C.M.B.A., Summerside, P.E.I., Brother S. M. Bent moved and Brother D. McKinnon seconded the following resolution which was carried by a standing vote of the members of the Branch.

Resolved that the members of this Branch, learning with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Andrew Cullen, mother of our esteemed Brother, Andrew Cullen, hereby extend their sincere sympathy to Brother Cullen in his great sorrow; and further

Resolved—That this resolution be engrossed on the minutes, and a copy forwarded to Brother Cullen, to the CATHOLIC REGISTER and Summerside journal for publication.

J. B. STRONG, Rec. Secretary.
J. H. McLELLAN, 1st Vice-Pres.
Summerside, Oct. 23, 1894.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the above named League held its regular weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon.

W. H. Cahill presided. A considerable amount of routine work was done and final arrangements were made for the open meeting on Sunday next, when addresses will be

delivered by Mr. J. C. Day, Mr. Walsh of the CATHOLIC REGISTER, Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Mr. C. J. McCabe, Mr. W. T. J. Lee, and other well known speakers. Mr. Leo will speak of the life of D'Arcy McGee. A capital programme of vocal and instrumental music has also been prepared and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of members and their friends. At last Sunday's meeting interesting papers were read by J. J. Moran and M. Tumpano. A recitation by J. Wright and a song by D. Hayes all of which were much appreciated.

Broom Corn.

One of the largest consignments of broom corn from the Illinois district that has come to this city for some time is that just being received by Chas. Boeckh & Sons consisting of twenty-eight straight car loads and aggregating nearly a half million pounds.

It will probably be of interest to consumers of broom to know that the price of broom corn has advanced fully 60% in the last three months owing to the almost total failure of the crop in Kansas and Nebraska. The best grade of carpet corn is grown in the State of Illinois which fortunately had a very heavy crop this season, but it has been almost entirely bought up by the larger manufacturers and Chicago dealers and much higher prices are expected to rule before the next crop is harvested.

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Further particulars later.



TRENT CANAL.

Simcoe and Balsam Lake Division, ALSO Peterboro' and Lakefield Division.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this Office until noon on Saturday, Seventeenth day of November, 1894, for the construction of about five and a half miles of Canal on the Simcoe and Balsam Lake Division, and also for the construction of about three and a half miles of Canal on the Peterboro' and Lakefield Division. Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, at Ottawa, or at the Superintendent Engineer's Office, Peterboro', where forms of tender can be obtained on and after Monday, October 29th, 1894.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm, and, further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for each section: this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for work at the rates and terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order, J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October, 1894.

CHINA'S DIFFICULTY.

Distrust and Disunion at the Root of Her Troubles.

Yan Phou Leo, (which sounds like Chinese) discusses in the last number of Harper's Weekly the probable chances of China in her war with Japan.

The contrast between the two countries as presented by one who may be supposed to speak from personal knowledge of Oriental affairs, is one which bodes ill for the safety of China, with all her millions. The Japanese are a united nation; the people have unlimited confidence in their emperor; the generals are men who will stand comparison with even the supposedly superior Europeans; there is a vigorous and unanimous policy; the men of army and navy are animated by a love of glory, inspired by confidence in their leaders, and determined to conquer their enemies.

The Chinese on the other hand are divided on every sentiment, a division which extends to every grade of life. To begin with there is a distinction of race which it has been the policy of the emperors for two hundred and fifty years to perpetuate.

In 1644 the present dynasty of Manchoo emperors obtained control over the great empire. Now the Emperor is a Manchoo, and all the places nearest the throne, and all the best places in the army are held by Manchoo. If a Chinaman be given any office he is watched by a Manchoo official who has liberty of reporting him to the Emperor, or even of preventing the execution of his plans. The Privy Council at Pekin is evenly balanced as between the two races. Each administrative board has two chancellors, one Chinese, one Manchoo. If in any of the large cities a Chinese governor has command of the militia there is always there also a Tartar general and a Manchoo garrison. It may be readily supposed that this system of balancing and spying renders the prosecution of a policy of advancement practically impossible. Their own little personal concerns become too readily uppermost in the minds of men so placed and the real interests of the country suffer in consequence.

The Chinese regular troops number only 50,000, the personal contingent of Li Hung Chang. All the other regulars are drawn from the ruling race. The Chinese do not feel called upon to fight the battles of the monarchy, and in consequence the troops sent to meet Japan at Ping Yang were raw inexperienced unwilling levies, accompanied only by a few regiments of Manchoo regulars; badly led, badly fed, badly paid, they broke and scattered at the first crash of onset.

The Japanese leaders are men who have made diligent study of the profession of arms for great part of their lives. General Oyama has spent many years of study in Europe and has for his wife a Japanese lady who is a graduate of Vassar College. Count Yamagata is a man who has risen by sheer ability from the lowest rank of Japanese society to be commander of the army.

Li Hung Chang, the patriotic and able Viceroy of China has had to contend against every possible obstacle in order to accomplish any advance movement whatever, and now that he has been made to meet an invasion which he tried to avert, instead of being supported he is disgraced at every possible opportunity.

This state of affairs makes everything look well for the immediate success of Japan. Yan Phou Leo thinks the Japanese will easily take Moukden, the ancient Manchoo capital, where the emperors have been banking a rainy day account of \$6,000,000 a year, until now they have \$1,500,000,000—a pretty good umbrella. If the Japs get it and go on

to Pekin, the worsting of the present rulers will be but a temporary loss and in the end will prove a great gain to China by opening up freer intercourse between the East and the West, and preparing the way for a rapid advancement of the Chinese people in modern civilization.

Among the Books.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about fashioning poetry upon Greek models. The truth is there is too much of it. Greek severity is very well for the classical pattern, but did you ever feel the life blood throb in a Greek lyric. There is something of the Greek mode in the poetry of Matthew Arnold, especially his *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Rugby Chapel*; but very few nowadays warm their hearts with the flickering flame that burns through Matthew Arnold's poetry.

Imagine Bobbie Burns sitting reading Theocritus before he dared give wing to the bird of his soul in such lyrics as "To Mary, in Heaven" or "Bonny Doon." It was happy indeed that the Greeks and Romans never fooled with Burns, but Nature took the Ayrshire child upon her knee and poured into his ear the music of her throbbing heart.

Let me protest against this imitation of the ancients in the following lines:

I KNOW NOT HOW CATULLUS SANG.

I know not how Catullus sang
Or Sappho struck the golden lyre,
Nor heed I much the notes of song
That find their birth in ancient fire;
The world to-day is full of stars
That beam and burn with glow divine,
And hearts that throb and souls that plan
Yet taste not of Samian wine.

I know not how Catullus sang
In Grecian groves of long ago,
When dark-eyed maids beneath the shade
Tripp'd lightly free from care and woe;
I only know that life to me
Is full of simple, common things
Which, in my joy, I hold so dear
As aught of which Catullus sings.

I was asked the other day if I could sharply define the characteristics of an Irishman. It would be difficult. An Irishman is so many-sided, with such a picturesque personality, a character so unique that when you think you have his characteristics defined you find you have been looking at but one side of the cube of his character. He has a moral bearing, an intellectual bearing and a social bearing. Then again look at him as a factor in the world of politics. He is greater to-day in the councils of nations than the Saxon, despite the fact that he is without crown and sceptre. And his versatility! Why, when I was at the World's Fair last year I met an Irishman, Mr. T. O'Rourke, in the Irish village, who was correspondent of some six Irish papers, and who knew more about the literary life of America than the majority of people born here, though he had but recently left a wine and grocery business in the city of Tralee, Kerry, to represent the Irish press at the World's Fair. The people of Ireland since the days of the hedge school have been martyrs for the sake of education.

When a great man, full of talent and good works, passes away from the earth at the age allotted, we mourn his departure and feel a void in the activities—it may be of both Church and State—difficult to fill, but when a star sets before it has reached at all the magnitude of its light our loss is more to be deplored.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, John Boyle O'Reilly and Brother Azarias lived not to see the slanting rays of eventide. The first two had much in common as to gifts and personality. Both were brilliant journalists, tender balladists and intense patriots. Brother Azarias was a devout religious, whose zeal for learning put him in possession of a scholarship equal to that of the foremost men of our country. His style

is as luminous as that of Newman; his literary criticism as comprehensive and just as that of Lowell.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

A SIMCOE CO. MIRACLE.

THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF
MRS. ROBINSON OF MIDHURST.

Eleven Years' Sickness—Her Case Pronounced Positively Incurable—She Was Given Up to Die by Two Doctors—Now a Picture of Good Health and Strength.

From the *Harris Examiner*.

Near the village of Midhurst, about six miles from Barrie, stands the smithy of Mr. John Robinson, while within sound of the anvil is his home, where in the midst of a large and leafy orchard dwell the smith and his family. Mr. Robinson is a type of the proverbial blacksmith with "the muscles of his brawny arms as strong as iron bands," but with Mrs. Robinson it has been different. The wife and mother has for a long been a victim to acute and painful dropsy of the kidneys. Shortly after birth of her youngest child (now about 13 years) Mrs. Robinson began to take fainting spells, accompanied by violent headaches. This continued through the years that have elapsed, during which time she has obtained the best medical skill available. For about a year she was in constant terror of going insane. Her dull heavy headache, beating pain in the back and weak swollen legs and body made her case something fearful. To a representative of the *Examiner* Mrs. Robinson said: "It is some five or six years since I took worse, and since then we have spent hundreds of dollars in medicine and for medical advice. The symptoms of my case were heavy headaches, pain in the back and kidneys and swollen legs. I rapidly grew worse, and last July was given up by two doctors to die, and all my friends and neighbors tell me that they never expected to see me out again. I could not raise myself up, could not dress myself, and had to be assisted in everything. Now I am well and strong, and can put out a big washing without any over exertion. I have also suffered from diarrhoea for a number of years, and when I spoke of it to my doctor he said if it were stopped, worse results would follow. At the urgent request of my son, who was then living in Manitoba, and personally know of wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give this remedy a trial. Since using the Pink Pills I have been completely cured and have felt none but beneficial effects. Only the week before I commenced taking the Pink Pills I was told by a physician that he could not cure me, and that I would likely get worse when spring came. He analyzed my blood and said it was in a fearful state and that my disease was dropsy of the kidneys, which positively could not be cured. This was about the middle of last January. After the third box of pills my backache left me and it has not since returned. I have taken thirteen or fourteen boxes in all and owe my recovery to this wonderful medicine. I can't praise Pink Pills too much, whatever I say of them," said Mrs. Robinson.

"I recommend them to everybody. I can't speak too highly of them. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to let others, who are suffering as I was, know all about them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, crystaluria, scrofulous troubles etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

St. Patrick's School.

