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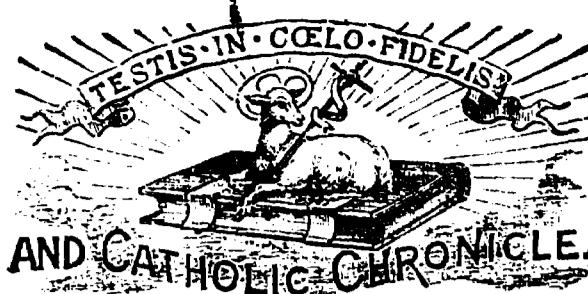
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The True Witness



Witnesses

VOL. XL, NO. 26.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, JANUARY 20, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

CARDINAL MANNING

Dies After a Brief Illness.

A LONG AND DISTINGUISHED CAREER ENDED.

His Life Work Sketched Out.

A Great Churchman, Author and Social Reformer Lamented by all Creeds.

Church and State have alike suffered a great loss. The said news has made public far and near that Cardinal Manning is dead. For some days prior to his death the cable despatch announced that he was seriously ill, and it was obvious that, at so advanced an age and with an enfeebled constitution, the eminent churchman was in great danger but the news of his death has nevertheless been somewhat of the nature of a shock to the entire civilized community. For many hours previous to his conversion the young priest had begun white—he was still an Anglican archdeacon ripened into an intimacy which years made only more tender and more profound. His Eminence has paid twenty-one visits to Rome, two of which were previous to his conversion. The first of these was in May, 1848, when the young Pontiff received him at the Quirinal and spoke much of England, mentioning with admiration Mrs. Fry, and saying: "When men do good works, My prayers are offered every day for England." It may be added that the Pontiff, when on his deathbed, recurred to that first meeting, and reminded his friend that it was just forty years since they had met, and in what different relations! His next three years he passed in Rome, and in 1851 he was

ORDAINED PRIEST.

by Cardinal Wiseman. He was appointed rector of St. Helen and St. Mary's, Bayswater, where he established a house of Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, an association of secular missionary priests founded in the sixteenth century. From this period his rise in dignities and influence within the Church was rapid. He received the degree of D.D. from Pius IX., with the office of provost of the Roman Catholic diocese of Westminster and the rank of protonotary apostolic. Upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was nominated by the Pope, Archbishop of Westminster, and was consecrated on June 8, 1855. He at once became conspicuous in charitable, philanthropic, and reform work. He preached temperance, promoted plans for the reformation of drinking men and women, founded several benevolent guilds, and helped to forward elementary education among the poor Catholics of London. He secured the purchase of a site for the erection of a memorial cathedral to Cardinal Wiseman, but declared that one stone should not be laid upon another before every child in his flock had access to a Catholic school. He announced in 1871 his plan for a Roman Catholic University. He appealed to the public for support, raised a large fund, and organized a Senate and a corps of professors. The university was opened in Kensington on Oct. 13, 1873. Somewhat before this he was involved in a controversy with Bishop Dupanloup as to the opportunities of urging a definition of Papal infallibility. Addressing a pastoral letter to his flock on the subject to elucidate the defined dogma, and this letter, together with two other similar papers, were published in 1874 under the title *Priestly Petition*.

In 1875 Pius IX. created him a Cardinal priest, the title assigned to him being that of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Coelian Hill. The same pontiff invested him with the Cardinal's hat in a consistory held at the Vatican on Dec. 31, 1877. Cardinal Manning was

A MORNING WRITER.

Among his many works are: "The Four Great Evils of Today," published in 1871; "The Fourth Sovereignty of God," 1871; "The Demon of Socrates," 1872; "Cesarism and Ultramontanism," 1874; "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," 1875; "The Catholic Church and Modern Society," 1875; "The Eternal Priesthood," 1881; and "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," "England and Christendom," "The Temporal Power of the Pope and its Political Aspect," and very many sermons. Of late years Cardinal Manning has been before the world as an ardent Home Ruler and an advocate of social and industrial reform. In fact, his name has been mentioned much more in connection with Irish affairs and the labor problem than otherwise. In 1868 he made public his opinions concerning the misrule of Ireland in a letter to Earl de Grey. He set forth the abuses of English rule as shown by Irish history, and pleaded for justice for the oppressed people. His last utterance on the Irish question was this: "I am an Englishman to the core and I am not a separatist, but I know and love the Irish people. Since the time of Henry VIII. they have been governed by force. Injustice naturally provokes evil passions. Kind and equal laws would long ago have settled the Irish question, and it is only by extending such laws that tranquillity will be thoroughly restored. Cardinal Manning's attitude toward the labor question was exceptionally advanced for a man of his standing and family traditions. At the time of the great London dock strike under the management of the agitator, Burns he even denounced as a socialist. His views, however, were substantially the same as those expressed by the present Pope in his encyclical letter on the labor question. In an interview but a few weeks before his death he summarized his opinions thus: "When employers extend exact justice

HIS VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

The following sketch of the Cardinal "at home" recently published in the Standard Magazine, and written by Mr. H. How will at this melancholy juncture be read with interest. After describing the Cardinal's surroundings and giving some preliminary remarks, the following conversation took place:

"Will you tell me something about your boyhood?" I asked.

"Well, if you want me to talk non-sense, I will say it this a long may back to remember, for I am 83, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. As a boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vineyard. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, there were no grapes. This is probably the only case record where three future

bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating and cricketing. I well remember with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming SS. My father's game keeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall, he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might, and a hearty 'Well done, Master Henry!' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery cannon, and my first target was the coach-house door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clear through, and nearly smashed the panel of the coach."

My visit to the Cardinal, however, was not only for the purpose of gathering some delightful reminiscences, but to ask his opinion on one of the burning questions of the hour. The great affection he has always had for the welfare of children, and the thoughtful kindness he has ever directed towards parents, suggested "Free Education," and his Eminence said:

"Cardinal Manning was in sympathy with all the wants and legitimate aspirations of humanity. He felt that the Catholic Church was the great force to realize these aspirations. He has left the stamp of his character on his

and even of life."

"No man inside or outside the Church, has grasped the social questions as he did or knew how to harmonize the relations of Church and State. He was the acknowledged champion of the laboring classes in England, whose cause he espoused at the risk of health

and even of life."

"I heard him speak in the Vatican Council and churches in Rome and London. He disdained but spoke directly to the conscientious and intellects of his hearers. In conversation he was most instructive and entertaining, drawing treasures of knowledge from his well stored mind. Each sentence was expressive of his deep thought and clear perception. He spoke with so much precision that all his utterances might have been printed without correction or revision. He was an indefatigable worker even when an octogenarian, and allowed very little moments to the clergy of his household, who were very apt to play truant. I am in my mind doing justice to his splendid merits and the English hierarchy in saying that it will be no easy task to fill his place."

reason, and upon that broad principle, neither the inspectors of the Government nor local managers unless they be of the religion of the schools have any right to make or meddle with any management except within the limits of the Government inspection."

Cardinal Gibbons' Tribute.

Cardinal Gibbons on the receipt of the news of the death of Cardinal Manning was profoundly moved. Later in the day he dictated the following tribute to Cardinal Manning:

"The death of Cardinal Manning is a great loss, not only to the Catholic Church in England, but to the whole English speaking Catho-

lic world. Cardinal Manning was a wise and

scanned with almost prophetic eye the reli-

gious, social and political horizon. Had he

remained in the Established Church he would

most probably have been elevated to the See of Canterbury. Had his lines been cast in other

parts of the world he would have been Comptroller of the Exchequer, as distinguished as Gladstone, as great a philanthropist as Wilberforce, as Father Mathew, and had he been sent a mission

to foreign parts he would have displayed

a wisdom and tact which Francis Xavier

as Minister of State he would have been a

worthy rival of Cardinal Ximenes.

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A Hebrew Tribute.

A requiem service was held at the Temple Emmanuel Synagogue on Friday night in consequence of the death of the Prince and Cardinal. The Rabbi Vehl in alluding to the latter said: "But another prince has died—an eminent prelate of the Roman Catholic church, Cardinal Manning, in whom everyone had confidence. I am not able to recall his name, but I know his many good deeds and his greatness. Not only did he serve his country, but he did it with great honor. Instead, he did not need it. The plain need no indications: their deeds speak for themselves and are monuments which are better engraved than in stone or brass. Yet I must call to mind how the late Cardinal at that memorable Mansion House in New York, when he was received with a grand ovation, said that the terrible persecutions in Russia, how only last year he used his pen in behalf of the persecuted of that country, and that he did not need it. Instead, he did not need it. 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FORGIVENESS.

"Let not the sun go down on thy anger." Eph. iv. 26.

*Say is fading, through the sunlight
Lingers in the western sky;
Slowly, too, thy flitting shadows
On their dusky wings go by.
With the nightfall comes the warning,
Not to let the sun go down
Till thou still theullen heart-swall
Wakened by a brother's frown.*

*On one wounds, by thoughtless speaking
Him, of friends, he deemed the best;
Whit thou surer thy long friendship
Be severed by a jest?
Oh! then banish thy resentment,
Ere the sun's last gleaming ray
Sets upon thee still in anger
At the closing of the day.*

*Think now kindly of thy brother,
Though he caused an hour's pain;
Whisper to thy heart forgiveness,
If thy wouldst the peace regain.
Then thy slumber shall be peaceful,
And thy dreams be calm and sweet,
When thy sinful pride and anger
Have been crushed beneath thy feet.*

*Learn to brook the little crosses
Of a hasty look or tone,
Strive to keep thy soul in patience,
And in kindness all condone.
Ask the meek and lowly Jesus,
Who forgave His bitterest foe,
That His Heart so kind and gentle
May make thine more lenient grow.*

BELGIUM

As a Factor in the Approaching European Convulsion.

Sir Charles Dilke has forced himself to the front again, in spite of the efforts of the leaders of his own party to freeze him out. He attacked the foreign policy of the Salisbury government and reproved the liberal leaders for their acquiescence in it. As Sir Charles is the best informed Englishman except Lord Salisbury, his speech, which was delivered at Lydney this evening, is sure to attract widespread attention and arouse discussion throughout Europe. He declared that the liberals were not wise in trusting the government's foreign policy.

There were times when the traditional non-interference by the opposition with the foreign policy of the party in power might properly be abandoned. He believed that neither Germany nor France wished for an alliance with England, since both cherished designs on Belgium, whose neutrality England had guaranteed. Lord Salisbury was allowing that matter to drift, whereas England ought to be very jealous of any encroachments in that direction, and should make up her mind whether or not to fight in order to preserve the autonomy of Belgium. It were determined that the guarantee was worth supporting by force of arms then preparations for the inevitable should begin without delay. Dilke thinks a European war very probable, if not absolutely certain, this year, and as he has spent much time traveling in Europe and making a special study of the actual situation with the special facilities afforded him through his former position as under secretary for foreign affairs, great weight is attached to his words. There is no doubt that both Germany and France intend to violate Belgian neutrality in the next war for the simple reason that it affords each the easiest way of invading the other and evading the network of almost impregnable fortresses and entrenched camps which stud their own frontiers. No doubt is felt in France that King Leopold has entered into a secret understanding with Emperor William by which a German army would be given passage across Belgian territory and attack France on her most vulnerable frontier. The bribe for this service is supposed to be the cession to Belgium of a large slice of north-eastern France, on the ground that it once formed part of Flanders, and in return Belgium would enter the German Empire on the same terms as Bavaria and Saxony. To avert this real or supposed danger the French generals are prepared to make a dash into Belgium relying on the well-known sympathy of the Walloon provinces, which are French in race and language, and be beforehand with the Germans. If successful in the war they would not alone take back Alsace and Lorraine, but annex Belgium and Rhine Prussia, in which there are over a quarter of a million of people of Wallon descent and French speech. Sir Charles Dilke is well aware that both the French and the German military staffs have their plans for an invasion of Belgium fully prepared and that a pretext would not be wanting when the time came for action. The neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed by the same treaty which guaranteed its independence in 1839, in the framing of which England took a leading part. When in 1870 there seemed a probability of this neutrality being violated England warned both France and Germany that she was ready to use both her fleet and army to enforce it, and exacting a pledge from each of the belligerents that Belgian territory should be respected. Dilke believes that Lord Salisbury's inaction regarding the present danger arises from approval of the alleged understanding between Emperor William and King Leopold, and he evidently wishes to force from the prime minister a definite utterance on the subject. Lord Salisbury is notoriously pro-German in his foreign policy, while Sir Charles Dilke is a sympathizer with France.

A Veteran.

Mr. Robert Hanna, of Belfast, sends to the Irish Catholic some interesting details touching the demise of Mr. James Magee, Ballykinne, Ballynahinch, who died recently at the advanced age of 100 years. The battle of Ballynahinch is now a matter of history, but at the time of its occurrence old Mr. Magee lived in the vicinity of Edenderry, where the battle was fought between the United Irishmen and the Royalist forces. The correspondent writes:—"I need not enter into details of the great fight, but there is one incident I cannot pass over. Immediately adjoining Mr. Magee's farm some of the peasants were hiding after the close of the contest. Amongst these was Eliza Gray, his brother and sweetheart. Their hiding-place was discovered by the yeomen, and the brother and sweetheart were slaughtered forthwith. The courageous girl rushed forward to render assistance and was shot dead also by command of the officer of the yeomen. The three were laid in the one grave, and indeed when Munro, the leader of the United Irishmen, was apprehended, Magee's mother—the Spartan woman—rushed forward, in the midst of the cavalry, to hand a drink he sorely needed. In this locality, in Mr. Magee's early day, the Catholics had to assemble for worship at the side of rocks at Burren and elsewhere; and indeed till this day, in the heart of the Dunmore Mountains, stands an altar that served the Catholics here for one hundred years. It is told that Oliver Plunkett, the martyred Bishop of Armagh, celebrated Mass at it. Mr. Magee's funeral was largely attended, and the obsequies were performed by Father McGrath, Ballynahinch. Requiescat in pace."

A Glastonbury Thorn in Bloom.

There is at this moment in Clissold Park, says the Cork Herald, a "Glastonbury thorn" bursting into bloom, while all the other plants of a similar kind, but not of the famous Glastonbury stock, are bare and leafless. According to an ancient tradition, the "Glastonbury thorn" is timed to bloom annually on Christmas day. The story is that St. Joseph of Arimathea and his companions were wandering through Glastonbury at Christmastide, and while climbing a steep ground there called "Weary-all Hill," the

cave, and the report they brought back this morning has sent the stock, which at times was low enough, up so that it cannot be reached. They report that the cave on one side has quantities of pink and white marble, and on the other silver. An estimate of the quantity of visible silver was made, and one of those who were present told a correspondent that he had not the least doubt—in fact, he was certain—that the wealth the cave contained would make everyone connected with it independently rich. There is said to be another rich cave on the property. Meyer's cave has been heard as a tradition for years, and has been regarded as a myth; but the investigations of the gentlemen named have satisfied them that their investment was a most profitable one. Work will be pushed at the cave to develop the riches, and the mineral will be taken out and assayed. A member of the syndicate said that 12 pounds of the ore taken from the cave yielded between \$11 and \$12 of silver and gold.

A Sad Accident.

A peculiarly sad and tragic accident occurred opposite Pembroke on Wednesday last. Mr. Butler, of Allumette Island, and his sister Miss Kate Butler, started to cross the Allumette to the town on a sleigh. When not very far from Desjardins wharf the team and sleigh broke through the ice. Miss Butler was seated on the back of the sleigh and she was precipitated into the water and immediately disappeared under the ice, drowning, no doubt, in a few seconds. Miss Butler was a sister of Mrs. Samuel Dowley, of Pembroke. One of the horses was drowned. It is thought that heavy loads of grain which passed over to the market cracked the ice and caused the accident.

Peterboro.

The first meeting of the Separate School Board for this year was held last week. Dr. Brennan was elected chairman. Mr. John Cockery, secretary-treasurer. Rev. Father Rudkins, local superintendent, and Messrs. P. Henry and John McGrath, auditors. Mr. C. J. Leonard, the retiring chairman, was tendered a vote of thanks.

A delightful concert was given in the convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame last week, which was attended by His lordship Bishop O'Connor, the cathedral clergy, Mr. James Stevenson, M.P., and others. An excellent programme was rendered by the pupils, and Miss Mary Smith and Miss Maggie Butler were presented with silver medals.

A Protestant Testimony.

