

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 9.

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NO. 422.

## LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD.

Majestic warder by the Nation's gate,  
Epic crowned, flame armed like Agony or Glory,  
Telling the tablets of some unknown law,  
With gesture eloquent and mute as Fate,  
We stand about thy feet in solemn awe,  
Like desert-tribes who seek their Sphinx's story,  
And question thee in spirit and in speech.  
What art thou? Whence? What comes thou to teach?  
What vision hold those introverted eyes  
Of Revolutions framed in centuries?  
Thy flame—what threat, or guide for sacred way?  
Thy tablet—what commandment? What Sinai?

Lo! as the waves make murmur at thy base,  
We watch the sombre grandeur of thy face,  
And ask thee—what thou art.

I am Liberty,—God's daughter!  
My symbols—Law and a torch;  
Not a sword to threaten slaughter,  
Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch;  
But a light that the world may see,  
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,  
And I am the sister of Faith;  
To-day adored for my beauty,  
To-morrow, led forth to death,  
I am the whom eyes pray for;  
Heroes suffered undismayed for;  
Whom the martyrs were betrayed for!

I am a bird that will fly from a hard grown tree  
My red and white from a hard grown tree  
My red and white from a hard grown tree  
My red and white from a hard grown tree

I am Liberty! Free of nation or praise of statute is naught to me;  
Freedom is growth and not creation: one man's free, one man's free.  
One basin flows to one situation; but he shall the million souls be won?  
Freedom is more than a resolution: it is not free who is free alone.

Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the dawning sun;  
Evil recedes from the spirit's moving as mist from the hollow when night is done.  
I am the test, O silent tellers, holding the scales of error and truth;  
Proving the heritage held by spoliators from hard hands empty, and wasted youth.  
Hither, ye blind, from your futile ending; know the rights, and the rights are won;  
Wrong shall die with the understander; do the truth clear and the work is done.  
Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge; whose need is ninety enslaved for ten;  
My word shall stand against art and college; THE PLAN BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN!  
And hither, ye weary ones and beatless, searching the seas for a kindly shore,  
I am Liberty! patient, disabused—set by Love at the Nation's door.

—N. Y. World, October 28.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## For the Record.

### "To an Unbeliever."

There is no God? Oh! yes, my friend,  
He rules the world's vast heavens above,  
And mingles 'mid the stars here,  
The best of all—a Father's love.

There is no Heaven? Oh! yes, my friend,  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
The glories of that beautiful place,  
The King of kings for evermore.

There is no Hell? Oh! yes, my friend,  
A flaming, burning, glowing mist,  
To punish forever the guilty throng,  
Whose souls from sin are never free.

Gentlest Faith, shine on this soul,  
Oh! pierce the darkness of my mist,  
And make it to thy whirling list.

C. Q.

## Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

### JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Amherst, N. S., Oct. 27th, 1886.

Music Hall was filled to overflowing last evening when Justin McCarthy delivered his great lecture on "The Cause of Ireland." The audience was representative, embracing leading professional and business men of the town and surrounding country. When Mr. McCarthy entered the hall he was greeted with a long and prolonged outburst of applause, and the frequency of similar outbursts, which his words were received, his lecture took one hour and forty minutes in delivery, and if there were any waverers present at 8 p. m., when Justin McCarthy stepped upon the stage, it is safe to assume, from the enthusiasm which was manifested by all during the delivery of the closing sentences of his speech, that such persons were converted to the "cause." Judge Morse, who presided, thanked Mr. McCarthy, on behalf of the audience, for the treat which he had given them. The chairman uttered the sentiments of all when he exclaimed with enthusiasm that "Any people demanding Home Rule, in a constitutional way, would find a responsive chord in every Nova Scotian heart." Immediately after the lecture, Mr. McCarthy was entertained at a banquet, in I. C. Dining Hall, where some seventy persons assembled to do honor to the distinguished Irishman. After the good things had been duly disposed of, His Honor Judge Morse, in a few well chosen remarks, complimented Mr. McCarthy and the Irish Parliamentary Party on the success they had achieved in their fight for Irish freedom, and introduced Rev. A. O'Neill, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's College, who delivered the following address of welcome to Mr. McCarthy:

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN.—Permit me very gratefully to express my appreciation of the honor accorded me in being selected as your mouth piece in the accomplishment of the delightful duty that draws us together this evening. That duty, Mr. McCarthy, is to extend to you, on behalf of the Celtic hearts of

through the murky canopy of her penal night. True, Moore, singing of that saddest era, tells us that

"While History's muse the memorial was keeping  
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,  
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,  
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves."

And we, too, perhaps, who claim the high honor of having Irish blood in our veins, may weep at the perusal of that sad story; but our tears are no bitter streams evoked by dishonor or enforced by shame. They are crystal drops that we joy to shed o'er the countless graves of our honored dead. As a son of Irish parents I, for one, glory in those "blotted leaves," for that muse of history never dipped her pen in the golden ink of light to write on the tablets of the world's heroism a grander triumph than the victory of Irish nationality and faith which those blotted leaves record.

And although Erin lost her crown of nationhood, we can still find cause for pride in that she has never lost her national instincts, has never proved a quiescent slave. Every decade of the baleful seventy which have elapsed since the phrase "Poor Ireland" first gained a meaning has heard her protest against oppressor, and more than one of those decades have seen an eruption which proved too well that the volcano of Irish discontent was anything but extinct. Not wanting to Erin were noble sons, who held

"That it becomes no man to nurse despair  
But in the path of blighted antiquity  
To follow up the worthless till he die."

Their "worthiest" was the endeavor to strike the shackles from off their mother's limbs; and that thousands of them followed it to the cannon's mouth, the scaffold's beam or the dungeon cell, the world bears witness and our hearts attest. Men looking at the picture of their dead say they failed, but in the fullest and deepest sense of the word they were victors. No life whose aim is noble, whose battles are fought on the side of truth and justice and freedom, is ever a failure. No martyred child of liberty dies in vain. The slender form of Emmet robbed the scaffold of its ignominy while he was yet in the flush of his youthful manhood; yet who shall say that his life and death have not engendered to Ireland as many patriot hearts as ever throbbled responsive to the master touch of O'Connell. The men of '98 and '48 may have employed means less prudent than their motives were pure, but one thing they did achieve:—

Freedom's cause they swung and the oars  
They kept burning.

Not less worthy of our gratitude than these are the men who have believed and believed that as mind is mightier than matter, so ideas are more potent than swords; and that public opinion can effect wider and more lasting breaches in the ramparts of injustice than can the combined artillery of the world. So thought O'Connell, and the monster dragon, British misrule, reeled before his onslaught. So thought Parnell, and he was wounded unto death, that dragon totters to its speedy fall. Yes, the centuries struggle draws near its end. It may be yet a year or two before our distinguished guest ceases to be a member of the Irish parliament, but no one can well doubt that the change must come. Humanity's sympathies are on the side of Erin, and to nothing less than Home Rule is humanity disposed to say, "Amen." The spirit of the Irish barrister, in the dawn of the present century protested that the great Creator of the world has given to our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom still survives; for five millions of his countrymen, the crown of the world, that number of their kindred abroad not only assert with Goid, that the God of nature never meant that Ireland should be a province, but with a conviction born of assured success, and with him, "And by that God She never shall."

As lovers of the land in whose glories we exult, and whose sorrows we have mourned, our hearts warm to all who have helped to break her fetters and free her from her thralldom. To the master-intellect of the British Empire the "Grand Old Man" who, not ashamed to confess that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday, made Ireland's autonomy a certainty, not a contingency, our gratitude is due and given. When, in the greatest speech of his eventful life, he told the world that "The best and surest foundation statesmen can find to build on is that afforded by the convictions, the affections, and the will of man," Irishmen forget Kilmalsham cry "God bless Gladstone." But, gentle men, if it be true, as has been said, that there is only one man who could make that speech, it is not less true that there is only one man who could render it possible for even Gladstone to make it, and that man is Parnell. To him and his devoted colleagues must be given our warmest thanks, our most cordial love. The obsolete lie, that Irishmen are unfit to govern themselves, they have robbed of even semblance of truth, for, during the past few years, they have shown themselves not only the practical rulers of Ireland, but the governing political element in the civil affairs of Great Britain. The most illustrious man of their number, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, is our honored guest, Mr. Justin McCarthy. Connection with the Irish Party has brought distinction to others of its members. Mr. McCarthy's membership has conferred distinction on the Party. Where the ambition of less noble men would have led them to other aims, our guest elected to "follow up the worthless." His devotion to Mother Erin has been unswerving; his share of her triumph will be not little and in our affections must be ever great, and hence, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in

proposing the health of Mr. Justin McCarthy, you will permit me to add the sentiment:—

May he long serve the land that awakes  
From her slumber the land that awakes  
May his fame never be tarnished, his glory  
Never fade;  
And may earth's sweetest Harp ever shrill  
In its numbers  
This wreath-crowned hero of Parnell's Brigade.

Mr. McCarthy responded in a happy speech of some twenty minutes' duration. He spoke at some length of the kind words of encouragement which he had received from the people of the United States and Canada, and, in conclusion, returned thanks, on behalf of himself and his party, for the magnificent reception which he had received in Amherst. Short speeches, eulogizing Mr. McCarthy and his party, were made by C. J. Townsend, M. P., Ex-premier W. T. Pipes; T. R. Black, M. P., R. L. Black, M. P., P. Geo. W. Forrest and Dr. H. P. Clay. Prominent among the other guests present were Rev. Dr. Walsh of London-derry, Rev. Father Commey of Toronto; Dr. Inch, President of Mount Allison Wesleyan College; Josiah Wood, M. P., Sheriff McQueen of Westmoreland; Hiram Black, M. L. C. The party dispersed shortly after midnight. Justin McCarthy will long live in the affections of the people of Amherst.

## RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF SCOTLAND.

London Universe, Oct. 27.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., the handsome new Catholic church which has been erected in Market Street, Montreal, for the congregation worshipping under Father Shaw was opened with the usual rites of the Church by Bishop Rigg. The style is Gothic. The church consists of nave and chancel, with lancet-shaped windows (filled in with tinted cathedral glass), and a neat belfry flanked by the west gable and the cross the east. The interior of the church at the opening ceremony presented a very chaste appearance. It has an open roof, with massive coupling and cross beams standing out in relief, resting on stone corbels. The walls of the chancel to a considerable height are paneled in imitation of stone, and the roof is in light blue relieved with stars in gold. The building, which seats 200 persons, was filled, a considerable number of the worshippers being from Dundee. The following were present: His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Rigg, Bishop of Dunkeld; Rev. V. Dean Clapperton, Dundee; Rev. John Shaw, Montrose; Rev. W. Geddes, Arbroath; Rev. J. Holles, T. F. Furlong, St. Joseph's, Dundee; Rev. M. Phelan, St. Mary's, Dundee; Rev. P. Bath, St. Mary's, Lochee; Rev. J. Turner, Perth; Rev. T. Crumley, Blairgowrie; Rev. Canon McManus, Edinburgh; Rev. J. Stewart, Stonehaven; Rev. William Shaw, Blair's College, Aberdeen; and Rev. J. Doherty, Balcloch. The choir of St. Joseph's, Dundee, led by Father Furlong, was in attendance. Miss Fay, organist of St. Andrew's, presided with ability at the harmonium. The ceremony commenced, according to the ritual prescribed, with the blessing of the church by the Bishop, when the clergy walked in procession round the building reciting the 50th Psalm, the Bishop sprinkling the walls with holy water. After entering the church the Litany of the Saints was sung and completed at the altar. High Mass was then sung, the Very Rev. Dean Clapperton being celebrant, Father Bath sub-celebrant, and Father Turner, organist. The choir of St. Joseph's, Dundee, sang the first part of the Mass. The Bishop then took his seat on a side elevation, attended by Fathers Geddes, Arbroath, and Phelan, Dundee, and after the Gospel, Father Holder preached an eloquent sermon from the words: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and domestics of God." Father Holder said: "My Lord, rev. fathers, dearly beloved brethren,—on an occasion such as this—met as we are to—throw open the doors of this little church for the worship of Almighty God—it is easier to summon up many topics of congratulation and of joy than to choose out one on which profitably to dwell. But the solemnity of the occasion, the dedication of this building to St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland, has been made by a pious testator the very condition of its existence here, it may not be deemed out of keeping with our work of to-day if we turn our eyes to behold in the opening of this church yet another evidence of the perpetuity of our faith and of the indelible vitality of that Church which St. Margaret's virtues illumined and adorned. For we are here to-day as a part—a small contingent—of that army of devoted men who, from the days of Ninian and Columba and Kentigern have lived and died for God's cause in this land of Scotland. There may be some quite near us who are prepared to ask, 'Why do you Catholics come here at all? For generations you have had no footing and no chapel here; why seek to have one now?' To such we have no apology to offer, nor any better explanation to give than what is contained in the words of the Apostle, 'We are ambassadors of Christ, not strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and domestics of God,' built upon the foundation of the Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone." In the power of the Catholic Church we come to preach. We come to teach again.

## THE FAITH THAT BLESSED SCOTLAND.

When the Frankish masses of St. Ninian raised the walls of the "White House" in Galloway, when Columba and Kentigern exchanged their staves on the banks of the Mullendun; when the bones of Palladius were enshrined in gold bairn, and when Margaret adored the Eucharistic God in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline. My brethren, dear Christ lives herself and makes glad the city of God. Such, my brethren, is the Catholic Church in history and in fact: the messenger of God to men, the guardian of His truth and love. And all this because

heult upon the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone." Such a Church is needed in this land. Take her away, and what have we left in the religious world? I need not speak of what must be clear to all; I need not insist on THAT STANDING SCANDAL IN CHRISTIANITY.

the multiplication of the sects. But more than this; outside the Catholic Church the very revelation of God is gradually being dissolved and disappearing—first, the belief in the possibility of leading a holy life on earth by the aid of sacrament and sacrifice; next, the belief in those revealed truths which teach the aim and scope of life; and, lastly, even the truths of natural religion itself. This has already largely come to pass in Germany, in England, and America. Here, in Scotland—is it not fair to say it!—vast strides are being made in the same direction. The bulk of our people are indifferent to dogma; they hesitate to commit themselves to a specific belief of any kind. The leading lights of the different Churches are orthodox or suspended. Scarcely a Synod or a Presbytery that is not upheaved with some angry question; there is a current of unbelief eddying beneath the apparently calm waters in the well-guarded harbours of both the Kirk; young men bent on rising in the ministry are taking their stand on the true Protestant formulae and questioning the right of even a General Assembly to frown down the output of private judgment, and old men are forced to tremble with fear if they contemplate the awful heresies with which the Churches are rife. I say there is need for a Divine teacher here, in the darkness and doubt which surrounds us on every side we have need for that voice of which St. Peter exclaimed, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." That teacher and that voice are here to-day, for serene, unchanged, and unchangeable, the Catholic Church is with us once again. Before she opens her catechism or unfolds a single article of her creed, she claims the right to be heard. She alone of all bodies calling themselves Christian professes to teach "with authority," as Christ taught, and as He commissioned and appointed His Apostles to teach after Him. Sent by her Divine Founder to teach all nations, her aim is as wide as the world. She will never rest contented until she holds a worldwide sway. And to endeavor humbly to extend that sway is the point and significance of this day's word. Well nigh 1200 years ago the Venerable Bede wrote of this land, "Now has nature's peace, her similes as wide as the world, in peace and truth with the Universal Church."