The following is the Honor Roll for October:

Form II., Excellent—W. Tobin, B. Roche, J. Tobin, J. Adamson, W. Knowlton. Good—D. Coll, J. Ryan, J. Poynton, B. Fletcher, F. Dillon.

Form III., Excellent—G. Humphrey, J. Ferris, J. Byrne, J. Costello. Good—P. Russell, C. Lavery, H. Chaley, P. Cradley.

Form IV., Excellent—J. McGrath, L. Meyer, S. O'Toole, J. O'Hearn, C. Cummins, J. O'Grady. Good—F. Healy, G. Hughes, F. Heffernan, J. Carroll, W. Schreiner, C. O'Brien, D. O'Donoghue.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

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R. S. Crowe, Esq., Pleasant Street, Truro, N. S., writes: "It is with pleasure I testify to the great merits of K. D. C. which is undoubtedly worthy of the name, 'The King of Cures.' I have been troubled for over a year with acidity and flatulency and heartburn, and now after using but three packages of K. D. C., I am happy to state that I am completely free from these troubles. A cured man."

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Improvement of the Lower Narrows above Pembroke, River Ottawa," will be received until Friday the 23rd day of November next, inclusively, for the improvement of the Lower Narrows of the River Ottawa, above Pembroke, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Post Office, Pembroke, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 18th October, 1894.

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XIII.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND.—Last week we went over in a steam-tug, the Pioneer, with some ladies from the Hotel to see the dockyards in Ireland Isle. We got a pass and registered our names. Probably the most important position in the Bermudas is Ireland Isle, which, though not much more than a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, contains the dockyard and other establishments connected with the Royal Navy. The Camber, which is a dock sheltered from the usual swell of the ocean by an excellent break-water, has proved of great service to many war vessels that continually visit Bermuda. But the principal feature of attraction is "the Great Bermuda Dock," a floating mass of iron, the largest structure of the kind in the world. It was constructed for the purpose of dry-docking Her Majesty's war-vessels in need of repair while on the station, and is so large that vessels of the first class can be taken on with ease, with everything on board. The dock, which is of iron, was built in England, and left that country for Bermuda in June, 1869, being towed across the Atlantic by two powerful men-of-war, with a small one astern to steer by. After a very smooth voyage of twenty-five days, this enormous mass reached its destination and was safely placed in the bed prepared for it, an excavation made to the depth of 54 feet below low water, from which no less than 1,200,000 cubic feet of sand and coral debris was removed.

The Royal Naval Hospital stands on a hill immediately above the dock-yard, while beneath, occupying a large space of ground, prettily ornamented by cedar groves and smooth grassy glades, is the Naval Cemetery.

We ascended the steep ladder-like steps to the top deck of the great floating dock. It resembles a gigantic steamboat cut in two parts, opened lengthways down the middle. A vessel was inside undergoing repairs. There are stone steps under the water to get at the bottom of the boat. The water can be drawn off after the manner of a canal and leave the vessel quite dry in the dock. The number of rivets in the dock is 3,000,000. The weight of them is 800 tons. It is divided longitudinally into 8 watertight compartments and transversely into 6, so that it contains, irrespective of engine-rooms, pump wells, etc., 48 distinct water-tight compartments by which the position of the water required for working the dock may be regulated. There are 8 pumps of 20 horse power each, which will lift 16 tons of water a minute. All the different compartments are worked by valves from the upper deck. There is also a pair of steam shears, 100 feet high, lifting 80 tons. They were lifting the mast of a large vessel while we were there.

We saw some strange looking floating objects called Turret-ships, iron armour-plated. One of them was shaped like a gigantic cheese, the Scorpion, 4 guns, 2,751 tons; another, the Terror, armour-plated, 8 guns, 1,844 tons, a regular floating battery, and many others of the same ilk.

This day we had the pleasure of seeing a sham sea-fight. While walking about looking at the different vessels anchored there, we observed that the names painted on them were most inappropriate to war-ships—names of gentle feathered creatures, such as Dove, Plover, Bullfinch, &c. While discussing the matter we heard confused noises, sounds of firing off guns; shouts of reef the main sail, port the helm, luff—stand at ease, athwart ships, starboard, lee, furl the mizzen sail, Larboard, man the pumps, &c., &c. Then a volley was fired, and the smoke wrapped the vessels as in a

mist. While we were yet viewing this specimen of Naval warfare the battle ended, the smoke cleared away, and the unhurt wounded were carried tenderly to the *cock-pit* by their sorrowful mess-mates amid cheers and shouts from the Victors.

Upon enquiry we found that the jolly tars were not daily in the habit of amusing themselves with school-boy freaks and kittenish gambols, but that the Vice Admiral, Sir A.—K.—, K.O.B., etc., was making a tour of inspection, and the men were going through their naval drill and military exercises. The Vice Admiral soon appeared, a distinguished looking officer in full naval uniform, which is a magnificent dress half covered with gold lace and having heavy gold epauletts. He lunched, accompanied by—not "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," but by several young midshipmen and his Secretary, Captain F.—. The latter gentleman, in passing, recognized and saluted us. He turned back and said he was on duty, in waiting on the Vice Admiral, or he would be most happy to be our guide. He then introduced our party to the Captains and Commanders of the Bullfinch and Plover, who were standing near, having landed with the Vice Admiral, and left us in charge of these naval heroes. We expressed our surprise at the singular names of the war vessels, and one said they were so called because they were *game* to the last! The officers kindly took us over the Bullfinch, which was as bright and gayly colored as her pretty namesake. They offered us cake and wine in the cabin and showed us all possible attention.

I love the Sailor—his eventful life—
His generous spirit his contempt of danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck and strife;
And though a wild and reckless Ocean ranger,
God grant he make that port when life is o'er
Where storms are hushed and billows break no more.

One of the young ladies of our party, a very young lady, caused the officers to smile by innocently asking, among other questions, to which they listened and answered with polite gravity—Did they carry passengers? No. Nor merchandise? No. "Well," said she "what are they for? What is the use of all these beautiful ships?" This seemed to amuse the naval officers highly. Miss — did not evidently comprehend the necessity of a standing armed Fleet. She did not fully appreciate the Royal Navy by which "Britannia rules the waves."

As Blackstone says in one of his works: "The Royal Navy of England has ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the Island; an arm moreover from which, however strong and powerful, no danger can be apprehended to liberty, and accordingly it has been assiduously cultivated from the earliest ages."

But in spite of Blackstone's learned mandate, perhaps the young maiden, in the innocence of her youthful heart, believed in the sentiment which the poet Longfellow expresses in the following verses:

"Were half the power that fills the world
With terror;
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps
and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals, fleets and forts,
The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred,

And every Nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear for ever more the Curse of
Cain."

"They shall beat their swords into
ploughshares and their spears into pruning
hooks. Nation shall not lift sword against
nation, neither shall they learn war any
more."—Is. ii., 4.

"I love, I dearly love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land;
'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
Held in the reaper's tawny hand."

I shall relate the account of our visit to H. M. S. Bellerophon in my next epistle. Adieu. PLACIDIA.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Nov. 2—All Souls.
3—St. Winifred.
4—St. Charles Borromeo.
5—St. Martin de Porres.
6—Feria.
7—Octave of all Saints.
8—Dedication of Basilica of Holy Redeemer.

The Government's Reply.

Premier Greenway and his Cabinet have sent on to the Dominion Government their reply to the memorial of Cardinal Taschereau and the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in Canada. They are determined not to recommend a change in the law.

The Government's mode of meeting the charge of the hierarchy that the Catholics are unjustly discriminated against is full of the frankness of effrontery. In one place it is said:

"The statement that the Catholic people are compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children creates a false impression. The law is not responsible for any such effect. The correct statement of fact is that all tax-payers contribute to the education of all children whose parents send them to the Public Schools. All taxable property is assessed for Public School purposes, and all citizens have the same right to make use of the Public Schools. Catholic people have the same power to avail themselves of the schools as the Protestant people."

One would think that the framer of this argument was absolutely guileless in his notions of justice. But the Government have had impressed upon them time upon time the fact that the Church will not consent to the tuition of her children in either Protestant or Godless schools. If the meddling Government of Manitoba chose to put its system of religion upon the same basis as its system of education, and surely religion is as necessary to the preservation of order and the security of property as is education, the same argument could be made. They could as well say: "All taxable property is assessed for church purposes, and all citizens have the same right to make use of those churches. Catholic people have the same power to avail themselves of the churches as Protestant people."

But does any sane man suppose that such logic would be found convincing? What would be the feeling if the majority, instead of being Protestant, were Catholic? Premier Greenway knows thoroughly well that Catholics must and will support their own schools, and that they will be in conscience obliged to support one set of schools and by law another set which they will not use. The trumpety logic of his "take it or leave it" proposition does not obscure the glare of the iniquity.

Again the report says: "If a Catholic refuses to take advantage of the public school, he is exercising his own

judgment in the same way as any person who prefers to send his children to a private school to the support of which he contributes. Neither of such persons, however, by so doing, gains any immunity from the payment of school rates."

Will it be believed that the men who advocate such a principle are men who glory in the traditions of the Liberal party, who point with pride to the great moral victory of the last generation, the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland? The cases are identical. Mr. Gladstone made for himself a place among the great men of all time by grappling with the injustice and putting an end to it. Here in this country men who profess to rejoice in his victory are found foisting upon an unwilling and protesting minority just such another iniquity.

So long as this flagrant violation of the true purpose of Government exists Catholics cannot in honor desist from the use of all constitutional means to effect a remedy. A minority has its moments of power. Except where wilfully misled the great heart of the nation is sound for right. Self-seeking politicians may secure the triumph of a day by cultivating the assistance of intolerance, but any moment may be the one for the victory of right.

Zola and the Pope.

The Christian Guardian, in its reference to Zola's novel based on the pilgrimages to Lourdes, says: "It is not adapted to elevate one's ideas of the religious character of the people or the place—but whether it exceeds the actual facts we (the Christian Guardian) are not prepared to say."

The Christian Guardian is either very innocent or very ignorant of the bestial character of Zola and his writings—otherwise it could not expect or suppose that anything from the pen of such an utterly depraved infidel and immoral novelist, was ever intended to elevate men's minds, or give just credit to the religious character of any people or of any place.

Several books and pamphlets have appeared in the last twenty years—and some of them from converted unbelievers—on the facts and miracles of Lourdes. But from these the Christian Guardian has nothing to learn. It is willing to admit, as Gospel truth, only what issues from the filthy imagination of the novelist who caters for the Parisian demi monde and criminal classes of the French population.

As a professedly Christian journal, the Guardian ought to have inquired from other testimony than Zola's whether the actual facts be as represented by that lewd and characterless sensationalist. But when the Pope is concerned or Catholic piety impugned, evidences culled from the gutter literature of Paris are preferable in its estimation, to the verdicts of impartial and scientific commissioners who have declared, time and again, that the events and miracles of Lourdes are not what the Guardian styles "a great humbug" but a palpable manifestation of supernatural mercies and Divine Power.