The Protestant editor of Jamaica paper, "Gall's Weekly News Letter," in reviewing the career of the late Father Hathaway, S. J., took occasion to draw a remarkable parallel between the lives of Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The Catholic priests in Jamaica are, he declares, zealous in the interests of religion, devoted in the services of the poor, and unanimous of worldly wealth. Their ministrations are given as eagerly to the humble and poverty-stricken as to the moneyed classes, and they are ever ready to face any personal sacrifices for the welfare of their flock. Exactly the reverse of this is the character of the average Protestant missionary. He is grasping and avaricious, unwilling to endure personal discomforts, and a panderer to the rich whilst he absolutely neglects the poor. The primary aim of his labors is not the evangelization of the people but the accumulation of property. With heartfelt shame the editor avows that whilst Catholicism in Jamaica is instinct with vigor and full of Apostolic spirit, the Protestant missions are lifeless and decaying. Failure is written large over them all. We have no doubt that despite all this the good Protestant ladies in Great Britain who contribute towards the Jamaican missions are annually regaled with glowing accounts of the Church work done in the island by their heroic and long suffering minister.

A Veteran.

The Dublin Freeman says: The announcement was made in this city this afternoon that the Very Rev. Richard Canon Sheehan had been appointed to the Bishopric of Waterford, rendered vacant by the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Egan. The information was conveyed in a telegram from His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, and puts beyond question any doubt as to the appointment, which in Cork is very popularly regarded. The news spread through the city, and within an hour after the report had been circulated there were very many callers at the presbytery of St. Peter and Paul's, and congratulations were showered upon the Rev. gentleman. The Rev. Canon Sheehan is a native of Bantry, but he has been for upwards of twenty years in the city of Cork, fifteen years of which were spent in the curacy of St. Patrick's, lower road, and the remainder of the time in the Administratorship of St. Peter and St. Paul's. During his many years of ministry in the city he endeared himself to high and low, rich and poor. He was a favourite in all creeds and classes, and in the various societies, religious and otherwise, with which he was connected in the city, he was always regarded as a friend. As president of the Catholic Young Men's Society, and also as its spiritual director, he was loved and venerated, not alone by the members but by the many outsiders who took, and continue to take, an interest in its welfare. While attached to St. Patrick's he was chaplain to the Cork Garrison, and exerted himself in that capacity in a manner that has done lasting good. During his administration in the Middle Parish several strokes of more than local magnitude occurred, most of them being of recent date, and his services were called into requisition on these occasions. His business capabilities, altogether irrespective of his spiritual influence, went a long way to bring about a satisfactory settlement. In the cause of temperance he prominently identified himself, and to his zealous exertions were due the formation of what has proved to be one of the most successful branches of the League of the Cross in Cork, viz., that connected with and bearing the name of the parish of which he is the Administrator. He was actively connected with the Matthew Centenary of 1890, and no small measure of the success which attended the ceremonies on that occasion were due to his efforts, and generally his works have great and small been such as to endear him to all with whom he has come in contact.

A Prompt Result.

DEAR SIR.—Two years ago I was very ill with influenza and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try Dr. B. B. when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured.

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Epsomstone, Man.

Catholic Review.

SHIPPED CARROUGES.—A Guard's Invention.

In railway circles just now an invention by a guard on the London and South Western Railway is receiving much attention. In reports of railway accidents it has for many years been a cause of complaint, and even censure, that detached portions of trains left on the main lines by a through express have been the source of many serious mishaps, for the one reason that without an engine they are helpless, or without an automatic brake power are uncontrollable. This guard has endeavoured to mitigate this danger to such a satisfactory degree that it may be said for the rest of his life he will live on a small fortune, provided by the company for which he has for many years worked as a servant; for they intend, it is said, to purchase the sole rights of the invention.

The invention appears to be of a simple nature. Instead of, as hitherto, the guard in the portion of the train to be detached releasing simply the couplings

while the train is travelling at full speed, he will also disconnect the automatic brake pipe, and by a mechanical contrivance the vacuum contained in the pipes will be retained in both sections of the train in sufficient power to allow the detached portion to travel with the impetus given it by the fore part of the train off the main line and on to a branch, while the guard has complete control over the engineless train. In fact, he can stop it, while travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, in as many seconds. The inventor has recently paid a visit to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, and other midland and northen lines, in order to demonstrate the advantages of his invention.

Glengarry Election.

The election fight in Glengarry is over and the result is a magnificent victory for Major McLennan, for the Liberal-Conservative Government and for the Canadian National party. As will be seen, Major McLennan has not only held his large majority of the previous election, but has increased that majority. The county is mainly an agricultural constituency and, as will be seen by the returns, Major McLennan has increased his vote in the purely agricultural districts, his chief loss being in the town of Alexandria, and this is partly due to the practices of his opponents, but mainly to his own severe illness during the campaign. Complete returns give Mr. McLennan a majority of 336, as follows:

Majorities.

Townships.	McLennan.	McArthur.
Charlottetown...	200
Lancaster.....	105
Kenyon.....	10
Locheil.....	1
Alexandria vil. &c.	49
Lancaster village.	9
	355	19

McLennan's majority..... 336
McLennan's majority in March, 321.

Newfoundland's Population.

The census has been completed. The population of Newfoundland and Labrador is 202,000, an increase in the last seven years of only 4,100, or at the astonishing low rate of 2½ per cent. The result of the census is a great disappointment. The last census, taken in 1884, showed an increase of 22½ per cent. for the previous ten years. Emigration is attributed as the main cause of the decline in population. St. John's has declined over two thousand in the last seven years.

The New Bishop of Waterford.

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During his administration in the Middle Parish several strokes of more than local magnitude occurred, most of them being of recent date, and his services were called into requisition on these occasions. His business capabilities, altogether irrespective of his spiritual influence, went a long way to bring about a satisfactory settlement.

In the cause of temperance he prominently identified himself, and to his zealous exertions were due the formation of what has proved to be one of the most successful branches of the League of the Cross in Cork, viz., that connected with and bearing the name of the parish of which he is the Administrator.

He was actively connected with the Matthew Centenary of 1890, and no small measure of the success which attended the ceremonies on that occasion were due to his efforts, and generally his works have great and small been such as to endear him to all with whom he has come in contact.

Now the same Lucifer, transformed in semblance into an angel of light, has restored courage and invades the while earth with the salmons unannounced.

It is only subsequently that she was able to explain to the old servant that the Archbishop's two boys had been born in lawful wedlock previous to his entering holy orders, and that the fact of his being accompanied by two stately sons should not be considered as evidence that he had violated his priestly oath of celibacy.

A Sad Condition.

The Government in Mexico is ruled by the Masonic lodges. It has decreed the suppression of monasteries. Last week a troop of its soldiers was sent to close four such religious institutions but the people objected and stoned the guards. Thereupon the soldiers fired into the crowd and killed and wounded several of them. The monks were then torn from the altars and ejected from their houses. Twenty-six priests were arrested. "The populace," says the Associated Press dispatch, "rose in masse and offered considerable resistance to the troops, crying: 'Long live religion!'" The people understand the state at stake—it is the Christian religion. The time for them to arise however was before the secret societies got their grip on the national power. Even now, it is not too late to put down this odious and atheistical tyranny. Let the Mexicans arouse themselves from their lethargy and defend their faith in all lawful ways. This outrage ought to solidify them and make its repetition impossible.

Purify your blood.

Build up your nerves,
Restore your strength,
Relieve your aches,
Cure scrotal, salt rheum,
Dyspepsia, stiff headache,
Catarrh, rheumatism or malaria—
Take Hood's Sarsaparilla,
100 doses One Dollar.

A Pious Servant.

Some years ago the Marquise du P—— had informed her servants that she expected a call from the Archbishop of T——, but failed to add that he had been married in his youth, and that he had only resigned his commission as a captain of chasseurs and entered the church on the death of his wife. The latter had left him two little boys. These, now grown up and themselves officers in the army, accompanied their father on the occasion of his call.

A gray-haired groom of the chambers, on asking the right reverend gentleman whom he was to have the honor of announcing, started as if he had been shot upon receiving the reply. "The Archbishop of T—— and his two sons," exclaimed the worthy domestic, in tones of horror, choking with indignation.

"Never shall I be guilty of such respect to Mme. la Marquise," and with that he fled, leaving the prelate and his two sons to make their way into the salons unannounced. It was only subsequently that she was able to explain to the old servant that the Archbishop's two boys had been born in lawful wedlock previous to his entering holy orders, and that the fact of his being accompanied by two stately sons should not be considered as evidence that he had violated his priestly oath of celibacy.

This great internal and external remedy affords a specific for all diseases, and promptly cures coughs, colds, sore throat, sprains, bruises, burns, rheumatism, cuts, wounds, etc. Good for man or beast. Stands all tests. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. Hazyard's Yellow Oil.

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Further, the company is required to distribute fifty per cent. of the value of all the ticket in prizes—a larger amount to the Mexican Government.

\$50,000 TICKETS AT \$4.00. \$320,000.

PRICE OF TICKETS \$4.00. PRIZE MONEY: Wholes, \$4; Juries, \$2; Quarters, \$1;

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize of \$60,000..... \$60,000

1 Capital Prize of 20,000..... 20,000

1 Grand Prize of 2,000..... 2,000

1 Grand Prize of 1,000..... 1,000

5 Prizes of 500..... 2,500

20 Prizes of 200..... 4,000

100 Prizes of 100..... 10,000

240 Prizes of 50..... 12,00

THE GRANDFATHER.

The grandfather calls to the children; In the world he loves them the best; They do not know why he strains them So close to his world-wounded breast. With innocent faces uplifted Down deep they gaze in his eyes, And one of them says to the other, "How funny! Our grandfather cries!"

The grandfather's bosom is shaken With sobs that he cannot suppress; It seems to him terribly mournful, For batoms to be left motherless. His thoughts go backward and backward For many and many a day, Until it seems he is watching Their mother, a child, at her play.

(His tears like the rain-drops are falling, Fall over each time-withered cheek, And then, in the midst of his musings, His wondering grandchildren speak.)

"Grandfather, why are you sorry?" "To him they tenderly say,

"We, neither of us, have been naughty, Then why are you crying to-day?"

They do not know that an angel Has pressed a kiss on the brow Of her, who was grandfather's daughter— They know not they're motherless now.

The grandfather solemnly touches The gold of each little head, And says with a sob, as he tells them: "Because your mother is dead!"

SUSIE M. BEST.

A FABLE EXPLODED.**PIUS IX. AND THE FREEMASONS.**

A conclusive proof that the story of his Initiation arose through Miss-taken Identity.

A few weeks ago unusual excitement arose in the French Assembly through M. Flouquet's extraordinary remarks respecting the early career of Pope Pius the Ninth. The agitation reached a storm when he repeated the story (interrupting a Conservative speaker for that purpose) that the deceased Pontiff had been admitted into the ranks of the Freemasons. How did this story originate? More than sixteen years ago a Lyons journal was condemned by the courts for serving it up to its readers. But it is, it appears, at least ten years older than the Lyons trials. Five or six years earlier, at the very time, in fact, that the Vatican council was about to assemble, the lodge of Arts Reunis of Grenoble gave an illustrated account of the Pope's masonic allegiance, an apparent photograph from life disclosing part of the regalia beneath his soutane. The calumny, says L'Epléard, is much older than the pictorial slander of Grenoble, and then it gives the circumstances in which it originated and its refutation by the very means taken to prove it. It appears that in September, 1865, at the funeral of Marshal Magenta, Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, was present and that, although the deceased had been grand master of the order in France and though the insignia of his rank were displayed upon the coffin His Grace pronounced the absolution. For doing so he was

REPROVED BY POPE PIUS,

and on the 25th of the month in which the Archbishop had attended Magenta's funeral, the consistory renewed the condemnations which previous Popes had pronounced on Masonry, and warned the faithful of the perils to which it exposed society. Soon after the Masonic lodges of Massing addressed a letter to the other lodges throughout the world, affirming that Pius the Ninth had been himself a Freemason, and that it was in Philadelphia, during his visit to the new world with the legate of Pius the Seventh that the ceremony took place. In this letter what purported to be the very address delivered by the young Count Mastai in the lodge was reproduced and it was asserted that the autographs of the future Pope had been preserved as a treasure of great price. This letter was published in most of the papers of the time. The Catholics naturally refused to credit the statement, substantiated though it seemed to be by curious details, and in order to convince them of the reality of what the Masonic lodges had alleged, the Monde Macounique, of Paris, applied to the Grand Orient of Pennsylvania for an

OFFICIAL REPORT

of the event. The answer of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia, dated November 30, 1868, was received in due time and published by the Monde Macounique. It was to the effect that having examined the registers, Mr. Thomson, the secretary, had been unable to find the name of John M. Mastai Ferretti, as a member of any lodge within the jurisdiction of Philadelphia. The name in the registers that most nearly resembled it was that of John Ferretti, who had been accepted in 1819 at Havana, Cuba. Evidently this could not be the future Pope, for although the latter had visited South America and had spent two years in Chili, and might therefore have passed by way of Cuba, it was not till 1823 that he left Italy with the Apostolic delegate, Monsignor Muzi. It is also worthy of note (though our contemporary does not point out) that at the very date in question Cardinal Consalvi, secretary of Pius IX., was waging war on the secret societies and warning the various governments against their insidious plots. The agitations that broke out in 1820 and 1821 in France, Spain and Italy were attributed to this very cause, so that in the very nature of things it is absurd to suppose that a protege of Pius VII. could (even if *alibi* and *anachronism* did not disprove it) have so glaringly transgressed the rule of

OBEDIENCE AND CONSISTENCY.

It was, possibly, a misreading of the name of Martin Ferretti (which might be taken for Mastai Ferretti) that caused the rumor in the first place—the patriotic and generous concessions with which Pio Nono began his Pontificate and his earlier sympathy with popular movements tending afterwards to give a certain likelihood to the statement. Anyone who reads M. Claudio Jannet's treatise on *Les Societes Secrètes* will know that the thing was virtually impossible. At the same time it is worth remembering that Pope Pius the Ninth was

twenty-six years old when he took deacon's orders. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the celebration of his jubilee. Had he lived on his anniversary would be celebrated in May next. Notwithstanding the contradiction of the Philadelphia lodge the statement that Pius IX. had once been made a Mason continued to be repeated. In 1874 it came out in a new form in the Masonic News. In 1878 it was published in the Chaine d'Union, and in the encyclopedia dictionary of Larousse, it is given as an *on dit* in the concise narration of his early career. There is no proof of it.

THE LATE FATHER McCARTHY**ITS FUNERAL VERY LARGE ATTENDED—GENERAL EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF.**

The death of Father McCarthy of Williamstown has been announced. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the body being buried in a vault beneath the sanctuary of his parish church. So numerous were his sympathizers that every available spot had been secured long before the beginning of the Requiem mass. A very large delegation of the Catholic aldermen and school commissioners, of Brockville and of the C. M. B. A., arrived at Williamstown at an early hour to join in the general sorrow. Among the Rev. Catholic clergymen present were noticeable His Lordship Bishop McDonald of Alexandria, Canon Leblanc, James Lonergan, James Callahan, S.S., Montreal; G. Corbett, Masterson, Duffis, M. McDonald, McKinnon, Spratt, D. Fitzpatrick, Toomey, Fox, R. E. McDonald, de Zannac. The Requiem mass was chanted by Canon Leblanc, assisted by Rev. James Lonergan, as deacon and Rev. J. Toomey as subdeacon, in presence of His Lordship, with his deacons of honor, Rev. T. Masterson and James Callaghan, S.S. The singing throughout was admirably executed by the lady pupils of the convent, accompanied by a few select male voices of the congregation of Williamstown. The church was richly draped in mourning, and wore the appearance of a "chapel ardente." The usual prayers of the interment were, at the conclusion of the mass intoned by His Lordship, and the collar with its precious relic enshrined within lowered amid sighs and tears into its last resting place. The Protestants of the locality vied with one another in expressing their deep regret, for the deceased sought constantly to foster a happy mutual social intercourse among the two classes whose religious views differ. As a mark of respect, the Protestant church bells were tolled and the ministers of the Protestant denominations were in attendance.