## ADDRESSING THEMSELVES TO THE INNOVATORS OF THEIR TIME.

asserted in no halting language their right to teach, their Divine mission given by Christ Himself, the first Apostle of Christian truth. "Who are you?" they asked; "and whence do you come, and when were you sent? What seek you with us, since to us you do not belong? By what right, O Marcellin, dost thou cut down our trees?—and who has sent thee Valentinus, to change the course of our rivers?—or what Appelles to shift our boundaries? Produce your credentials, show us the origin of your churches, unfold the list of your Bishops, and tell us who there is amongst you who has had for master and predecessor an Apostle or one of those apostolic men who have lived in unbroken fellowship with the disciples of Christ, for thus the Apostolic Church established their authority."—Tertullian. The heretics of the first ages found questions such as these both awkward and indiscreet, and they did not answer them. They failed to show their claim to teach for the reason that they had none to show. Nor can we believe that the sects round about us who strive against the Catholic Church feel aught more secure than their predecessors as to the question of apostolicity. It is easy to brag about the Bible and the glorious freedom of private interpretation, but put the question, "Whence do you come?" Then must the sects bow their heads in shame, so affectually do they follow their own list of all attention to Divine mission. An apostate monk, flagrantly a traitor to the vow whereby he had consecrated his chastity to God; a faithless priest bearing the penal mark of his iniquity; a King familiar with unholiness—all three brimful of pride and violence, all three rebellious against the same Christ—so were the Fathers of the Reformation. At an apostate monk, flagrantly a traitor to the vow whereby he had consecrated his chastity to God; a faithless priest bearing the penal mark of his iniquity; a King familiar with unholiness—all three brimful of pride and violence, all three rebellious against the same Christ—so were the Fathers of the Reformation. At themselves whence they came. One pleads to-day the authorization of the Chief Magistrate of Wittenburg, to-morrow the light of Doctor in Theology; the second tries to identify himself with old and condemned heretics; and the third holds aloft

## THE SWAD STILL REEKING WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS MURDERED WIVES.

How could we detect in the persons of such men the faintest trace of fellowship with those to whom the Redeemer said, "As the Father hath sent Me, I send you." One Church alone stands forth to-day and claims to be the depository of that sacred word and trust: Jerusalem and Antioch, Alexandria and Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, and Thessalonica have gone—trampled down by the scimitar of Mahomet; but for a single moment has the Church of Rome ceased to be the life-giving centre from which the uttermost parts of the earth have drawn the blessings of the Divine commission. From the beginning the ancient champions of orthodox doctrine appeared to her authority in their conflicts with error. St. Irenaeus in the second century, Tertullian in the third, St. Epiphanius in the fourth, and St. Augustine in the fifth have drawn up the list of heresies. It was as easy a task as to give the list of our Saviour's virtues from the Gospels, and from Ludors to Plantagenets. Nor has the succession of those spiritual monarchs failed. Leo XIII. leads you back to Pius IX., Pius IX. to Gregory XVI., Gregory XVI. to Leo XIV., and so back and back and back to the Apostle to whom the Saviour said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." A long, a long, an august line—a line which has seen dynasties rise and fall and empire after empire crumble into dust. The powers of darkness have risen against it; the patrons and protectors of national Churches have sought to compass its ruin, but they have never availed to interrupt that calm and ever-transmitting of Divine power whereby the Church lives herself and makes glad the city of God. Such, my brethren, is the Catholic Church in history and in fact: the messenger of God to men, the guardian of His truth and love. And all this because

## WEDDING BELLS.

A very quiet but interesting marriage ceremony took place in St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, on the 9th inst. The contracting parties were Mr. J. S. Smith, a popular dry goods merchant of Ingersoll, and President of the C. M. B. A. in that prosperous town, and Miss Mary Constance Sien, one of London's most accomplished and respected daughters. The bride was charmingly attired in golden brown merveilleux with jacket and hat to match, having for ornaments a very handsome set of diamond jewelry. The Rev. Father Tierman tied the nuptial knot. Both bride and bridegroom have the hearty wishes of a legion of friends for a prolonged happiness.

St. Thomas.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. F. C. Eganery, St. Thomas, in another column. Mr. E's specialty is bankrupt stocks of dry goods, and he believes in the old adage "quick sales and small profits." He has a large assortment. Give him a call.

Look not mournfully to the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present,—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—Langfellow.

Pope Leo XIII. has already created 7 archbishops, 25 bishops, 21 apostolic vicariates and 7 apostolic prefectures.



The Home Rule Lecture.

At the Home Rule Lecture, the speaker discussed the Home Rule Bill, its aims, and the current political situation in Ireland.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH. BOOK FIRST.

We begin this week the reproduction of one of the most magnificent works of fiction ever given the public by an American writer.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.—In the following pages an attempt is made to portray the people and the land of Judea in the days of the Messiah.

CHAPTER I. IN THE DESERT.

The Jebel es Zibieh is a mountain fifty miles and more in length, and so narrow that it may be compared to a caterpillar crawling from the south to the north.

Two hours more passed without rest or deviation from the course. Vegetation entirely ceased. The sand was crusted on the surface that it broke into rattling flakes at every step.

No one, he it remembered, seeks the desert for a pleasure-ground. Life and business traverse it by paths along which the bones of things dead are strewn as many black mounds.

It may be doubted if the people of the West ever overcome the impression made upon them by the first view of the desert. Custom, so fatal to other novelties, affects this feeling but little.

breadth of foot; its bulk of body, not fat, but overlaid with muscle; its long, slender neck of swan-like curvature; the head, wide between the eyes, and tapering to a muzzle like a lady's bracelet.

CHAPTER II. THE THREE STRANGERS.

The man now revealed was of admirable proportions, not so tall as powerful. Loosening the silken rope which held the kufiyeh on his head, he brushed the fringe folds back until his face was bare.

When the dromedary lifted itself out of the last break of the wady, the traveler had passed the boundary of El Bekke, the ancient Ammon. It was morning time.

And now there was an end of path or road. More than ever the camel seemed insensibly driven; it lengthened and quickened its pace, its head pointed straight towards the horizon.

However disappointed, there could be little doubt of the stranger's confidence in the coming of the expected company.

Then he turned to the camel, saying low, and in a tongue strange to the desert.

"They will come," he said calmly, "He that led me is leading them. I will make ready."

From the pouches which lined the interior of the coat, and from a willow basket which was part of its furniture he brought forth materials for a meal.

It was now ready. He stepped out into the east, a dark speck on the face of the desert. His foot as if rooted to the ground; his eyes dilated; his flesh crept chill, as if touched by something supernatural.

neck to the sand, and advanced towards the Egyptian, as did the Egyptian towards him. The former turned to look at each other; then they embraced—that is, of a throw his right arm over the other's shoulder, and the left round the side, placing his chin first upon the left, then upon the right breast.

"Peace to you, O my brother," he said, "I have been waiting for you since the day of the resurrection."

"And he did—he did!" exclaimed the Hindoo, lifting his hands from the silken cloth upon his lap.

"The door of my hermitage looks over an arm of the sea, over the Theraic Gulf. One day I saw a man flung overboard from a ship sailing by. He swam ashore. I received and took care of him. He was a Jew, learned in the history and laws of his people; and from him I came to know that the God of my prayers did indeed exist, and had been for ages their lawgiver, ruler and king."

When his arms fell from the Egyptian, the latter said, with a tremulous voice, "The Spirit brought me here, where I know myself chosen to be the servant of my brethren. The tent is set, and the bread is ready for the breaking. Let me perform my office."

Then he turned to the rest, and seated them so that they faced each other. Simultaneously their heads bent forward, and their hands crossed upon their breasts, and speaking together, they said aloud this simple grace:

"Father of All—God!—what we have here is of Thee; take our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do Thy will."

With the last word they raised their eyes, and looked at each other in wonder. Each had spoken in a language never before heard by the others; yet each understood perfectly what was said. Their souls thrilled with divine emotion; for by the miracle they recognized the Divine Presence.

CHAPTER III. GASTAR THE GREEK. To speak in the style of the period, the meeting just described took place in the year of Rome 747. The month was December and winter reigned over all the regions east of the Mediterranean.

of eloquence, of poetry, of war; O my brethren, here is the glory which must shine for ever in perfect letters, by which He who goes to find and proclaim will be made known to all the earth.

"I have been waiting for you since the day of the resurrection," he said, "I have been waiting for you since the day of the resurrection."

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THE CRY OF NOVEMBER.

It is said that at one time in certain cities of Southern Europe, every Monday, at midnight, a man in a black mantle, issued from the parish church and proceeded through the city, carrying in his hand a wooden clapper which he sounded at every corner, crying in a slow, monotonous voice: "Awake ye who sleep, and arise ye from the slumber of the departed."

"I have been waiting for you since the day of the resurrection," he said, "I have been waiting for you since the day of the resurrection."

"And he did—he did!" exclaimed the Hindoo, lifting his hands from the silken cloth upon his lap.

"The door of my hermitage looks over an arm of the sea, over the Theraic Gulf. One day I saw a man flung overboard from a ship sailing by. He swam ashore. I received and took care of him. He was a Jew, learned in the history and laws of his people; and from him I came to know that the God of my prayers did indeed exist, and had been for ages their lawgiver, ruler and king."

When his arms fell from the Egyptian, the latter said, with a tremulous voice, "The Spirit brought me here, where I know myself chosen to be the servant of my brethren. The tent is set, and the bread is ready for the breaking. Let me perform my office."

Then he turned to the rest, and seated them so that they faced each other. Simultaneously their heads bent forward, and their hands crossed upon their breasts, and speaking together, they said aloud this simple grace:

"Father of All—God!—what we have here is of Thee; take our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do Thy will."

With the last word they raised their eyes, and looked at each other in wonder. Each had spoken in a language never before heard by the others; yet each understood perfectly what was said. Their souls thrilled with divine emotion; for by the miracle they recognized the Divine Presence.

THE PORTER AND THE SAINT.

From the Messenger. The following pleasant story shows us with what simplicity St. Philip Neri often won his converts to God. It is told of a certain poor porter of Rome.

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NOV. 14, 1896.

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The following pleasant story shows us with what simplicity St. Philip Neri often won his converts to God. It is told of a certain poor porter of Rome.

The porter was not accustomed to going to church as a regular visitor, but happened by chance to find himself there on All-Saints' Day.

He was engaged when the preacher mounted the pulpit and prepared to speak on the feast of the day.

St. Philip was moved to tears at the porter's story. He pressed him to his heart and embraced him again and again.

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"It is he," cried the saint, hastening toward the door to open it. It was indeed the porter, but in what a lamentable state!

"You will soon see," said the porter. "It is all very simple. I was going with my pack along the Alban road carrying some commissions, when I met a carriage with two horses.

"How!" said St. Philip, "is it? Explain yourself."

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bleased palm which the pious peasants had religiously planted there the preceding Easter. "Do you talk English?" The sombre accounts of the parson were heard once more.

"No," was the answer of one of the passengers. "I did not care to enter into conversation with you, but I kept looking out of the window. After a little time I happened to turn a glance towards the troubled parson. His eyes met mine. I felt that I was caught."

"Do you talk English, sir?" he said to me as if in despair. I replied in the affirmative. The light of joy passed over his countenance. He piously raised his eyes and hands, and devoutly thanked Heaven that he had at last found one who knew a little English. He arose from his seat and approached me with great cordiality. We shook hands warmly, and he seemed to regard me as an old and valued friend.

"I see at once, sir," said he, as he sat down beside me, "that you are returning from one of the German Universities. I am a good judge of things and very rarely make a mistake. You have been studying law or medicine. I should rather say medicine. You need not tell me your profession. I saw it at a glance. My name is Oswald Duboué—the Rev. Oswald Duboué. I have been sent to the Continent by the Bible Society of London to take notes on the corruptions and abominations of the Roman Church in these benighted countries. In my travels through France, Belgium, Spain, Austria, and Italy, I have collected a vast amount of useful information concerning the evils of Popery. On my return to London I intend to give a course of lectures in which I shall expose the secrets of Continental Popery. I assure you, sir, that I shall have the honor of dealing 'Komanian a mortal blow.'"

"I feel, sir," I ventured to say, "that it would be difficult for a thorough, observant linguist to pass through so many countries without acquiring a vast store of information. But if I am not mistaken, your knowledge of tongues is limited to the English. How, then, did you manage to gather up such a fund of damaging testimony against Catholicism? You will pardon my curiosity, as I cannot boast of much experience in such matters."

"My dear sir, I see you have been long confined to the laboratory and dissecting room. Why, to study the corruptions of the Romans, it is not necessary to learn their language. Actions, sir, speak to the eyes. Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, I kept my eyes open; yes, sir, wide open, and I noted all their crimes and idolatries."

"I ask what crimes you noticed?" "What crimes have I not noticed in these priest-ridden countries! Why, would you believe it, I saw crosses and images of the Virgin in almost every place imaginary! I saw them stuck up in trees in the most solitary regions as well as high above the market-places in the popular cities. And I saw men, women, and children kneeling down and adoring them as gods. It is truly horrible."

"My dear sir, if what you say be true, I am indeed shocked; but who told you that they were really adoring the crosses or statues as gods?" "Who told me? No one had need to tell me. I saw them with my own eyes."

"It seems to me that you ought to have asked them whether they gave divine worship to stocks or stones or not."

"But those I saw were Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards. They could not speak a word of English, and I do not know a word of their barbarous language."

"Then, sir, you may be forming a rash judgment on Catholics. I have seen them in many countries, and I must say, in justice to them, that I have never found even one of them guilty of idolatry. Their priests tell me that even crosses are not to be adored in the strict sense of the word, but only venerated as the symbols of salvation, as the wood on which the Saviour died."

"Their priests told you so! My dear young friend, beware of Popish priests. They are as crafty as serpents, and as dangerous. All the evils of our times are fomented by the Jesuits. I may say that all the troubles of society for the past thousand years have been caused by the treacherous sons of Loyola."

"Is it not too much, sir, to accuse the Jesuits of all the crimes of the past thousand years? I solemnly aver that even for the past 1,500 years they have been at the bottom of every revolution and every social disorder. It is a fact that cannot be denied, even by their best friends and warmest advocates."

"You forget, sir, that the Jesuits are not much above three centuries old. You will forgive me for calling your attention to an historical fact."