Yagarles of the Baptist Convention

The Baptists, who last week held their annual convention in St. Thomas, had a very pleasant time of it.

They gathered from all points of the compass and compared notes—and found that in the matter of finances for the Indian mission they were about \$8,000 on the debit side of the ledger. They also listened to reports of missionaries from India, Manitoba and the Province of Quebec. With what the Baptists are doing in good faith for the good of religion or the extension of God's Kingdom among the heathen, we can have no fault to find. If they fancy themselves, as some of the orators said in St. Thomas, "the true apostles of Christianity and the successors of the first Apostles in breaking the bread of life to the Canadian people," it would be a cruelty hindering them from laying the flattering unction to their soul. Self-glorification seems part of their system and nature. They forget that the Jesuit missionaries were teaching the lessons of the cross, and spreading light and dying for the Faith, in this very Canada, long before the Baptists crossed over the borders from New England.

Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.D., from India said, "the Great Commission given us might be summed up in three words 'disciplining the world.' Our responsibility," he continued, "is to discipline every intelligent being in the whole world." In fact every individual Baptist must believe himself to be an Apostle endowed from on high "with power from the Holy Spirit." If the rest of the world were debarred from the knowledge of Gospel truth and sunk in heathenism, the Baptists would be a very useful and necessary body corporate. But, what if other people a thousand fold more numerous and just as learned and as Christian like in thought and deed, consider it pure impertinence on the part of the Baptists to assume such lofty airs. What if others who follow Christ and tread the narrow path, are confronted by Baptist importunate zeal, and told they are idolators, and that they are superstitions, that they kneel at heathenish altars and must surely be lost if they do not abandon their priests and their sanctuaries and hallowed shrines?

The necessary consequence must follow the better educated classes will pass by quietly and treat such impudence with silent contempt. But there is another and more numerous class not so capable of self-restraint, that will resent such outrageous insults on all they hold dear and sacred, and a riot is likely to ensue.

Such was the origin and such the nature of the disturbances that a few weeks ago agitated the whole City of Quebec.

In St. Thomas, Rev. Adam Burwash said: "We must look at the multitudes in Quebec, as Christ looked at the multitudes in His day, as sheep having no shepherd, and exercise pity and love for them." Mr. Burwash should reserve all pity for his own besetting sins—pride and ignorance. There is no body of clergymen in the world that stands higher in a moral sense, or attend to their flocks with

more paternal assiduity and love than the priests of the French Canadian race. And yet Rev. Mr. Burwash pities the people as having no shepherd. He would be their shepherd.

The French Canadian people know enough of Scripture to act upon the advice of the great master. "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

Rev. Adam Burwash maintained that a French Canadian paper (not named) stated that the clergy were responsible for the riot. But he might have added that the Quebec Chronicle, a Protestant daily journal, in a lengthy editorial condemned the unbecoming and insulting language of the Baptist aggressors, who assailed openly the faith and the church and the priests of the great majority of the population of that city—and thus provoked the disturbance and riot complained of.

The Chronicle argued that if the Revs. Burwash and Bosworth confined their zeal to their own churches, and preached the gospel of peace while urging their own peculiar tenets, they would be as free from molestation as ministers of other denominations, whose relations with the Catholics of Quebec were always of a most harmonious nature. Instead, however, Rev. Mr. Burwash in an open letter acknowledged that his mission and purpose was "to make war upon Romanism." Therefore, said the Quebec Chronicle, you deserve not sympathy but condemnation; the troubles and riot were all of your own seeking.

At the St. Thomas Convention, the same Rev. Burwash gloried in his mission of insult and warfare against Catholics. "The Priests," he declared, "cannot stop my work; I have all power in heaven and on earth." "The power of Romanism was on the wane"—he was not in Quebec to apologize for the the working out of his principles—"he was there to attack Rome—and preach the Gospel." Rev. Burwash must be trying to introduce a new Gospel, for that preached by the Apostles was assuredly not a gospel of insult, of ignorance or of hate.

Rosebery and Blake.

Lord Rosebery has at last donned the mantle cast to him by Mr. Gladstone. At Bradford on Saturday he gave it as his opinion that the next election would be fought on the question of the continued existence of the House of Lords. He said that the House of Lords as it exists is a mockery and an invitation to revolution. A resolution will be submitted at the next session of Parliament, the precise terms of which will not for the present be made known, but which will contain an explicit assertion of the right of the House of Commons to the dominant place in the governing body.

The issue between the hereditary landholders and the people at large is now therefore, fairly before the public and a struggle has been entered upon which will end in making the last decade of this century one of the most fruitful epochs of reform that the British Isles have ever known.

The vast areas of lands held for mere pleasure by these favored chil-

dren of fortune lie unproductive while thousands of laborers are willing to utilize them. This condition of affairs is producing an agrarian uprising in England which, according to Michael Davitt, will soon become almost as prominent a factor of the political life of that country as it now is in Ireland. It was in view of this that Mr. Blake made the following remarks in the course of his recent speech at Philadelphia: "While the House of Lords," he said, "did not like Home Rule, they dislike the other reforms more. Therefore, to assist their allies, the Irish party did not attempt to force a dissolution, particularly as that was what their enemies desired, and it is a good principle not to do as your enemies desire; and again, as the House of Lords would probably throw out the other reforms, they would all appeal to the country. I rejoice," said Mr. Blake, "that the struggle is no longer a struggle of depopulated, starving, evicted Ireland, but the struggle of Wales, Scotland and nearly half of England."

Mr. Blake also took occasion to point out those material ills which cry out unceasingly the necessity for Home Rule. He summarized them in a very brief statement. Ireland has been rapidly and appallingly depopulated in the past fifty years. In 1841 she had a population of 8,200,000; in 1891 her population was 4,700,000. You know the circumstances under which she has lost her population. Fifty years ago her population was one-third that of the United Kingdom; now it is one-eighth. Relatively, man for man, the discrepancy in material resources is even greater than of population; her taxable income is but one fifty-third of that of Great Britain.

It is gratifying to learn that the race in America appreciates the ability and integrity of Canada's knight in this crusade. At New York and Philadelphia the collections at the close of the meetings amounted to more than \$8,000 each.

Honore Mercier.

After long weeks of suffering against which he bore up with all the wonderful vitality of his nature, the man, who in many ways, was the strongest personality in the Province of Quebec during the present generation, has at long last gone to his eternal rest.

This closes the career of a strong man. It were a happiness, indeed, if we could call him great, too, and good. From the knowledge that we, in this part of Canada, are able to obtain of the doings of the Lower Canadian leaders, filtered through that knowledge be through imperfect passages, the estimation we are able to form of Mr. Mercier's character is not the one we would like to form of every public man who acknowledges the motherhood of Holy Church.

Something, perhaps much, may be true of his enemies' charge that he was not above dragging her good name in the mire of corrupt and corrupting political artifices where it would tend to his own aggrandisement so to do. After having earned the gratitude of the Universal Church by an act of tardy retribution, he accepted and

utilized the honors conferred upon him in recognition of that act, and immediately afterwards was dragged down from the eminence he had attained, dismissed, rejected and disgraced.

"Nothing that is not good, of the dead" says the injunction. His friends, and he hold the friendship of many even through the days of retribution and evil fortune, will not want materials for his eulogy. His was the master mind which left its impress upon the hearts of his people by whom the memory of his perfect sympathy with them will long be remembered. Beyond doubt he knew Quebec, its people, their needs, their aspirations, their shortcomings and their character as well as anyone who ever held their mandate for Government.

But to young Canadians, and particularly to the rising generation of Catholics, his memory should serve not as an example but as a warning. The Church, oppressed by foes from without, requires every assistance from within. If any of her sons choose to serve his country, and there is every need that more and more of them should do so, it must always be borne in mind that every act which brings credit to him is reflected upon the Church which is marked out in this land for criticism; that every corrupt act of his will be attributed justly or unjustly to the laxity of her teaching. Let the Catholic then who values the religion for which he and his forefathers have undergone sacrifices so comport himself that his part in the working of her organization will make to her greater credit. This can be accomplished only by standing fast by true moral principles and regarding success as an incident. Herein Mr. Mercier failed, or seemed to fail; and herein is the warning to those who shall seek to rival his daring flights.

Editorial Notes.

While Mgr. Satolli was on his way back to Washington from Quebec he stopped off at Patterson N.J. The congregation of that place are anxious to have their pastor, Rev. Dr. Smith, deposed from his position. A deputation waited upon Mgr. Satolli, who instructed his secretary to say that he would not listen to abuse of Dr. Smith while a guest in his house. As the persistent Americans did not choose to agree in this stand Mgr. Satolli left the room. There was not, as has been reported, any physical indignity offered the papal legate.

Judgment has been rendered in the case of the Canada Revue vs. Archbishop Fabre of Montreal. The action was brought because of a mandate issued on Nov. 11, 1892, in which his Grace protested against certain journals, one of which was the Canada Revue, which he claimed had insulted religion, the discipline of the Church and its ministers. The faithful were forbidden to having anything to do with the publication under pain of refusal of the sacraments. This gave rise to the suit. Judge Doherty summarized the pleadings into four questions bearing upon the law of libel and answered all four in favor of the Archbishop, without at all discussing the question of extra privileges arising

from the exercise of his religious functions.

At Winnipeg the other night Mr. Laurier, in an after dinner speech professed himself as indifferent to the personal incident of success so long as he knew himself to be striving for right (on the tariff question). Being in Winnipeg it is not too much to hope that the school question presented itself to his mind for similar treatment.

Lord Salisbury replied to the indictment made by Lord Rosebery against the House of Lords in a speech in which he falls back upon the last resource of the descending politician. He fears that if the House of Lords were to be abolished the people would be "the slaves of Archbishop Walsh and his friends." He cannot imagine that England and Scotland would "place their necks under the heel of South and West Ireland;" and he has no doubt that "Archbishop Walsh's well-drilled battalions will accept Rosebery's proposition." Verily the noble Marquis has assimilated the P.P.A. plan and improved upon its artistic form. But meantime his friends in the North of Ireland are agreeing too mightily well with Mr. Morley on the land question.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review in its last number contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Richard Malcolm Johnson, the Catholic author whose sketches of Southern life unexpectedly proved one of the greatest successes of latter day literature. Mr. Johnson is a convert to the Catholic Church. He is now well up in years and the weight of his judgment was found very acceptable by those of the summer school students who have a special interest in literature.