The work of the deceased during his administration at Williamstown has been varied and extensive. The handsome convent erected by him September 1, 1865, possesses a large number of bright, intelligent boarders and day scholars under the direction of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal. His great love for the Blessed Sacrament urged him to establish the Forty Hours' Devotion and Sacred Heart exercises. The altars designed by him are rich specimens of his artistic taste. His succursal church at Lancaster, which he also ministered to, was his creation, while the history of his past life, in conjunction with his former mission at Brockville, Ont., is replete with interest, and displays admirably what small resources with mighty energies can effect. His great spirit of successful enterprise will, no doubt, contribute largely to encourage the zealous priests of the new diocese of Alexandria in the vast good which they are contemplating. The deceased was a native of Kingston and was ordained by the late Bishop Phelan and was also one of the Professors in the Regiopolis College.

GOOD DEEDS DONE.

The good deeds done by that unequalled family luminary, Hargrave's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot but congratulate all its qualities, and that it can be relied on as a good oil for cups, cushions, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The columns of the *TRUE WITNESS* are open to correspondents writing on subjects of interest. But it must be understood that no letter inserted is to be regarded as representing the opinions of the paper. Anonymous letters will not be noticed, though the names of writers will be held strictly in confidence.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR.—Will you give me space for a few words commenting on your editorial entitled, "The Waterford Election," which appeared in your issue of 6th inst. That we, in this country, are but mediocre judges of the happenings in Ireland is a truism few will contradict, and for the Canadian or American press to give the editor's individual opinion as the ultimatum of right or wrong, is an error of judgment to say the least. But, in the present crisis of Irish affairs, it is pardonable to pronounce a verdict, premature perhaps, but none the less accurate—on coming events in home politics.

To the casual reader of Irish news, the result of the Waterford election may have been a surprise; but that the "Belfast of the South" was true to its ancient record in choosing a strippling like Redmond as its representative instead of the lion-hearted Michael Davitt, will be readily agreed to by the many who remember how Waterford treated another patriot—honest, pure-souled Thomas Francis Meagher. The result of the polling was not the surprise you assert; this county has always been the hot-bed of Parnellism. Joined to this mistaken feeling of loyalty to a shadow, the Davitt electors had to contend with physical force, bribery and corruption; and, sir, my word for it, the day will come when Waterford will rue her choice, will regret the folly which preferred an untried fire-brand to the man whose shattered health and maimed body are silent but eloquent proofs of his devotion to Ireland.

In assigning such an importance to this verdict of the Waterford electors, I regret to join issue with you. Mr. Dillon has been quoted as saying that if Waterford returned the Parnellite candidate there was no longer any hope in constitutional legislation, and that he should retire to private life," which line of con-

Dr. T. A. Stoen's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Cold—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Dorking: What's the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us? Brown: He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot. Dorking: Called you a freckled idiot. How absurd. Why you are not freckled.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

"Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mold a people's fate;
But the unseen hand of velvet
These glands regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Taking my little girl upon my knee to-night, I seemingly scan the future years that will see her daughter, sister, wife and mother. O, the responsibility that is even now resting upon those tiny baby shoulders!

Home, Mother and Heaven, those three sweetest of English words are to be made and gained by her; the home to be made so pure and bright that it will indeed prove to be a stepping-stone to heaven. She must be either the sunbeam making light and warmth for parents, brothers, husband and children, or she must be the sort of woman we occasionally meet—and thank Heaven they are few—who are forever dashing cold water upon all our little pet schemes, and are seemingly shut up within themselves.

I see much about the over-credulousness of woman, yet I think it were better far to

"Trust all and be deceived
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, which if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

The little child that runs to mother to have a hug made well by a kiss and a word of sympathy, should early learn the lesson of extending such compassion to each distressed fellow-creature.

"How sweet are the recollections of a well-spent life" when on the eve of breaking up all home ties, the daughter is preparing to be the mistress of another home. The father, with tear-filled eyes, lays his trembling hand on her bowed head, and bids her to be as true a wife as she has been daughter. The mother, with quivering lips, kisses her and says the house will be so lonesome now, and to herself adds, "O, my little girl."

The young husband well knew how to choose from all his lady friends the one who would make home happy. Passing through the gardens, filled with flowers of priceless worth and unapproachable beauty, he pauses all, straining his eyes for a glimpse of his favorite. His search seems fruitless, when suddenly his eyes are gladdened by what at distance seems to be the desired flower; nearness dispels the illusion—this is the full-blown rose while he wishes but the bud. Ah, apart from the cold, proud dahlias and stale lilies, he finds the object of his search, and murmuring, "I promise to cherish and protect," he plucks and places it in his bosom.

Now the little queen of the domestic kingdom called home finds her duties manifold. The royal sovereign of her husband's heart and yet its willing and loyal subject, she realizes that "Joy is duty and love is law."

It is for her to lead her brother to the precipice and, gazing with him into the eddying circles of sins, teach him how to avoid the deadly vortex and how to gain the distant, heaven of love.

We cannot all be Florence Nightingales, for whom the crowded wards of dying soldiers, but we can each do what lies in her way, and be ever willing to stop outside the beaten track.

"Make home a hive where all beautiful feelings cluster like bees and their honey dews bring; Make it a temple of holy revelations, And love its bright angel with shadowy wings." Then shall it ever be, when oft on life's billows "Wherever your tempest tossed children are flung, The wind long for the shade of the home weep, for willow And for the sweet songs their mother had sung."

ELIZABETH PRESTON.

SUNDRIES FOR THE FARMER'S TEA.

Those farmer's wives who do not care to fry steaks and boiled potatoes appear on their supper tables, know well that to provide a substantial yet dainty evening meal is something of a problem. Let me offer my sister housewives a few receipts for dishes that find favor in the sight of my farmer after his evening "chores" are done. Those who make a practice of always having a ham in the house, will find it may be used to advantage in almost numberless ways. One of the simplest and best that I know of is—

CREAMED HAM.—Cut cold boiled ham into very thin slices. Put a tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of cream over the fire, and when very hot put in the ham. Dust with pepper, add the beaten yolk of one egg, and serve instantly.

HAM CROQUETTES.—The commonest error in making this dish is failure to chop the ham sufficiently fine. Take equal parts of cold boiled ham and rice, and chop and beat together until it forms a perfectly smooth mass. Season highly with pepper and sage; add a raw egg and a few spoonfuls of cream. It should be as soft as you can conveniently handle. Then form into small oblong rolls, dust lightly with flour, and fry in deep lard. Potatoes may be warmed over in many dainty ways, and housewives are too ast to restrict themselves to frying and stewing, as the only simple and available ones.

POTATO KLOSEE.—It is a German dish, very good and easily made. Boil a sufficient quantity of boiled potatoes to a perfectly smooth pulp; add salt, pepper, a general lump of butter, a little minced parsley, and one well beaten egg. Give the mixture a good beating, and then drop, a tablespoonful at a time, into plenty of boiling fat. Drain carefully and serve very hot, garnished with parsley.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Slice cold boiled potatoes and place in a buttered pie-plate, seasoning with salt and pepper. Melt three tablespoonsfuls of butter in half a cupful of rich milk, sprinkle part of it over the potatoes, put them in a hot oven, and baste every few minutes until you have used all the milk.

POTATO OLIVES.—Are a little more elaborate, but repay one for the trouble of preparing. Pare the potatoes and cut them into the shape of olives; drop into boiling, salted water, and cook until they are quite unbroken. Drain them carefully, then dip each one in beaten egg, and roll in a mixture composed of fine bread crumbs, half the quantity of

grated cheese, a little minced parsley, and salt and pepper. Fry in deep fat, drain, and serve hot as possible. A delicious dish with which to serve these potato olives is

BALNEQUETTE OF CHICKEN.—Cut into bits the chicken left from yesterday's dinner. Make a very nice, white sauce, using plenty of butter, also a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Now put in the chicken and let it boil gently for a few minutes. Season well, add the beaten yolk of one egg, cook just one minute longer, and serve.

These dishes will be found choice enough for "company" tea; but what is good enough for company is none too good for the daily fare of those nearer and dearer than any visitor could be. *Lina Dalton, in Agriculturist.*



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Largest stock. No Overhauled

only and the lowest. Every termi-

nents taken in exchange. Plasma

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1892

To Our Readers.

There are several thousand dollars due us for subscriptions to The True Witness. As the expenses attached to the publication of a newspaper are great, we earnestly request our delinquent subscribers, as a matter of justice, to **SQUARE up their accounts at once. Date on label attached to the paper will show the time your subscription is paid to. The True Witness for 1892 will be brighter and newsier than ever.**

The death of the Earl of Charlemont on the 12th of this month recalls the memory of the Irish Volunteers of 1782. The Earl of Charlemont of those days was the friend and supporter of Grattan and commanded the Volunteers when the demand was made for Irish Legislative independence. When Grattan rose up in the Irish parliament and swore before the God of Justice that the wrongs of the people should be redressed, Charlemont was outside with fifty thousand armed men, regularly enrolled and disciplined, to enforce the demand. The Earl just deceased was an unostentatious gentleman who is said to have cherished the patriotic traditions of his family and was one of the very few Irish noblemen who maintained his residence in Dublin. His magnificent demesne on the shore of Dublin Bay, near Clontarf, is well known to all tourists of Ireland.

Reports of an impending war between the United States and Chile have been alarmingly revived this week. It was expected that a way out of the difficulty would have been found through the suggestion of arbitration, but Chile seems determined to make no concession whatever. The populace is in a tumultuous mood and the government is described as afraid to accept a compromise, and an apology is out of the question. Believing themselves unequal to the Chilian, would sooner go to war with the United States than back down to the bellicose attitude. Meantime both republics are making active preparations for hostilities and the climax is expected to be reached this week. President Harrison will lay the whole correspondence before Congress and upon the susceptible action of that body will depend the question of peace or war in America.

INFLUENZA has assumed an epidemic form in some parts of Europe and America, its ravages being most fatal among the aged and children. The open winter has doubtless tended to increase the virulence of this somewhat mysterious disease. So far physicians have not discovered any specific remedy and mode of treatment differ widely in different localities. The latest suggestion is based on the microbe theory of the disease. The object of this treatment is to put the tissues and fluids of the human organism in such a condition that they will not furnish a suitable nutrient medium for the growth of the specific microbe, or, at least, will antagonise the poisons which it produces. This is done by increasing the alkalinity of the blood by the use of bicarbonate of potash. This is described as a speedy cure, but it can only be safely attempted by a skilled physician.

Since our last issue a great change is reported to have taken place in the attitude of the King of Italy towards the Holy See. *La Presse*, of Paris, is quoted in the cable despatches as follows:—

"King Humbert has made overtures to the Pope, offering to compromise the questions at issue between the state and the Vatican. The terms offered by King Humbert, while mainly taming the rights of the crown, are fully satisfactory to the Vatican." The paper adds that the Pope is much pleased that the ice has been broken and that important results will probably follow.

There is no city in the world where the manufacturer of "fake" dispatchers achieves more audacious performances than at Rome and in reference to the Vatican. There is, however, a possibility of some truth in the above extract, King Humbert and his ministers are thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of

the Conclave being held outside of Rome in the event of the death of Leo XIII. The other powers in the Triple Alliance share that trepidation as the departure of the Sacred College would most certainly be the signal for revolution. It is, therefore, of profound importance for the kingdom to become reconciled to the Papacy, and it is not improbable that, if King Humbert has taken the steps reported, he has done so at the suggestion of his allies, Austria and Germany. Great Britain is also interested in preserving the *satus quo*, more particularly since the death of the Khedive. Tewfick has added complication to the Egyptian question.

THE collective letter of the bishops of this Province concerning the coming elections needs no comment from the press. The necessity for choosing men thoroughly honest in every respect for representative positions was never greater than at the present time. It has been said that the people as well as the politicians are corrupt and that bribery is rampant. Now is the opportunity for this Catholic province to disprove this damaging charge. The man who goes among the electors to warp their judgment with bribes should be hooted into obscurity. Left to themselves and their own honest convictions the people will not go far wrong in selecting their representatives. By giving heed to their bishops and conscientiously discharging their duty to the State as freemen realizing their responsibilities, the people of Quebec can rebuke such slanders as we commented on in our last issue.

ANOTHER "HERETIC."

For a long time past heretics in the Presbyterian church have taken the shape of latitudinarian departures from the dogmas and standards of that most rigid of the Protestant sects. Recently, however, the Rev. Henry E. Davies, of the Green Farms Congregational church, of New Haven, Connecticut, has taken his departure in another direction. The newspaper report which gives an account of his "heresy," relates that he became a preacher two years ago, and has in charge of the Green Farms church since his ordination; that socially he is called an all-round good fellow; that he plays lawn tennis with the girls, romps with the boys, and with the old folks is always entertaining. For a long time the good people of his congregation were certain that he was the smartest and brightest young clergyman they had ever heard. But now all is changed, and the quicker he gets out, they say, the better they will be pleased.

It appears that the trouble began a few weeks ago when, as alleged, Mr. Davies declared in a sermon that the Roman Catholic faith was the only true religion and that the priest is empowered by God to forgive sins. A declaration so startling to Presbyterian ears of course caused a profound sensation. This was a worse "heresy" than it had like some other ministers repudiated the Westminster Confession with all its doctrinal subtleties and difficulties. A meeting of the elders was held at which it was decided that Mr. Davies was unorthodox, and that he must be made to answer before the presidium committee. Personally Mr. Davies is willing to submit his sermons to the authority by which he was commissioned to preach, and has asked for an immediate hearing. If the accusation be true, he is surely on the right road, and it is to be hoped he will have the grace to persevere in it.

THE "WITNESS" ASTRAY.

The following editorial appeared in the Witness of the 16th inst.:—

"Mr. Blunt's recent denial that he had retired from the contest in Quebec West at the crack of the party whip, seems to have been necessary, as that retirement has now taken place at the instance of Mr. Abbott, and in deference to the views of the Irish Catholic electors. There is no safe in the country which receives so much deference as that does. The reason is that the Irish Catholics vote in masses as prompted by race and religious prejudice, and to determine the Roman Catholic vote, Mr. Abbott or his son or the Cabinet, although no mortal could be evidence of the conservatism of Ontario, put out orders to the same effect. Mr. McCarthy, our candidate, carried the vote of the majority, and it must be forgotten in the sudden calamitous close of his young life."

Replete, however, as the sad event is with warning which everyone should heed, it has not been allowed to pass without wailing warnings of another kind. In some minds a bitter sense of discordance will be felt at the refusal of Wysh miners and of the city council of Duluth to join in the expressions of general mourning on the death of the Prince. But, to be just, we must regard all manifestations of feeling at such a time as indication of the moving forces in the life of the nation, things of far vaster importance than even a death in the royal family. The motive must have been strong indeed in the miners of Wales and the coalminers of Duluth to prompt them to withhold formal expressions of sorrow and sympathy with the royal family on the occasion of so sad a bereavement. But should the uncompromising attitude of these bodies lead

the royal personages and their entourage to reflect on the peculiar state of feeling thus disclosed the ultimate gain to the nation and to themselves will be of valuable consequence. Strict impartiality will hesitate to impute blame to either without candid investigation of causes.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be only natural to expect that sodality falling upon the ruling family should call forth expressions of sympathy from all classes. Common humanity wakes that sentiment in the presence of death among the humblest, as well as the most exalted. Therefore, its ostentatious denial seems to me that we must seek excuses, if such are needed, for it in the condition of those who refuse their sympathy or in the conduct of the royal family towards them.

As a rule the common people are well disposed towards those who govern them, and loyalty is an instinct among the Celtic race in Wales and Ireland. But can it be said that either the principality or the kingdom has any particular or general cause to grieve for a death in a family whose members never displayed the smallest sympathy or commiseration with them in the periods of bitter suffering through which they have passed and are now passing? Though we feel that it would have been better and nobler to have shown a kindlier feeling at such a time, yet we must recognize the fact that the men who stand aloof amid the general grief are at least true to themselves. During the year lately ended the miners of Wales have endured grinding privations. Poverty has abided in their homes and death has been a frequent visitor among them. Yet Royalty made no pretence of sympathy with them. The same may be said of the people of Ireland, but with far greater emphasis. And, if they refuse to make pause of a grief they do not feel, they may appear wanting in gentleness, but the stern honesty of their attitude only shows how deeply they must have suffered, and how wide is the gulf the royal family has created between its members and great masses of the people by their own lack of sympathy with that suffering. In this way only can we account for actions which otherwise would appear heartless.

Prince George, second son of the Prince of Wales, now becomes heir presumptive to the Crown of England. The tongue of good report has been heard in its major. His popularity is greater than ever his deceased brother enjoyed, perhaps because he was less hedged in. I am told that the one born to a higher destiny. It is rather curious that his life should now be the only one between the Scotch family of Duff, the throne, and another queen. The death of the Duke of Clarence may thus lead to strange political complications and the transfer of the crown from the direct line of Brunswick to a descendant of the thrones of the ancient kingdom of Fife.