"My dear young friend," said the parson, and he looked mysteriously at all the passengers, "the Jesuits have always existed, either visibly or invisibly. They are to be found everywhere. Perhaps even in this car we are under their watchful eyes. Why, sir, you may shake hands with one and not know it. You may speak for hours with one, and not recognize in him a member of that dread Society. The Jesuits are truly diabolical, and endowed with almost more than human power."

"Have you ever seen one of those fearful men?" I carelessly asked.

"Not I, sir; I would not look at one. I know the history of their bloody plots too well. I am not wanting in courage, but I think I would tremble with fear if I was persuaded that there was one on this train. These are the men that teach the benighted people all kinds of evil doings. These are the men that tell the people to pay undue honor to the bones of saints, and even to their old clothes."

"I was beginning to feel tired of this conversation. I asked myself what must the Bible Society of London be if this is one of its accredited agents. I thought of the absurdity of sending a man to study the state of Catholicity in the European Continent, who knows no language but the English. I no longer wondered at the ignorance of English Protestants in regard to the true doctrine and practices of Catholicism, when all their information was gathered from men as blind and illiterate as the Rev. Oswald Duboué."

ked, as I was anxious to charge the former topic of conversation.

"Oh, I could not leave Belgium without doing that. No true Englishman could come over here without visiting that glorious battlefield where British arms won such glory. I uncovered my head as I trod that ground that had drunk so much of our country's blood. I gathered up some of the clay as a memento to be kept by me forever. I had even the good fortune to be able to purchase a nail that belonged to the shoe of the identical horse which Wellington himself rode."

I smiled as he spoke of purchasing a nail at Waterloo. I had visited the famous battle-ground, and had heard from most reliable authority, that a forge was kept constantly going making counterfeit 'Wellington nails' for English visitors.

"My dear sir," I said gravely, "what possessed you to take up some of that clay of Waterloo? What honor can you pay to a nail? If these Belgian Catholics saw you honoring such things may they not accuse you of idolatry?"

"They accuse me of idolatry? Why, how can they, with reason, accuse me of idolatry?"

"With the same reason that you accuse them of it. You cannot deny that you pay honor to nails, horse shoe nails, and even to the clay they trample on daily. On entering the plain of Waterloo, you were cautious enough to take off your hat. Those who saw you must have cried out, 'Oh, see that English idolater!'"

"My dear sir, I know you are only jesting. I never said that I either adored the clay of Waterloo or the nail from Wellington's horse shoe."

"Did the Catholics ever tell you that they adored their pictures or statues, or that they paid divine worship to the cross?"

"No, sir, they never did. It was not necessary. I saw them do it with my own eyes."

"Excuse me, my dear sir, but you do not seem to be altogether consistent."

"My young friend I tremble for your condition. I am afraid that the Jesuits have fascinated you. I see in your conversation the germ of error. I wish that I could be with you some time, and I would pour into your soul a burning fire. I would tell you much of the artifices of the Jesuits. Beware, young man, beware of the deadly influence of the Jesuits."

"I promise you, sir, that I will do all I can to be on my guard against all who may lead me astray. I love justice, truth and right, and hope never to abandon them. I would take the liberty of advising others to do the same. Before you speak of the Catholics to the London Bible Society, I would suggest that you should ask some Catholics whether they adore as idols, pictures, crosses, and images."

"I may not meet a Catholic who speaks English before I begin my course of lectures."

"Then I will tell you, sir, on the part of the Catholics spread throughout the whole world—Catholics do not adore pictures, or crosses, or any mere creature. They pay divine homage to God alone. If you dare tell an audience in London that Catholics worship as God any graven thing, you will be guilty of a shameful crime, of the blackest kind of slander."

"Why this strong and exciting language, my dear young friend?"

"I am a Catholic, thank God, and, moreover I am one of those horrible Catholic priests."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the parson as if in agony.

By this time our train arrived at Ghent. I invited my Protestant friend to call and see me at the Jesuit College, Rue Barge. It is needless to say that he did not accept my invitation.—Catholic Standard.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN FREDERICTON, N. B.

THE DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN WARMLY WELCOMED.

Fredericton Capital, Oct. 23.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., arrived here by the western train Thursday afternoon. He was met at Fredericton Junction by J. Meagher, Esq., president, and Mr. McDee, secretary of the St. Patrick's Society, by the Rev. J. C. MacDevitt, Hon. M. Adams, Postmaster McPeake and Mr. George J. Burns. Mr. McCarthy registered at the Queen. In the evening his lecture on the Irish question in the City Hall was attended by a large and highly representative audience.

Mayor Fenwick occupied the chair, and on the platform were Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. A. G. Blair, Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Hon. James Mitchell, Hon. M. Adams, Hon. F. P. Thompson, Prof. Stockley, Mr. J. Meagher, Chief Superintendent Crockett, Ald. Sharkey, U. S. Consul Gayman and W. Wilson, M. P. The Mayor, in introducing the lecturer, briefly referred to his eminent public career.

Mr. McCarthy spoke for nearly two hours, and held his audience intensely interested throughout. He spoke most hopefully of the future of the home rule question, prophesying that two or three years would see the realization of Ireland's hopes.

The banquet to Justin McCarthy, M. P., the distinguished Irish patriot, historian, journalist, lecturer, and author, by the St. Patrick's Society and other friends, at the Queen Hotel on Thursday evening, was a most decided success from every point of view.

The high reputation of the Queen in the matter of banquets is known far and near; but this dinner will increase its splendid reputation, as the menu, the arrangements, the decorations, the wait, ing, everything, in fact, was simply perfect.

Near the entrance to the dining room a table was placed which stretched across the room; near the end, but closely connected with this table ran nearly the whole length of the room, there being a vacant space longitudinally. These tables really formed three sides of a hollow square. At the centre of the table running across the room, with his back to the door, Justin McCarthy was seated. On his right a chair was reserved for the Rev. Father McDevitt, who was to the general regret absent owing to illness. Next, on the right, and in the following order were seated the Hon. Attorney General Blair; His Worship Mayor Fenwick; F. B. Coleman, Esq., American Consular Agent; George F. Gregory, Esq., and Captain O'Driscoll, of the Capital.

Mr. McCarthy's left, from Mr. Meagher, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, was seated; and then came the following gentlemen in the order indicated: viz., the Hon. M. Adams, Rev. Father O'Leary, Dr. Moore, M. P. P.; William Wilson, M. P. P.; J. Douglas, Esq., M. P.; Registrar of the University; the Rev. Father Casey, Prof. Stockley, Mr. Macdonald, the Mayor, and Mr. O'Malley.

The Vice-Chair, at the other end of the room, were occupied by Postmaster McPeake and P. Farrell, Esq., Alms House Commissioner.

The banquet began shortly after ten o'clock soon after the conclusion of Mr. McCarthy's lecture at the City Hall.

The first toast was "the Queen," which was drunk with the honors.

Mr. Meagher, the chairman, then rose. He confessed his embarrassment at the position in which he was placed, and felt his inability to do justice to it, but in truly eloquent language he proceeded to speak of the presence of the distinguished patriot, statesman, and author, whom they had assembled to honor. "When one sees something grand in nature," continued Mr. Meagher, "the spectator is struck with awe and reverence, and instinctively looks on in silence. This is the feeling which almost overpowers me. I feel that silence would be true eloquence. The question of home rule is one of the greatest questions of the day. It was one over which there had been much difference of opinion, but I feel fairly certain that every one who has heard Mr. McCarthy this night must have seen the ultimate success of home rule. We who have studied the subject can see why this must be so, with such powerful champions as that grand old man Gladstone, and O'Brien, Sexton, and others who comprise that great phalanx of Irish patriots, as well as our distinguished statesman, and the utmost pride that he sat at the same table with this distinguished author, patriot, statesman, and historian. He felt that this feeling was fully shared in by every one present. Turning to Mr. McCarthy, in glowing words he bade that gentleman welcome, in the name of all the creeds and all classes of the place. Three cheers were then proposed for Mr. McCarthy, at which the whole assemblage sprang to their feet, and gave three rousing cheers and a "tiger."

Mr. McCarthy, on rising, said the reception he had received made him feel thoroughly at home. He came to New Brunswick for the first time that afternoon, but he had been welcomed with such cordiality that he surely ought not to be called a stranger. This made him feel that something brought him into affinity with the generous ways of our people. The sympathy manifested on this side of the Atlantic for home rule was especially gratifying to him. How, he asked Mr. McCarthy, would our people feel if they were subject to the same injustice as the people of Ireland? They had representation in Parliament, it was true; but it was a sort of sham representation. We had 100 members. The British party—the official party—had 600 members. This official class knew nothing about us. They were even more bitter than the Ministers of the Crown. The old proverb of "equality for all" was absurd. Sydney Smith, long ago, had stigmatized it as a sham representation. There was no representation when the members were thrust aside in Parliament, they had been confronted

with an overpowering majority. The condition of the Irish rate-payer differs inseparably with that of the British rate-payer. The representation of small States, such as Delaware, and the larger States, such as Pennsylvania, were not parallel with Ireland's position and that of Great Britain. He was glad that so much sympathy was shown for home rule this side of the ocean, as the English Tory party was weakened by the demoralization of the people across the Atlantic, and the English people wished to stand well with public opinion. The leaders of the home rule party, acting as reasonable men, were confident of success. He did not come on any sort of mission, but on his own hook. Still he would not conceal the fact that he carried a flag, and that he was a member of the Irish party. He would not attempt to evade the responsibilities of his position, and would be glad to have a chance to flourish that flag. He did not desire to be recognized as a purely literary man, and it afforded him great pleasure to feel that the party present were in accord with him, and that they were members of a commonwealth equally in sympathy with the cause of the old land they all loved so well. Mr. McCarthy then sat down amid the most rapturous applause.

Vice-President Farrell was then called on for a speech; and, in response, said he felt embarrassed, as the average man must feel in speaking in the presence of such intellectual giants as were then in the hall; but it was his duty to speak as Vice-President. He would do so to the best of his ability. He had no one else there to display speaking power, but to honor the guest of the evening, a gentleman distinguished as a literary man and as a patriot. But it was more especially for services rendered on the other side of the water that Mr. McCarthy was especially welcome that evening. As the descendant of an Irishman it afforded him pleasure to express gratitude for what had been accomplished towards securing self-government for Ireland. Unfortunately in the demands for justice, prejudices had to be encountered; but the principle of home rule was based on justice, and the best interests of the Empire would be served by complying with Ireland's request. The so-called Union was the most flagrant in the annals of history; and the patience and submission of the Irish people had won the admiration of ever lover of liberty. They had not heeded rash counsel nor broken the laws in revenge for wrongs inflicted. Every true Irishman condemned unconstitutional injustice being employed in order to a cure justice. Irishmen (Mr. Farrell declared) had been emboldened to agitate for home rule by the liberties enjoyed by the people of Canada. He indignantly repudiated the slander that the Irish people were incapable of self-government. It was well known that Ireland's sons had rendered good service to the Empire in the past on many battle-fields. The granting of home rule would be the means of England regaining the friendship of the Irish people. Years ago, in the heat of an election campaign, the late Judge Fisher had declared that the Government of New Brunswick was then held in the palm of the hand of an Irishman. Early during the session of the House of Assembly the Irishman alluded to—the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin—in reply challenged Judge Fisher to point to a single instance when an Irishman deserted his flag, and declared that when the honor of that flag was at stake, Irishmen were the first in the battle and the last to leave the field. Mr. Farrell concluded an eloquent speech by predicting that the day was not far distant when Ireland's long lost rights would be regained, and home rule pronounced from the Throne.

The Executive Council of New Brunswick was the next toast. In response, Attorney-General Blair observed that it might appear a singular toast in a non-political gathering; but it was no unusual occurrence for the Council to be toasted as an abstraction; and, as an abstraction, on behalf of the Council he begged to return thanks for the toast. Personally he would express the pleasure experienced in meeting Mr. McCarthy, who was no stranger, as his works had made him known to our people. As Mr. McCarthy was one who spoke with truth, fairness and impartiality towards those opposed to him, those opposed to him respect him as a journalist, orator, and man. Cheers were then given for Farrell and Gladstone.

The chairman then proposed the health of their clever and painstaking Secretary, Mr. McDevitt, which was replied to by Mr. McDevitt in his usual courteous manner, evoking hearty applause, and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The Hon. M. Adams was then called on for a speech. Mr. Adams stated that he had stayed over in town some days to do honor to Mr. McCarthy. He (Mr. Adams) had always been a home ruler, and would be one till he died. He had seen Justin McCarthy, and he felt that it had added ten years to his life. If he could only see Farrell he believed that he would live for ever. "God bless Justin McCarthy," Cheers and prolonged applause.

In response to calls, speeches were made by Registrar Hazen, who concluded by proposing the "St. Patrick's Society," and also by Captain Cropley, George Burns, Esq., and Postmaster McPeake, and the gathering broke up about 12 o'clock, with cheers for Mr. McCarthy.

In addition to the names already mentioned as being present, we noticed Alderman Sharkey, C. A. Sampson, Secretary of the Board of School Trustees; Mr. Cliff, of the Gleaner; James S. Neil, Dr. Coulter, Principal Mullis, Prof. Belliveau, Timothy McCarthy (alluded to in Macquie's "The Irish in America"), J. H. Barry and H. V. B. Bridges.

During the afternoon, and just before the banquet, Mr. McCarthy held a Reception at the Queen, at which many of our most prominent citizens were presented to Mr. McCarthy by Mr. Meagher and Mr. McPeake.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable.

A JESUIT, OF COURSE!

IGNORANT CENSURERS EXP. S. D.

By Rev. William P. Tracy, M. P.

Towards the end of June, 1896, I stood behind the Scheldt, at Antwerp, in Belgium. I was waiting for a ferry-boat to take me across the river, on the other side of which I was to enter a train on its way to Ghent. I had just visited the famous picture galleries, churches, and oratories of the quaint old Flemish city. My heart was all aglow with enthusiasm; my mind still beat with deep and sweet religious emotions. The paintings I had seen, and the altar before which I had lately knelt, and the mellow light that shined in upon me through the oratories, had become a part of my very being, and I felt that they were destined to remain as a memento to my soul forever. I stood gazing out over the sluggish water; but marble altars and gilded crosses, and whispering plecty, and visions of beauty still warred in my imagination. I could not part with the glorious image revealed to me by the brush of the old masters of the Antwerp school of painting. I stood on the crowded wharf as one in a happy dream. I soon bade an affectionate farewell to my Flemish friend, entered the ferry-boat, after a few minutes found myself seated in a train that slowly wound its way to Ghent. The apartments in Belgian trains run crosswise and form oblong rooms. I had a seat by a window at one side of the train, and I very quickly perceived that a Protestant clergyman had taken his seat by a window on the opposite side of the box. One fellow passenger was some young man and some woman; the former in clean wearing cap and blue smock frock, and the latter attired in variegated and picturesque costumes. A dead silence reigned for some time. I began once more to revel in the luxury of thought. All at once I was startled by the parson's deep and solemn tones. "I did not catch the meaning of his words, but the sound of his voice was awe-inspiring. What could he have said? I fancied that he had warned us all of some impending evil. The sepulchral echoes of his tone rang in my ears."