Confirmation at Brechin.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on 50 children of St. Andrew's church of this town on Tuesday the 23rd. inst. Children met at the Foley Institute and marched to the church at 10 A. M. where they were subjected to the usual examination in Christian Doctrine by His Grace. He expressed himself as very well pleased with the result. Mass was then sung by the Rev. Father Hogan, P. P. of Uptergrove. The Choir, ably assisted by Mrs. Smith of Beaverton, rendered in good style Peter's Mass in D. Besides the candidates for Confirmation, the members of the local branch of the C.M.B.A., the promoters of the League or the Sacred Heart, and a large number of the rest of the congregation received Holy Communion. After Mass His Grace first addressed a few words of kind encouragement to the members of each of the above mentioned societies and the Altar society, and then spoke at some length in his usual most pleasing and instructive style, on the great importance of the Sacrament he had come to confer and the grave obligation it imposed on its recipients of being valiant soldiers of Christ and faithful children of the One True Church. After Confirmation His Grace again addressed a few earnest words of advice to those confirmed and exacted the usual promise from the boys of abstaining from all intoxicating liquors until 21 years of age. He then imparted the Apostolic blessing to all. The Rev. Father Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, accompanied His Grace; and the pastor, Father McEae was ably assisted by the Rev. Father Hogan, Uptergrove, Duffy of Orillia and Cantillon of Brock. The altar was very beautifully and tastefully decorated with natural and artificial flowers.

Sunnyside Orphanage.

On Sunday next in all the churches of the city a collection will be taken up in aid of the Orphanage at Sunnyside. The good work the Sisters of St. Joseph are doing in this most important branch of the charitable work of the Church renders their claim upon the generosity of the Catholic people a very large one. As there has been no public entertainment for their assistance this year it is to be hoped that the result of the collection will be such as they have reason to expect.

The Joys of the Road.

BLISS CARMAN.

Now, the joys of the roads are chiefly these,
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;
A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In the early fall, when the wind walks too;
A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down
From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp,
The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;
The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;
The palish asters along the wood,
A lyric touch of the solitude;
An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through;
Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;
The resonant, far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;
A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;
A throat like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;
An idle noon, a babbling spring,
The sea in the picnics murmuring;
The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent flock of the cold new moon;
With only another league to wend,
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

The Coliseum.

BY RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING.

O Coliseum! ruin vast and strong,
Defiant still, spite power of time and fate,
Thou holdest well thy solitary state
Amid new worlds that idly round thee throng;
And through the centuries thou dost prolong
The majesty of Rome, her mighty weight
Of will, upheld above the little great,
And quick to punish all who did her wrong.
But I behold, cold and indifferent,
Unmoved by awful sternness of thy face,
Heedless of all the memories which have lent,
To thy unyielding form a tender grace;
For thou art but the shameless monument
Of the fierce strength of an unloving race.
—Catholic World.

Wordsworth's Prophecy.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

"In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surrounding some fabled hill."
A vision came to Wordsworth; if he knew
Its import, seek not: Bard he was, not
Seer;
Yet, being God's High-priest of Song that year,
The man was prophet and his message true;
True, though till late a riddle read by few:
"In my mind's eye a Temple, like a
cloud—"
So sang he: melts at last the "invidious"
shroud;
That temple issues daily on man's view!
England, old mountain lonely in the North,
For centuries three a kingless throne wert
thou!
This day, from heaven descending towards
the earth,
God's Bride-like city lights thy lifted brow.
Great Bard! Christ's Judge, not thine, shall
stand fulfilled:
"Peter, hell-gates prevail not when I build."
—Ave Maria.

Yet, am I Old.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

I never knew that I was old—
Like truth in dreams that truth yet
seemed—
Until the honest "photo" told
Me I was old!
As children turn from ghostly dark,
As our hearts chill at barbarous tales,
We will not look, we will not hark,
Our age to mark!
We know our hope has broken wing,
We know we shall not miss the world;
But all is nothing to the sting
The old lines bring!
Yet, after all, when once we bow
Submissive to the iron fact,
We find that life can, even now,
Enthrall, somehow!
Eyes that are kind o'erlook the gray
That shimmers on our whitening head;
Kisses from lips we love delay
Joys but a day!
—Ladies' Home Journal

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. John King of St. Thomas Celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary.

On October 22d Mr. John D. King of Her Majesty's Customs, St. Thomas, with his wife, celebrated their golden wedding. Their family and a number of friends were assembled to do honor to the venerable couple. On behalf of the congregation of the Church of the Holy Angels, Rev. W. Flannery, D. D., presented them with some valuable gifts and read the following address:

Mr. and Mrs. King.—We, the undersigned members of the Holy Angels' Church in this city, desire to offer you our warmest congratulations on this blessed and thrice happy occasion of your golden jubilee. The fiftieth anniversary of the brightest and most joyous day of wedded life is of such rare occurrence and so seldom vouchsafed by an all-wise Providence, that we can but reckon it as a singular blessing, accorded only to those whose merits and virtues make them especially favored of God. Since your advent to this parish, now fifteen years or more, we have been witness of those virtues daily but unostentatiously practiced by you and your family. We have at all times been much edified by your piety, by your punctual and reverent attendance at every church ceremonial, and what we consider ranks higher than all, by never-failing charity, which we are assured is the "bond of perfection." As President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, you, sir, in time of need and distress have succoured the little ones of Christ, and have brought comfort and sunshine to many a desolate home. In all your works of benevolence and zeal for God and Holy Church, you have, unremittingly and ably, been assisted by your estimable partner in life and by your amiable, exemplary and self-sacrificing daughter. We anxiously avail of this God given event of your golden wedding, to express in terms however inadequate, our admiration of the many excellent qualities that distinguish you and your household and which have enshrined your names in the hearts of all those who have known you socially, who have partaken of your bounteous hospitality, and who worship with you beneath the same hallowed roof and before the same altar. While presenting you with this testimonial of our esteem and appreciation of your many claims on our deep regard and gratitude, we earnestly pray that God may prolong your useful and edifying life yet for many years among us.

W. Flannery, D. D.; D. J. Donahue; S. B. Pocock; W. P. Reynolds; John and P. Butler; James Brady, Glanworth; C. W. Regan; John C. Coughlin, James Egan, James Clarke, G. T. R.; James Graney, M. G. R.; W. Redmond; Mrs. McNulty; J. H. Price; Dan. Coughlin.

Mr. King was born in the village of Tulsk, County of Roscommon, Ireland, in 1820, and came to Montreal in 1830. At twelve years of age he entered the wholesale house of Kerr & Co., and thence was transferred to the Hamilton house of the same firm, where he remained eight years. He was then clerk for two or three years in the Manchester warehouse, Kingston. In that city he then started business for himself, and subsequently removed to Napanee, where he was appointed to the customs in 1864. He has served successively at Napanee, Wallaceburg, Sarnia, Windsor and St. Thomas, being appointed sub-collector here at the M. C. R. freight house in 1881.

Mrs. King's maiden name was Anastasia Jane Fairman. She is the daughter of the late Wallace Sutherland Fairman and was born in the township of Pittsburg, county of Frontenac, where she was married to Mr. King on the 21st of October 1844, by the Rev. Steven Myles. Sir Richard Cartwright now owns the farm formerly owned by her father.

Mr. and Mrs. King have had ten children, but only four are now living, three sons and one daughter. The sons are Frank, of Choyenne, Wyoming; John, of Red Oak, Iowa, and Stephen Myles, of the Chicago Times, and the daughter is Miss Anastasia Elizabeth at home.

A Forgetful Philosopher.

There is nothing more amusing than the absence of mind sometimes displayed by great men. Sir Isaac Newton was reading in his study one evening, when all at once he felt himself growing very cold, and rang for his servant to replenish the fire. After a while the fuel began to glow, and Sir Isaac, who had drawn his chair close to the grate, found himself as uncomfortably warm as he had been cold before. Again he rang the bell, this time with much energy. The man was slow in coming.

"James," said Sir Isaac, when he at last appeared, "it is no thanks to you that I am not burned to death. I am literally roasting already. Remove the grate, you lazy fellow!"

This he said in a loud and angry voice, very different from the mild tones in which the amiable philosopher was wont to address his servants.

"But, master," suggested James, "might it not be more convenient for you to draw back your chair?"

"Why, upon my word," returned Sir Isaac, smiling, "I believe you are right. I never thought of that."

The night clerk at Ocean View Hotel, Block Island, was dozing in his chair a few nights ago and was startled by what he afterward remarked seemed to him to be a regiment of soldiers coming down stairs.

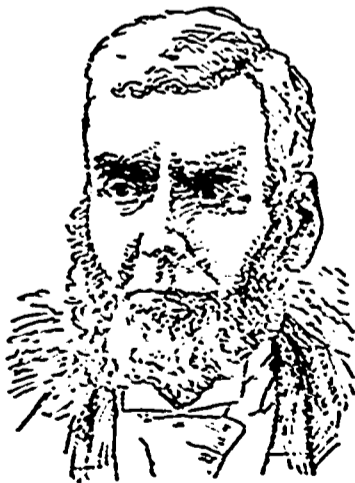
"I'll be goldurned if this ain't the worst place I've ever struck."

"What's the matter now?" asked the clerk who, by the way, has had considerable experience with the same kind of people.

"Well, by gosh, there's the durndest smell up in that room of mine that beats any old sewer I ever smolled. I've been trying to sleep for some time, but it seems to be getting worse all the while."

After few suggestions as to what might be the cause, the clerk intimated that the gas might possibly be leaking.

"Not by a darn sight," replied the granger; "that can't be the cause, for I blew that out an hour ago."—*Norwich Bulletin.*



Charles H. Hutchings.

Sick Headache

CURED PERMANENTLY

BY TAKING

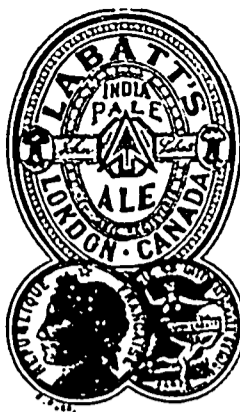
Ayer's Pills

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I began taking Ayer's Pills

that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I am now a well man."
—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

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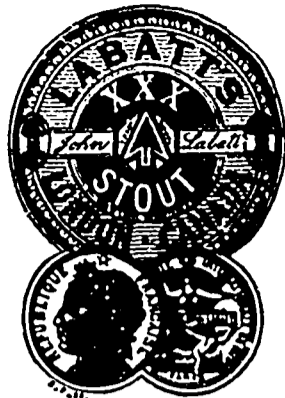


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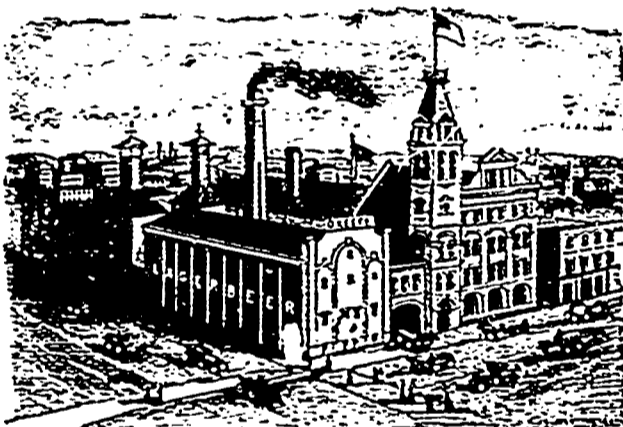
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

An accident resulting in the loss of two lives occurred in Larnoo Harbor on the night of October 1st. Three fishermen from Portrush had arrived in their vessel, the Foisson, and anchored in the Lough, nearly opposite the coastguard station. On the night mentioned they were returning to their vessel in a punt, and when almost alongside, one of them, who was sculling, dropped his oar, and by some unaccountable means the punt was upset, and the three men precipitated into the water. Some of the crew of a Danish schooner near by succeeded in rescuing one of the men named Elliott; but the other two were drowned. Their names were Martin Ross and David Bacon. The bodies had not been recovered up to last accounts.