In Canadacheatage touched by the sorrow that has fallen on the family of the Prince of Wales. Through his connection with the influence of royalty, there is a generous sentiment of independent respect for the reigning family, and that feeling has gained fitting expression from the heads of governments, judges and representatives of all classes, and especially

THE EX-PRIEST HUMBUG.

It would seem that any scoundrel vagrant who chooses to represent himself as an ex-priest of the Catholic Church is always sure of a welcome and enthusiastic hearing from certain sections of the Protestant public. The game, however, has been played so often and so often exposed that the better informed and less rabid among Protestants are beginning to shun this style of imposter.

Last week an advertisement appeared in the Witness of course, announcing a lecture to be delivered in the Orange Hall in this city, by a person styling himself "the Rev. Wm. Blunt, a Baptist Minister from New Brunswick, and an ex-catholic" who would also unfold his experience in the Jesuit College. If we look long enough before the name we find it is the Rev. Mr. W. J. Smythe, pastor of Calvin Presbyterian Church, published a letter in *Friday-Watch* in which he stated,

"As I knew Mr. Blunt about twenty years ago, it took me by surprise that he should still be in this new role, which was a total one. Mr. Blunt never was a priest. I took two gentlemen with me on Tuesday night, and called on him before the lecture, and laid him with the falsehood. Mr. Blunt, in the presence of these gentlemen, acknowledged that he had never been a priest, and had the blame on the article signed '967,' and upon the advertisement, and said he was not accountable for what the papers said. Then he remonstrated with him for deceiving those who introduced him to the audience in the Queen's Hall. Blunt, as an ex-priest and told him it was nothing short of fraud on the public. He begged me not to interfere with the meeting. Since that time I have been informed that Mr. Blunt introduced himself as an ex-priest, and that creditors were issued announcing him as such. I informed the audience of the meeting on Tuesday night of the indisposition of Mr. Blunt, so that he was at liberty to make the matter right before the people who were invited to hear an ex-priest. As I had an hour to meet him, I could not remain to hear what he had to say. As no ex-priest or either the

letter or advertisement has yet appeared, to advise the public, I feel constrained to take this step of exposing what I know was done."

From this it appears that the fellow persisted in his imposture, and that despite of his exposure Protestants were found to listen to and encourage him. It was creditable to the Witness, however, that it hastened to repudiate him on the obvious ground "that there are good many men who are ex-priests because they have fallen from that standard of virtue that is required of a priest." But our contemporary should remember that it is the demand for such cattle which creates the supply, and as a bona-fide ex-priest priest is an exceedingly rare bird orangeman and others of that ilk are willing to take what they can get and ask no questions. That they should be victims of humbug is quite natural under the circumstances.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Among the men who have left the impress of their genius on the nineteenth century the late Cardinal Manning must ever occupy a foremost place. At a period in the world's history when the views and aspirations of civilized men were undergoing profound changes he stood an embodiment of the grand principles of loyalty to truth. Every step in his career has been minutely traced by opponents who sought to impugn his motives and overturn his conclusions, but their labors have only tended to clear the first from all taint of suspicion and establish and confirm the second on the firm foundations of reason and authority.

Glancing back at the period covered by the active years of his beautiful life, Cardinal Manning appears as one raised up by special Providence for the performance of a great work, the fulfilment of a mission of transcendent importance.

Brought up in the Protestant faith he began his career at a time when that form of religious opinion was displaying, not the first, but the most evident signs of disintegration. In the English University to which he belonged a restless spirit of theological inquiry had developed. It boasted of faithfulness to critical research, regardless of the conclusions to which it might lead. It would have been strange, indeed, if among the learned and brilliant intellects who thronged at that time, and of whom he was not the least, he should have remained untouched by current thought. He accepted the principles pursued it with the depth of sincerity and singleness of purpose which belonged to his character. We can wonder that it should have led him to a recognition of the truth and unity of the Catholic Church. In the course which he took we see to have terminated now in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, the Jews at Berea committed an act of honest and honorable name because hearing the preaching of the Apostles they would not blithely accept what they had been taught, but searched the scriptures daily, to find whether what they taught them agreed with the highest revelation of God's truth which they knew, or could believe. Thus he accepted as a duty to test all truth by the standard of the highest which God had given, mind, and to use his best efforts to make his spirit seem to be witness.

At the same time this spirit of free enquiry into the authority of the church of England, breaking as it did discontent with the shadowy pretensions of that institution, was leading many minds away from the quagmires of disbelief. But

with the late Cardinal Newman and others of his day, holding firmly by the central truths of Christianity, arrived at the conclusion that candor thought and ripe scholarship can reach and find content, certainty, and everlasting repose in the bosom of the one true faith.

Impossible it would be to estimate the influence of that conversion or of the wonderful spiritual movement in which it was a God-given incident. The tide in the direction of mere material scepticism had been running strongly in unison with the Agnostic temper, then much prevalent among a certain class of thinkers, when the Tractarians turned popular voices of undisciplined speculation toward the wiser teachings of authority within the faith. All England was awaked to a sense of apostasy, and Manning arose as an apostle to lead his countrymen back again to the one true fold.

It has been well written that "every truth, every system, every teacher, must be judged by what, or what he produces, and is according to the fruits, according to the character. This is the judgment by which Christ wished to be judged. It matters little what a man calls himself—a 'prophet,' or an 'apostle,' or a 'descendant of the 'apostles'—the question is, what can he do? What can he teach? What is he himself?" judged by this standard Cardinal Manning must ever remain a glorious example to mankind, but more especially to those devout, candid souls whose one desire is to know the truth. The conversion of England was the grand object to which he devoted his life, and, though it was not for him to see the full fruition of his glorious hope, he saw enough in his day, and as a re-

sult of his labors, to fill him with gratitude to God, and convince him of the ultimate success of his mission.

But it was not in the sphere of religious endeavor alone that the transcendent genius of the illustrious Cardinal was displayed. Simple as a child in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he was accepted and treated as a peer of the greatest among the statesmen of England. In laboring for the poor, in striving to improve the condition of the laboring classes, in battling for the cause of temperance, in giving a helping hand to all good works, in spreading the light of science, and by word and pen helping the people to a knowledge of themselves and what they should do for their comfort and happiness here as well as for their salvation hereafter. Cardinal Manning performed a work in England that beggars all terms of eulogy. Most of all did he devote himself to the cause of education, and most eloquently and convincingly did he demonstrate the correctness of the Catholic contention in support of religious training for the young. The advocates of secular education divorced from spiritual instruction found in him an adversary with whom they could not successfully contend, and whose authority as a scholar and an ecclesiastic they could not dispute. With Milton he believed that the youth of the nation should be "inflamed with study of high ideals and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, worthy patriots, good Christians, dear to God and famous to all ages. Holding that the true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which God has endowed us, he may be credited with having been largely instrumental in saving Englishmen from stumbling into the pit of godless education.

To obtain an idea of the work performed by Cardinal Manning we must not only study the religious history of England for the nineteenth century, but we must also study its social and political development. For his was a master-mind which gave direction to the conduct of others, and the masses of men listened to him and honored his words because the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his convictions were unshaken by a doubt. His long labors, saintly life has done infinite service to the cause of Catholic truth. His greatness is attested by the undiminished reverence in which he was always held by the nation whose religion he repudiated. As an Englishman, proud of his country yet conscious of its errors, he represented an ethical force as great among Protestants as his religious influence was boundless among Catholics. It may be hard, as some people say, to fill his place, but the length of years in his honor inspired to the Church is, in itself, a consolation, while his example will be a beacon for all his successors.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always, resources, aware friends, the good great and noble, three treasures, love and light.

And other thoughts, regular as my infants

are, are there.

And three dear friends, more sure than day and night.—

Friends, Maker, and the most Dear.

CARDINAL SIMEONI.

On the same day, January 14th, that witnessed the death of Cardinal Manning in London, Cardinal Simeoni passed away in Rome. The Prefect General of the Propaganda was younger by eight years than his great English contemporary, having been born in 1816, Cardinal Manning in 1808.

An Italian by birth, Cardinal Simeoni was dedicated to the service of the Church from his earliest childhood. During his long and eventful life he was called upon to play many important parts not only in Papal affairs but in the field of European diplomacy. During the Pontificate of Pius IX, of blessed memory, he ranked second only to the great Cardinal Antonelli in the influence which he wielded, and many and great were the services he rendered to the cause of religion and peace in Europe. His vast learning, profound knowledge of men and affairs, his eminent diplomatic skill fitted him to an extraordinary degree for the positions he was called upon to fill during the stormy revolutionary period through which the Papacy passed during the time of Pius IX. His promotion in the Sacred College was slow as his services were mostly required abroad, but he seems to have made diligent use of his time, for he became noted for the extent of his Oriental scholarship, while his fame as a diplomatist was world wide. As successor to Cardinal Antonelli in the office of Papal Secretary of State he had a most delicate and difficult position to fill. The usurpation of the Patrimony of St. Peter by the King of Italy, accomplished before he became Secretary, entailed upon him burdens and anxieties the most onerous and exacting, owing to the changed relations that event brought about between the Holy See and the temporal governments of Europe. Yet, throughout the trying period of his Secretariate, he maintained the dignity and claims of the Papacy.

with consummate skill and success. As Prefect General to the Propaganda his labors were less prominent in the eyes of the world, but in that most important position he performed services the results of which are best seen in the wonderful progress of Catholicity all over the world. He now adds another name to the long roll of illustrious men who have shed the light of their genius on the century now drawing to a close. But if it was his fate to see the Church pass through many trials and tribulations, it was also his happy consolation to know that, though shorn of its temporal power, it had achieved an infinitely vaster dominion over the souls and consciences of men, numbering millions more than in the days of its greatest earthly influence and splendor. Full of years and honors he has gone to his reward.

"How beautiful it is for man to die upon the walls of Zion to be called like a watch-worn and weary sentinel, To put his armor off and rest in heaven."

DOWNTWITH THE DEMON.

It is not to be expected that the City Council of Montreal will distinguish itself on the eve of the aldermanic elections by making a serious effort to correct the evils and abuses of the retail liquor traffic. We know how it has been in the past and may safely calculate on the future, unless, indeed, a determined, organized movement be made to compel the council to suppress what all good citizens must see is a blot on our city government and a curse upon the whole community.

The reason why aldermen are afraid to tackle this evil is because they dread the resentment of the saloon-keepers. The men interested in the traffic are banded together for the unconcealed purpose of influencing aldermen and parliamentarian elections. The nature of their business gives them the best opportunities and the greatest facilities for making their power felt at the polls. Each saloon-keeper is thoroughly informed concerning every householder in his neighborhood, and is often the repository of the secrets of many of the homes by which he is surrounded. By means, which need unite as one man. The provincial liquor law should be amended so as to include the principle of high license, limitation of the number of saloons, abolition of transfers, early closing, forfeiture of license for infraction of the law, and a thorough system of inspection.

By severely drastic measures only can this great and growing evil be overcome. It would be a good thing also if the municipal law were amended so as to make the whole body of aldermen elective every year as is done in Ontario. That would help as much as anything to break the saloon power. As the law stands the combined saloon influence of the city is brought to bear on each alderman in detail with crushing effect, whereas in a general election it would be broken and scattered. The question involves many and weighty considerations, but it must be taken in hand and solved if our people are to recover their freedom from a monster that is filling their homes with sorrow, enriching hordes of vagabonds and covering the good name of our city with reproach.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Lady Macdonald and the Globe's Cowardly Attack.

The following letter from the Baroness Macdonald appears in the New York Tribune:—

SR.—I have before me the issue of your valuable journal dated Friday, January 8, 1892. This issue contained two paragraphs quoted from the *litho newspaper* of Toronto, Canada, which paragraphs make a specific deliberate and most damning accusation against me. In these paragraphs it is declared that I am the personage referred to by another journal as having been "the author of the most notorious and dastardly, churchwardens of Notre Dame, resigned, claiming that the election of their successors, Messrs. Labonte, Quintal and Lapierre, was null and void, on account of irregularities in the proceedings and also asserting their right to act on the board as old churchwardens. In rendering judgment, the learned judge said that two questions were to be decided: "Was the resignation of the three churchwardens regular and valid?" and "Did they take part in the election of their successors?" On this point the Court held that the plaintiffs had received sufficient notice of the meeting at which their resignation was to be considered, and that the regularity of the resignation was established. The acceptance of the resignation at such meeting was good and valid. The second point raised is the most important, as it is held that the plaintiff had a right to take part in the election of their successors, a right which he did not exercise. The election was null and void. The Court held that the churchwarden resigning no longer forms part of the board, and not one present to the contrary. The court held that the plaintiff, as old churchwarden is one in itself, whether he be in active office or an old churchwarden, resigning and his resignation being accepted, he can no longer, in either case, act on the board. For all these reasons, the *quo non curamus* must be dismissed, and the appeal to be taken at once from this judgment.

LOCAL, CHURCH AND SOCIETY NEWS

[Under this heading will future be found reliable reports of all the events in the Archdiocese which are likely to be of interest to the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS.]

The Father Dowd Memorial.

Mr. John Keeley sculptor, formerly of this city, is at present engaged in preparing a design for the Father Dowd monument. As soon as a committee is formed he will submit his designs. It is not necessary to comment on Mr. Keeley's ability for sculpture work, as it is well known he stands foremost in the ranks of Canadian sculptors.

The "Herald" Was Wrong.

In the editorial columns of the Herald on Monday, there was an unwarrantable attack upon the majority of the members of the City Council of Dublin, because, as the writer charged, they had refused to pass a vote of confidence in regard to the death of the Duke of Clarence. The charge was utterly untrue. The Council did pass a resolution of condolence to the Queen, and Royal family in their bereavement. What the Duke refused to do before the prince's fatal illness was to adopt a vote congratulating him upon his then prospective marriage with a German princess.

Mr. Bourdreau's Candidature Endorsed.

At a meeting of the Montreal Typographical Union No. 176, held on Saturday evening in their hall, the following resolution was carried unanimously:

Resolved that the union endorse the action taken by the Central Trades and Labor council in nominating labor candidates for St. Mary's and Dorchester, and that we, in our union, will support the fact that our treasurer, Mr. L. Z. Bourdreau, has been selected as one of the candidates to contest Centre division against Mr. Jas. McShane.

Told the Truth for Once.

The Daily Witness of Friday last contained an editorial paragraph beginning as follows: "Ex-Priests, until they are well known, are people to be very careful of, as it stands to reason that there must be good many men who are ex-priests, but there is no guarantee of a priest." There is good reason of trust in this sentence; but there would be much more if the qualifying phrase "until they are well known." The fact is that it is only when they are well known that it becomes apparent that they are ex-priests. In every case.

In the course of another editorial article, published on Saturday in the Daily Witness, made the following significant observation:

"The greatest thing that Protestants can do to break up Tommy Reilly's that in which they are gathered together, that is, to make it impossible to set forth in their own lives the true Christian life, and make it evident to all that they have a religion that is worth having."

Knights of Labor.

The Knights of Labor celebrated the ninth anniversary of their establishment in Montreal by a grand banquet last week in the hall of Dominion Assembly, 2135, Chabot street. About one hundred and twenty sat down to an excellent repast. There was a good representation from sister assemblies and Trade Unions. The chair was filled by Wm. Darlington, D. M. W. Trusts were reported to "The Order" by H. Peasey and A. Blanton, M. W., "Cooperative Assembly," "Central Trades and Labor Council," by Louis Z. Bourdreau, president, and Jos. Beland, M. P. P., "Dominion Assembly," by Provost, W. J. MacLellan, and R. E. Kelly, our sister, Industrial and Trades and Trade Unions, L. Pelletier, Jos. Clarke, Jos. Williams, O. Fontaine, A. Blunden. "The land, the heritage of the people," by Wm. Kett; "Our General Garrison," by Wm. F. Flinn; "The Labor Front," by David Taylor; "The Labor Front," by D. P. Condie, P. J. Ryan and Thomas Fisher. During the evening several songs were rendered by Jos. Lessard, A. F. Pigeon, Jos. Warren, J. Hornblower, L. Z. Bourdreau, M. Present and others.

Brevities.

The prevalence of the grippe and other living diseases among the people are keeping the clergy of St. Patrick's Church very busy attending sick calls.