"Do you talk English, madam?" This time I fully understood him. He was addressing himself to a young woman who sat near him. I was somewhat amused by his measured tones, and I waited with no little curiosity to hear the response of the parson he had addressed so solemnly. She looked very much puzzled. But he did not seem to be alarmed. "Do you talk English, madam?" he again gravely asked.

"No," was the woman's laconic response. The parson's face grew dark with disappointment. He muttered something to himself about Belgian ignorance, and looked out on the richly cultivated fields along the line. I, too, looked out of my window and noted with pride the prosperous condition of the most Catholic country on the old continent. Not a foot of the ground was left uncultivated by the thrifty Flemings. No broad hedge-rows deformed the land. A cord or imaginary line, divided the fields and the farms. We rolled on through neat and comfortable looking villages that rose up in the midst of flourishing vegetable gardens. A panorama of crosses and statues, and "banners of the Sacred Heart" passed before me. I saw in the distance the glittering spires of magnificent churches and cathedrals—the proud monuments of Catholic devotion. Here and there in the corners of the fields I noticed a piece of

The Mercy of Jesus.

Let all sinners flee to the Church that they might avail themselves of the Mercy of Jesus. The Church met us at birth with her blessing, regenerated the child at baptism, confirmed and strengthened all who truly sought her favors. She never forsakes men all through life, she seeks their restoration and salvation, even after death she offers up prayers for the soul taking her authority from this very example of Her Lord, whose prayers were so omnipotent as to reach the soul after death and bring it back to its body. The prayers of the Church are likewise omnipotent and will prevail with God. Oh my friends any of you who are in sin rise and live the life of holiness. This the Catholic Church calls you to do. She is the voice of the Almighty who desires to bless you with salvation. For remember God is a God of justice as well as a God of mercy, and if you will not heed His call of love and pity, you will be forever lost, but I pray that you will listen to His tender words of mercy and arise from your sins to enjoy a life with your holy Redeemer. In the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

GERONIMO AND FATHER STEPHAN.

Father Stephan, the post priest and Indian agent of the Catholic Church, has received an urgent letter from Geronimo asking him to come down to Arizona and see the poor Indians. Geronimo in his letter tells Father Stephan that he has been badly treated, and needs his aid and religious guidance. Father Stephan is a great favorite of all the Indians. He talks, sings, and dances with them. He tells them about his religion, and makes them like him. He is a middle-aged man, very polished and bright, and the Indians love him. He is a great favorite of Geronimo, and has gone to Arizona to see him.

Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pain corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflammation; the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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REV. JOHN F. COFFEY, M. A., LL. D., EDITOR THEO. COFFEY, PUB. AND PROP.

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Approved by the Bishop of London, and recommended by the Archbishop of St. Malines, the Bishops of Ottawa, Hamilton, London, and Peterboro, and leading Catholic Clergymen throughout the Dominion.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1896.

ZEAL WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

Our good friend L'Etendard was, in its issue of the 14th inst., betrayed into an exorbitant and intemperance of language that calls for some comment, but let us first see just what our contemporary said: "The question now most discussed by the French Canadians of the United States, that which most exclusively absorbs the attention of our excellent brethren there, and even gives them cause for legitimate anxiety, is to know whether they will be given, or left in enjoyment of, as the case may be, priests of their nationality. Who can tell with what an immense social and religious importance this question is invested? For us, it is not only a question of national influence and even existence, it is a question to know whether our brethren of the United States, or at least their children, will remain French Canadian, or if they will ever remain Catholics, or whether they will not rather go as have, perchance, ten millions of Irish Catholics, to call the number of Protestants, infidels and pagans of the great republic. In nearly every case the French Canadian loses his faith the moment he has lost the usage of the French language. Here is a fact demonstrated by experience. Furthermore, let it be said that he generally ceases to practice his religion as soon as he cannot address himself for the practice of his religious duties to a priest who speaks perfectly his mother tongue—and knows all its resources and all its delicacy from the standpoint of sentiment."

If this is not nationalistic, to the exclusion of the true spirit of Catholicism, which knows neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Greek nor barbarian, we know not what is nationalistic. Not alone does L'Etendard, in the citation above given, do, by implication, of course, injustice to the American hierarchy, but makes a savage onslaught on the Irish Catholics of the United States inexcusable, if made through malice. A glance at the list of American Bishops shows that the following are of French origin: Blanchet, A. M. A., Nequally; Brondel, J. D., Helena; De Goezbrind, Louis, Burlington; Durier, A., Nachitoches; Glorieux, A. J., Idaho; Leray, F. X., New Orleans; Machobout, J. P., Denver; Salpointe, John B., Santa Fe. True, but one of these was born in Lower Canada, but they are all truly and legitimately French as even the editor of L'Etendard. It may in his eyes be a crime even in Frenchmen to have been born elsewhere than on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But the American people take no such narrow view of the French race. The American Bishops, clergy and people, are all anxious to do what is fair by the French Canadian people who make homes in the United States. Those who go to that country to stay cannot expect to remain French-Canadians. They must become American citizens, as very many do to their own and their adopted country's profit. We say too that in every case where circumstances permit it, the French Canadians in the United States should have priests of their own tongue and nationality. Is L'Etendard prepared to go as far in regard of the 150,000 Irish Catholics in the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, who have but a handful of priests who know anything of their language, and perchance a small two dozen who can speak the language perfectly? When L'Etendard states or insinuates that anything like 10,000,000 Irish Catholics have gone over to Protestantism, infidelity or paganism, it is guilty of a perversion of truth ascribable to perverse ignorance, or willful malice. A little knowledge of Irish and American history would teach our contemporary that the Irish emigration to the United States during the colonial period was mainly from Ulster and the Protestant portions of the country; that this emigration was quite large and spread over many years; that the emigration of Irish Protestants to America since the declaration of Independence has been quite considerable, and that the influx of Irish Catholics to the

United States dates mainly from the last fifty years. There are, it is computed, fifteen millions of Irish in the United States, and the total number of Catholics there is by competent authorities estimated at thirteen millions. It is safe to say that of the fifteen millions of Irish in the American republic, between four and five millions are of Protestant origin and are to-day non-Catholics. Of the thirteen millions of Catholics very nearly ten millions may be safely put down as Irish or of Irish origin. Far from us to deny that some thousands of Irish Catholics have not been lost to the faith. Such is the sad fact. But the very same may be said of the French and German Catholics of the same country. The Irish in the United States are second to no people in the world, L'Etendard to the contrary notwithstanding, in devotion and constancy to their holy faith. There and in Canada, in the face of many difficulties, with priests who not only could not speak their language perfectly, but often had little of social sympathy with them, though in most cases apostolic men, they have adhered with a steadfastness truly marvellous to that precious inheritance. They have likewise frequently received without question priests of every race and nationality with open arms. For them enough it was and is to know that they are priests appointed of God, to have them gladly accept their ministrations. The same, in large measure, we believe, to hold true of French Canadian Catholics.

L'Etendard cannot apparently be satisfied till the sixty million of English-speaking people in the United States drop the use of that barbarous tongue and until *vi armis* its own is spread from Newfoundland to Vancouver to the exclusion of every other language. We tell our contemporary very clearly that if he wish to enjoy in peace the liberties and privileges that to-day are his, he must not assail or threaten the rights of others. The Church of God is not Irish in Canada a French Church, or an Irish Church, or a Scotch Church. It is, here and elsewhere, the Church Catholic, and he is its worst enemy who would give it the narrow limits of one race or tongue.

A DISTURBER UNMASKED. When the so-called Irish loyalist delegates arrived in America, their first solicitude was to plume themselves on an exclusive apostleship of peace, order, law and loyalty. Their friends and supporters, not to be behind such dove like leaders, likewise proclaimed themselves firm believers in Belfastian harmony—enforced in parts of Ulster by clubs, staves and stones—if not more deadly weapons. Dull divines, bristling baristers, popish physicians, and Orange outcasts constituted their bodyguard in London. From these, their vulgar abuse of the country, dishonored by giving them birth, drew applause as hearty as it was worthless. The "delegates" deceived no Canadian citizen of approved merit or patriotism. Their purpose known and understood, their character was soon gauged and their meetings given a wide berth. The good sense of the Canadian people has been borne out in the testimony submitted to the Royal Commission of Enquiry into the Belfast Riots of last Summer. An Irish exchange tells us that in the course of the Commission's proceedings, recently terminated, Mr. Justice Day, with his colleague, put some very unusual but quite pertinent questions to some of the witnesses. One of them, Mr. F. N. Cullen, described as Divisional Magistrate and Assistant Inspector General, made astounding statements, not alone fully bearing out our often published views of the savage rioting which for four months disgraced Belfast, and its causes, but bringing home to Dr. Kane a responsibility all becoming a preacher of peace and a messenger of love and loyalty. That part of Mr. Cullen's testimony touching on our present purpose is as follows. We give question and answer: "Don't the crowd, as a rule, make for the public houses? As a rule the rioting begins by wrecking public houses. Are you a Roman Catholic? No, I am a Protestant. I certainly think that the conduct of some clergymen and the statements made by them had a great deal to do with the rioting. Who were those clergymen you referred to? I think Dr. Kane and Dr. Hanna. Although I gave Dr. Hanna credit for his action with regard to the school trip, still I think the conduct of him and Dr. R. Heenan, together with the newspaper, had a good deal to do with it. There was also a Mr. De Cobain who wrote letters which had a very bad effect on the people. Did you see the reports of the statements made by these clergymen to the action of the Chief Secretary? I can give you a copy of the newspapers, but I can tell you I never read them. Mr. Adams—you mentioned some letters a while ago. Is this one of them that I have here before me from Mr. De Cobain, in which the police are described as "livered assassins" and as cowardly and cruel and as belonging to the invincibles? Yes; that is one of them. Are you aware that the invincibles are the men who were concerned in the murder of the Secretaries in the Phoenix Park? Yes. Were any step taken to make the

writer of this letter amenable? I am not aware. This was written in the middle of the riots? It was. You say that rev. gentlemen made use of language calculated to excite the passions and inflame the feelings of the populace? Yes. Who were the clergymen? Revs. Dr. Kane and Dr. Hanna. To what denomination do they belong? Mr. Dr. Kane is a Protestant clergyman and the other is a Presbyterian clergyman.

The De Cobain here referred to is one of the Orange members for Belfast, and the Dr. Kane here so prominently mentioned none other than the loyal Dr. Kane who "ranted and roared in our City Hall," the indomitable Dr. Kane, who, with the ever-faithful Oranystekas as pilot, made painful but practical, and we trust not profane, study of Caradoc's topography—the undaunted Dr. Kane who promised the London brethren a farewell oration, but gave our Forest City crowd direct, and went to woo the charming Clinton, and the winsome Walkerton—the chivalrous Dr. Kane, who in all his speeches assailed the absent and vilified the innocent—the courageous Dr. Kane, who fed the intelligence of the great urban communities of Montreal and Quebec in Canada, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Paul in the United States, finally quitting the shores of America with the mystery of a vagabond and the silence of a brigand. The evidence of Inspector Cullen will, no doubt, receive attention in the report of the Commissioners, who will, it is to be hoped, place responsibility just where it should lie, and thus demonstrate to Britain and to the world that the only source of lawlessness in Ireland is the Orange organization, England's deadliest internal foe.

JUSTIN MCARTHY IN THE EAST.

We have much pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to the reports elsewhere published of Mr. Justin McCarthy's reception at Amherst, N. S., and Fredericton, N. B. In each of these important centres of thought and population the hon. member for Derry was given a welcome from representative men of all classes, creeds and parties. Leading members of the Dominion and Provincial legislatures, Premiers and ex-Premiers, clergymen, lawyers and physicians, supported by crowds of intelligent, law-abiding, determined citizens, thronged to hear Mr. Parnell's gifted lieutenant, and testify their interest in Ireland's constitutional struggle for self government. Mr. McCarthy will bring home with him from these Provinces overwhelming evidence of Irishmen's fitness to legislate and to govern.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

In the presence of one million of people President Cleveland on Thursday, Oct. 23rd, received from the delegates of the French nation, the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, the most colossal work of the kind ever raised by the hands of man. This magnificent work of human genius stands 151 feet 2 inches high, resting on a pedestal 100 feet, thus making the statue's total height above low water 205 feet 6 inches. President Cleveland said that the people of the United States accepted with gratitude from their brethren of the French republic the grand and completed work here inaugurated. He had, however, the misfortune to add that this token of the affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates the kinship between the two republics, and conveys to Americans the assurance that in their efforts to commend to mankind the excellence of a government resting upon popular will, they will have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally. There is no kinship whatever between the free republic of America and the despotic anti-christian radicalism of France. Nor has the latter any sympathy with true popular government as understood in America. It was Catholic not radical France which made America free, and it is to-day Catholic not radical infidel France which is America's sincerest admirer across the Atlantic.

The President then indulged in a spread eagle sentimental pagan similitude of questionable taste, concluding: "We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall her close altar be neglected. Willing votaries will constantly keep alive its fire, and these shall gleam upon the shores of our sister Republic in the East. R. Heenan thence and joined with answering rays, a stream of light shall pierce the darkness of ignorance and man's oppression until Liberty enlightens the world." No country in the world is just now more in need of light than the so called French Republic, where there is neither liberty, truth nor justice in high places, but where license, rapacity, and hatred of Christianity flourish, to the horror of all good Frenchmen, who, while respecting authority love that liberty which is incompatible with license. The monarchial France of one hundred years ago, whatever the abuses then prevailing, was in all respects a more humane and respectable government than the infidel radicalism of to day.

ORANGE RUFFIANISM AGAIN RAMPANT.

Mr. Sexton's election for West Belfast was contested by his Orange opponents. Having no other ground for proceeding against the hon. gentleman but malice, hatred and all ill will, their case fell bottomless in the courts of law. Mr. Sexton was, a few days after the announcement of Mr. McCarthy's triumphant return for Derry, declared duly elected for the Western Division of Belfast, and his opponents condemned to costs and humiliation. This was altogether too much for the Orange ruffians. That Belfast and Derry should be represented by a Sexton and a McCarthy was more than they could stand, and accordingly, to prove to the world their respect for British law, they assailed the court-house in the Capital of Ulster with stones torn from the pavement. Of their conduct even the Montreal *Witness*, so often blinded to truth, is forced to say: "The Irish Unionists have been squarely defeated before the Courts, at London, by the seating of Mr. Justin McCarthy, and at Belfast by the seating of Mr. Sexton. Of course a riot followed the declaration of Mr. Sexton's election by the Court, and the mob stoned the Court House. In Belfast it is fashionable to show loyalty to the Queen and devotion to the Union by breaking the Queen's peace and violating the Union's laws."

ARE WE A PRIVILEGED COMMUNITY?

