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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF LINKED LIVES.

"Adoro te devote, latens Deitas. Que sub his figuris vere latitas—Tibi se cor meum totum delicti." —St. Thomas Aquinas.

Hugh was buried, according to his own request, in the Catholic cemetery of Melbourne. Notwithstanding his change of religion, many friends from his former mission came the twenty hours' journey, in order to follow him to his grave.

Hugh had made himself generally beloved among his people, and the romantic story of Mabel's faithful love for him soon became known far and wide.

IN MEMORY OF HUGH FORTESCUE, AGED 53. Who died in Melbourne, after twenty-seven years of labor spent in the service of God and of his fellow-creatures.

Also in loving and grateful Memory of MABEL FORRESTER. His betrothed wife, aged 29, who was lost at sea. They were faithful in life. In death they shall not be divided.

Request in Pace.

For Katie Mackay sunny days were yet in store. For many weeks after her arrival at Melbourne she suffered from nervous fever, and for days her life hung in the balance.

Steenie was left, by Hugh's generous forethought, in possession of what, to him, was a small fortune. The little farm belonging to Hugh's own place, not far from Hobart Town, and which Steenie had for some time superintended, under Hugh's directions, became, according to wishes expressed in Hugh's will, Steenie's own property.

When the Leander was burned at sea, telegraphic communication with Australia did not exist. The history of the disaster could only be transmitted by the ordinary means to Europe.

He had stoken in upon her unobserved, as she sat reading, or rather weeping, with an open book upon her lap; and she was first made conscious of his presence by feeling his lips pressed upon her forehead, and his arm gently but firmly drawing her towards himself.

"Steenie! Steenie! Maister Steenie Logie!" she exclaimed, with sad emphasis. "I tell ye ken, that ye sudna deam yersel' see muckle as to make luv to the likes o' me."

"Eh, but, Katie! gin I love ye, lassie! what I do if ye garrad me gang awa' an' leave ye alane!"

"Steenie," said Katie earnestly, withdrawing herself forcibly from the sheltering arms that would have taken her forever into their keeping, while she drew back, and looked him steadily in the face with humble, abashed eyes—"Steenie, div ye mean to tell me that ye love me still? Div ye mean to say ye can forgie an' forget a' the pain I ha' garrad ye suffer? I's no the bonnie Katie Mackay ye kenned in Glaskie an' Edinbury lang syne. Eh, Steenie, man, times is gey changit, an' I wadna deceive ye—ye ken a'—"

"Whisht ye, Katie, whisht ye! Fu' weel, owre weel, I ken a' ye wad tell me; but gin ye'll love me, Katie, I's willin' to bid bygones be—dinna gang for to bring them up to me. Eh, Katie, I ha' loved ye these mony sair lang years, an' noo I ask ye fairly yince mair, will ye no come hame alang wi' me, and be my wife?"

He had sunk in his knees before her, and was looking up at her with his honest sailor face, so full of warm, trusting affection for the girl who had wronged him so cruelly, and so falsely forsaken him on a previous occasion. How could she help loving that noble, true-hearted, faithful lover?

So Katie, fairly vanquished, with tenderness, welling up within her heart, bent down her proud little head, and hid her face in Steenie's fair, clustering curls, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She no longer made any resistance, but allowed him to take her in his arms, and, with bitter tears of remorse and sorrow, asked his pardon humbly for all that had gone before; promising faithfully that never again should he have cause to regret the confidence he had reposed in her.

And Steenie went home some few weeks later—home to his own little farm, Katie—poor little Katie Mackay—accompanying him as his wife.

A good, faithful one she proved too, in the end, none the less so because of her previous sad experiences. She loved him at last devotedly, as he, good, honest fellow, deserved to be loved. They were happy together—as happy as people ever can hope to be in this life.

Steenie prospered, and became a rich man; and after some years sent for his old mother, with his brothers and sisters, and established them all comfortably. Katie bore him a large family, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was named after Katie's beloved mistress, whom Katie never ceased to remember with the most tender affection.

Father Vaughan, whose residence in Melbourne was, as Hugh once said, only temporary, went for a time to Port Arthur, where he labored among the convicts. From thence he joined the Jesuit missionaries in New Zealand, where he died, some years later, of fever caught in the discharge of his duties, faithfully fulfilled to the last.

Jessie mourned very heartily (for her) over Mabel's and Hugh's death. She never afterwards would go near Elvanlee, which remained in strange hands till the young Sir Wilfrid came of age. Before that time arrived Sir Wilfrid was a Catholic. He had never forgotten early impressions made upon him during the stay in Brittany.