Alderman G. W. Stevens has definitely resolved not to seek re-election to the City Council. In a letter which he has addressed to a number of gentlemen who sent him a registration, he says that his principal reason for retiring is that it is "impossible for any intelligent person to preserve the high respect and esteem of the present Mayor," whom he further describes as "the city's melancholy practical joke."

THE NOTRE DAME CHURCH WARDENS.

Judge Pagnuelo's Decision in the Celebrated Case.

On Saturday Judge Pagnuelo gave judgment in the case of the churchwardens of Notre Dame. This will be remembered as a *quo non curamus* taken by Messrs. Auger, LaChapelle and Delorier, churchwardens of Notre Dame, resigned, claiming that the election of their successors, Messrs. Labonte, Quintal and Lapierre, was null and void, on account of irregularities in the proceedings and also asserting their right to act on the board as old churchwardens. In rendering judgment, the learned judge said that two questions were to be decided: "Was the resignation of the three churchwardens regular and valid?" and "Did they take part in the election of their successors?"

On this point the Court held that the plaintiffs had received sufficient notice of the meeting at which their resignation was to be considered, and that the regularity of the resignation was established. Consequently, the resignation was good and valid. The second point raised is the most important, as it is held that the plaintiff had a right to take part in the election of their successors, a right which he did not exercise. The election was null and void. The Court held that the old churchwarden resigning no longer forms part of the board, and not one present to the contrary. The court held that the old churchwarden, as old churchwarden is one in itself, whether he be in active office or an old churchwarden, resigning and his resignation being accepted, he can no longer, in either case, act on the board. For all these reasons, the *quo non curamus* must be dismissed, and the appeal to be taken at once from this judgment.

Father Dowd's Month's Mind.

The Month's Mind of the late Father Dowd was held in St. Patrick's Church yesterday morning at eight o'clock. It consisted of a solemn Requiem Mass with a "Libera," Rev. Jos. Tompkins, S.S., was celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. J. McCullin as deacon and Rev. Thos. Fahey as sub-deacon. The church was highly decorated in memory of the deceased. The mass was under the direction of Prof. J. A. O'Neil, organist of St. Patrick's, and responded fully to the office. The number of mourners in attendance filled even the aisles. The different societies of the parish were present. The following were the honored guests: Fathers MacLellan, Fr. Leveille, Breton, Curran, J. J. Laurier, Notre Dame parish; Jos. Tompkins, J. McCallen, M. Callaghan, T. Callaghan, Thos. Fahey, St. Patrick's; Duchesne, Gruber, St. John, Leclandais, Dupuis, Montreal College; Rev. J. A. O'Neil, S.S. The service was most impressive. The Holy Communion table from early morning was frequented by a numerous throng of worshippers.

A Successful Year.

In St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church, on Sunday morning, Rev. Father Donnelly presented the financial statement of the church for the past year. The total revenue amounted to \$5,200, showing an unexpected surplus despite certain extraordinary expenses of \$700. In addition to a concert to be held in aid of the Catholic Young Men's association of the parish

business lead to worse vices, till they darken down even to robbery and murder.

But owing to the ease with which licenses can be obtained, the number of saloons is multiplied out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. As a consequence there is keen competition in getting up attractions among the keepers. Games of chance, gambling devices, cards, dice, etc., are brought into requisition, the stakes usually being the drinks. And what drinks, good Heaven! In many places they are not even adulterated, but unadulterated abominations. Drunks designed for the production of insanity could not be concocted with more devilish ingenuity. The fool who enters one of these dens is sure to be fleeced of his money. Some have paid the forfeit by painful illness, others by sudden death. An obliging cabman is always on hand in these places at night. There are thousands in Montreal who if they would speak could tell dismal tales of the practices in vogue in certain saloons--drugged liquor, theft, violence and hopelessness of redress. Some of these saloons are well known to the police as the resorts of thieves and vile characters of all descriptions, yet the men who keep them are notorious as the most active and influential factors in all municipal elections. Are the people of Montreal content to be governed by such people?

Another source of the evils we are striving to combat arises from the easement of permitting the transfer of licenses. It often occurs that when the residents of a locality combine to reduce the number of drinking places or exclude them altogether, some enterprising individual manages to obtain a transfer, and before the residents are aware of it, a saloon is in full operation in spite of them. This should be stopped and no such thing as a transfer of license permitted on any pretence whatever.

But what should be done to bring the traffic thoroughly under control and abate the evils arising from it? In the first place there should be a commanding expression of public opinion, in which Catholics and Protestants should unite as one man. The provincial liquor law should be amended so as to include the principle of high license, limitation of the number of saloons, abolition of transfers, early closing, forfeiture of license for infraction of the law, and a thorough system of inspection.

By severely drastic measures only can this great and growing evil be overcome. It would be a good thing also if the municipal law were amended so as to make the whole body of aldermen elective every year as is done in Ontario. That would help as much as anything to break the saloon power. As the law stands the combined saloon influence of the city is brought to bear on each alderman in detail with crushing effect, whereas in a general election it would be broken and scattered. The question involves many and weighty considerations, but it must be taken in hand and solved if our people are to recover their freedom from a monster that is filling their homes with sorrow, enriching hordes of vagabonds and covering the good name of our city with reproach.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Lady Macdonald and the Globe's Cowardly Attack.

The following letter from the Baroness Macdonald appears in the New York Tribune:—

SR.—I have before me the issue of your valuable journal dated Friday, January 8, 1892. This issue contained two paragraphs quoted from the *litho newspaper* of Toronto, Canada, which paragraphs make a specific deliberate and most damning accusation against me. In these paragraphs it is declared that I am the personage referred to by another journal as having been "the author of the most notorious and dastardly, churchwardens of Notre Dame, resigned, claiming that the election of their successors, Messrs. Labonte, Quintal and Lapierre, was null and void, on account of irregularities in the proceedings and also asserting their right to act on the board as old churchwardens. In rendering judgment, the learned judge said that two questions were to be decided: "Was the resignation of the three churchwardens regular and valid?" and "Did they take part in the election of their successors?"

On this point the Court held that the plaintiffs had received sufficient notice of the meeting at which their resignation was to be considered, and that the regularity of the resignation was established. Consequently, the resignation was good and valid. The second point raised is the most important, as it is held that the plaintiff had a right to take part in the election of their successors, a right which he did not exercise. The election was null and void. The Court held that the old churchwarden resigning no longer forms part of the board, and not one present to the contrary. The court held that the old churchwarden, as old churchwarden is one in itself, whether he be in active office or an old churchwarden, resigning and his resignation being accepted, he can no longer, in either case, act on the board. For all these reasons, the *quo non curamus* must be dismissed, and the appeal to be taken at once from this judgment.

The Toronto Mail, referring to the matter adds: "It is too bad that in the heat and insanity of Canadian politics it was thought desirable to strike a widow that the party might profit."

Quebec West.

Mr. Dobell, at the request of Premier Abbott, who asked him to make the sacrifice in deference to the views of the Irish Catholic electors, has retired from the contest in Quebec West. In retiring Mr. Dobell has issued an address to the electors. While being confident of having the support of the majority, loyalty, he says, to the Conservative party calls upon him not to stand in the way of one who would be more acceptable to them.

New Music.—Three waltzes in one piece of music for 10c, viz., Maggie Murphy's Home, Old Home Down on Farn and Teaching McCadden to Waltz. Send 11c for this piece by mail. Fresh supplies cabled for to London, as above is selling so rapidly. W. STREET, 29 Bleury.

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SUPPLEMENT TO

The Erne



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MONTRÉAL, JANUARY 20, 1892.

CABOT.

THE POINTS WHERE HE LANDED.
The claims of Newfoundland and Labrador as regards the 1st and 2nd Voyages—Hudson's Straits Visited.

When Columbus was making charts of Lisbon as a means of livelihood he dreamed of a country which he thought was a prolongation of the eastern shore of Asia. He lived to discover the land of Asia, but it was not a continuation of Asia. It was a new continent stretching north and south from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circles. In like manner that other discoverer of renown, John Cabot, found another land than that which he expected. From over the waters of the great undiscovered seas there came to Cabot a vision of a country in which were blowing spicy breezes, and where silk, Brazil wood, gold and precious gems were in profusion. In his first voyage, 1497, he sought the land of his dream. The object of his second voyage, a year later had for its end the same. In these voyages Cabot discovered land which gave him a conspicuous place as a discoverer. His discoveries, like most great events, have caused considerable controversy. This is in part due to the lack of facility or failure to appreciate the importance of such events by the chroniclers of the period in question.

In the Magazine of American History the Right Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D., P.A., has undertaken to settle the question as to the landfall of Cabot. There is much in the article that is argumentative, the writer having made the assertion in the opening paragraph that he proposed to establish his point before he let go. He has certainly done so to his satisfaction, at least. Dr. Howley is a Newfoundlander, reared as he says in the tradition which has been held from time immemorial that "Bonavista, happy sight," was the landfall. And from that point of land he proceeds to establish his claim that somewhere in that section, on the coast of Newfoundland, John Cabot ran up the standards of England and of Venice or St. Mark. Leaving to the author his own well-arranged arguments, it is only necessary to present the story of voyages of the man who came so near getting the crown that rests on the brow of Columbus. The patent or commission of Henry VII, to

JOHN CABOT

and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian and Sanctus, is dated March 5, 1495, old style. The expedition did not set out at once, nor even in those days there were discussions between nations. Spain, so far as to give encouragement to its own intrepid discoverer, had, through its Ambassador at the English court, instigated intrigues by which the sailing of the Cabot expedition was delayed until the following year. The first Cabot expedition, consisting of one small ship, the Matthew, left Bristol May 5, 1497. The crew consisted of eighteen men, exclusively from Bristol. As stated in a preceding paragraph, chronicles were not very full in those days but uncertain, so that all accounts of the first voyage of Cabot are meager. Enough is known, and this is in accord with the article by Dr. Howley, to state with certainty that Cabot sailed east from Bristol, rounded the southeast coast of Ireland, bent to the north, and after a few days left the north to his right hand and began to sail west. His voyage consumed three months' time. On the return there was living in Gouda, a Venetian merchant, Lorenzo Pasqualigo, who wrote to his brothers in Venice that "our countryman," meaning Cabot, had returned from a voyage, and that 700 leagues west he had discovered land. A letter from Don Raimondi Soncini, envoy of the Duke of Milan at the court of Henry VII, of England, was written about the same time as the one referred to above. The envoy was well acquainted with the Cabots. Raimondi wrote: "Some months since his Majesty sent a Venetian who is a great navigator and who has great skill in discovering new isles. He has returned safe and sound after having discovered two isles, very large and fertile. He places the discovery of the new land at 400 leagues from the west coast of Ireland. There are conflicting statements respecting this voyage, or the result of it, but all accounts agree that the first discovered on the voyage was that which now appears on the maps as Cape Farewell, on the lower points of Greenland. This being bleak and barren spot, also a headland, Cabot believed there was

AN OPEN OCEAN

still to the westward. He pushed on some three hundred leagues and again discovered land. This must have been either Labrador or Newfoundland. Dr. Howley is quite sure that the land was Newfoundland. It was discovered June 2, and was called by Cabot, St. John. The day of discovery was on St. John's day. From all the data obtainable, they are in support of the landfall of the first voyage, being on the east coast of Newfoundland. Old maps which are not regarded as accurate as one could wish, are also in support of this claim. The Discoverer returned by the same course. In 1498 the second voyage was made and we have something more tangible about that. In it we have some allusions to latitude which did not appear in the first account. It is agreed that Cabot in his second expedition had in view the same object that prompted him in the first, that was to find a passage to Cipango and Cataia, the imaginary land

of spices, of the silk and Brazil wood, the gold and precious gems. Hence he made for the same place at which he discovered land on the previous voyage. This is made indisputable by a letter from Raimondi of Dec. 10, 1497, in which occur these words: "He (meaning Cabot) intends starting from the point already occupied the previous year, to go farther toward the east (meaning the west), coasting along all the time." This second expedition started on the beginning of May, 1498. It consisted of six vessels and 300 men. From all descriptions of the adventures of this second expedition, encountering large quantities of ice, days that were almost perpetual, the nights being very bright, the conclusion is inevitable that Cabot in his second voyage went very far north, near the seventieth degree of latitude. Ramusio, one of the writers of that voyage, says: Cabot went as far north as 67°. Another writer, Gomara, wrote: "They went beyond or above

THE CAPE OF LABRADOR.

that is, Cape Chidley or Chudley, and even went farther than that—to the

Fortune, Carteal, Fuego, Aveo, or Bird Island, Bonavista, Bonaventure, Buccalao, Bay of Conception, St. Francis, Cape Spear, Fernieuse, Renouse, Cape Race (or De Russo), St. Mary's, Cape Pine, Bay Despoir; and after these, coming to the island of Cape Breton, we have St. Paul's, Cape Smoky (Fumoso), Cape Breton, etc. As these names occur on those early maps shortly after Cabot's discovery, so do they exist to-day. There is no vestige of Prima Vista, no suspicion of a knowledge of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the island of St. John (Prince Edward Island), so that until stronger proof be forthcoming it would be unreasonable, on such a doubtful one as this supposed map of Cabot, to upset the traditions which have been held unbroken for so many centuries, and which are founded on the most authentic records in our possession.

IMPORTANT TO RICH MEN.

A rich man holds his wealth simply as a trustee between his maker and humanity. Unless he wants to become the slave of his money he must give it freely

HORRIBLE MASSACRE

OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Native Fanatics in Insurrection Attack and Murder Missionaries and Christians Promiscuously.

Readers of the daily newspapers have recently been shocked at the accounts which have been published of the massacre of Christians in China by a band of native fanatics. At first the news received was of a very meagre character; and its authenticity was doubted. Now, however, it turns out that the terrible intelligence was only too true, as the following official despatch from the British minister will show:

"A revolt has broken out in the west of Jehol, which is situated near the Great Wall. It is being carried on by brigands, who have always been very numerous in the southern portion of the province of

country, ruthlessly massacring priests and nuns wherever they find them. At the demand of England, the Chinese Government has undertaken to adopt measures to secure protection to Europeans resident in the empire.

A Mother's Prayer.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire: "Do not forget to pray for me." She did not forget to do what he asked, but prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon his mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—that she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her

LA GRIPPE

AND HOW TO ESCAPE IT.

A Timely Article That May Save Many an Ache as Well as Doctor's Bills.

Deaths from La Grippe are occasionally recorded, and the idea is quite prevalent that it often threatens life. Alone there is not much danger from it except where the recuperative powers are low, as in individuals prostrated by other diseases, or in childhood and old age. Under better conditions, when death results it can almost always be attributed to other and graver diseases that occur during its course.

PNEUMONIA FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE.

Pneumonia is one of the most serious of these complications, and it would seem as though the relationships between it and La Grippe was a near one. It is doubtful, however, if they are even distantly related. Why, then, are they so often associated? This question has never been satisfactorily answered. Pneumonia, like La Grippe, is probably a germ disease. Moreover, certain investigators have found that what are accepted by many to be the germs of pneumonia abound in an atmosphere with the germs that they have thought to be those of La Grippe. If this is so, the frequent grave complication is easily accounted for. Hence, in the presence of an epidemic like La Grippe, when a host of powerful germs are floating about, it becomes all persons to look well to their means of defense, and strengthen them in every possible way.

The first important step is to see that all the vital organs are in condition to do their work easily and promptly. Commencing with the stomach, more than likely it will be found that this organ has been somewhat overtaxed, and if so, the most of others will be more or less sluggish. The remedy is easy; reduce the quantity of food and take only what is necessary to maintain health and strength. Restrict the diet, also, to substances that are nourishing and easy digestible.

Open also all the waste avenues, and in this way relieve the more or less congested organs and quicken their functional activity. If constipation exists, a laxative—as Hunyadi water—should be taken every morning, on rising, in half a pint of hot water.

EXERCISE AND PURE AIR.

Nothing can favor and strengthen nature's means of defense against disease more than exercise in pure air; therefore a brisk walk of from two to four miles should be taken each day; and as a matter of fact, so potent is this measure, when the disease is coming on it can often be aborted by a walk in heavy clothing, prolonged until a free perspiration has been produced.

The living, working and sleeping rooms should be kept well ventilated, for if the air breathed is impure the blood for the time being must inevitably be more or less impure and the tone and resistance of the body lowered in consequence.