The *Mail* and the *Week* would fain have the public at large believe that the Catholics of this Province are, in the matter of education, a privileged community. Is such, however, really the case? The fact is that in our boasted school system, Catholics are not in the enjoyment of equality with non-Catholics in primary, intermediate or university education. They are taxed and taxed again for primary schools, high schools and universities; in whose government they have practically no part, and whose system of education is not in accord with their conscientious convictions. They grudge not the enjoyment to their non-Catholic fellow citizens of those educational facilities and privileges the latter may make choice of for themselves, but to the latter they strenuously deny the right of imposing on them in whole or in part a system of education contrary to their own conscientious belief. In 1866, just before confederation, the government of the day in old Canada proposed to amend the school law of Lower Canada very largely to the benefit of the Catholic minority there. The Catholic Bishops of the Province thought it an opportune time to lay the following memorial before the Governor General in Council: "To His Excellency the Right Honorable Lord Monck, Governor General, in Council: MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY: The undersigned, Bishops of the Province of Canada, assembled at Montreal, humbly submit to Your Excellency—That in view of the approaching Confederation of the British Provinces, a measure is being submitted to the Legislature, having for its object to grant to the Protestant minority of Lower Canada, certain rights and privileges. The undersigned are quite willing that such a measure should become a law, and that the minority in Lower Canada should have a recognized right to watch over the education of their children. They, at the same time, beg leave to state that, in simple justice, all rights and privileges granted to the Protestant minority of Lower Canada should be extended to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada. The undersigned therefore beg leave to urge upon Your Excellency the claims of the Catholic minority of Upper Canada, and pray that you would bring the matter under the serious consideration of your Council. Montreal, 30 July, 1866. +C. F., Bishop of Trois. +J. G., Bishop of Montreal. +JOSEPH EGGENS, Bishop of Ottawa. +ALEX., Bishop of St. Boniface. +JOHN FARRELL, Bishop of Hamilton. +ADOLPH, Bishop of Sandwich. +E. J., Bishop of Kingston. +JOHN J. SEPH LYNN, Bishop of Toronto. +CHARLES, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. The Governor in Council did, we believe, give some consideration to this memorial, but the result was nil. The bill in favor of the Protestant minority in Lower Canada was withdrawn to prevent the passage of a similar measure of relief for the Catholics of Upper Canada. But from the *Catholic Legislature of Quebec* the Protestant minority of that Province has since received a school law more liberal than the proposed measure of 1866. If there is a community specially favored, privileged and protected in this country, it is that same minority; a community treated with a rigor prompted by dread and hatred, a community ill used, especially in the matter of education, it is the Catholic minority

of Ontario. What we want is equality, and equality, despite *Mail* and *Week*, we will, by united action, secure. It is well that journals of this type should be made known that the Catholic Separate School system guaranteed us by the constitution will perish only with that constitution itself. A NOVEMBER LESSON. His Lordship the Bishop of London preached on Sunday last a powerful sermon to a very large and appreciative congregation in St. Peter's Cathedral. The Bishop took for text those telling words of the Gospel (Matt. xxiv, 42, 51): "Watch ye therefore; because you know not at what hour your Lord will come. But this know ye, that if the master of the house knew at what hour the thief would come, he would certainly watch, and would not suffer his house to be broken open. Wherefore be ye also ready; because at what hour you know not, the Son of man will come. Who, thinkest thou, is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath set over his family, to give them meat in season? Blessed is that servant, whom when his Lord shall come, he shall find so doing. Amen I say to you, he shall set him over all his goods. But if that evil servant shall say in his heart: My lord is long a coming; and shall begin to strike his fellow-servants, and shall eat and drink with drunkards. The lord of that servant shall come in a day that he expecteth not, and in an hour that he knoweth not; and shall separate him, and appoint his portion with the hypocrites. There shall he be weeping and gnashing of teeth. He showed the folly of delaying one's conversion expecting God to give time at the end of an ill spent life for reconciliation and forgiveness. Men did not act with this wisdom in worldly matters. Had they an object to attain in this life, they set their hearts upon its obtention, and neither postponed nor delayed any action or course of action deemed necessary to this end. Man's chief end here below was to love God and serve Him with the view of enjoying Him hereafter. But even Christians in untold numbers forgot this purpose of their being and lived in forgetfulness of God and disobedience to His precepts. Yet they expected heaven. In their folly they counted on time and opportunity after a life of sin to turn to the Creator they had all along spurned and despised. They should be ever ready, for death was certain to come. If it overtook them in their sins, they would be cast into the flames of hell, the sighing winds, the moaning forests and the leaden, cheerless skies— all told man that he must die. He might indeed deny himself to visiting old age, but the visitor would soon force admission and remain till his friend death came to take him on whom old age's sign manual had been placed. The true Christian was ever ready for death. The careless Catholic, he who disregarded the church's commands, who lived in luxury and excess, he indeed feared death. All should now, however, give ear to the voice of God calling them to repentance and to perseverance in His law and His love. Death had no terrors for the just man, for the faithful child of Holy Church, for it was for them but the opening of Heaven's portals, the end of sorrows and of trials, the beginning of never-ending joy, which the Bishop prayed might be the lot and the happiness of all his hearers.

THE DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM.

The mighty hath fallen! The proud, arrogant and aggressive Protestantism of Ontario's proud metropolis has indeed been humiliated. The so-called churches of the many turreted city have confessed failure in the effort to Christianize the masses, and recourse must be had by Protestant Toronto to a Sam Jones and a Sam Small, rude, unlettered and uncultured Georgian preachers of vigorous intellect and voluble tongue. How indeed the mighty hath fallen! The Pottases and the Wildes and the Sweatmans and the MacDonells, and all that legion of fashionable hisping divines, heroes of back parlor conflicts and champions of many a tea-fight encounter, all must give way to two representatives of Georgian back-country vigor of mind, and seeming-ly honest hatred of sham. Self-conceited and ignorant as are Jones and Small, they are better preachers of the naturalism which Protestants mistake for religion than the regularly salaried and subsidized ministers who preach not what they themselves think, but what their congregations think, of man's duties in respect of the here and the hereafter. We give them credit for some honesty of purpose which, after all, works a multitude of sins. But their work is not of an enduring character, and must be in consequence followed by positive infidelity, many confirmed in a reaction in which some will be driven into error and vice, and not a few plunged into our lunatic asylums and state prisons. A glance at Toronto's population will show at a moment the

thorough intensity of its Protestantism. In 1861 there were in that city 12,135 Catholics, 14,125 Anglicans, 6,004 Presbyterians, 6,056 Methodists, 1,283 Baptists, 826 Congregationalists, 187 Lutherans, 17 Quakers, 23 Bible Christians, 79 second Adventists, 117 Disciples, 41 Universalists, 165 Unitarians, and 1,603 "Protestants." In 1881, the Catholics had increased to 16,710, the Anglicans to 80,913, the Congregationalists to 2,013, the Disciples to 312, the Lutherans to 494, the Methodists to 16,183, but the Presbyterians had fallen down to 5,861, while the minor sects above mentioned freely held their own. The census of 1891, will, if we judge from the municipal figures, show an overwhelming Protestant increase in Toronto's population, and prove that city the very bulwark of Protestantism in the Canadian Dominion, if not in all North America. But is the Protestantism of Toronto a vital religious system? The preachers will, we know, point to the Sam Jones and Sam Small revival as an unmistakable manifestation of its vitality and vigor. But, though more active and aggressive for the time being than the Protestantism of the great populous centres of the American republic, the Protestantism of Toronto has in store for it the very same fate that has fallen on the sister systems of heterodoxy in the United States. In one of those thoughtful, convincing and masterly productions characteristic of his vigorous pen and stalwart brain, the learned Bishop McQuaid, in February, 1883, laid before the readers of the *North American Review* an admirable exposition of the decay of Protestantism. The truths set forth by Dr. McQuaid have present forceful application to Canada at this very hour. The Bishop of Rochester's figures are all powerful in their convincing, irresistible strength. He writes: "In England and Wales, statistics of Church attendance have been gathered by secular newspapers in about 70 cities and towns. These statistics have been made in the interests of Non-conformists, as against the established Church. They show that the latter is steadily decreasing, with all its advantages of wealth, an educated ministry, and the prestige of respectability. They also demonstrate that a majority of the people spend the Sunday elsewhere than in Church." The Bishop then advances some startling figures concerning the decline of American Protestantism: "On the 16th of April, 1883, the *Boston Advertiser* caused a census to be taken by its reporters of attendance on divine worship at the churches in that city, obtaining the following result: In 160 Protestant churches, 75,752 worshippers were counted; and in 36 Catholic churches, 49,387." The Bishop significantly adds: "Catholics do not receive the credit to which they are entitled, as this count was made in some instances at only one mass. A stronger spirit of faith and piety is needed to attend twice at six o'clock in the morning than at ten. Besides, Boston is only at the beginning of the good work of establishing Catholic Church schools." Bishop McQuaid has no greater comfort to give the Protestants of America concerning the status of the sects in Philadelphia. He says: "On a Sunday in January, 1881, counted in 181 non-Catholic churches of Philadelphia, 43,140 heads, and in 19 Catholic churches 82,553."

The Bishop then goes on to point out that the "accuracy of this count having been called in question, the Philadelphia Times sent its reporter on a Sunday of March in the same year, who found in 56 non-Catholic churches, 19,916 attendants, and in 9 Catholic churches, 33,010. Though but a partial report, it verified the first enumeration. The 40 non-Catholic churches of New Haven showed a less number of worshippers on a Sunday in April, 1881, than its 5 Catholic churches. St. Louis gave 34,109 at 104 non-Catholic churches, and 85,171 at 34 Catholic churches. A count of church attendance made by the Rochester *Morning Herald*, on Sunday morning, Nov. 26, 1882, gave these figures: At non-Catholic services, 10,784 were present; at the mass in 11 Catholic churches, 18,913 worshipped. The non-Catholic attendants were distributed as follows: 1,397 were in 8 Protestant Episcopal churches; 2,633 in 11 Presbyterian, 1,271 in 5 Baptist; 1,245 in 7 Methodist Episcopal; 3,311 in 11 German Protestant; 924 in 8 miscellaneous churches. It is a noteworthy fact that the churches which maintained their own church-schools, had the largest attendance at church services. In Baltimore a secular paper adopted another plan on which to form an estimate of the religion or irreligion among its people. It gathered statistics of church membership. It consulted the latest official documents and submitted the figures to the inspection and correction of prominent clergymen. The totals gave 177,689 in a population of 340,000, distributed as follows: 110,000 Catholics; 28,642 Methodists; 10 different sects; 11,474 Lutherans; 8,561 Episcopal; Protestants; 6,887 Baptists; 4,995 Presbyterians, of three subdivisions; 4,100 of the Reformed church; 1,003 Friends; 2,010 scattered among seven other denomina-

tions. The editor remarks that religious indifference is chiefly found among the large Evangelical churches of the native American." Concerning New York and Brooklyn the Bishop takes from the New York *Times*, a paper never friendly to Catholicism, some startling information on which he bases the following: "The non-Catholic population of New York City in 1882 is estimated at 800,000. The total membership of all the non-Catholic churches, including Synagogues and miscellaneous, was 97,497. Brooklyn held its own much better, for out of an estimated non-Catholic population of 390,000, it had 69,000 church members. A comparison is made between 1845 and 1882, showing that while the population of New York has increased in that period over 300 per cent, the percentage of increase in church membership has been startlingly small. When the Rev. Dr. Curry, of the Methodists, was called on by a reporter of the New York *Star*, he admitted the lesson of the figures, but acknowledged his inability to explain the falling off of Methodism. Another Methodist preacher gave as his solution of the problem that "Education, culture, and refinement have killed them (Methodist preachers) as preachers of the gospel." Rev. Dr. Hall is hopeful, in spite of empty pews in other churches than his own, but does not believe in spasmodic efforts and revivals, and calls for organized congregational labor. Rev. Dr. MacArthur, Baptist, says: "While things are not so bad as some pastors think, they are bad enough." Not satisfied with a mere exposition of the decay of Protestantism, Bishop McQuaid gives a lucid summary of the causes thereof. As these causes are in full operation in Canadian Protestantism, we invite the attention of the readers to their enumeration. We give them in the Bishop of Rochester's own order: (1) the dissensions among Protestants with regard to vital truths; (2) the malignant ascendency with which Protestantism has assailed the Catholic church, her doctrines, her practices and her ministers; (3) the taking away of all authority from its ministers by the radical principle of Protestantism, to wit, the so-called right of private judgment; (4) the practical exclusion of the poor from Protestant temples; (5) the impossibility of providing churches with ministers educated up to the standard required by Americans at the inadequate compensation offered; (6) the quick surrender by the preachers of doctrinal points at the demand of secularists, on the plea of science; (7) the expansion and growth of secret societies with ministers as chaplains or high priests, many there finding a substitute for the church. All these causes of decay are untriflingly at work undermining Canadian Protestantism, which, despite revivals and revivals, is doomed to the inanity and decay that have fallen on the American sectaries. The church Catholic, on the other hand, is in both countries full of life, vigor and promise.

Whatever falling off in numbers, says Bishop McQuaid, may be among members of the Catholic Church in some countries, it is accounted for by their neglect to listen to the Church when she condemns secret societies by the evil influence of political state oppression, and by the sinking of religious truths when conflicting with national questions. For these losses there are compensating gains in other quarters. In her creed, government, and ministry, she is as strong today as ever in the past, though the helping hand of ruling powers is greatly weakened, or altogether withdrawn.

PERSONAL.

The nineteenth anniversary of the consecration of His Lordship the Bishop of London was celebrated by Pontifical High Mass on Wednesday morning. The respect and veneration entertained for His Lordship were shown in the unusually large attendance of the faithful. His Lordship afterwards entertained the Bishops of the Province and the visiting clergy at dinner in the Palace.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

As a cover and preparation for injustice to the Catholic minority in this Province the organs of intolerance tell their readers that we are too highly favored and privileged in educational and other matters. No more audacious falsehood could be uttered. The true position of the Catholics of Ontario in the matter of education will, we are happy to inform our readers, be shown in a series of letters to be addressed, by permission, to the Right Rev. Bishop Cleary of Kingston, and published in these columns before appearing in a more permanent form.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

We bespeak for Michael Davitt a hearty welcome to Canada. As a patriot, orator, writer and statesman, he has achieved a distinction that belongs to genius, and by all these titles is he sure to be right royally received by the Canadian people of every creed, class and origin. Michael Davitt has struggled and suffered for Ireland, as has no Irish leader since the days of the immortal Emmett, whose epitaph he will soon write in letters of gold on the pedestal of Irish liberty. In Canada Mr. Davitt will find the masses as sound and solid for Home Rule as in any part of the American republic.



NOV. 13, 1886.