Mabel unwittingly had sown good seed in her little day, and in due time it had taken root very far down, to grow up into a goodly tree, spreading its branches over the home of Mabel's happy childhood.

So it came about that, in a few years' time, another little Mabel walked and danced merrily in the footsteps of her departed great-aunt—a Mabel with just such another auburn head and starry eyes, who loved the flowers, the birds, the glad sunshine, and all the sparkling burn; a Mabel who knelt every morning not far from the first Mabel's favorite place, in just such another beautiful church—a Catholic memorial church, erected, in memory of his aunt, by Sir Wilfrid Forrester, in the village of Elvanlee; and where, every year, so often as the feast of St. Michael came round, there was offered up, in the sanctuary of Mabel's dream, a Mass for the repose of her soul whose body rested far away under the distant waters of the South Pacific Ocean.

Perhaps, among all those who mourned for Mabel's loss, no one sorrowed so deeply as Georgie Græme. The news came to him one cold, dark December evening when he was ill, suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and nearly killed him.

When the Leander was burned at sea, telegraphic communication with Australia did not exist. The history of the disaster could only be transmitted by the ordinary means to Europe. It was not therefore until November that the intelligence reached England, and then the information was so scanty that for a long time there was no positive assurance respecting the survivors of the terrible catastrophe.

Georgie Græme had clung persistently to the hope that Mabel was among the number. In the first list of names that appeared, hers, by some mistake, had been inserted among the saved. Overwhelming therefore was the blow when at last it came upon him. He had been called out from dinner, one evening, to attend a case of sudden emergency. His sister had tried to dissuade him from going, for he was ill himself, and very unfit for out-of-door work; but Georgie would not heed her. When he returned two hours later, Mary came to meet him with a face blanched with horror. In her hand she held a black-bordered letter, which she was nervously trying to conceal; but the moment she looked at him she saw that concealment was useless. Georgie held the evening paper silently up before her eyes, and hoarsely muttered,

"I know all!—the mail has come!" "Oh! brother, brother," said his sister, as she twined her arm lovingly within his, and drew him along with towards his study, "this is awful! Who could have believed it possible?"

Then the brother and sister sat down together side by side, and read Father Vaughan's letter relating the melancholy story.

Few words spoke Georgie Græme either then, or at any other subsequent period, upon the matter. He listened while Mary talked to him, making short answers, and shading his face with his hand; but when she left him that night, thinking he was going to rest, he locked the door of his study, and opening one of the drawers of his bureau, took from thence a packet of letters, all tied together with a piece of blue ribbon. They were Mabel's letters—written at long intervals. He had never lost one of them—from the first, written from Glendower, on the day of Guy's wedding, in answer to his account of the interview with little Katie, to the last few hurried lines written on board the Leander and sent ashore from Lisbon. There they were the early ones in clear, round, childish handwriting, at first beginning—"My dear Mr. Græme," then, at a later date, simply "Dear Georgie," and again some very affectionate ones, that called him "My dearest old Georgie," but invariably signed "Your little friend, Mabel."

There was one in particular, enclosing a piece of hair, which he had once asked for, when she was about fifteen, and which she had sent him from The Hermitage. Over this one Georgie lingered for a long time, and there were many tear-marks upon it before he replaced it in the drawer.

After that night Georgie Græme was ill for many weeks. There were some who thought that the doctor's health had completely given way; but he pulled through, nevertheless, though from that time forward he altered and aged considerably. God send him a good wife, for he deserves that blessing; and she will be a lucky woman

who marries Georgie Græme. Poor Miss Rawlins quite broke her heart, and lived only six months to enjoy the comfortable independence Mabel had, before starting on her voyage, secured to her.

Jeanie Kerr never forgot the salutary lesson of Maggie's awful death. Before leaving Edinburgh, Katie had contrived to obtain a farewell interview with her, in which she had wrung from Jeanie a promise to enter as a penitent the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, near Glasgow—an asylum not far from the school in which Katie herself, and Jeanie's own sister Agnes, had spent the five most innocent years of their lives.

Jeanie kept her promise. The day after Mabel's departure she went to Glasgow, and acting under the influence of the late terrible impressions she had received, she asked and obtained a shelter under the care of the white-robed sisters of the Good Shepherd.

There, after some years, she died a happy, contented death. A death of suffering it had been, nevertheless, for Jeanie, soon after her entrance into the Asylum, began to show symptoms of spinal disease. She bore all her troubles bravely, taking them in a spirit of penance, as some atonement for the evil she had done. Very different was her end from what Maggie's had been!