It should be borne in mind that the skin is not merely a covering for the body, but is an organ of vital importance; and unless it is kept in order, good health is simply impossible. Frequent bathing and friction with a coarse towel or flannel should be the rule. As a means of prevention, tepid sponge baths are better than full baths; and they should be taken just before retiring.

If the skin is chilled it is crippled for a time; hence, in order to prevent this accident, it should be covered with woolen undergarments. As to the outer clothing, that should be the lightest possible, consistent with comfort; then exercise will be encouraged, whereas an excess of coverings must interfere with it.

Chilling of the feet is another danger which cannot be too strongly emphasized, for it is one of the influences that most frequently invite the occurrence of La Grippe as well as all other acute diseases of the air passages. Thick woolen stockings, thick boots, with thick soles, and walking exercise are the surest preventives against it.

A word as to alcoholic stimulants. They have been often prescribed in la grippe, and not unnaturally, the idea is quite general that they are efficient preventives. Far from such happy effect, they render one much more liable to this disease, because of the depression which is inevitable after their use.

In these few simple hints are embodied the measures that are the greatest assistance to nature in warding off la grippe. They are certainly easily employed, and those who try them may feel assured that they have done their best to strengthen their defenses, and that they will make a good fight if attacked.

Considering the fact that complications, in the form of grave diseases, are liable to occur during a grippe, also, that that even in mild attacks there is often very much prostration and nervous shock, that leaves the victim greatly debilitated for a long time, it is obvious that the proper treatment should be applied early in every case. Also that such treatment should be entrusted to a physician. This is the only wise and safe course for the victims of the disease to pursue.

Magistrate: What are your means of support? Prisoner facetiously: Well, last night the policeman was your warden.

Flossie looking up from her history: Well, what I don't understand about Columbus discovering America is how he knew it was America when he'd never seen it before.



MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

sixty-seventh degree toward the pole—into Hudson's Strait." It is stated that encountering so much floating ice on the ocean in the expedition became disconcerting and Cabot was obliged to put about and return to Baccalaos, the place of landfall, either Labrador or Newfoundland. Thence he coasted along southwardly and westwardly as far as Cuba until, as Peter Martyr says, he reached the latitude of the Straits of Hercules (Gibraltar), and he went so far as to have the Island of Cuba on his left hand, whence he returned to England. The author of the article in question is certain from all data within his reach, and it must be confessed that there appears to be a good deal of it, that had Cabot coasted northward on his second voyage he would have discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and gone up the St. Lawrence River, thus robbing Jacques Cartier of the glory he achieved later. In conclusion, the assertion that Cabot's landfall was somewhere on the east coast of Newfoundland, about latitude 49 or 50, is substantiated by the great number of names, occurring in the exact order that is given in the earliest maps; as for example, Labrador,

until he feels that there is some sacrifice in the giving. My observation for a great many years has led me to have a strong opinion on that subject. It is for the good of the man himself that he should look at the subject from this point of view. I do not believe there is much philanthropy or charity in providing that your money shall be given after death, when you are unable to hold it. Better give of your means as you go along through life, leaving of your wealth to others who after you will, in the exercise of their stewardship, follow the same course.—Dr. Willis Jones.

Applicant: Did you advertise for an engraver. Jeweller: What experience? Applicant: I've engraved more people than any other undertaker in the West End.

The Apostles who lived with Our Lord continually, and who were imbued with His spirit, are recorded to have had asked only two spiritual things of Him—prayer and faith. "Increase our faith," and "Teach us to pray." How much is implied in this!—Faber.

Petchili, and who are, in the present uprising unquestionably supported by secret societies, and probably also by the Mahomedan Chinese of Mongolia. It is stated that the insurrection has attained considerable proportions, that two or three large cities have been taken, that several hundred natives, several of whom were Christians, have been massacred. There is, however, no confirmation, as yet, of the report that Europeans have been butchered. Six thousand soldiers, under the command of the principal officer of the province, have been sent by the Government to put down the revolt; and the Government is confident that they will succeed in this object. Sensational reports are being circulated every day, but up to the present they do not appear to be founded on fact. There is a British gunboat at Tien Tsin, and another at Ichang. Up to the time of writing there has been received no disquieting news from the Yang Tse region.

Later despatches announce that the rebels have been completely routed, and that Manchuria has been proclaimed in a state of siege. Small bands of them, however, are advancing through the

son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buflora. Soldiers who stood on the right and left of him were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint hit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even received a scratch.

Since the Italian Government took possession of Rome twenty-eight churches and chapels have been torn down, and twenty others converted to secular purposes. During the same period no less than thirty churches have been destroyed in Palermo. And yet there are Catholics who think the Pope has nothing to complain of!

God regards the motive and not the action. It is not the importance of the action that He considers, but the excellence of the intention which prompts it.—St. Gregory the Great.

"With loving kindness have I drawn thee."

BELIEVE, OBEY AND WAIT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Believe Him and obey Him;
Hold fast His pierced hand;

Abide in Him with patience,
And you shall understand.

Years; in the appointed season
The mystery shall grow plain,
Of poor earth's desolations,
Of all creation's pain.

Dark, dark and strange and dreadful
The doom of Nature seems,
Of sinless, suffering creatures
With which creation teems.

We tremble at the anguish,
The want, the deadly woe,
That through time's decades, ever,
Man, beast and bird must know.

And God would seem unfeeling,
A cold and iron Will,
But for fair Olive's garden,
But for Golgotha's hill.

Too deep for man to sound them;
Too dark for erring sense,
God's ways; but mercy equals
His dread omnipotence.

So trust Him and obey Him;
Wait, clinging to His hand,
And all things now so painful,
Thou soon shalt understand.

A STRANGE SIGNAL.

THE night was unusually boisterous when the ship "Viking" unexpectedly struck the coral reef. The next wave carried her over the reef, and she lodged on a shoal in comparatively smooth water near an inlet whose outline could be dimly perceived through the gloom.

This was, indeed, an unpleasant predicament. The captain supposed he was many miles from the nearest land and could not imagine what island this could be to which they had been carried by treacherous currents. No lights were to be seen, and whether the islet was uninhabited or occupied by savages and cannibals they would not know until daylight. One or the other it was sure to be. Being young and romantic, Walter Durand, who was a passenger on board, was less alarmed than his companions, and the lively fancy of his artistic brain was busy picturing the possible scenes that the morrow would reveal.

But terror overcame most of the crew, who knew too well the miseries and perils of shipwreck on the isles of the Pacific. This caused them to defy the authority of Captain Bernard. At day-break a number of them lowered a boat and started for the land preferring to learn their fate at once rather than wait until a multitude of savages should board the wreck and massacre the crew.

When the sun rose a lovely island was discovered rising in bold crags and lofty hills, covered as with a mantle of velvet by the opulent vegetation of the tropics. Near the shore huts were seen and thin columns of smoke curling upwards. With the glass, canoes were also perceived on the beach and men moving towards them in animated groups as if preparing to come off to the ship.

Captain Bernard at first determined to resist any such attempt. But the supply of arms was so insignificant and the departure of so many of his crew had so weakened his power to resist attack that he decided to meet the savages peaceably and thus, perhaps, incline them to mercy. The ship was in no immediate danger of going to pieces. The weather was again serene, and it was hoped that the fears of attack might not be realized. If worst came to worst, they would sell their lives dearly.

Aware of the love of bright colors and decorations common to savages it occurred to Walter to bring out his paint-box and by means of it divert the attention and arouse the good humor of those who should first come on board. The idea was original and required a cool head and steady hand.

A dozen large canoes full of savages were now approaching the wreck. The carvings on the nearest boat showed that it bore the king of the island. The natives, whose chief clothing consisted of feathers and tattooing, swarmed over the sides, and seeing the peaceful disposition of the crew, at first ran helter-skelter over the decks, examining everything with childish curiosity and laying their hands on every object which attracted their covetousness. But their spears and beautifully carved clubs were not pleasant objects at the time, and their entire bearing seemed like that of wild animals which play with their victims before slaying them.

The king was a magnificent specimen of a barbarian, tall and powerfully built. He was completely covered with the most elaborate tattooed designs, as if clad in a garment of oriental embroidery. He was evidently vain of the beauty of this savage finery, this royal dude of the Pacific.

With a courage born of desperation, Walter began to block out the figure of a warrior with dabs of brilliant color such as would attract the eye of a savage. The chief looked on with exclamations of delight. Never had such splendor been seen by him before. Several savages collected around the chief and also gazed on the painted canvas with eager eyes.

As it in anticipation of a tragedy that could not be much longer deferred, the king laid his hand on Walter's shoulder, and with a gesture that indicated that he had adopted him, said something in tone of authority. At once the savages dispersed again over the ship and began their work of slaughter. Three or four of the unhappy crew were bound and thrown alive into the canoes. The others were cut down without mercy. Resistance was useless, as the savages outnumbered the crew by ten to one.

During this awful scene Walter stood trembling for his own life and horror-stricken by the fate of his companions. But no harm came to him, for the king stood by firmly grasping him by the arm, both to shield the youth from attack and to prevent him from attempting to escape, which would have proved fatal.

When the massacre was over the

savages returned to the island with their captives and plunder. They were welcomed home by throngs of women and children dancing and singing songs of triumph.

Walter never saw any of the crew of the ship again, nor did he for a long time dare to ask what fate had befallen them. But the king had not forgotten that Walter practised the arts of painting, and soon signified that he would like to see some exhibitions of what he considered a magical art. Fortunately the wreck still remained pretty much as it had been left owing to the continued fine weather, or it might have gone hard with the captive. He succeeded in making the king understand that the means by which he wrought his magic were still on the wreck. Accordingly the king took him out there to get his color box. While paddling to the ship, Walter conceived a plan to escape, which might be carried into execution provided the stores in the wreck were still in good order, which happily proved to be the case.

He found in the carpenter's shop a quantity of sealed pots of paint, together with a supply of large brushes, varnish and linseed oil, intended for painting the ship. These he caused to be transferred to the canoes, and also several spare topsails and other sails, and several coils of manilla rope and a few small tackle blocks. He also took his own color box and brushes for the finer work that might be required.

Walter began with sketch portraits of the prettiest girls and the handsomest warriors of the island, and also decorated the war canoes and clubs. He won immense applause and popularity by these efforts. This gave him courage to proceed further and to suggest to the king the construction of a royal pavilion right on the beach out of the sails he had brought from the ship. The scheme struck his copper-coloured majesty as simply immense. They were all enlisted to cut and sew the canvas. With considerable skill Walter succeeded in erecting a spacious tent with partitions and a

great change was taking place in the costumes of children. Last season the long skirts and picturesque Greenaway costumes were noticeable, but this year short plaided Scotch costumes and velvet Esme styles are popular.

Dotted muslin is inexpensive and about the pretties and freshest material that can be selected for a sash curtain. In the way of hangings there is nothing to be compared to good Nottingham lace.

It is quite hard to understand the reason of the late styles of headgear. They mean nothing. They are of no practical use. They are just ornaments. I speak of the frills, cakes, pans and shells of straw and fell which are being paraded in the shop windows. A hat is supposed to be worn to protect the head. But with the evolution of the present military creations the prescription from the doctor for all headache and nervous ills will be the ostracising of the headgear.

But at last a sail appeared moving in the oiling part of the island. Then she changed her course and headed directly for that part of the shore where the pavilion stood. When less than two miles away she hoisted and lowered her colours three times. Walter understood it as a signal. He carefully avoided any show of emotion before the natives, and when the vessel again stood away did not lose hope, for he was sure that his signal had been seen, and that this was the answer. He was up at dawn and cautiously walked down to the beach. There he saw a man-of-war's boat approaching, exactly as he had suggested.

But his movements had been perceived and suspected. With yell of rage the warriors swarmed at his heels, hurling their spears after him. As the boat touched the sand he sprang on board, but the savages rushed into the water following the boat as it moved off and wounding two or three of her crew. They were repelled by a volley of small arms, and Walter was filled with regret when he saw his friend and protector, the king, borne back to his pavilion mortally wounded. Freed from the savages the boat soon reached the ship, and Walter stood once more a free man under his country's flag.

It is not always a safe matter to hazard remarks upon the personal appearance of those with whom we come in contact. The writer once saw a specimen of the travelling Englishman completely sat upon for venturing on an impertinence of this kind. It was at a table d'hôte at Boulogne. The Englishman in question, a very burly individual, was accompanied by a lady, and sitting opposite to them was a young German, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gazing in a most persistent manner at him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone, said:

"I hate to see a man with rings on his fingers!"

The German replied to this with a supercilious sort of sneer; so the Englishman "went for him again, and said, in a still louder tone:

"Do you know what I would do with a ring if I had one?"

Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German, in a sulky growl, broke in:

"Vare it in your nose!"

It is companionship that helps to form and mould character. The company of good men, sought and cultivated, gives the upright character. The company of the vile, depraved and vicious gives the criminal, the shunned of society, the foul excrements the world is well rid of.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Interesting Selections for Lady Readers.

A woman never loses anything by being real. For a woman to be natural is for her to be an object of respect and love. She was created to sway, not as men sway by stronger physical powers, but in her own way and by her more gentle qualities. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world to-day. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of a humble clerk or a ten-time millionaire.

A boudoir dressing-case is a practical idea for ladies who live in little houses. The ordinary spectator only observes a handsome upright mirror, but the initiated owner will find at the back of it a comb, hairpins and other adjuncts whereby an incomplete toilet may quickly be rectified.

An observing floor-walker in a local dry-goods store has this distinction to make between the refined and the vulgar shopper: "Stylish women, whether they come in the cars or their carriage, wear cloth, flannel or cotton dresses, with bonnets to match, and brown or black gloves. They may have children with them, but dogs never, and their jewelry is limited to a brooch and a watch. These women buy when they find what they are looking for and they buy quickly, without asking any questions. The fashionable women wear lace or silk gowns, diamond earrings, white or pearl gloves, a lace or chiffon parasol and an air of importance. They do more shopping than buying and more fibbing than there is any need of. Nobody ever asks them to take an article, and yet it is a characteristic of these festive shoppers to look over a stock, say 'Well, bite their lips, ask a dozen questions and go off with a promise to 'come in to-morrow'."

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It is only Jennie; she always says what she thinks." "No one minds Will; he always speaks out." "One's family matters are those of his own household, certainly a woman's severest critics are to be found there also. Few of us realize how surely our words and actions are being weighed and measured by the observers, large and small, who surround us. We are unconscious of the judgments passed, because they are usually silent ones. When they happen to be spoken out instead of only thought, we are taken back, and something appalled, at the arraignment and sentence of which we had been entirely unaware.

It is the privilege of the family critic to be ruthlessly frank. Politeness is unnecessary, and consideration for the feelings of the condemned one ridiculously inappropriate. The strictures are given carelessly and freely, and offence to his inconsiderateness for the feelings of others.

If a man's foes are those of his own household, certainly a woman's severest critics are to be found there also. Few of us realize how surely our words and actions are being weighed and measured by the observers, large and small, who surround us. We are unconscious of the judgments passed, because they are usually silent ones. When they happen to be spoken out instead of only thought, we are taken back, and something appalled, at the arraignment and sentence of which we had been entirely unaware.

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THE QUEBEC MINISTRY.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE MEMBERS.

A Brilliant Gathering of Provincial Talent.—A Truly National Representation.

The Hon. C. E. B. De Boucherville.

HON. CHARLES E. B. DE BOUCHERVILLE, M.P., President of the Council and First Minister, is descended from Lieutenant-General Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Grosbois, Governor of Three Rivers in 1653, and founder of the seigniory of Boucherville. He is a son of the late Hon. P. Boucher de Boucherville, a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, by Amelia, sister of the Hon. C. S. Bleury. He was born at Boucherville on May 4, 1822, and educated at St. Sulpice College, Montreal. He pursued his medical studies at Paris, where he graduated. His first entrance into public life was in 1861, when he was elected to the Canadian Assembly from Chambly, and he continued to represent the county until Confederation. In 1867, he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Quebec, which seat he has ever since held. He was a member of the Executive Council and Speaker of the Legislative Council from July 1877, until February, 1878, and was entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet on the resignation of the Hon. Mr. Ouimet, which he accomplished on September 22, 1874. He continued in office until March, 1878, when his Government was dismissed by Mr. Letellier. He was called to the Senate in February, 1879.

Hon. J. S. Hall.

HON. JOHN S. HALL, JR., Treasurer, was born in Montreal, Aug. 7, 1853, and educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and at McGill University, where he graduated B.A. in 1874, and B.C.L. in 1875. He was called to the Bar in January, 1876, and appointed Q.C. in 1887. He was president of the University Literary Society, of the McGill Graduates Society, and of the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal. He is a member of the corporation of McGill University. He entered public life in 1886, when he was returned to the Legislative Assembly from Montreal West, and elected by acclamation in 1890.