Armagh.

Mr. Peter Quinn, J. P., died on October 5th, at his residence, Drombanagher, co. Armagh. He was agent for estates in Armagh, Down, Tyrone, Monaghan, Longford, and Tipperary. He was also Vice-Chairman of the Newry Board of Guardians, and was over 80 years of age.

Clare.

The Clare friends and admirers of the veteran patriot, Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., whose remains were interred at Glasnevin, in June, 1891, have determined to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a monument over his grave. Mr. M. Studdert Gibson, vice-chairman of the Kildysart Board of Guardians and County Director of the South Clare Railway, who has initiated the movement, has received numerous promises of support. Mr. Gibson holds the sword of the departed warrior which was presented to him as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by The O'Gorman Mahon.

Cork.

On October 2nd, a tragic event, resulting in the death of Mr. Phillip Attridge, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, took place at Schull. It appears that some trifling dispute arose between Mr. Attridge and one of the employes, an hostler, named John Coughlan, employed in the posting establishments connected with the hotel. Some angry words passed between the employer and employee, when the former struck Coughlan a blow of his clenched fist, causing him to bleed from the nose and mouth. A younger brother of Coughlan's, named Timothy, driver and stableman to Mr. Dale, the local constabulary officer, happened to be passing by at the time, and seeing his brother bleeding, in the heat of the moment, he struck Mr. Attridge a blow which sent him reeling backward, and falling heavily on his head, he was taken up in an unconscious state, in which condition he remained until he expired next morning.

Donegal.

A monument to the memory of the brilliant poet of Ballyshannon, the late Mr. Allingham, is about being erected on the central pier of the bridge.

Down.

On October 2nd a number of boys went to bathe in a pond near Kilkree. After they had been in the water some time, one of them a lad named William Owens, got out on the bank and dived in again. He struggled to get out of the water, but being a poor swimmer he sank, and never came to the surface again. His youthful companions were unable to render him any assistance, but ran to inform his parents of the occurrence. After a long search the body was recovered.

Dublin.

Arrangements are already on foot for the grand celebration of the Maynooth Centenary, which takes place next June. The first meeting of the distinguished committee appointed for the occasion took place on Oct. 4th, under the presidency (at the opening) of Cardinal Logue. A large body of the clergy, representing every diocese in Ireland, assembled at the meeting. Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; and Most Rev. Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clogher, were also present. The committee held a lengthened consultation on various matters suggested for their consideration, and adopted a series of resolutions, to be submitted to the Board of Trustees of the College at their next meeting.

Galway.

A telegram from Woodford, dated October 2d, says:—"Great excitement prevails in Woodford to-day, over news which has been received, stating that during last night three houses which have just been built by Lord Clanricarde, in the hope of getting "planters," to live in them were completely destroyed. The affair is shrouded in mystery. All that is definitely known at present is that two houses have been blown to pieces and the other completely burned down. Each of the buildings stood on the site of a homestead from which a tenant had been evicted." Subsequent dispatches state that the damage done was not so serious as at first reported. There was one house shattered by an explosion; another was burned; how it is not stated. The police are making extensive searches; and among other houses searched were some occupied by the emergency men.

Kerry.

By permission of the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, a collection is being made

throughout the diocese, to raise funds for the replacing of the existing structure used as a Catholic place of worship at Glengarriff by a more suitable building.

Milkenau.

On September 37th, a car loaded with fowl, the property of Mr. Slater, fowl and poultry dealer, was overturned in Parliament street, Kilkenny, opposite the police barracks. At the time of the occurrence, Mr. and Mrs. Slater were in the car, after returning from the Urlingford fair. Both were precipitated to the ground; but, with the exception of a shock, they suffered very little injury.

Mildare.

The Naas Petty Sessions Court, on October 1st, Patrick Joseph Wall, farm laborer, in the employment of a farmer named John Meenehan, of Cooltrim, near Donedra, was put forward in custody charged on remand with stealing the sum of £91, the property of his employer, on the fair day of Naas, the 19th ult. The prisoner was returned for trial to the next Quarter Sessions at Naas.

King's County.

An inquest was held, on Sept. 26th by Coroner Corcoran, at Sharavogue, Birr, touching the death of James Carey, a young laborer, who had met with a shocking death, the day before. It appeared that deceased was employed by Mr. R. Murray, an extensive farmer at Coolderry, to attend a threshing machine. His business was to mind the horses, and he had to sit up behind them on a projecting seat or arm. Shortly after the threshing commenced, he toppled off the seat and fell into the machinery, then being worked at full speed. His legs were almost severed from his body, and it was with difficulty that his mangled remains could be extricated. Strange to say, though unconscious, he was still living. The Rev. Father Grace, who lives close by, was summoned, but before he arrived the poor fellow expired. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, exonerating all parties from blame.

Limerick.

We regret to have to announce the death, on October 5th, of Alderman Jerome Counihan, of Limerick, proprietor and editor of the *Munster News*—a sterling National journal which succeeded the *Limerick and Clare Examiner*, which had been started, during the "Repeal" agitation, by the late Patrick Lynch, who subsequently became the founder of the *Irial American*, in 1849. Alderman Counihan had been ailing for about a week; but not till the morning of his death was any doubt entertained of his ultimate recovery. The news of his demise will be received with genuine regret wherever he was known, both as a public man and a journalist.

Longford.

On Sept. 29th, an inquest was held on the body of a child named Howard, in Longford Courthouse, by Mr J. McGaver, Coroner. Death was caused by a cart running over the neck of the child while it was creeping from the footpath in St. Joseph's street. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death; but Leacky, the driver of the cart was arrested and remanded to Mullingar jail.

Louth.

On Saturday, Sept. 29th, there arrived in Drogheda, from Dublin, the first of the splendid peal of bells intended for the Oliver Plunkett Memorial Church. It was brought on a carriage, by itself, a team of horses, supplied by Mr Monaghan, hauling it by road. It is one of the largest bells in any of the provinces, and was cast in Mr. Byrne's foundry, James' street Dublin. The founder says it is the largest that ever issued from the works, and he has supplied bells for several of the principal churches throughout the country. It is beautifully proportioned, stands some six feet in height, has a diameter of five feet eight inches, and weighs up to three tons.

Mayo.

At Altringham, England, on October 5th, six Irish laborers were charged with causing the death of Thomas Meakin, aged 20, a native of Shrophire, employed as an agricultural laborer on a farm near Altringham. In the course of a drunken affray Meakin was stabbed with a pitchfork, and died two or three days after. The evidence showed that the Irishmen had received great provocation. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter against John Gallagher, Patrick Durkin, and Patrick Gallagher, and censured a farmer's son, named William Daniel, for taking part in the affray. The prisoners were from Mayo.

Queen's County.

On the morning of October 5th, the body of a man named Edward Gleeson was found in a horribly mutilated state, on the Great Southern and Western Railway line at a place called Caddagh, about a mile and a half from Mounttrah station. The deceased was employed on the railway as a milesman. On the previous night he was on duty as a fogsignalman. The night was very dark and foggy, and it appears that he had been up the previous night also, on duty, got no sleep next day, and resumed duty on that night at one o'clock, after which nothing more was heard from him until the other milesman, who went on to relieve him, found his body fearfully mangled on the railway track. It is believed the deceased was overcome with sleep, and was killed by the mail train at 2 o'clock this morning.



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Sligo.

The Lord Chancellor has issued the Commission of the Peace for Sligo to the Mayor, Mr. John Connolly.

It appears that the Tories of Sligo have made up their mind to continue the policy of aggression and insult against their Nationalist fellow-townsmen. They have lodged objections against twenty-one burgesses, of whom sixteen are Catholic clergymen. Of course most, if not all of these objections are bogus, and will be scouted out of court; but this priest-hunting policy will not be forgotten when the annual Tory whine about the Mayoralty is raised next December. Even if the seats now held are retained by the Tories (which they will not be), the Nationalists will still have a majority.

Waterford.

On the 30th ultimo, a sad shooting fatality occurred at a place called Barnashangan, a small village on the county Waterford, estate of Count de la Poer, near Ballymacarbery. Three young men, named Edmond O'Keefe, a laborer, Patrick Walsh, and Francis Duane, respectable young farmers, went shooting outside the village. They started a pheasant in a hilly field and followed it. Duane and Walsh were in front and O'Keefe was behind. Suddenly a partridge sprang up among the three men, and O'Keefe partly raised his gun and fired. The bird fell, and so did Walsh, who was directly in the line of fire. On his companions running to his assistance, they found that some of the shot had lodged in the unfortunate man's left eye, and more had pierced his forehead. Dr. McEniry attended immediately, but could do nothing, the unfortunate man being unconscious. He removed him to his own house, but he died about three-quarters of an hour after he received the fatal wound.

Wexford.

For some time past, Messrs. Mccrody, solicitors, Dublin, who were entrusted by Lord Templemore with the sale of his county Wexford estates, have been busily engaged at their work on the property, but they have, for the present at least, failed to convince the tenants that the time was opportune to buy, or that the terms under which they offered the estate for sale were such that the tenants could accept the offer. A series of meetings of the tenants have been held at Ramsgrange, and at the final one, which was held, on October 4th, the negotiations were completely broken off.

Wicklow.

On the evening of September 29th, a land slip of very considerable proportions occurred on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, at Bray Head, which, but for the watchfulness of the officers and workmen of the company might have been attended with serious consequences. The accident was not unforeseen, for the engineers of the company were so satisfied that a large piece of rock would come down that they had a number of men actually engaged in its removal. Fortunately for the work they had just left off for their Saturday half-holiday when nature completed the task on which they had been engaged, and before they had stated for home tons upon tons of rock came down. The local train of Graystones passed the place a few minutes after half-past two, and it was between the passing of the train to Graystones and its return that the accident took place. The fall was near the portion of Bray Head known as Ram's Scaly, just on the Dublin side of No. 1 tunnel.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

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HALLOW-E'EN.