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Concerning New York and Brooklyn the Bishop takes from the New York Times, a paper never friendly to Catholicism, some startling information on which he bases the following:

The non-Catholic population of New York City in 1882 is estimated at 300,000. The total membership of all the non-Catholic churches, including Synagogues and miscellaneous, was 97,497. Brooklyn held its own much better, for out of an estimated non-Catholic population of 390,000, it had 69,000 church members. A comparison is made between 1845 and 1882, showing that while the population of New York has increased in that period over 300 per cent, the percentage of increase in church membership has been startlingly small. When the Rev. Dr. Curry, of the Methodists, was called on by a reporter of the New York Star, he admitted the lesson of the figures, but acknowledged his inability to explain the falling off of Methodism. A brother Methodist preacher gave as his solution of the problem that "Education, culture, and refinement have killed them (Methodist preachers) as preachers of the gospel." Rev. Dr. Hall is hopeful, in spite of empty pews in other churches than his own, but does not believe in spasmodic efforts and revivals, and calls for organized congregational labor. Rev. Dr. MacArthur, Baptist, says: "While things are not so bad as some pastors think, they are bad enough."

Not satisfied with a mere exposition of the decay of Protestantism, Bishop McQuaid gives a lucid summary of the causes thereof. As these causes are in full operation in Canadian Protestantism, we invite the attention of the readers to their enumeration. We give them in the Bishop of Rochester's own order: (1) the dissensions among Protestants with regard to vital truths; (2) the malignant asceticism with which Protestantism has assailed the Catholic Church, her doctrines, her practices and her ministers; (3) the taking away of all authority from its ministers by the radical principle of Protestantism, to wit, the so-called right of private judgment; (4) the practical exclusion of the poor from Protestant temples; (5) the impossibility of providing churches with ministers educated up to the standard required by Americans at the inadequate compensation offered; (6) the quick surrender by the preachers of doctrinal points at the demand of secularists, on the plea of science; (7) the expansion and growth of secret societies with ministers as chaplains or high priests, many there finding a substitute for the church.

All these causes of decay are untiringly at work undermining Canadian Protestantism, which, despite revivals and revivalists, is doomed to the inanity and decay that have fallen on the American sectaries. The church Catholic, on the other hand, is in both countries full of life, vigor and promise.

Whatever falling off in numbers, says Bishop McQuaid, may be among members of the Catholic Church in some countries, it is accounted for by their neglect to listen to the Church when she condemns secret societies by the evil influence of political state oppression, and by the sinking of religious truths when conflicting with national questions. For these losses there are compensating gains in other quarters. In her creed, government, and in her mission, she is as strong today as ever in the past, though the helping hand of ruling powers is greatly weakened, or altogether withdrawn.

PERSONAL.

The nineteenth anniversary of the consecration of His Lordship the Bishop of London was celebrated by Pontifical High Mass on Wednesday morning. The respect and veneration entertained for His Lordship were shown in the unusually large attendance of the faithful. His Lordship afterwards entertained the Bishops of the Province and the visiting clergy at dinner in the Palace.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

As a cover and preparation for injustice to the Catholic minority in this Province the organs of intolerance tell their readers that we are too highly favored and privileged in educational and other matters. No more audacious falsehood could be uttered. The true position of the Catholics of Ontario in the matter of education will, we are happy to inform our readers, be shown in a series of letters to be addressed, by permission, to the Right Rev. Bishop Cleary of Kingston, and published in these columns before appearing in a more permanent form.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

We bespeak for Michael Davitt a hearty welcome to Canada. As a patriot, orator, writer and statesman, he has achieved a distinction that belongs to genius, and by all these titles is he sure to be rightly received by the Canadian people of every creed, class and origin. Michael Davitt has struggled and suffered for Ireland, as has no Irish leader since the days of the immortal Emmett, whose epitaph he will soon write in letters of gold on the pedestal of Irish liberty. In Canada Mr. Davitt will find the masses as sound and solid for Home Rule as in any part of the American Republic.

A WEAKNESS OF FRENCH STATESMANSHIP.

One of the crying evils of French politics is that statesmen worthy the name never get time or opportunity to reduce their principles to practice. They are rarely invested with the honours and responsibilities of office till they have reached that period of life when ambition has ceased to fill the soul and nerve the heart to great deeds. They are, in fact, old men, with all the reluctance of age to face hostility, bitterness, and humiliation, when placed in positions of national trust. Once in office, their hesitancy either soon degenerates into weakness or is mistaken for incapacity, and they lose public confidence and sometimes public respect. France suffers because she has no real training school for statesmen. Her legislature is not this, but a sort of shifting camp ground for unprincipled, sneering theorists, "sophists, economists and calculators."

Under the heading, "Wasted Strength," *Le Gaulois* says that the Duc De Cases is one of the most striking examples of wasted strength ever since governments, whether republican or monarchical, have been formed upon the model of the French revolution, as manipulated by Napoleon I. Of the twelve ministers of foreign affairs of the third republic, he it is who rendered most signal service to his country, he it is who prevented war with Germany in 1875, at the moment when Germany and her army were in the highest ardor of self-confidence, and the Field Marshal Von Moltke, Prince Bismarck, and Emperor William at the very apex of their strength. Now this statesman, who belonged by birth and association to the world of politics, prudent, adroit, well informed, amiable, yielding and conciliatory, whom nothing either surprised or could force to a surrender of principle, knowing men and thoroughly versed in the art of using them—this statesman, who had every occasion to become well acquainted with the administration of public affairs, who had had every opportunity and qualification for a long and useful public career, held the reins of power only from Nov. 29th, 1873, to Nov. 23rd, 1877. He could not be anything under the second republic nor under the second empire, nor under the government of national defence, nor under the quasi-monarchical rule of M. Thiers, nor even under the presidency of M. Grevy, because he did not renounce the monarchy under which he had achieved his first successes.

Under Napoleonic centralization, which is the system of the present republic, as it was that of the first and second empires, of the restoration, and of the monarchy of July as well as of the second republic: with the new and improved means of communication which makes the enforcement of this centralization as easy as it is absolute, the public functionaries are but clerks, the creatures of ministers; so that to render signal service to the state, it is almost necessary to be a minister. This necessity distracts minds and blinds ambitions. The ministers themselves are between two fires, the Chief Magistrate and the Legislative Chambers—in their own opinion opposing interests, held responsible even for the officials placed at the very bottom of the civil hierarchical ladder, they spend themselves in a thousand intrigues, a thousand details, and are forced to bear a thousand responsibilities in which they should have neither hand nor part. The consequence is that their influence is destroyed by difficulties which either a colonel or a sub-prefect should adjudicate upon, before they can perform any really ministerial act.

This centralization is so convenient for the various parties, that each in turn seizes on the power it confers, entrenches itself behind its bulwarks, there finds food, raiment and repose, turns the opportunities it offers to profit, and not only makes fortunes, but visits upon others the annoyances that had been visited on itself. Public interests occupy only their spare moments. Each party has had before getting into office to bear with so many persecutions and overcome so many trials that once in office it gratifies passion and forgets country.

Things are so muddled in France that instead of its politicians being divided into two great parties, Conservatives and Progressists, as in every other country in Europe governed after the constitutional method, the country is cut up into his torical parties. Every new governmental crisis adds to the political museum a new party, which impatiently awaits an occasion to fall upon the citadel which holds the prey it so ardently covets. Then there is a monarchical party, a Catholic party, a Bonapartist party, a Republican party, a Socialist party, and a Communist party, besides a number of others insignificant in strength. Besides each of these parties has its conservative and its advanced wing, as if it were the whole country in itself. It thus happens that the Conservatives of any one party, when in office, have opposed to them not only the Progressists of their own party, and the advanced wings of all the others,

but the conservatives of other parties, from which they are divided only by the name of a prince or of a government. It is thus also in the case of the various radical factions. As a result of all this, a French administration is something very narrow and very fragile, or, to speak with exact historical truth, the various French governments of this century are but difficult ministries of one and the same regime. Every government, keeping at a distance all the other political parties—that is to say, a notable portion of the population is the butt for a hostility which becomes more and more general as the generation which established it disappears. Hence, as a matter of course, French governments have striven to liberalize, renew and strengthen themselves as they remarked this dreaded dispartion. Napoleon III. in 1870 made an appeal to M. Emile Ollivier, as Louis Paillet had in 1848 made to M. Odillon Barrot. The third republic, however, is closing its ranks more and more stringently, not alone against its extreme left, but against that portion of its own body which sympathizes with the monarchical opposition, to whom 300,000 votes more would have given a majority at the election of October, 1885. In other words, the Republic has assumed an attitude of unconcealed hostility to the rest of the country. In round numbers 300,000 votes in 10,000,000 millions of electors, divided between 36,000 communal divisions, would make a little less than nine votes for each such division. The republic therefore relies for support on a majority of nine votes for each commune. Behold here a popular government! Behold here a strong government! Behold here an indestructible government! But as the Republican wing, which has close affinity with the monarchical party, obtained itself more than 300,000 votes, and its representatives, Jules Simon, Leon Say, Ribot and others keep as much aloof from the radicals even as do the monarchists, from whom they are separated by a word only, the majority of Frenchmen are undoubtedly Conservative. Wherefore the republic in this year of grace 1886 is actually sustained by a minority of the French nation.

Such a system has first for effect the making of ministers the mere transient guests of official departments, giving the various administrations an incoherent and ridiculous mien. The Duc De Cases has spent a longer time in office than any other minister of the present republic. Of the second empire M. Rouher was the minister who for the longest period held office. In the monarchy of July this distinction belonged to M. Guizot. The two last mentioned statesmen's periods of official life are the longest of the century in France. English, Belgian, Russian, German, Italian and Spanish ministers have been much longer in office than the Duc De Cases. We need but mention Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Frere Orban, M. Malou, Prince Bismarck, Von Beust, Prince Gortchakoff, Bratiano, and Cavour. Carnot and Depretis have probably had longer terms of office than either Rouher or Guizot. There are two men—M. Thiers and M. Gambetta—often looked upon as founders of a republic already more than once founded. M. Thiers, for fifty years one of the most important men in Europe, spent but seven years in office either as head of the state or as minister. During twelve years of its third republic's existence Gambetta, its idol, enjoyed but seven months of its official sweets. True, he allowed himself to be guided by the council of M. Ruc. The latter has so well advised the opportunists that they have re-established the *scrutin de liste*, to regenerate the republic and the country through a mode of electoral franchise not based on the choice of the most deserving, but of the least objectionable candidates, and therefore calculated to result in a debasement of the legislature chosen by its operations. So well indeed did M. Ruc guide the republicans by his counsel, that the elections of October, 1885, went against him, against them, and against the republic. Another result of the system of administration now prevailing in France is that no Frenchman can ever in the lowest of governmental functions do his duty properly to the country unless he belong to the party in power, and to the particular faction of that party which happens to be in the ascendant. The republic excludes not alone monarchists, but also those men, and their number is legion, whom the revolutions which occur every fifteen or twenty years have made sceptical or distrustful—and whose ideas are of the class known as Liberal Conservative, and who, without being monarchists, do not care to call themselves republicans. The republic requires of its agents to be first of all republicans without regard to capability. You may indeed be a citizen of irreproachable character, a man of work, of knowledge, talent, experience, decision and courage, but if you belong not to the ruling faction you count for nothing. You may indeed consider yourself happy if the government receive your taxes without persecuting you. Thus, if

a man have a taste for public affairs he is proscribed from internal administrative service. The spirit of party, which at first repels, finally wins him over to its ranks. He becomes melancholy, bitter and malignant, losing the finest qualities of the French race, and the race itself also deprecates under the prevalence of this false system. He ends by an irreconcilable and unreasoning opposition, abandoned only when his party reaches the goal of office, and then he is too old to be of any service. Office in France is attained either too soon or too late, hardly ever at the right time, and almost always without preparation. The Duc de Broglie was a statesman of high culture, and very fine talent, but even he did not till his fiftieth year get a seat in the Legislature, nor become a minister till three years later, without in the meantime having had any experience in the control of public affairs and the management of men. The spirit of ostracism does not quit even before the army, where every dictate of patriotism would command a close combination of forces. In case of war, there is but one general who would be able to enforce authority and maintain unity of action, the Duc d'Aumale. The most intensely republican officers recognize the fact. But the republic has erased the name of this Prince from the army lists, and amid the plaudits of the foes of France driven him into exile. Generals Mirabel, Schmidt, de Gallifet, Du Barail, Bourbaki and others of the most skillful are to day in disgrace only because the republic of the moment finds that they are not radical enough. As if it were essentially necessary to be an extreme republican to command an army or defeat an enemy! No government of the century having met with a more powerful or numerous opposition, the third republic has more than any other ostracized French citizens. Its adherents are more narrow and exclusive, its functionaries, feeling themselves as it were in an enemy's country, receive no one, and are received by no one, their houses being as much avoided as those of hangmen in former times.

Foreign nations in like manner refuse to recognize with respect the France of to-day, fallen into decadence and ruled by a handful of barbarians. France has, however, a multitude of distinguished citizens, but these men are in opposition, and await office to serve their country. Time alone, it may be, will destroy this regime, which, despite every effort, is already in decadence, dissolve the historical factions, and lead men's minds into their two natural channels—the one conservative, the other progressive. If any man could hasten the work of time and achieve this great deed, he would take rank among the illustrious men of French history. He would put a term to these revolutions which are but the pronouncements of each succeeding generation in quest of office; and found a system of an enduring character, relying for its administrative strength, now on the right, then on the left, as in all constitutionally governed countries of the west.

But France would be indebted to him for a still greater benefit. Every Frenchman could serve his country without rising in revolt, and all could attain power in the very plenitude of their strength. The French mind, which spends its forces in divisions, would then recover its strength and clearness. Divided by less threatening barriers, French citizens would combat each other with less bitterness, and France cease to be the country of discord. Peace would then reign within its borders, and all the forces of the nation be employed for the union, prosperity and glory of France, and no longer wasted and dissipated in fruitless discussions, distractions and divisions.

CONVERTED TO HOME RULE.

The Protestant "Church of Ireland" has not been of late distinguished for the possession of men of virtue and commanding intellectual force. It does seem, however, that it has in Dr. Gregg, Bishop of Cork, an honest man. He is credited with lately addressing his clergy in these terms: "Every interest languishes, every business is depressed, carelessness, neglect and despair seem to be settling upon the people. I exhort you not to allow prejudice to prevent the acceptance of any just change likely to benefit Ireland." The bishop's language has, we are told, caused a sensation, and the Nationalists claim that he has been converted to Home Rule.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN HALIFAX.

The celebrated Irish writer and statesman was in Nova Scotia's capital the recipient of a very hearty and enthusiastic welcome. At his lecture the Hon. Mr. Fielding, Premier of the Province, presided, and Archbishop O'Brien took advantage of Mr. McCarthy's visit to denounce the attempts made by at least one unscrupulous journal to sow the seeds of religious discord in this youthful Dominion. Nova Scotia, through its legislature, was one of the first of the great political communities on this side of the Atlantic to pronounce unmis-

take-ably for Home Rule, and in cordial and emphatic endorsement of Mr. Gladstone's bill.