Hon. J. A. Nantel.

HON. J. A. NANTEL, Commissioner of Public Works, is descended from an old French family of navigators from Dieppe. He is a son of G. Nantel, one of the first settlers in St. Jerome, and was born in that village on Nov. 4th, 1852. He was educated at the Seminary of St. Therese, and studied law with Mr. Justice Belanger and the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, with whom he subsequently practised in partnership for three years. In 1875 he was called to the Bar and was in practice as an advocate and editor of Le Nord, a colonization journal published at St. Jerome, until 1877. He was afterwards assistant editor of La Minerve, and is now chief editor of La Presse. His first entry into public life was at the general elections in 1882, when he was returned to the House of Commons from Terrebonne, but in August of that year he retired to make way for the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and was elected to the Legislative Assembly, which position he has since held.

Hon. T. C. Casgrain.

HON. THOMAS CHASE CASGRAIN, Q.C., Attorney General, a member of one of oldest French families in Canada, is a son of Senator Casgrain, of Windsor, Ont. He was born in Detroit in July, 1852, and received his education at the Seminary of Quebec and at Laval University, where he graduated in 1877 as master in laws, and took the Dufferin medal. He was appointed Q.C. in 1887. He is professor of criminal law at Laval University, and was granted the degree of Doctor of Laws by that University in 1888. He has represented the Crown during several terms of the Court of Queen's Bench, and was junior counsel for the Crown at the trial of Riel at Regina. He was first returned to the Assembly in 1886, and in 1890 did not seek re-election.

Hon. E. J. Flynn.

FLYNN, HON. EDMUND JAMES, Q. C., LL.D., Quebec, ex-M.P.P. for Gaspe county, is a native of the county he so ably represented for twelve years and more in the Quebec Legislature, having been born at Perce, on the 10th of November, 1847. His father, the late James Flynn, who was of Irish descent, was during his lifetime a trader and farmer in Perce, the place of his birth. His grandfather was born a century ago, it is said, on the journey from Ireland and settled down in Perce as merchant, where he did an extensive business and filled also the position of preventive officer in H. M. Customs. There are now four generations of this family in Canada, and they have become, by marriage with French Canadians, their education and social relations, thorough Canadians in the proper sense of the word. His mother, Elizabeth Toskevin, was also a native of Perce, though her father was from the island of Guernsey, one of the English channel islands in Europe, where Mr. Flynn has many relatives on his mother's side. His mother's ancestors are from old Normandy and of French extraction. The Hon. Mr. Flynn was educated at the Quebec Seminary and at the Laval University, Quebec, graduating with honors, having taken at Laval the degree of master-in-law (LL.B.), in July, 1873. And Laval again, in 1878 presented him with the degree of LL.B. He adopted law as a profession, and in September, 1878, he was called to the bar of Quebec, and has ever since continued to practise as barrister, etc., in the ancient capital. Previous to this time, he, from 1867 to 1869, held the positions of deputy-registrar, deputy-prothonotary, deputy-clerk of the Circuit Court of the Crown and of the Peace, for the county of Gaspe, conjoinedly with that of secretary-treasurer of Perce municipality. He has been a professor of Roman Law in Laval University since 1874. From the 29th of October 1879, to the 31st of July, 1882, he was Commissioner of Crown Lands for the province of Quebec; commissioner of

railways, from the 11th of February, 1884, till July, 1885, and Solicitor General from the 12th May, 1885, till the 20th of January, 1887. When the Hon. Mr. Taillon formed his cabinet after the resignation of the Ross administration, the Hon. Mr. Flynn felt himself bound to decline a portfolio in Mr. Taillon's cabinet, on the ground that he did not consider that the latter could command the confidence of the House, and it was not possible to expect another dissolution. Mr. Flynn had, on the same ground, declined, in 1879, a portfolio in the Joly Government. He has, on the 21st December last, entered the De Boucherville administration as Commissioner of Crown Lands, resuming thereby his old department, with which he had already thoroughly familiarized himself. The Hon. Mr. Flynn was made a Queen's Counsel in 1887. He has taken an active part in political affairs for the past eighteen years and has been a candidate at ten different elections, nine of which were in the County of Gaspe. First in 1874, when he presented himself as a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons at Ottawa, but afterwards withdrew from the field when he was made a professor in Laval University, it being considered incompatible to hold both offices. Again in 1875 and 1877, for the Quebec Legislature, when he was defeated after a very severe contest, there being only small majorities against him, especially in 1877. This election he contested, and unseated his opponent; and the enthusiasm which his speeches aroused could not prevent the return of his adversary, Mr. Fremont, by a

tendency, against the greatest array of electing forces that this country had ever witnessed. Mr. Mercier literally stormed the county with stump orators, agents, canvassers, all furnished with all the means necessary to seduce the people. Bribery, corruption, treating, illegal methods, promises of all kinds, were resorted to to defeat the candidate of the people, and, unfortunately for the county, a majority was found to elect Achille Carrier, a young unledged barrister of Quebec.

The Hon. Mr. Flynn then resolved to remain quietly in the exercise of his profession for sometime, and although it was very easy to have the election of July 1890 set aside, he declined to interfere in the contestation himself and left to Providence to appoint the hour when full justice would be done to him, and his old constituents realize clearly the mistake they had made and the loss sustained by them and the Province generally. In spite of his determination to remain out of active politics for some time, when the Dominion election took place in February and March, 1891, the electors of the County of Quebec, Sir Adolphe Caron's old division, after many entreaties induced Mr. Flynn to run for that County, which he did. The contest lasted 14 days and it is stated by men who witnessed the fight that never candidate showed more activity, energy and capacity to grapple with enormous difficulties than Mr. Flynn did. Corruption, however, was too strong for him, and his eloquence and the enthusiasm which his speeches aroused could not prevent the return of his adversary, Mr. Fremont, by a

majority in 1892 and 1893. In Janmar, 1884, he was appointed Attorney General, which office he held till January, 1887, when he was Premier from January 25 to January 27. He was leader of the Opposition from then to 1890. Mr. Taillon is one of the most honorable men in Canada's public life. He occupies a seat in the new Cabinet without portfolio.

Hon. Louis Beaubien.

The Hon. LOUIS BEAUBIEN, Commissioner of Agriculture, is a son of Dr. Pierre Beaubien, of the University of Paris, by Dame Justine Casgrain, daughter of Pierre Casgrain, seigneur of Riviere Ouelle. His father represented Montreal from 1841 to 1844, and Champlain from 1848 to 1851, in the Canadian Assembly. He was born July 27, 1837, and in 1864 married a daughter of the late Sir Andrew Stuart, of Quebec. His education was received at St. Sulpice College, Montreal. Mr. Beaubien has devoted himself principally to agricultural affairs and to the management of his landed property which is extensive. He has been a member of the Agricultural Council of the Province and president of the Agricultural Society of Hochelaga. Was a captain in the old Chasseurs Canadiens. Mr. Beaubien was an active promoter of the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway, of which he was vice-president and also a promoter of the Laurentides Railway. Elected in 1867 to the Legislative Assembly by the county of Hochelaga, he held the seat until 1886, when he retired. He also represented the county in the House of Commons from 1872 until

Minister of Militia in the Federal Parliament, and in 1880 he accepted the presidency of the council which he afterward resigned owing to ill-health. He represented the county of Terrebonne from 1887 to 1889, when he was named Senator. He was a Legislator and Counsellor. On the dismissal of Hon. Jean-Maurice Mousseau he was called to form a new Ministry, but was obliged to refuse owing to bad health. He was Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec from Nov. 1884 until Oct. 1887. He was named Senator in February 1890.

Hon. John McIntosh.

HON. JOHN MCINTOSH, Jr., Minister without Portfolio, was born of Scotch parents, in the County of Laprairie, in 1842. He was for some years manager of the Canadian Meat and Stock-Raising Company, and has lately been largely engaged in the export of produce and cattle to England. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly at the general elections in 1886, and was re-elected at last general elections.

ABOUT ALTAR BOYS.

An Open Letter from One Who Knows Them.

It is my lot—perhaps I ought to say my happy lot—to be quite well acquainted, and in fact to have a good deal to do with a certain set of altar-boys. Yet I grieve to say that it is not always a happy lot. There are less than two dozen of them, from nine years of age to seventeen, and have reason to think they are tolerably good altar-boys; but—they might be much better.

Sometimes I get them together—the process resembling that of getting so many little rolling balls of mercury together—and try to tell them what a real earnest altar-boy ought to be. I tell them of St. Tarcius, acolyte and server of the Blessed Sacrament, patron of servers at the holy altar; and of St. Stanislaus and St. Aloisius and St. John Berchmans, who loved so dearly to serve Mass, and who were so quiet and recollect in church, and so devout at prayer. I tell them how the angels feel a holy envy of them at their sacred duty, and how the sanctuary is full of angels, pressing reverently around the altar, and how a priest, whom some of them perhaps have seen, told his little server one day, that they were the happiest people in the church, because they came nearest to our Lord.

But at first the boys think it hard to listen, and though sometimes, when they do listen, their faces grow very serious, and you can see they are touched by what they hear,—alas! as we all know, a boy's memory is very short, and presently saints and angels seem quite forgotten for the sake of some silly whisper to a comrade, some idle laugh or wandering gaze, some foolish bit of fun.

Now if I may be permitted to speak from some ten years' experience with the race of altar-boys, the truth comes very greatly from two things.

First, the boys do not recognize sufficiently the dignity of their position. Give any one of those seventeen boys, whom, Sunday after Sunday, it is my privilege, but also my trial, to meet—give any one of them an important errand to do. Each one, I am confident, would be likely to fulfil it in a satisfactory and manly fashion. So what I claim is that each one could do the same in his holy calling, could we bring him to understand how important that calling is.

But second, they need systematic training in this.

An altar-boy is something more than a machine to speak Latin, and carry caskets and light candles; he is something more than an ordinary Sunday-school scholar. He stands apart from all other boys in view of everybody's eye; he needs a special grace, this altar-boy, who, whether he be seven or seventeen, is just the age his Lord was once, and who ought to remember that, and also how very near to our Lord's body and blood he comes.

We owe our own debt of respect and thanks to these faithful little fellows, coming sturdily through all weathers in the early morning, at 6 o'clock or 6:30 or 7 or 8, to serve Mass. We ought to pray for them, and not be too hard on them if sometimes they do not act like angels. Nevertheless, they might be harder on themselves. Let them think over this fact carefully, that they need a great grace to do such work as theirs.—Sacred Heart Review.

Modern Heathens.

They had a regular Kilkenny cat fight in the Anglican church in Newry, North of Ireland, a few days ago. The combatants were the rector and eleven vestrymen; and the innocent cause of the war was an altar (?) cloth bearing the letters I.H.S. These obnoxious letters, it appears, had long been a source of division and strife in the congregation; and the contention for the possession of the cloth ended during the service in a veritable tug-of-war. Of course the rector was no match for the eleven muscular vestrymen; and so they soon bested the man of God, and bore away in triumph the braided emblem of "Popish superstition," which they tore into smithereens. I.H.S.—Jesus Hominum Salvator—(Jesus, Saviour of Men) was not wanted in that Protestant conventicle in the "black North."—Catholic Union.

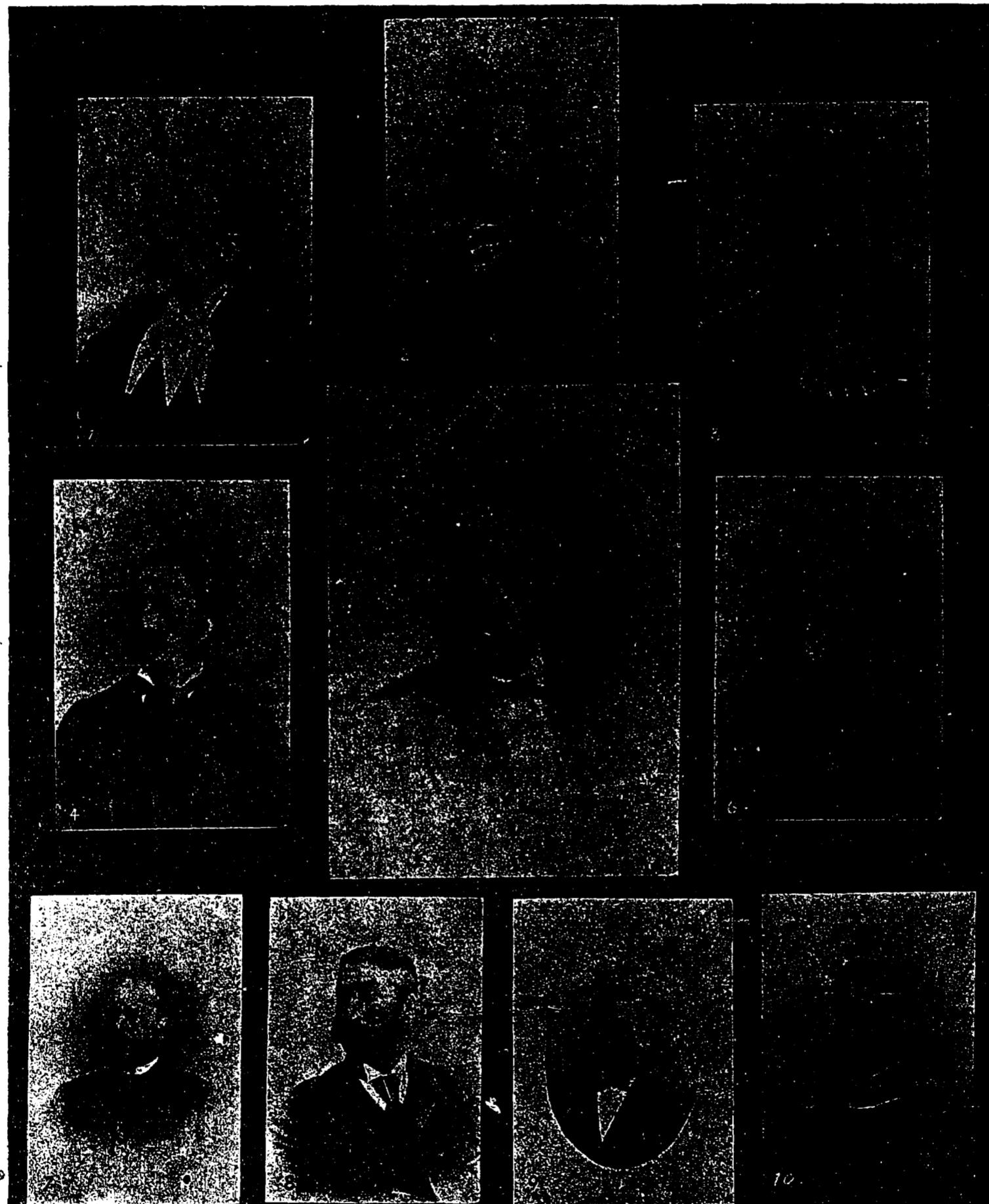
Forensic Bullies' A. Protest.

There is a correspondence going on in the Irish Times on "cross-examination." One correspondent writes: "I have lately been defrauded of a large sum of money, and have had my securities appropriated by a defaulting broker. Shall I prosecute him? Certainly not. Some I have immensely wealthy relatives who could afford to secure the well-paid services of the requisite number of forensic bullies; and his defence would, no doubt, be 'nolly'—that is to say, he would obtain his conviction and punishment; this is not so certain that I should myself be treated as a fool and a liar and a greater rogue than he is. I should leave the court without burning desire to break his counsel, and still less to do so before the jury, and I decided to leave the庭 alone."

Another correspondent writes: "I have a bright entertainment—Auntie Fortune's Run."

THE QUEBEC CABINET.

1—Hon. T. C. Casgrain. 2—Hon. E. J. Flynn. 3—Hon. J. S. Hall. 4—Hon. Louis Beaubien. 5—Hon. C. E. B. De Boucherville (Premier). 6—Hon. L. O. Taillon. 7—Hon. L. J. R. Masson. 8—Hon. John McIntosh. 9—Hon. J. A. Nantel. 10—Hon. L. P. Pelletier.



comparatively small majority. The Liberal candidate had carried the same County by 781 majority in the local elections of 1890. Mr. Flynn had not unfortunately the aid required. He succumbed bravely, and again resumed, as if nothing had occurred to disturb the tranquility of his mind, the exercise of his profession. Be it said, en passant, that never has there been a lawyer whose success has been greater than his during this year of active and constant attention to his business.