Irish Idylls and Fairy Lore.

Ever since the days when the Tuatha de Danaans ruled over Ireland, a tinge of the deepest religious superstition has passed over the face of that country. Every shadowy nook in the island is tenanted by fairies and every part of the country has its own guardian spirits who edify the peaceable inhabitants o' nights with noisy carousals, uncanny illuminations and much riding on broom sticks.

In particular the cromlechs, the raths, the ruined castles and the round towers have been surrounded by a religious fear and superstition which Christianity could not abolish and time could not subdue.

The old woman who first nursed a boyish inquietude with fairy tales is now no more. The tangled grass grows long and green over her grave. Her body is at rest in a mountain churchyard, but her spirit sometimes comes to waken anew the memory of those tales of supernatural life with which she regaled those early days.

In this prosaic land of Canada few give credit to fairy tales, although all relish a good ghost story when told with becoming gravity and with a proper climax. Yet none are willing to appear simple enough to place any faith in aught that savors of the supernatural.

How well recalled are those early days when the haunted glen, the gnarled oak and the ruined castle were objects of real alarm. It was a pleasure to roam through the paths of an old fort, encumbered as they were with briars and fallen branches. Above, the wood pigeons built their nests and hatched their young in the peaceful solitude the place afforded, conscious that their hereditary enemy, the ubiquitous small boy would never attempt to climb a tree that grew within the sacred precincts of a haunted fort.

It was a custom then, more hallowed in the breach than the observance according to parental precept, to leave the paternal home at night fall and repair to John Burke's thatched cottage, and there, seated around a huge turf fire over which a pot of herculean dimensions was suspended from the crane above, listen for hours to the blood curdling tales of fairy land which the old man would recite for the benefit of his young hearers.

The usual place of encampment for the fairies of the neighborhood was an elevated hillock called "Harding's Fort." If all the stories John told of its inhabitants were true, the fairies of that vicinity were very mischievous imps indeed, who seemed to possess all the vices and none of the virtues of their human brother.

These supernatural gentry were not only guilty of the usual harmless excesses of riding across the country on broomsticks and "ghecsodauns," but it was even said they had taken off from the land of the living many a handsome colleen. Mary Burke, John's own sister, was carried away by them one night as she lay on her sick bed. On the night in question an invisible hand pulled the string of the latch. The door opened and a strong gust of wind entered the bedroom of the dying girl. It described several circles in the room, carrying with it all the dust and chairs that the broom had not captured. Finally it ceased and a tiny voice asked Mary if she were ready. She answered that she was, and immediately fell back upon the pillow a lifeless corpse. "The fairies had taken her," said John, "and had left instead the wizened body of an old hag."

A neighbor's lad coming home one night through the field, met the fairies at the entrance of the boreen. With uncanny music and lights aglow they galloped over ditches and hedges on their way to the fort. At their head was a dark man, with eyes like burn-

ing coals, who rode a black horse. By his side on a beautiful white palfrey splendidly caparisoned was the long-lost dark eyed Mary, sister of John Burke, and now the spouse of Shawn Ogo, King of the fairies.

The fairies reigned in undisputed sovereignty over the fort. Its hazel trees and white thorn bushes were sacred things, and this sanctity was extended even to the very birds' nests that were built on the branches above. Woe to the hands that should dare apply the sacrilegious axe to a branch of these trees! Their doom was sealed. A disease was certain to descend upon the transgressor which would baffle the skill of earthly physicians.

William Harding, the owner of the land in which the fort was situated, came from the north of Ireland. He was a shrewd man and one not given to ghost stories. He was free from the superstition of his neighbors and did not partake of the veneration for the fort in question. As to the fairies, he often relegated them to the shades of Charon. He was visibly annoyed when he was taunted with being the possessor of haunted fort, and felt grieved that he, a man of respectable antecedents, should be harboring on his property as unruly a lot of imps as ever disturbed the tranquility of the country or the peace of the crown. He had long his eye on the fine timber that grew around the fort, and the untold wealth of rich manure that lay underneath was often the subject of his nightly dreams and daily meditations. Despite the remonstrances of his wife and neighbors he determined to cut down the fort and raise the soil as manure for his potato fields. Accordingly one Monday morning, bright and early (It is John who tells the story), he entered the fort with horse and cart to carry away the manure. He backed the horse against the mound, and laying down his whip and pipe he threw a huge shovelful of fine black marl into the cart.

No sooner had the manure touched the bottom of the cart than the horse gave a bound as if struck by some invisible hand. Away it ran over ditches and hedges, throwing pieces of the harness and cart in all directions. It galloped wildly across the railway, up the hills of Dola and down the steep declines on the other side, till it was lost to sight "and Harding's fine bay horse never came back from that day to this."

This was not all. Harding himself was seized with some mysterious illness that baffled the combined skill of the country doctor and the head doctor from Dublin. He declined visibly, and strange to say, never uttered a word throughout that long and painful illness which culminated in death.

"So much for having meddled with the fort" quoth John. "Didn't I tell him," said an old woman afterwards, "Didn't I tell him that he couldn't have a day's luck if he meddled with the fort?"

The fairies of that vicinity were therefore dangerous neighbors and for years afterwards the fate of Bill Harding and his horse was enough to deter the stoutest heart from interference with beings of so potent an influence. The very mention of Harding's name has stopped many youthful pigeon hunting expeditions in that neighborhood.

If the fairies carried off John Burke's sister, they did not stop at that. They carried off the hair from John's own head. It happened in this way. One evening at nightfall (John is again the narrator) he was coming home from the fair of Clonmel, where he had made a good sale, to commemorate which fortunate event he had indulged in a number of glasses. He was not drunk but "hearty." It was Hallow-e'en, a night sacred to the fairies, when they hold their interna-

tional unions and give their greatest suppers. And here

The first that rise to go awa'
A cuckold coward loon is he
And the first who fa's beneath his chair
He shall be king among them a'

The broom sticks are well ridden on this night and are covered with sweat the next morning. There is not a single 'ghecodoun' left on a field for miles around that is not called into requisition by the fairies and their visitors from the surrounding country. Well, on this night when coming near the fort which was close to the boreen by which he passed, John saw a strange sight. Lights seemed to rise from the fort in all directions. First one large light arose from among the trees and then stood still above the plain. "That is the leader" thought John. This was followed by other and lesser lights that arose in like manner and disposed themselves in twos and threes about the leader until the woods seemed to glow with fire.

At a nod (it is to be supposed) from their leader they marched across the plain, coming toward where John

stood. Nearer and nearer they approached and higher and higher rose John's hat from his auburn locks. At last when about twelve yards distant they halted to deliberate. The memories of their evil deeds, of Harding and his horse and of Mary's loss flitted through John's brain. Before him were the natural enemies of the human race and of his own family in particular. It was more than he could bear. With a mighty shout he wheeled again and again against "all the fairies of hell," and hurled his black thorn at them. He had scarcely done so when he was hurled violently to the ground, rolled into a dike and there lay senseless until the cock crow three times, when the power of the fairies vanished. When John recovered his senses he had not a single hair on the top of his head. The fairies had taken that also and from that day to this his shiny pate is a visible proof of the fairies' power and vengeance.

These supernatural beings who inhabit the ruined castles and raths of old Ireland have yet another very

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inaugurated by us ten days ago and through which hundreds of customers have been enabled to purchase handsome and stylish garments at less than one-third of their value, also—

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In addition to the Cloaks and Capes we are now selling at \$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10, and which are worth fully from \$18 to \$30 each, we have purchased the entire stock of a leading importer, and are thereby enabled to offer strictly high grade imported garments, costing (duty paid) from \$50 to \$75, at \$20 \$25 \$30 each, being less than the cost of cloth and trimmings, many of them being silk-lined and trimmed with costly fur.

For This Week we Offer

All our \$40 Garments for \$20.

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This entire stock must be closed out AT ONCE. Come while the assortment is complete. We save you 50 per cent. on every garment, and can show the largest and best selected stock to be found in the city.

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wicked failing. They take away fair haired children out of their mothers' arms and leave instead pale, sickly imps with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes in whom the mothers cannot recognize the children of their bosom. Sometimes they leave no substitute at all. This is described by one of our poets in the beautiful verses on "The Fairy Boy."

A mother came when stars were waning
Wailing round a lonely spring
Thus she cried while tears were falling
Calling on the fairy King.
"Why with spells my child carousing
Coaxing him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing
Wherefore steal my baby boy!"

Once gone with the fairies he never returns. Many like Anna Grace, of whom Ferguson chants, were taken away from the very midst of their companions, who were unable to rescue them.

"Thus clasped and prostrate all with their heads together bowed
Soft o'er their bosoms beating the only human sound,
They heard the silken footsteps of the silent fairy crowd
Like a river in the air gliding round.

"No scream can any raise nor prayer can any say
But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three,
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away
By whom they dare not look to see."

Yet, with all their faults, like old Ireland herself, we love them still, and if their vices are many, their virtues are not few. Sometimes from out the old fort we hear a mellow hum of distant harmony at the setting of the sun. It seems to be the humming of the bees in the branches of the trees. But no! It is the weird, wild music of the fairies who play their sweetest chords and sing their sweetest songs to cheer the weary home returning reaper, and lull to slumber the orphan child of the lonely widow who thanks Heaven for the fairies' lullaby.

"Sleep my child for the rustling trees
Stirr'd by the breath of the Summer breeze
And fairy songs of sweetest note
Around thy cradle gently float."

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 31, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 53	\$0 01
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 51	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 50	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 30	0 31
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 58
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 44
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 9	0 10
Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	5 50	6 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 35	0 50
Ducks, per pair.....	0 50	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 05	0 06
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 17	0 18
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 25	0 00
Celery, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Onions, per bag.....	0 30	0 30
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 25
Hay, clover.....	7 00	0 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 50

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to-day:

CATTLE.

Good shippers, per cwt.....	\$ 3 00	\$3 25
Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 00	3 50
Butchers', choice, per cwt..	2 75	3 00
Butchers' medium, " ..	2 50	2 75
Bulls and mixed, " ..	2 25	3 00
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00
Milk cows, per head.....	22 00	45 00

CALVES.

Per head, good to choice....	3 00	5 00
" common.....	1 50	2 50

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Shipping sheep, per cwt....	3 00	3 25
Butchers' sheep, per head...	2 25	2 75
Lambs, choice, per head...	2 25	2 50
Lambs, inferior, per head...	1 00	1 50

HOGS.