Supported by one of the Mothers, with the glorious sunset of St. Mary Magdalene's evening lighting up the little altar opposite her bed, fortified with all the sacraments of the Church, with the soothing sound of prayer rising around her, Jeanie Kerr, the once lost, degraded outcast from society, restored, through the saving sacrament of penance, to the forfeited dignities of her womanhood, passed away, with a peaceful smile upon her lips, redeemed and pardoned, into the arms of her Saviour.

"Thou wert wretched, thou wert drooping, Thou wert crushed upon the earth; Who art greater now, and purer, Than an angel in his mirth."

I have nothing yet good to relate about Jeanie's mother, the infamous Mrs. Kerr; but she has a daughter in heaven, so that even for Mrs. Kerr, hardened sinner as she is, there remains some hope.

Two scenes more, and my story closes. In a little village in the far Western prairies of America there is a Christian settlement, whose school is under the management of St. Vincent de Paul's Sister's of Charity. The hour of school is over; the children have dispersed to their respective homes, and the little Sister who has been all day with them is slowly pacing the convent garden, her rosary in hand. Very little older, slightly altered, too, in any way is the Sœur St. Laurent from the gentle Marie whom we used to know at Vrananches. There is the same dove-like expression, and there are too the same sweet, holy, eyes, the same kind, pleasant face looking out from under the broad white linen coiffe of the Sœurs de St. Vincent. Anyone would know Marie at a glance.

"Ma sœur! ma sœur!" calls a voice behind her; and under the garden walk comes a little orphan child who has found a home with the good Sisters. "Ma Sœur Supérieure sends to you this letter, and says that you are to read it before supper. It comes from our dear country—from France! Ah, ma Sœur, shall I ever see France again?"

The child is crying, and Sœur St. Laurent bends down to take her in her arms to console and comfort, as only Sisters of Charity can do. While the child, easily coaxed back again into smiles, is chasing a brilliant-winged butterfly down the garden walks, with cries of pleasure, Sœur St. Laurent opens the letter and reads it.

It is from her sister Marguerite, enclosing a copy of Father Vaughan's account, sent to his daughter, of Mabel's end and Hugh's death. Sœur St. Laurent does not get through it without shedding many tears; but they are not all tears of sorrow. There is much of joy mingled with her grief. Going out of the garden, an hour later, into the silent chapel, where all is dark save for the glow from the sanctuary lamp, she kneels down with a full heart—a heart overwhelmed with gratitude, as she repeats the words with which she took farewell of Mabel now long years ago.

"Adieu, chère amie; au revoir, dans le Sacre Cœur de Jesus, nous nous retrouverons toujours."

It is Christmas evening, in the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration at Vrananches. The letters which, during the holy season of Advent, have not been delivered (according to the general rule which, in conventual houses, forbids all unnecessary communication with the outer world during that time of solemn preparation for the Feast of the Nativity) have been this morning laid upon the Sisters' plates, in the refectory.

Not until after second Vespers of the day does Genevieve—or, rather, let us name her by her own beautiful name—the new name by which she will be distinguished among the "Followers of the Lamb"—Sœur Marie du Saint Sacrement—find leisure to open and peruse a long, closely-written letter, with the Melbourne post-mark, which has come to her from her beloved father.

Fully an hour later Genevieve comes slowly down the cloister leading into the nuns' choir. Her eyes, though swollen with weeping, are full of pure and radiant peace. She brings with her a mortuary paper, written in English, to which she has appended a French translation. It reads as follows:—

"Of your charity, pray for the repose of the souls of Mabel Forrester and Hugh Fortescue, who departed this life, the former being lost at sea on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel; the latter, who died on the Feast of the Angel Guardians, fortified by all the sacraments of Holy Church: on whose souls sweet Jesus have mercy."

For a brief space Mabel's friend has been grieving with grief most natural over Mabel's loss. Unable at first to turn her mind from the horrors of the awful night, which rose before her, a picture too vividly real, Genevieve's heart has been almost breaking with sympathy for the sufferers her darling Mabel must have endured. Back again to Elvanlee her thoughts have been carrying her, back to the thousand memories of their golden girlhood, to the ravin, to the glen, to the rocky shores and rushing streams, where the glad eyes and joyous voice, and loving tenderness of her friend, all come before her, as though she had looked upon them, heard them, enjoyed them but yesterday.