Useless to say that Mr. Flynn's habits are those of the student and scholar, and the thought of resuming active political life by entering into the De Boucherville Government has done violence to his most intimate feelings. His friends are aware in Quebec that he hesitated very much to accept office, and nothing else than an imperative sense of duty induced him to yield to the pressing invitation of his friends, and again commence anew the battle of active political life.

The Hon. Mr. Flynn has always been a principle Liberal-Conservative. By his first struggles in the county of Gaspe he succeeded in securing for the electors complete freedom and independence in

the exercise of their franchise, which had been affected by the interference of certain large commercial firms. In the Legislature, the part played by Hon. Mr. Flynn has been most prominent, as regards constitutional questions in particular. He has won for himself the well deserved reputation of being a strong and energetic upholder of constitutional liberty; in proof of this, it will suffice to refer to his noble and manly defence of the liberty of the press in the case of the Nouvelliste, in 1885, and his most eloquent speech on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, etc.

His attention has been given to many other subjects of importance, such as that of colonization, which he has always endeavoured to promote. He is the author of a Homestead law for the benefit of settlers. His administration of the Crown Lands was marked with an increase in the revenue, increase in the value of timber limits, mineral lands, and by many useful rules and regulations, calculated to promote colonization and the welfare of the many persons in the province who are occupiers of the crown lands. Many other important measures were framed by him and carried through the Legislature by him, namely: The Quebec General Mining Act of 1880; several acts concerning the crown lands, railways, the protection of forests, and encouragement of planting of trees, etc. He has also always taken a most lively interest in the question of the construction of a railway from Metapedia, on the Intercolonial Railway, to Paspébiac and Gaspe Basin. Grants in lands were secured in 1882, whilst he was Commissioner of Crown Lands in 1880.

In 1884, when dual representation was abolished. He was speaker of the Legislative Assembly from Nov. 1876, until April 1878. Since 1886 he has not taken an active part in public affairs.

Hon. L. P. Pelletier.

HON. L. P. PELLETIER, Provincial Secretary, was born at Trois-Pistoles, County Temiscouata, and educated at the college of St. Anne and at Laval University. He was called to the Bar in 1861, and acted as Crown prosecutor at Quebec for some years. He is president of the National Conservative Association of the province, replacing the late Senator Trudel. In 1887 he was appointed to the Legislative Council, but a year later he resigned and was elected to the Assembly from Dorchester, which county he still represents.

Hon. L. J. R. Masson.

The Hon. L. J. R. MASSON is the fourth son of the late Hon. Jos. Masson. He was born at Terrebonne on the 7th Nov. 1833. He commenced his studies at Jesuit College, Georgetown and Worcester, and concluded at St. Hyacinthe. In November 1859, he was admitted to the Bar. In 1878, he was appointed

DUBLIN.

VISITED AND DESCRIBED ONCE MORE.

"A Handsomer Town it is Impossible to See on a Summers-Day."

O bay of Dublin! girded about with low, green hills, whose tops are swathed in mist, and whose gentle slopes ooze perpetually. How eagerly I watched for your undiscovered shores to shape themselves out of the great cloud that lay upon the face of the waters! How impatiently I waited that dreary day in the Irish Channel, while the wind and the rain and the sleet beat upon us and drove us within the dingy cabin, where for four mortal hours we tossed giddily 'twixt Holyhead and Kingstown, until we touched land at last, drenched and discomfited. The eyes of everything gushed and gurgled. The gutters were at high tide—but the roar of the sea was well out of our ears, and there was some comfort in that. Had I but a tithe of the philosophy of Carlyle—who was one of the most unhappy of tourists—I might have found much of interest in the ship that brought me over. He did. Turn to his "Irish Notes," and see how he told himself the tales of his fellow-travellers. He had a tender corner in his crusty heart—had Carlyle; and his companions in misery could awaken his sympathy when no one else could. Well, there was nothing to rest the eye during the brief run by rail from Kingstown to Dublin; nothing but a broadside of keen raindrops lashing the shut windows. So I stared about at the tired faces of my unknown neighbours, and not one of us but was leeking at the elbows, and had a limp hat-brim wilting over his eyes. I have somewhere read that it rains in Ireland, and so it does—God love it! But Ireland is justly proud

HEE GREEN MANTLE;

and but for the prodigal rains, how would it keep it color? As for Dublin, the not too flattering Thackeray has said of it: "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day." O best-beloved of novelists! Moreover, it is summer now, and I have seen Dublin town in rain and shine, and I joyfully repeat—a handsomer town is not within the range of summer possibilities. I have measured the length and breadth of Sackville Street, pronounced by competent judges the finest thoroughfare in Europe." I have stood on Carlisle Bridge, with its three arches spanning the Liffey, and seen the quays and the great buildings, the monuments and the columns, and with all my heart pronounce them good. I have threaded the numerous tramways, running in almost every direction. Have dropped down upon suburban Donnybrook, of frolicsome memory, and found it the most peaceful of nooks, with a spruce village air and never the shadow of a shilluh to gladden the eyes of me, and assure me that the dear old Ireland of my dreams is not all a dream. There are grassy fields there, where the sheep feed in peace and plenty; and a highly respectable chapel or two—but no fair for me to behold with these longing and questioning eyes; for it is not the fair-season, and Donnybrook is as quiet as the grave. Glasnevin, on the other hand, has its Botanical Garden, and that is always in bloom. It was once a private park, the property of the great Tickell; and here no doubt he composed his best work, the author of "The Hermit"; Brinsley Sheridan, Swift's poor "Stella," frequented its pleasant paths; and one of the latter is known to this day as "Addison's Walk," for it was the one the author of the Spectator loved best of all. I tried to find their footprints, to picture them as they loitered under the oaks—

OUT OF THE RAIN.

—chatting gaily with one another. All what rare chaffing there must have been in those days when there is so much of its palatable flavor left even to these times! My search was vain: I found only trim walks, under the sharp eyes of a half-score of officials, and a peremptory order to refrain from smoking on the premises. Close at hand is the cemetery: there lies the dust of Curran and O'Connell. A narrow path worn through the thick sod leads to the former; but O'Connell's body, in its oak casket, reposes under a high grey tower, and looks not unlike a decapitated lighthouse. When the guard of the mausoleum showed me into the inner chamber, I thrust my hand through the screen that encloses the casket of the great agitator, and touched it reverently; saying the while the prayer that is ever on the lips when one visits the City of the Dead. Above the door of the mausoleum are inscribed O'Connell's last words: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to God." And so it came to pass that his body lies under the monumental tower, up and down whose hollow chamber our voices went wailing like lost spirits, as we stood by the sarcophagus, the guard and I, reading that inscription aloud. His heart is deposited in the Irish College at Rome; his soul, I trust, has long since found that haven it aspired to. As at a military funeral the band which has played a solemn dirge on its way to the grave, breaks forth into a lively quickstep when returning, so I left the cemetery with a smile. I had chanced to read the inscription on a stone erected to the memory of an estimable lady whose daughter and son-in-law bore testimony to her virtues in couplets signed with their names in full. In the office, at the cemetery gate, is a register at the service of those who delight in displaying their signatures to the public gaze. Many are the comments one reads in that interesting volume, and among them

I FOUND THE NAME

of the gentleman who had but recently interred his mother-in-law. His comments were brief, but no doubt heartfelt; he wrote: "I am entirely satisfied with everything in this place!" Trinity College—ah, yes! That was what kept me in Dublin, when I was longing to get out into the bogs and discover for myself a "wild Irishman," with knee breeches

and a scarlet waistcoat, and stumpy pipe stuck in his hatband. Trinity College is large, stately and colorless, with bare quadrangles and a general air of nakedness that would make it an eyesore were it in Oxford or Cambridge. Trinity might have been founded in 1311, but it was not. Pope Clement V granted a bull to the Archbishop of Dublin, which was not acted upon. But the college sprang into existence under his successor, Pope John XXII. Henry VIII suppressed it; Queen Elizabeth reopened it under the title of the "College of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity near Dublin." Here Burke and Curran spoke their first pieces; Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Moore wrote their first compositions, worthy of the name; and here many, who afterward became famous orators, first wrangled in debate. At the door you meet Burke and Goldsmith in enduring bronze, and I am free to confess that my ardent desire was to be shown the rooms where poor "Noll" used to entertain his friends when he had made a few shillings by the sale of a ballad to a shopman down the street. What nights they were, in Goldsmith's youthful days, when the old quadrangle rang with shouts of laughter! And, oh, what a night that was when the fun grew fast and furious, and at last, all on a sudden, in came an irate tutor and fumed poor "Noll" before his astonished guests! Of course he ran away after that, did "Nolly" Goldsmith; and nearly starved to death, as was his wont. But there he stands now, the very

HEAD AND FRONT OF OLD TRINITY;

and not a tutor in the land—nay, nor rector either—but may uncover as he passes. In the refectory at Trinity are portraits of distinguished Irishmen, each subject painted in the very attitude in which he distinguished himself—at least so it would appear. The beautiful library is ornamented with busts of poets, sages and philosophers, who silently file down the long narrow hall, between walls that are lined with more than two hundred thousand volumes—their straight backs turned scornfully upon the world. What was it that pleased me most in that fine library? What was it that awakened reverent interest? It was the famous Book of Kells—a Latin copy of the Gospels attributed to St. Columba, who lived in the sixth century. Trinity College library is entitled by law to a copy of every work published in Great Britain—I wonder what the most ancient and venerable Book of Kells thinks of the mob of modern upstart authors crowding in upon it day by day? Really, there is nothing in all Dublin more delightful than this great hall of learning, filled with a kind of hallowed light, wherein the best youth of Ireland have browsed in their hungry and hopeful days. Michael Angelo Titmarsh didn't reverence the college museum: it must be acknowledged that the gigantic but gentle Thackeray did but scant justice to the Green Isle. He was English, you know, to the backbone, and he had an unloving horror of Holy Church. Peace to his prejudices, now that they have come to an end! I could not quit the place without a search for the chambers of Charlie O'Malley, of rollicking memory. Poor Lever! Read the preface to "Lord Killgobbin," and see how sad an Irishman may be when he is laid away, as it were, in a Florentine palace, his youth gone, his health broken, his heart burdened with grief. What a world of difference between the frolicsome Fellows of Trinity, with boisterous mirth

THE FLYING HOURS.

and the exiles of Erin who go into sunnier lands seeking health, and succeeding only in prolonging their misery! Would you believe it?—St. Patrick's Well, the very well wherein he baptized the first royal convert, is hidden under the pavement of a Protestant cathedral! It still flows, and pilgrims flock thither to drink of it, an' to fee the good old soul who dips up a cupful of water and pockets her copper with a blessing on her lip; that is worth treble the money. The cathedral has its story, of course—it's story of marvellous vicissitudes: what ancient edifice in the old country has not? Originally founded in A.D. 118, it gave place to the present structure in the year 1190. Then began its season of trial. In 1584, and for eighteen years following, it was used as a court of law. During Cromwell's invasion of Ireland the horses of his troopers were stalled therein. James II. made it of a barracks: William III., after the Battle of the Boyne, road to it in state, and publicly gave thanks within the choir. But the final blow was struck when the old cathedral was thoroughly restored and hopelessly modernized at a cost of £140,000. Here rest the ashes of Dean Swift and Hester Johnston, whom the world knows as the Dean's "Steles." Of course one casts a sentimental glance at the house where Dean Swift used to live, and the early home of Tommy Moore. There was a grocery on the ground floor of the house in Tom's day, and Tom's father used to keep it. It was a good place for a young poet, whose imagination bloomed in Oriental splendor—a good place to get out of. I was quite willing to follow his example, and turned to Phoenix Park in joyful expectation. Was there ever an Irish novelist but flew to the Park as the bee to the clover? There is room enough for all of them among its 1,750 acres of meadow and lawn, of hill and dale, of grass-land leafy hollow

AND TANGLED COSE.

It is as wild as nature, and much wilder than the deer that roam over it, feeding like sheep in flocks of a hundred or two together. You come upon small lakes as you wander and now and again upon a stream nearly hidden in the dense brush. You lose sight of everybody in deep groves where the shadows gather; and you pass from one enchanting pastoral landscape to another, continually encountering herds of deer, that merely lift their heads a moment to look at you with large, dark eyes, and then drop their soft glances to the moist, sweet sward again, and take no further notice of you. The "fifteen acres" in one corner of this Arcadia, now reserved for frequent military reviews, was formerly the favorite resort of duelists. It was here that O'Connell fought D'Esterre with such earnestness that the great agitator, in a spirit of contrition, resolved never again to fire a shot—before breakfast!

"All right," I laughed; "I think a tiger would find it difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beast as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, sleepy-looking animal, such as I had once seen in a travelling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew com-

through which you enter the pretty little village of the Strawberry Beds. This ravine is literally choked with garmous beggars. They assail you the moment you alight from your carriage, and, in fact, long before; for their heads are thrust in at the windows—queer old heads, done up in clumsy, weather-stained hoods, with queer old faces buried two inches deep in ruffles. When you descend you are embraced by half a score of "poor widders," who burden you with Lord's blessings, and long life, and the top o' the morning, until you are hopelessly in their debt. Fortunately, it would be well enough if this were the end of all, but it isn't: they send you on your journey with smiles and tears and courtesies and good wishes enough to swamp any single gentleman: and these, I suspect, are not wholly gratis, but

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A post, or "tank," as they are called,

surrounded by dense foliage, festooned

by parasitical climbing plants, glowing

with flowers of every imaginable hue;

humming birds, like fiery gems, flashed

hither and thither, darting in and out

among the trees. On the "tank" floated

water fowl of every kind, and the banks

were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumes

rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and

variety of color. But now the shadows

were deepening, the crimson on the mountain tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghastly.

The plucked fruit is for sale at every

door—a large leaf full of luscious berries

for sixpence, and as much cream as you

please for nothing. Fine young Irish

girls, as pure as the snow, beguile you

with berries and ginger-beer; little tow-

headed youngsters sell you "posies" for

your button-hole; and there is a drop of the

"critter" just over the way. The

village is an idyl with a flavor of whisky

and fruit in it; but it has its shady

side—what village has not?

The crowds gather and brood over it in armies; and all day the cries of the watching

women are heard upon the hillside, varied

at intervals by the whiz of flying mis-

siles. Ah, but they are the bad shots!

And not the crowd of the lot but knows it

well. "Do they trouble you, gran'ma?"

said I to one of the relief guard just going on duty. "Fix, and they do!" said she.

"And it's not one of them here,"

said they'll be after ating but just the biggest

and ripest, bad luck to 'em!" "Amen!"

I added below my breath, and started for the carriage at the top of the hill: for

the rain was coming down the glen with a

a sound as of many waters. As for Dublin, it is a fine city, and a handsome one

too. It is wide awake, prosperous, rather

clean, and very cheerful in fair weather.

I was assured by a fellow of Trinity

that the best English in the world is

spoken in Dublin; and the brogue that

rolled from his tongue at that moment

you could have buttered your bread with,

and it was sweeter than honey in the

honecomb—God bless him!"—C.W. STOD-

BICYCLE V. TIGER.

BY LAURA E. STARR.

I was always very fond of bicycling,

and from the time when I was a small

boy and labored for hours with a bone

shaker to the days when I became the

proud possessor of one of the first bicy-

cles ever made. I revelled in the enchant-

ing pastime, spending hours, which

should have been otherwise occupied, on

the back of my iron horse, thus putting

my physical powers a long way ahead of

my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of

a book, and was never happy unless

scouring the country on my bicycle.

My father was a doctor in a Kentish town,

and having a large family, he was thank-

ful indeed when, at the age of nineteen,

a commission was obtained for me by a

wealthy friend in a regiment about to

sail for India.

A grand new bicycle was my father's

parting present, and great was my de-

light at finding that another young "sub,"

in my regiment was also a bicyclist.

In these days, when the "iron

wheel" has so many varieties, this may

seem nothing strange; but to realize my

surprise and pleasure you must remem-

ber that a bicycle was then a compara-

tive curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to

be stared at and admired or otherwise

ignored.

Our bicycles were, I believe, the first

ever seen in India: and as we rode to-

gether in the town, some days after our

arrival, one would have thought it was

the triumphal entry of some Eastern

potentate.