Long lean, per cwt (off cars)	4 00	4 20
Thick fat.....	3 80	4 00
Stores, per cwt.....	3 50	3 90
Slags.....	1 50	2 00

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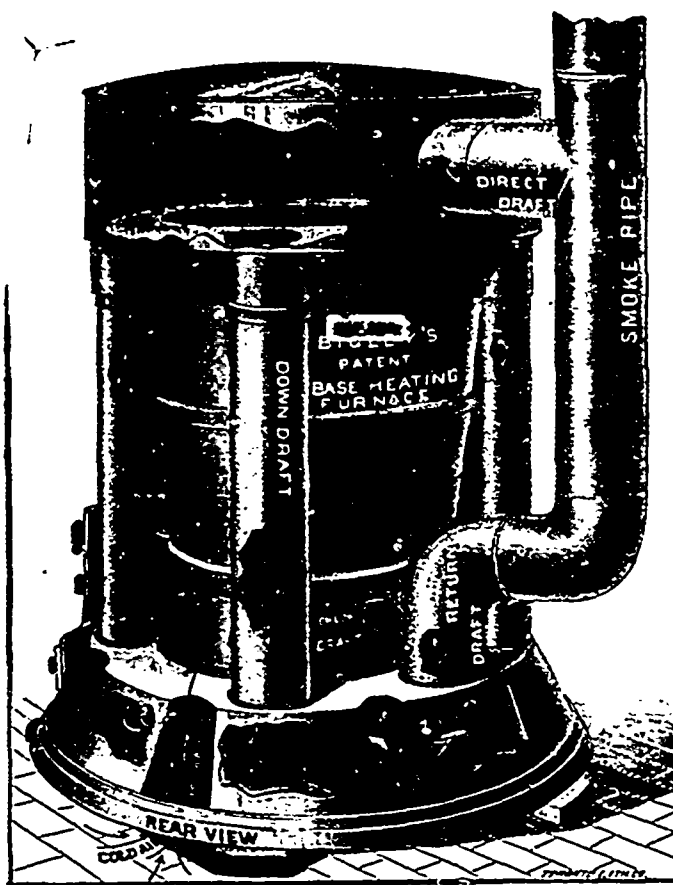
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The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

At this moment, a tinkling as of little bells was heard. A carriage was approaching and the old iron work rattled. The abbe's little garden was separated from the road only by a low hedge, breast-high, with a little open gate in the middle of it.

All three looked up and saw an old fashioned livery carriage coming, drawn by two big white horses, and driven by an old coachman in a blouse. By the side of the coachman sat a servant in the severest and most perfect of liveries.

Inside the carriage were two young women, both in traveling dress, very elegant, but very simple.

When the carriage reached the garden hedge, the driver stopped his horses, and addressing the abbe:

"Monsieur le Cure," said he, "here are some ladies who want to see you." Then turning to his passengers, he added:

"This is Monsieur le Cure, of Longueval."

The Abbe Constantin had approached and opened the little gate. The travelers alighted. Their attention was immediately drawn, not without some surprise, to the young officer, who to his great embarrassment, stood with his straw hat in one hand and in the other a big salad bowl heaped up with endive.

The two ladies entered the garden, and the elder—she seemed to be about twenty-five—said with a slightly foreign accent, quite unusual and peculiar:

"I must introduce myself, Monsieur le Cure, Madame Scott. I am the Madame Scott who bought the chateau, yesterday, and the farms and all the rest. I hope I do not disturb you, and that you can spare me a few minutes."

Then pointing to her traveling companion:

"Miss Bettina Percival—my sister—you have surmised it already, I think. We are so alike, are we not? Ah! Bettina, we have left our little bags in the carriage, and we want them."

"I will go and get them." And as Miss Percival started for the two bags, Jean said:

"Allow me, mademoiselle, I beg of you."

"I am very sorry, Monsieur, to give you so much trouble. The servant will hand them to you—they are under the front seat."

She had the same accent as her sister, the same large black eyes, laughing and bright, and the same hair—not red—but blonde with golden lights, where the sunlight played softly through it. She bowed to Jean, with a pretty smile, and he, giving the bowl of endive to Pauline, went to get the little bags.

Meanwhile, the Abbe Constantin, very much agitated and embarrassed, was conducting the new chatelaine of Longueval into the parsonage.

CHAPTER III.

The parsonage of Longueval was not a palace. The same room on the ground floor, served for a salon, and for a dining-room, communicating directly with the kitchen by a door, that was always wide open; this room was provided with the scantiest amount of furniture: two old arm chairs, six straw chairs, a side-board, and a round table. Pauline had already laid the cloth for two, the Abbe and Jean.

Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival went in and out, examining the cure's residence with a sort of childish curiosity.

"The garden, the house, everything is charming," said Mrs. Scott.

Together they boldly entered the kitchen. The Abbe Constantin followed them, astonished, stupefied, horrified

at this abrupt and unexpected American invasion.

Old Pauline looked at the two foreigners with a disturbed and sullen air.

"Look at them," she said to herself, "these heretics, these hateful people."

And with trembling hands she went on mechanically picking over her salad.

"I congratulate you," said Bettina to her, "your little kitchen is so well kept! Look, Suzie, is it not just your idea of a parsonage?"

"And the cure, too," said Mrs. Scott, "Ah! yes, Monsieur le Cure, won't you let me tell you so? If you know how glad I am that you are just what you are! What did I tell you on the train this morning, Bettina? and just now again in the carriage?"

"My sister said, Monsieur le Cure, that what she desired most of all was a cure, not young, not gloomy, not severe—a cure with white hair, and a kind and pleasant disposition."

"And you are just exactly that, Monsieur le Cure—exactly. No, we could not be better pleased. Excuse me, I beg of you, for speaking so to you. Parisians know how to turn their phrases in a skilful, delicate manner. As for us, I do not know how, and I would have great difficulty in keeping out of trouble, in speaking French, if I did not say things simply, foolishly, just as they came. In short, I am pleased, very much pleased; and I hope you are too, Monsieur le Cure, that you are pleased, very much pleased, with your new parishioners."

"My parishioners!" said the cure, finding speech, motion, life, everything which, for a few minutes had completely deserted him. "My parishioners! Pardon me, madame, mademoiselle—I am so overcome! You could be—you are Catholics!"

"Why, yes, we are Catholics."

"Catholics! Catholics!" repeated the cure.

"Catholics! Catholics!" cried old Pauline, who appeared, beaming, radiant, her hands uplifted, in the doorway of the kitchen.

Mrs. Scott looked at the cure, and looked at Pauline, very much astonished to have produced such an effect with a single word. And, to complete the picture, Jean appeared, carrying the two little travelling bags. The cure and Pauline greeted him in the same words:

"Catholics! Catholics!"

"Ah! I understand," said Mrs. Scott, laughing, "it is our name, our country! You thought we were Protestants. Not at all; our mother was a Canadian, of French and Catholic origin. That is the way that my sister and I come to speak French, with an accent, it is true, and with a certain American manner; but at least so that we can say almost anything that we want to say. My husband is a Protestant, but he leaves me perfect liberty; and my two children are Catholics. This is why, Monsieur l'Abbe, we have wanted, from the first day, to come to see you."

"For that," continued Bettina, "and for something else; but for this something else, we must have our little bags."

"Here they are, mademoiselle," said Jean.

"This one is mine."

"And this is mine."

While the little bags were passing from the officer's hands to the hands of Mrs. Scott and Bettina, the cure presented Jean to the two Americans; but he was still in such a state of emotion, that the presentation was not entirely according to rule. The cure forgot only one thing, but a very essential thing in an introduction, Jean's surname.

"This is Jean, my godson," said he, "lieutenant in the artillery regiment, stationed at Souvigny. He is one of the family."

Jean made two immense bows; the Americans, two little ones; after which they began to look into their

bags, and each took out a roll of a thousand francs, daintily inclosed in green leather boxes hooped with gold.

"I have brought you this for your poor people, Monsieur le Cure," said Mrs. Scott.

"And I this," said Bettina. They slipped their offerings delicately into the right hand and into the left hand of the old cure, and he, looking first at his right hand and then at his left, said to himself:

"What are these two little things. They are very heavy. There must be gold in them. Yes; how much! how much!"

The Abbe Constantin was sixty-two years old, and a good deal of money had passed through his hands—not to stay long, it is true; but that money had come to him in little sums, and the idea of such a present had never entered his head. Two thousand francs! He had never had two thousand francs in his possession, never over a thousand.

Then, not knowing what they had given him, the cure did not know how to thank them.

"I am very grateful to you, madame; you are very good, mademoiselle," he faltered.

After all, he did not thank them enough. Jean thought it was time to interfere.

"Godfather, these ladies have just given you two thousand francs."

Then, overcome with emotion and gratitude, the cure cried:

"Two thousand francs! Two thousand francs for my poor!"

Pauline suddenly made a fresh appearance.

"Two thousand francs! Two thousand francs!"

"So it appears," said the cure, "so it appears. Here, Pauline, lock up this money, and take care of it."

Old Pauline was servant, cook, apothecary, treasurer—in short, all sorts of things at the parsonage.

With trembling hands she respectfully received the two little rolls of gold pieces, which represented so much suffering relieved, so many sorrows softened.

"That is not all," said Mrs. Scott. "I will give you five hundred francs every month."

"And I will give the same as my sister."

"A thousand francs a month! But there will no longer be any poor."

"That is just what we want. I am rich, very rich—and my sister, too! She is even richer than I; because a young girl does not have so many expenses, while I—Ah! I—I spend all I can; all that I can. When one has a good deal of money, too much money; if one has really more than is right: say, Monsieur l'Cure, is there any other way to get pardon for such a sin, than to have open hands and give, give, give as much as possible, and as well as possible? Besides, you are going to give me something."

And, addressing Pauline, "Will you be so good as to give me a glass of water? No, nothing else—just a glass of water. I am dying of thirst."

"And I," said Bettina, laughing, while Pauline ran to bring a glass of water, "I am dying of something else. I am dying with hunger. Monsieur le Cure, I know it is awfully impolite, but I see that your table is laid. Couldn't you ask us to dinner?"

"Bettina!" said Mrs. Scott.

"Be still, Suzie, be still. You want us, do you not, Monsieur le Cure?"

The old cure could not reply. He no longer knew anything—even where he was. They took his parsonage by assault. They were Catholics! They had brought him two thousand francs! They promised him a thousand francs a month! And they wanted to dine with him! That was a climax. He was dismayed at the idea of doing the honors—of his leg of mutton and his dish of eggs, *au lait*—to these two rich Americans, who were accustomed to be

served with the daintiest, rarest, most extraordinary dishes. He murmured: "To dine! to dine! You would dine here!"

Jean was obliged to interfere a second time:

"My godfather will be only too happy," said he, "if you will consent; I see what troubles him. We expected to dine alone, the two of us; and so you must not expect a banquet, ladies. You will make allowances."

"Yes, yes; all allowances," said Bettina.