Do what she would, Genevieve could not shut out the terrible contrast which for awhile her excited imagination unrolled before her. The gay, sunny-hearted, sunny-faced Mabel, with her perpetual flow of strong, healthy spirits, her glad enjoyment of the smallest pleasures of daily life, her keen sense of the beautiful, her passionate enthusiasm for what was high and holy; and then in contrast to see her as Genevieve's fancy would behold her—alone, dying, terrified in the midst of the broad ocean she had with so fatally true an instinct dreaded when long ago in the long summer evenings at Elvanlee she had sat with Genevieve upon the beach, "idealizing," as Genevieve was wont to call it, about the beauties of the sea."

There had always been about Genevieve's love for her friend Mabel something particularly tender and protecting. She never could bear to see Mabel suffer; and in days gone by had continually sought to guard and shield her even from every little annoyance. It was, therefore, only natural that the details of Mabel's death should be distressing in the extreme to Genevieve, and for awhile she had yielded to her grief, and had astonished her sisters in Religion—who were accustomed to her uniform serenity, which it had often been laughingly asserted nothing could have the power to disturb—by the violent outbreak of anguish with which she had received the terrible news. But when, a little more than an hour later, Genevieve comes down to the chapel, the passionate outpouring of her sorrow has had its way; Nature has asserted her rights, and is satisfied. Once more Genevieve grows calm, and turns for comfort to the "Adorable Veiled Presence," to whose service she has consecrated her existence.

Softly opening the chapel door, Genevieve enters, closing it again behind her. Hushed and darkened is the silent choir; the red lamp sheds its radiance over the altar, where, high enthroned, in the midst of lights and flowers, a God is dwelling whose name is Love. In that holy place no sound breaks the solemn stillness. There the passions die away into nothingness; there God's will is worshipped by countless thousands of adoring angels, and made lovely through the sweetness of His presence to the human hearts of His chosen children upon earth; there the everlasting arms are held forth to shelter and support; there, too, the eye that never sleeps looks down with love eternal, wooing to itself the hearts of the children of men; there all doubts are answered, all troubles weighed in their right balance; there the Sacred Heart of a human God, a heart both Human and Divine, is beating ever through the long hours of day and night—beating with yearning tenderness for the mourning and the heavy-laden who come to Him for rest. There is peace, there is joy—there, indeed, is heaven begun on earth, where all earth's sorrows dream themselves into slumber, soothed by the lullaby of God's love.

Genevieve Vaughan, Sœur Marie du Saint Sacrement, kneels down before the altar, and there falls upon her wounded spirit God's own delicious peace. Kneel on, thou chosen child of the most Adorable Sacrament, and with thee let me close the last scene of my story. Happiest of all thou, who hast chosen for thy portion to dwell in the shadow of the sanctuary, and to know no other love on earth than the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In our poor outer world hearts are daily torn with loving. There is no earthly love but has its bitter pangs. Not to everyone is it given, as to thee, to begin on earth the life of heaven. To be able to love—only to love once and for ever that which shall form our own beatitude in eternity, is a great gift, a wondrous gift. Thou who hast it, be thankful—see that thou hold it fast, and let us once more call thee blessed—happy beyond all who are blessed and happy on earth.

To dwell beneath the shadow of the Altar, to hope with, to suffer with, and to adore the Glorious One before Whom the bright-winged seraphs and the hosts of cherubim veil their faces in speechless adoration—O God, is there on earth a bliss to compare with this?

I believe not, and would fain end with trusting, loving Mabel's last words, quoted from the hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas—words which soothed her in sorrow, wooed her in joy, and comforted her in the hour of death, when the *vita venturi seculi* was opening out before her, and was close at hand, too, for the

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

life so closely linked with hers, the shaded life of her beloved Hugh.

"O Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam sitis— Ut te revelata carnis facie Visu sim beatus tue Glorie."

THE END.

SILENT PREACHERS.

The following anecdote from the pen of an English journalist is worth repeating:

Some years ago I had to spend some time in London. I happened to fall in with a civil engineer, a young man of good family, who had been employed on the Suez Canal. As I was a mathematician I soon became quite intimate with him. One Sunday he expressed a desire to accompany me to High Mass at a neighboring church. I thought that although, as a Protestant, he could not sympathize with our devotions, he was nevertheless gentleman enough to behave respectfully. We were not long in the church, however, before I noticed that my friend was inspecting the congregation rather curiously and turning round in his place in order to get a good view of their faces. I said nothing about it after Mass. The following Sunday he came again and behaved in the same manner. On the third Sunday we had the following conversation:

"Wilson," said I, "it strikes me that you enter a Catholic church much in the frame of mind in which you would enter a theatre."