A HOWL FROM THE WILDERNESS.

From away north, out of the forest primeval, there comes a howl from the Orange organ of the tromontane rascalions of Victoria, Muskoka and the country beyond, worthy heirs of the old times raketells who gloried in the murder of Papists and the sack and plunder of Papist homes and churches. This dourly representative of backwoods' journalism, to wit, the *Victoria Warder*, favors its readers in its issue of Oct. 29th with this ribald blast:

"We print the following extract from a circular sent out by Father Brennan, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, to the faithful through the province. Our readers will kindly note the great inducements offered. What is the use of fooling away time and money in getting religion or in keeping up churches, when for the small sum of two dollars a fellow can get his praying done for fifty years? But Father Brennan is not up to Bishop Walsh, of London, who, we believe, offered absolution for all past as well as future sins, to any one investing in his Big Lottery a few years ago. "But seriously, it is disgraceful that people should be humbugged by such mountebank performances as these Lotteries. They are contrary to law and should be put down. It is the duty of Mr. Mowat to do so; but then this Lottery is one right in Toronto under the nose of Prime Minister Lynch and his servants, the supposed Ontario government, hence not a word must be uttered."

The sneer at the appeal of Father Brennan and the lie in reference to Bishop Walsh are beneath contempt, coming as they do from a heart that has long since parted from decency and truth, and a brain, the troubled seat of petty spiteful malevolence, and of every ugliness. The man of the *Warder* is solicitous for the observance of the law of the land, but he himself grossly violates that law by libelling two Catholic bishops and misrepresenting a Catholic priest. What care he for the law when Papist priests and bishops have to be struck with assassin-like treachery. The pretence slush that this journalistic mudlark feeds to his readers is just what they need and relish. Let him then spatter and splash and drabble away. His every motion adds to the dense coating of slime which makes his presence odious to all good citizens. It was Quintus Curtius Rufus who left the world the aphorism which the mention of the *Warder*, worthy representative in Canada of Shankill lane ferocity recalls, *cassis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet*. A cowardly cur barks more fiercely than it bites; and Plautus declared in his epigrammatic way: "I count him lost who is lost to shame." We know that it is unjust to these great men of old to place their names in such proximity to that of a hyena-like journalist that revels in death and destruction. But their apophthegms best express our opinions of the enemies of our country's peace.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Labors of Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, D. D., Cong. Miss., first Archbishop of Toronto. By H. C. McKewen, James A. Sadlier, Montreal and Toronto: 1886.

This interesting work of contemporary history is sure to command a wide circulation. Archbishop Lynch's name is a household word throughout Canada, and every Catholic must be desirous of having the narrative of his life in permanent form. The volume before us reflects much credit on author and publisher.

The Spirit of the Age. By Jos. K. Foran, LL. B. Beautifully bound in cloth, 60 cents. Cheap Edition, paper cover, 30 cents. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

This is a very timely, readable, and useful contribution to Canadian Catholic literature. Mr. Foran writes with clearness, vigor, fluency and persuasiveness. This book ought to find a place in every household library in the land.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM UXBRIDGE.

DEAR EDITOR.—Noticing in your issue of the 30th ult. a letter from Uxbridge, narrating the ups and downs of this parish for some years past, and eulogizing more particularly the successful work of our late pastor, Rev. Father Allain, whose departure for Meriton was made the occasion of addresses of regret and presentations from his friends, and agreeing with the writer thereof, M. J. Motone, that your estimable paper is the best medium for Catholics to sympathize or rejoice with each other in losses or joys and benefits, I venture to inform the readers of the Record that the Uxbridge people are again to be considered fortunate in having a pastor whom they are sure to like, and by whose active example they are certain to benefit.

Rev. Father Keane has been appointed to the charge of this scattered parish and heartily welcomed. Before leaving Toronto Gore, his former station, he was presented by his parishioners there with a purse of \$122, and by the children of the separate school with a handsome easy chair. Each presentation was accompanied by an address, attesting the zeal, integrity and uniform kindness of Father Keane, expressing a deep respect for him and general regret at his departure. A long account of the presentations appeared in the *Irish Canadian* of Nov. 4, and it was partly because I saw no report of them in your paper that I undertook to communicate the occurrence.

Father Whitney, who filled the interim here between Father Allain's departure

and our present pastor's arrival, is the latter gentleman's successor at the Gore.

Father Keane was warmly received here last week; the lady parishioners of the town contributed towards furnishing the house, and he is now settled in our midst, with every prospect of being deservedly liked and respected by all the Catholics of the parish, among whom I trust unity will always prevail.

Thanking you for space occupied, I remain, A CATHOLIC.

Uxbridge, Nov. 6, 1886.

Address and Presentation.

On Wednesday evening, the 27th of October, a committee from St. Patrick's Church, Toronto Gore, waited on Father Keane at his residence, and presented him with a purse of \$122 and the following address:—

To the Rev. F. J. Keane. REV. FATHER—We approach you with an expression of that respect which we have always entertained for you. Believe us sincere, Rev. and dear sir when we say that your uniform kindness and courtesy, your amiable disposition and unbending integrity, your fervent zeal, self-sacrificing assiduity and prompt attendance to us upon all occasions, have won our admiration and endeared you to us all, leaving on our minds a lasting impression that will not be easily forgotten. With resignation we submit to the change made by his Grace the Archbishop, which deprives us of you, and fills us with grief and deep-felt regret. It is always a pleasure to render honor when honor is due; and believe us that we are not exaggerating in our words, when we say that you have earned the reward of merit, which we trust will stand to your credit hereafter.

On behalf of the people of Toronto Gore, we ask your acceptance of this humble present, this small tribute of our love and gratitude, with our best wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare.

We pray God to assist you in your new field of labor, and that He may grant you continued good health, and may his blessing attend you in your future home.

We are, on behalf of the congregation of St. Patrick's your faithful children in Christ,

JAMES GREAY,  
GEORGE GOBELL,  
THOMAS BYRNES,  
JOHN O'DONNELL.

Father Keane, though somewhat surprised by this affectionate act of kindness, replied in the following words:

My dear friends, I assure you I can scarcely find words adequate to express or give utterance to the sentiment and feelings of gratitude which at this moment pervade my heart, not merely on account of the enjoyment of many happy days while laboring amongst you, but also on account of this exceeding act of kindness, which forces me to give expression to the deepest feelings of my heart. I confess, gentlemen, I have not merited such friendly tokens of kindness as you have shown and manifested to me, not only in words, but in acts; and although my duties were not onerous, yet nothing have I done that I did not consider the imperative duty of every Priest to whom the care of souls is intrusted. Nothing have I done during my period amongst you that could merit this kind consideration, this warm and affectionate mark and token of your respect and esteem.

As your benevolent hearts would not be content unless they gave a convincing and decided proof of their friendship and sincerity, I accept with gratitude the present you have associated with your address.

I am satisfied that you will find Father Whitney a pastor both qualified and willing to discharge his duties towards you.

After reading the list of names of subscribers, Father Keane addressed them again in the following words:

The list, my dear friends, I will preserve and hold dear during life, as it will afford me great pleasure and cause me great happiness to look back with fond recollection of my missionary labors, and recall to mind when length of years shall come on me in the service of the Lord, the happy days of my ministry, when I had no care but you, no study but your interests, no anxiety but your advancement; and since I can do nothing more for these dear people whose names I see before me than pray for them, I trust I shall never be unmindful of them in my unworthy prayers.

The following address was presented on behalf of the pupils of the Separate School:

DEAR AND REVEREND FATHER KEANE—We hear with deep regret that you are going to leave us. We can hardly realize that your smile will no longer brighten nor your voice be heard cheering us on in our daily duties.

We have grown up under your fostering care, and your hands have poured the waters of baptism over many of our heads. But before you go, dear father, accept this chair from your children as a token of gratitude for the many kindnesses we have received from you. We wish you every success in your new parish, and when this life ends may you hear the sentence from our Divine Lord's lips: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys prepared for you," is the prayer of the Catholic children of the Gore on the departure of their priest.

Signed on behalf of the Separate School children,

NORAH O'DONNELL,  
BRIDGET O'DONNELL,  
ANNIE MADIGAN,  
MAGGIE BYRNES,  
LILLY CASSIN.

To this Father Keane replied briefly as follows:

My dear children of the Separate School, Toronto Gore, you have surprised me so much that I cannot give utterance to the feelings of my heart, not on account of the many happy days I spent amongst you, but on account of this act of kindness, which touches me deeply. I accept this present as a memento, and will ever remember my beloved children in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar.

Earth is our workshop, and heaven is, or should be, our storehouse. Our chief business here is to lay up treasures there. —Gyngnes.







None But Not Forgotten.

Composed for her friends. In memory of Katie Lynch, who died at Marymount, Ont., Oct. 19, 1898.

None well, dear Katie, then art gone,
For surely suffering o'er;
The friends who knew and loved thee,
Will know thee here no more.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ.

OF WHICH THE PUBLIC KNOWS BUT LITTLE.
WORTHY CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.
To the Editor of the Scientific American:

That we may emphasize and clearly express the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ, I you say. But understand, the body of the average man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sieves, as they may be called, many times a day, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes.

From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five gallons of blood each hour, or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 1,275 hogshead a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis, or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.

Being the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvis also goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

with which they are deranged, can you wonder that the ill health of our men and women's Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? I could tell the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer. Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is! It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking it. It is a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

THE ROSARY.
The Fifteen Mysteries and Their Corresponding Virtues.
THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.
First Chapter—For the conversion of sinners.

A Fearful Leap
into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortightedness is taken by thousands who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to me, in the course of my work and live at home wherever you are located, no matter how distant, and you are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not wait. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

A Cure for Drunkenness.
The cure of drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner was unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a habit, and a habit a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit, we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes a disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon these portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause insanity, dementia, and drinking mania. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite, for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, give the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by the India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, and all radical cures for Nervous Debility and all Female Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail, by address, with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 147 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Golden Medical Discovery.
Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY
The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular dealer's price, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

THOMAS D. EGAN,
Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York, N.Y.

Illustrative Sample Free
HEAL THYSELF!
Do not spend hundreds of dollars for advertised patent medicines at a dollar a bottle, and teach your system with nauseous slops that poison the blood, but purchase the Great and Standard Medical Work, entitled

GET THE BEST
Books that Agents Can Sell and Every Catholic Family Should Have.

Royal Canadian Insurance Co.
FIRE AND MARINE.
J. BURNETT, AGENT,
Taylor's Bank, Richmond Street.

BANK OF LONDON IN CANADA.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED \$1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP \$200,000
RESERVE FUND \$50,000

McShane Bell Foundry.
FINEST GRADES OF BELLS FOR CHURCHES, COLLEGES, TOWER CLOCKS, etc.

BIG OFFER.
To introduce them, we will give away 1000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. The National Co., 117 St. E., L.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.
GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, ETC. AT BOTTOM PRICES.
ALSO FRENCH BAND SAWS.
Jas. Reid & Co's
718 (north side) Dundas St., London, Ont.

COOKS' FRIEND BAKING POWDER.
A PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER.
It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia, and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
The great Key to Health, which unlocks all the secretions by Acting upon the Four Cardinal Points of Health: the Stomach, Liver, Blood and Kidneys.

Stylish Overcoatings.
Newest Colors in MELTON OVERCOATINGS.
Newest Colors in ENGLISH NAP OVERCOATINGS.

CHURCH PEWS.
SCHOOL FURNITURE.
The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture.

Bennett Furnishing Company.
LONDON, ONT., CANADA.
References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia; Lennox, Brantford; Molloy, Ingersoll; Corcoran, Parkhill; Twopen, Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.

MACY'S YELLOW OIL.
FIRE-RESISTANT.
FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Parasite. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

WINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY.
SUCCESSORS-IN-BELLS-TO THE BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO.
CATALOGUE 1898 TESTIMONIALS.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.
CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT.
Locality unrivaled for healthiness. "Specially peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. Air bracing, water pure and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating recreations. System of education thorough and practical. Educational advantages unsurpassed.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, SARNIA, ONT.
This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education. Particular attention is paid to vocal and instrumental music. Studies will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 13. Board and tuition per annum \$100. For further particulars apply to MORTIMER SPEKTOUR, Box 33.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.
This institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 10 miles from London, Ontario. The commodious building has been supplied with all the modern improvements. The hot water system of heating has been introduced with success. The grounds are extensive, including groves, gardens, orchards, etc.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.
The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses) Canada money, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. Denis O'Connell, President.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVENUE, third door east Post Office.
Special attention given to diseases of the eyes, ear, nose and throat. Office hours from 12 to 3 in the afternoon.

W. H. HINTON.
(From London England.)
UNDERTAKER, & CO.
The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

FINE COFFEE.
AFTER repeated trials elsewhere, we are firmly convinced of the superiority of the Coffee packed by Chase & Sanborn. We have now decided to supply all our customers with these goods, and anticipate an increased patronage. Every ounce is guaranteed.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.
190 DUNDAS STREET.
GENERAL DEBILITY.
All suffering from General Debility, or unable to keep up the system, should take Harkness' Biscuits, from and Wine. We are safe in saying there is no preparation in the market which will give better results. In bottles at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

HARKNESS & CO'S, DRUGGISTS,
COR. DUNDAS & WELLINGTON STS. LONDON, ONTARIO.



NICHOLAS WILSON & CO. 120 Dundas Street, Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED. C. M. B. A.

Office Supreme President, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1886.

Whereas, at the Supreme Council Session recently held at the city of London, Ont., various amendments to the constitution, by-laws, and forms of initiation were adopted...

C. J. DRESCHER, Supreme President.

BRANCHES AND SECRETARIES.

- 1 Windsor.....J. M. Melochie
2 St. Thomas.....P. L. M. Egan
3 Amherstburg.....S. C. Cadaret
4 London.....Wm. Corcoran
5 Brantford.....J. McGregor
6 Stratford.....E. O'Keefe
7 Sarnia.....F. W. Kane
8 Chatham.....F. W. Robert
9 Kingston.....Michael Brennan
10 St. Catharines.....D. Bennett
11 Dundas.....David Griffin
12 Berlin.....A. Kern
13 Stratford.....D. J. McGeehan
14 Galt.....Patrick Badigan
15 Toronto.....N. S. Kels
16 Prescott.....John Gibson
17 Paris.....James Gardiner
18 Niagara Falls.....W. H. Brennan
19 Ingersoll.....Joseph Long
20 Maidstone.....Thomas F. Kane
21 St. Clement.....N. S. Ball
22 Wallaceburg.....James Neilhan
23 Seaford.....Joseph Weber
24 Thorold.....Wm. Gearin
25 Cayuga.....Moses Clary
26 Montreal.....Jeremiah Cuddy
27 Petrolia.....Wm. Gleeson
28 Ottawa.....Ed. C. Smith
29 London.....L. Laframboise
30 Peterborough.....John O'Meara
31 Guelph.....James K. Weeks
32 Wingham.....P. B. Lanagan
33 Morrisburg.....J. McGannon
34 Almonte.....Wm. Gleeson
35 Goderich.....Joseph Kidd, Jr.
36 Port Lambton.....N. Hall
37 Hamilton.....John Byrne
38 Cornwall.....John Lally
39 Newstead.....A. P. McCarthy
40 Hamburg.....John Mayer
41 Montreal.....O'Donnell
42 Woodstock.....James J. Landry
43 Brookville.....L. K. Fraser
44 Arranville.....E. C. Armand
45 Tecumseh.....John Dugal
46 Walkerton.....Conrad Schurr

Deputy E. J. Reilly, of Toronto, is working hard, and expects to have two or three new branches to organize in a short time.