Then, addressing her sister:

"Now, Suzie, do not frown at me because I have been a little goose; you know that I am always a little goose. Let us stay, will you? It will rest us so much to spend an hour here quietly. We have had such a tiresome day on the railway, in the carriage, in the dust, in the heat! We had such a frightful breakfast this morning in such a frightful hotel. We would have to go back to that same hotel to dine at half-past seven, so that we could take the train back to Paris. It will be much nicer to dine here. You won't say no? Ah! dear Suzie, you are so good."

She kissed her sister, so coaxingly, so tenderly, then turning to the cure:

"If you only know, Monsieur le Cure, how good she is."

"Bettina! Bettina!"

"Come," said Jean, "hurry, Pauline! Two more plates. I will help you."

"And I, too," cried Bettina, "I, too. I am going to help you. Let me, I beg of you, it will please so much. Only, Monsieur le Cure, you must let me make myself at home a little."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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LITTLE JARVIS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(CONTINUED.)

It was now three o'clock in the morning. The moon was going down and there was a kind of ghostly half-light, through which little Jarvis's face could be seen. The Vengeance at that moment increased her fire, the men inspired by the example of their officers; and the Constellation answered her loudly.

"We can hold on awhile yet, can't we, Bell?" asked Jarvis, with a coolness equal to the veteran sailor's.

"No, sir," said Jack Bell, shaking his head. They were now being tossed fearfully about, and the awful crackling of the mast, to which they clung desperately, had begun. "And 'tain't no shame for a man to leave his post when he can't stay there no longer, Mr. Jarvis."

"Not for a man—but I'm—I'm—an officer—and an officer must die at his post—"

Jarvis jerked the words out above the frightful crashing and swaying of the mast, the furious uproar of the fight. With a steady eye and a smile on his handsome boyish face, he looked down below; but the black and drifting smoke was so thick he could not see the captain. The men, at that ominous creaking and swaying, without waiting for orders, were climbing down, catching anything in their way.

"For God's sake!" cried Jack Bell, preparing to leap. His face was white and desperate, and his harsh voice was imploring. But little Jarvis, with all of his intrepid soul shining out of his unflinching eyes, did not move an inch. There was a strange light upon his face, and a manly and heroic calmness had taken the place of his boyish excitement.

"No," he said, "I cannot leave my station; if the mast goes, I must go with it."

Then a terrible cry went up from below. The wind had cleared the heavy smoke away for a moment, and those on deck saw the great mainmast, after the grinding sound of breaking, reel like a drunken man and topple over with a crash that made every timber in the Constellation tremble. It was as if the noble ship groaned and shuddered with the agony of that blow. The men in the top had managed to save themselves by leaping and hanging on to the shrouds and rigging. But little Jarvis came down with the mast.

The captain ran to him, and lifted the boy's head upon his knee—but he was quite dead, wearing still on his young face the brave smile with which he had faced death when glory beckoned him upward. By this time Jack Bell came running up, wiping the blood from his face and head. He stood close to the captain's elbow, and half sobbed, half shouted:

"He could 'a saved hisself, sir. I told him she was a-goin'—but he said as he were a officer, he couldn't leave his post. He done his duty like a man, sir—and he were the bravest little chap I ever see!"

And when the day broke and the splendid sunrise of the tropics came blushing over the sea, the Vengeance had her great hull battered and broken, her fifty-four guns silenced, and nearly two hundred of her men lay dead or wounded on her decks. The Constellation, her mainmast gone, her sails torn to ribbons, but sound and whole in her hull, and with every gun as good as when she went into action, had lost forty men and only one officer—little Jarvis. They buried him at sea that night, just at the solemn hour that he had been swinging about aloft the night before, singing so cheerily:

"Won't we have a jolly time
When we get home again?"

The officers and men, standing on the quarter-deck with uncovered heads, gazed with a sort of reverence at the small body wrapped in the flag—for he was little Jarvis even in death. He was only a little midshipman, but he had done his duty so as to merit immortal fame. The words, terrible yet consoling, were uttered over him, "And the sea shall give up its dead." As the words of the burial service were finished, two of the oldest sailors were unloosing the flag, when the captain, his gray head bared, motioned with his hand.

"No," he said, "make it fast. He has well defended that flag, and he shall be buried in it."

The sailors, with deft fingers, made fast the flag, the tears from their hard and weather-bent faces dropping upon little Jarvis. In another moment the small body slid gently over the rail, and sunk swiftly and peacefully into the untroubled depths of the ocean. Little Jarvis was forever at rest in the sea he loved so well.

In the midst of the death-like pause, when every breath was stilled, the captain spoke in a husky voice:

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, "Little Jarvis has indeed gone aloft—"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice seemed to leave him. He had meant to say something further—that every officer and man on that ship, when his time came, might well envy little Jarvis the manner of his going. But he could say no more. What need was there for words? And in the midst of the deep silence Jack Bell, who stood by the rail, with his head and his arm bound up, raised his bandaged arm to his eyes and uttered a loud sob. The captain put his cap to his face and hurried silently below. The drums beat merrily, the bugles blared out. All was over; but to every heart came back the words, "He was the bravest little chap!"

When the story of that splendid fight was told at home, the Congress of the United States, after passing a resolution of thanks to the officers and men of the Constellation, and awarding Captain Truxtun a gold medal, passed a separate and special resolution in honor of little Jarvis; and it said: "Be it further resolved: That the conduct of James Jarvis, a midshipman on said frigate, who gloriously preferred death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise; and the loss of so promising an officer is a subject of national regret."

THE END.

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Before the distribution the following programme was rendered by the pupils of the school, all the selections evidencing great care and attention in preparation:

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- READING.....Selected.
Miss Olive Hartigan.
- VOCAL TRIO.....Moore.
Misses A. Flannery, E. Beer, M. Doyle,
L. Landy, M. Quinn.
- READING.....Mrs. Homana.
Miss Maggie Harrison.
- CHORUS.....Mendelssohn.

The prize list is as follows:

Primary certificates—Awarded by the Education Department to the Misses Lizzie Judge, Nellie McCarthy, and Lizzie Larkin. Commercial certificates—Awarded by the Education Department to the Misses F. Ross, L. Judge, N. McCarthy, M. Woods, E. Vandusen, P. O'Connor, R. Costello, A. Flannery, R. Conlin, R. O'Reilly, L. Landy, M. Prout.

Certificates for stenography and type-writing—Awarded to the Misses Conlin, Costello, Flannery, O'Reilly, Prout, Vandusen, and Woods.

Special prize for Christian doctrine, presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann—Equally merited by the Misses Nellie McCarthy and Katie Flanagan, obtained by Miss Nellie McCarthy. Honourable mention in Christian doctrine—L. Landy, R. Costello, A. Curtin.

Special prizes, presented by the community of St. Joseph's—Awarded to the Misses L. Judge, L. Larkin, and N. McCarthy for passing successfully the High school primary examination.

CLASS PRIZES.

Form IV.—Jennie Higgins, first prize, English grammar and rhetoric, English composition, poetical literature, chemistry, and French; Annie Doyle, first prize, arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid.

Form III.—Edith Vandusen, first prize, French, Euclid, history and orthography; Florence Ross, first prize, regular attendance, application, and exemplary conduct; Mary Woods, first prize, stenography and type-writing honourable mention in English history, geography, and composition.

Form II.—Rose Costello, prize for application and regular attendance; first prize, arithmetic, history, and geography; second prize, algebra. Patricia O'Connor, first prize, English literature and composition and penmanship. Maggie Prout, first prize, Euclid and algebra; honorable mention in arithmetic and French. Lillie Landy, first prize, English literature; second prize English grammar and composition. Annie Flannery, second prize, English history and French. Rose Conlin, second prize, algebra, Euclid, and French. Rose O'Reilly, second prize, arithmetic and English literature.

Form I.—Katie Flanagan, first prize, arithmetic and French; second prize, algebra, Euclid and geography. Bridget McCloskey, first prize, geography, and English history; second prize, English grammar and French. Carrie McBride, first prize, algebra, Euclid, and English grammar; second prize, arithmetic and English history. Maggie Harrison, second prize, geography; honorable mention in English grammar, arithmetic, and French. Nellie Christie, first prize arithmetic; honorable mention in English grammar, geography, and French.

After the distribution His Grace expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present at the exercises of the High School, which is, as he expressed it, the efflorescence of the Separate school system of the city. He was gratified to observe the proficiency of the girls in the many branches of advanced learning of which, when a boy, he had been afraid even to think. The success of the girls was a matter of much gratification to himself, to the members of the school board who gave their time to secure these advantages to them, to their teachers and to their parents. He hoped the good work will continue to prosper and improve.

At the same time his Grace felt called upon to remind the children that while this learning fits them for their place in the world, still clever-

ness is not everything, especially in girls, with whom the virtues of humility, modesty, purity and charity as exemplified by the Blessed Virgin count for much more. He was pleased therefore to know that they had the advantage of the guidance and example of the Sisters of St. Joseph whose lives were consecrated to the practice of these virtues, and whose zeal and devotion had produced the results so happily evident.

His Grace then imparted his blessing and the proceedings were at an end.



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A NATURAL REMEDY FOR
Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

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	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.40	7.15 9.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.50	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	12 n. p.m.
	6.30	12.15 8.20
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00 n	9.00 5.45
		4.00 12.30 11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 n.	9.00 8.20
		10.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7 15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of October: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post-offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
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- Ladies' Dongola Kid Bals., patent leather tip, Piccadilly last, regular price \$2, sale price 1.50
- Misses' Oil Pebble Hand-made Bals, felt-lined, regular price \$1.50, sale price 1.15
- Misses' Oil Pebble School Boots, regular price \$1.25, sale price 1.00
- Girls' Oil Pebble School Books, sizes 9 to 10, regular price \$1, sale price 85c
- Boys' School Boots, regular price \$1.25, sale price 1.00
- Youths' School Boots, regular price \$1, sale price 75c
- Men's Am. Call Bals., extension soles, regular price \$1.75, sale price 1.25

Linens all Cut in Price.

- 60-inch unbleached Table Linen, worth 35c, clearing at 25c
- 64-inch Bleached Table Linen, worth 70c, clearing at 50c
- 66-inch Silenco Cloth, worth 65c, clearing at 50c
- 6-8 x 6-8 Table Napkins, worth \$1.40 dozen, clearing at \$1 15
- 36 inch Checked Apron Linen, worth 20c, clearing at 15c
- 40-in. Butcher Linen, worth 16c, clearing at 12 1/2c
- 6-4 x 6-4 Chenille Table Covers, worth \$2.25, clearing at 1 50

Cottons all Cut in Price.

- 55-inch Factory Cotton, worth 6c, for 3c
- 36-inch White Cotton, soft finish, worth 13 1/2c, for 10c
- 7 1/2 inch Unbleached Sheeting, worth 17 1/2c, clearing at 13 1/2c

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