Received from John Langan, secretary Branch No. 7, C. M. B. A., Sarnia, Ont., a draft for one thousand dollars, amount due us by the Supreme Council of the C. M. B. Association as guardian of the children of the late T. K. Sullivan.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Received from Branch No. 7, C. M. B. A., Sarnia, Ont., per John Langan, Sec. Sec., the sum of two thousand dollars, in full as beneficiary due on my husband, the late T. K. Sullivan, of Branch No. 7, Sarnia. With thanks.

MARGARET SULLIVAN, Sarnia. Nov. 2nd, 1886.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. FROM PEMBROKE.

On Friday evening, the 29th of October, the pupils of the Convent of Mary Immaculate gave a musical and literary entertainment in the hall of the Convent in honor of the festival of St. Narcisus, the patron saint of His Lordship Bishop Lorrain.

It is but recently we learnt of the death of William J. Quayle, son of Mr. R. Quayle, St. Mary's, Ont., who departed this life a short time since, and we offer our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction.

The Jesuits number in the United States about 1,200. The membership of the Society throughout the world is about 10,000.

thirty of the pupils took part, gave evidence of fine vocal training. The instrumental duets 'Flora's Cradle' and 'From my Gown,' played by Misses J. Mulligan, E. Rooney, J. Poupore and A. Rostie were performed with great excellence.

BRANTFORD NOTES.

Father Lennon recently gave missions in Elora, Fergus, and another parish in that section.

The Minister of Education was in the city last week. Before leaving he visited all the educational institutions of the city, at the Collegiate Institute, he complimented the staff on the position their school had attained in the Ontario school system.

We are to have a lecture from Justin McCarthy on the 19th in the Opera House on the British House of Commons. He comes under the auspices of the Star Court Committee.

The Brantford Amateur Dramatic Co. is to give a performance at the Grand Theatre on the 29th of October, considering all the circumstances, an excellent evening and numerous enterprises of a like character in hand at the same time throughout the Province, more than fairly successful.

SARNIA BAZAR.

The bazaar in aid of the Catholic church, Sarnia, which took place during the last week of October was, considering all the circumstances, an excellent evening and numerous enterprises of a like character in hand at the same time throughout the Province, more than fairly successful.

- Ticket. No. of Prize Name of Winner.
6,476 1 Joseph J. Kelly, Port Hope.
7,808 2 Wm. Groat, Sarnia.
10,427 3 M. E. Geraghty, Geneva, N. Y.
10,428 4 J. B. O'Connell, Montreal.
20,242 5 Frank Staddon, Montreal.
70,281 6 Rev. A. Lorrain, Buscon River.
71,446 7 John McGill, Corunna.
75,773 8 L. Weis, Garbuttville, N. Y.
71,440 9 E. Corry, Marysville, Mich.
10,428 10 J. Wallace, Greenfield, Mich.
18,019 11 E. Crate, Klock's Mills, Ont.
4,540 12 Ella B. Homan, Tiffin, Ohio.
73,823 13 C. Wales, Sarnia.
60,004 14 R. P. Allan, Fort Garioch.
25,823 15 Mrs. J. Brooks, Pt. Edward.
78,771 16 A. McIntosh, Pt. Edward.
78,381 17 Dean Wagner, Windsor.
57,777 18 Mrs. C. Fraser, Point Edward.
72,846 19 Patrick Ryan, Sarnia.
71,635 20 Mrs. S. Smith, Point Edward.
73,890 21 C. D. Wilson, Sarnia.
44,446 22 Miss O. Toupin, Montreal.
72,906 23 Mrs. Dillon, Berlin.
42,994 24 T. Higgins, Point Edward.
13,642 25 Francis Genase, Vercher.
50,391 27 W. Stanton, Welland.
84 28 R. M. Smith, Point Edward.
11,216 29 Miss A. Sloan, Port Huron.
39,030 30 Wm. Tallant, Pembroke.

OBITUARY.

It is but recently we learnt of the death of William J. Quayle, son of Mr. R. Quayle, St. Mary's, Ont., who departed this life a short time since, and we offer our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction.

God should be the object of all our desires, the end of all our actions, the principle of all our affections, and the governing power of our whole souls.

CATHOLIC FREEM.

MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO. In good undertaking, charitable and otherwise, men should thoroughly disinterested themselves of egotism. If there is the slightest taint of vain glory hidden somewhere in a man's motive, things are apt to occur which will develop it, and then the spirit of jealousy, ambition, and envy take away all the merit and all the usefulness of the individual's further work.

CHURCH BELLS.

We have received a copy of the Catalogue of the bells of the Cathedral of Cincinnati, Ohio, containing descriptions and prices of Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells, and over 150 Testimonials from purchasers in the United States and Canada.

MARRIED.

At St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Nov. 14, by the Rev. Father Tierney, J. A. Smith, merchant, of London, and Miss Louisa, daughter of T. Shea, of this city.

LOCAL NOTICES.

New Fall Dry Goods received at J. J. Gibbons', New Dress Materials, New Hosiery, New Furnishings, New Hosiery and Gloves.

A SACRED VELL.

It was covered with diamonds and worth over \$200,000—STOLEN FROM A MEXICAN CHURCH.

In a church at a place called Matzcol, some twenty miles out of the City of Mexico, there was, and is, a statue of the Virgin, to which miraculous powers have long been ascribed by the Mexicans.

The bazaar in aid of the Catholic church, Sarnia, which took place during the last week of October was, considering all the circumstances, an excellent evening and numerous enterprises of a like character in hand at the same time throughout the Province, more than fairly successful.

WANTED.

A REVEREND, ENLIGHTENED, and energetic man, who has been in the habit of writing the words of the most eulogistic description has been again and again laid upon her shrine by the devout.

HOW PRINTING PAYS.

From the proof of the Printing, you will find it pays to own a hand press. From the 1500 people who have been converted to the printing press, the following are some of the names: Chicago, Toronto, St. Paul, St. Louis, St. Petersburg, St. Petersburg, St. Petersburg.

C. B. LANOTOT, CHURCH BRONZES.

Gold and Silver Plated Ware, Sets, Mirrors, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Etc.

TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that WILLIAM BROS., General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Sicilian Wine, whose purity and goodness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsala.

TO RENT.

BY THE YEAR, A DWELLING HOUSE with a few acres of land. One who would work on the farm for the owner would be preferred. Apply to Wm. Patrick, Birt P. O.

Future Probation.

The Protestant world is agitated over the question whether or not the heathens who have never heard of Christ, will have a chance to accept or reject him in the next life.

Not having an authoritative and infallible expounder of God's revelation, our separated brethren are in quandary. The Catholic Church teaches that at his death every man will be judged and that that judgment will be final. As God, however, does not demand impossibilities, the heathens, who have lived after reaching the years of reason, will be weighed in the balance according to the light and grace they have received and the use they made thereof.

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F. C. FLANNERY'S BANKRUPT STOCK STORE LESS THAN COST

NOTE THE FOLLOWING GOODS AND PRICES: All wool, black and colored cashmeres, fine fancy dress goods, 10 1/2 1/4, and 20c, worth double the market price...

213 TALBOT STREET, WEST, ST. THOMAS.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. DERRY, IRELAND: WILL, ON DECEMBER 1ST, LECTURE ON THE CAUSE OF IRELAND.



Under the Auspices of a Citizens' Committee.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LONDON, ONT.

R. DRISCOLL & CO. REFORM UNDERTAKERS.

THE FINEST HEARSE in the Dominion.

ST. CATHARINES BUSINESS COLLEGE.

LA BUISINESS FOR SALE. A CATHOLIC BARRISTER, 6 YEARS in practice in a growing town in Eastern Ontario, desires to go west, and would sell library and business on reasonable terms.

TEACHER WANTED. FOR THE R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, a male teacher, holding a superior or third class certificate of qualification.

AGENTS' ATTENTION. WE ARE NOW READY TO SUPPLY the fall trade in our Safety Hollow Ware (a household treasure), giving large profits. No competition. Risks of territory sent for circular, address, 216 St. Martin Street, Montreal.

WANTED. FOR THE R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, a female teacher holding a third class certificate, to fill position of third assistant in male department.

MINNESOTA. Cheap Homes on long term and Liberal Terms. The Stevens County Abstract and Real Estate Agency has One Million Acres of the Best Farming Lands, Best Dairy Land and Best Wood Land in Western & Central Minnesota that are to be found in the world.

LONDON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY. Staff: W. N. Yerex, S. C. Edgar, W. J. Elliott, Miss Kirkpatrick and the Principal. Special: Professors Tyndall & Davidson.

Wicks for Sanitary Lamps. F. MEAGHER'S EIGHT-DAY WICKS, for Sanitary Lamps, burn a week with out interference. Post free, \$1 a box, which lasts a year. Retail prices are accepted.

VOLUME 9. NICHOLAS WILSON & CO. 120 Dundas Street, Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED. AT LORETTO.

INTERESTING CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF HERBY CARBERY'S CREATION.

Hamilton Times, Nov. 12. Yesterday was a red-letter day in the experience of the pupils of Loretto, Mount St. Mary. It was the third anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Carbery, and probably no more appropriate celebration of the event could have been devised than the unique entertainment which was presented, under the superintendence of the good ladies of Loretto, for the delectation of the Bishop, the distinguished clergy from a distance and the other invited guests.

The Bishop entertained Archbishop Lynch, the Bishops and priests to dinner at the Palace, where a short time was spent in congratulating Dr. Carbery on the success which had attended his administration of affairs in the diocese of Hamilton, and reminiscences of the past. Subsequently, the clergy repaired to Loretto, where the invited guests from the city and from a distance crowded the large concert hall, the audience embracing many leading citizens of Hamilton, principally ladies interested in the education of the young. Bishop Carbery was accompanied to seats specially reserved for himself and his guests by the following clergymen: Archbishop Lynch, Toronto; Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto; Bishop Walsh, London; Bishop Cleary, Kingston; Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent, Dowling, Paris; and Heenan, Hamilton; Fathers Cosgrove, Bergman and Carr, Hamilton; Father Slaven, Oakville; Father McBride, Derry; Arthur and Bro. Dominic, attendant to Bishop Carbery.

The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and mottoes, the principal legend being on a scroll on the wall at the back of the platform in these words: "Gloria in honore coronati sunt." The programme by the pupils was proceeded with without any formal introduction, and a very attractive hour's enjoyment it proved to be. The young ladies who participated, to the number of about 100, were all most tastefully attired, the senior pupils in dresses of dark material, the juniors in white. The effect was excellent. The first number was the lively overture "Lutspiel" (Kels Bela), played on two pianos in a most artistic manner by Misses Slater, Turan and Allenby; then followed the "Welcome Chorus," by the whole of the pupils. The blending of the voices and the excellent time kept in this and subsequent concerted pieces were admirable. Miss McCormack, of Brantford, took the solo. She is possessed of a good musical soprano voice, and she has been taught to throw expression into the words, which is half the battle in securing and retaining the appreciation of an audience, especially an audience as critical as that then assembled. Then followed the presentation of the following:

ADDRESS TO BISHOP CARBERY, which was read, with dramatic effect, by Miss Guy Turand: "To His Lordship Right Rev. J. J. Carbery: Welcome! What music in the word. By it are music's sweetest strains evoked; joy's deepest tones are stirred and the heart's sweet utterance for the pure delight of music hath a potent spell and all bright spirits wait upon its bidding to bring their varied tributes to its cause. Queen Flora weaves her choicest garlands to deck the festal hall and dame Nature bids us fear not to despoil her of her richest treasures for you are the ones she loved so well. 'Tis nature must concur with us to day, for the herself has been our mistress in that first and noblest lesson of the heart—gratitude. It is her matin song; the lullaby of her non-day prisms; her vesper hymn of praise. Shall then the voice of gratitude be hushed or cease to the depths of the heart; shall we not give expression to the feelings which there abide for our beloved Bishop, whose presence, ever welcome, is doubly so on this joyous festival day? Not on the shifting sands of time, where on the onward flowing stream may wash each wave, shall we write the benefits conferred upon you by your Lordship's paternal care and ever kind solicitude have accrued to us. Deep on our hearts inscribed shall we keep the precious memorial and fostered there shall ever be the lovely flower of gratitude for you, your Lordship, in whom we recognize our best benefactors, our kindest and sincerest friends. Therefore do Loretto's children surround you to-day with loving wishes while they reiterate the glad refrain of welcome! Thrice welcome a happy festival day!

The Bishop seemed to be much affected by the really beautifully worded address. It was elegantly engrossed by one of the ladies of Loretto.

—Miss Sorrows the Young Days Shared and Moore's beautiful melody,—"Dear the sun, with much sweetness and feeling by Misses McCormack and Turan and Misses Nelligan and Slater accompanying on the harp and piano respectively, with taste and precision.

THE FESTAL GREETING was a pretty little chorus, written by one

of the following: ADDRESS TO BISHOP CARBERY, which was read, with dramatic effect, by Miss Guy Turand: "To His Lordship Right Rev. J. J. Carbery: Welcome! What music in the word. By it are music's sweetest strains evoked; joy's deepest tones are stirred and the heart's sweet utterance for the pure delight of music hath a potent spell and all bright spirits wait upon its bidding to bring their varied tributes to its cause. Queen Flora weaves her choicest garlands to deck the festal hall and dame Nature bids us fear not to despoil her of her richest treasures for you are the ones she loved so well. 'Tis nature must concur with us to day, for the herself has been our mistress in that first and noblest lesson of the heart—gratitude. It is her matin song; the lullaby of her non-day prisms; her vesper hymn of praise. Shall then the voice of gratitude be hushed or cease to the depths of the heart; shall we not give expression to the feelings which there abide for our beloved Bishop, whose presence, ever welcome, is doubly so on this joyous festival day? Not on the shifting sands of time, where on the onward flowing stream may wash each wave, shall we write the benefits conferred upon you by your Lordship's paternal care and ever kind solicitude have accrued to us. Deep on our hearts inscribed shall we keep the precious memorial and fostered there shall ever be the lovely flower of gratitude for you, your Lordship, in whom we recognize our best benefactors, our kindest and sincerest friends. Therefore do Loretto's children surround you to-day with loving wishes while they reiterate the glad refrain of welcome! Thrice welcome a happy festival day!

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