"You are much mistaken," he answered, blushing; "for a long time I have held your church in the greatest veneration."

"Yes, but to judge by the way you gaze about, the place has no sacredness in your eyes. It were better, I should think, for a Protestant to pray in his own church than to go to the Catholic Church and hold an inspection of the congregation."

"I confess," said he, "that I showed an unbecoming curiosity, I forgot myself, but I am sure if you will listen to an explanation of my behaviour you will acquit me of irreverence."

"Well, let me hear your explanation, Wilson; I am not disposed to judge you harshly."

"I was observing the expression on the faces of those present, in order to judge if they really believed in what was taking place at the altar."

"But what particular interest had you in applying this test to the sincerity of these poor people?"

"Simply this," he replied, with true Saxon candor: "I should like as much as possible to study your religion by direct observation before studying it in books."

"Are you thinking of becoming a Catholic?" I asked with astonishment.

"Yes, when I have got over certain difficulties I feel in accepting your form of worship."

"Might I ask you, Wilson, what first awakened your interest in the Catholic religion?"

"It was the modesty of Irish servant-girls. I once spent some time in Ireland, and had occasion when there to enter all manner of public-houses. The maid-servants were all poor—some of them had not a pair of shoes to their feet. They were the most submissive and the most obliging creatures I ever laid eyes on. They jested and listened to jests; but as soon as any of my men—there were some pretty rough fellows among them—dropped a remark that seemed in the least to be an insult to their virtue, they immediately drew themselves up with the dignity of princesses, and repelled the insult with indignation. I said to myself a hundred times over that a religion which inculcates such an esteem for virtue in such poor and unlettered people must have something in it that rises high above superstition. I have seen none who compare in this respect with the poor Irish Catholics."

"A very natural result," I remarked, "of your devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the habit they have had from childhood of confessing their sins. We regard as a matter of course what you consider heroism in these poor girls."

Shortly after Mr. Wilson (this, by the way, is a fictitious name, his real name I cannot publish) went to Father Anderson, himself a distinguished convert. What took place afterwards I did not learn, as I had to leave London the following week. Few persons, on hearing of this man's conversion, could have been aware of the part which the Irish servant-girls had in it. The Church is never without her silent preachers of the Word, and the command, *Go ye and teach all nations*, has a wider application than we are apt to think. There is no one who is not an apostle, for good or for evil.—From the pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, Nov., 1892.

The number of Catholic churches in Great Britain is now 1735, of which 1500 have been erected during the last fifty years; and yet there are persons who persist in asserting that Catholicity has made no progress in the country during that period. It is not likely that the churches would have been erected if there were not congregations to use them.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Bad Blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cure bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

Written for the CAT...

Where Iona's front arises and sternly, The hallowed Knockin' Carn-Cul-ri-Enn.

On its summit in the sun how'd and broken; He has looked his last, and farewell is spoken.

Ne'er again shall see the cloudy mountain quit; Hear its glens reverberate each river.

Listen to the bells of V woodland pealing; On the dewy steep of dark moon scaling.

Song of clerk or voice glowing bonny Enn, And Carn-Cul-ri-Enn, ever.

Iona, not to thee alone, the Over Irish dust in other lands is swelling.

And hearts as tender as thine in each fibre, Mark many a Col-ri-Enn the Tiber.

Ah! surely He chastiseth affection; The sorrows of our pilgrim election.

Then, he the ride short or always yearn, Our steady gaze direct to Erin.

Literally: The back to Hill of Farewell. Little healthy hill.

FATHER MURPHY'S SOUPE

Many years ago we relate the following Patrick's day lecture of the effect of proselytizing societies, faith of the poor Irish suffering from the visitation.

Well, as the story of those periodical visits of which I have been come over from England quite a little band of vert the people from tantism. Unlike the those devoted gentlemen to argument or eloquence for the success. No, they had come pl with money, and to it an abundant outpour of what they called the Gospel of Christ.

Unfortunately for their mission they their operations the Father Murphy. His was not Father Murphy prevented the speaker's real name.

In this parish of there were, as there parishes, certain w people who never we practiced any of the And these, or rather of the English mission, bying over to their I

Now this Father M who would stand no all rascally nonsense therefore it wasn't lo fixed upon his plans put a stop to this wor the faith of his poor p

One morning as he the highway, he ov well known Protesta man, of the neighbor Verner, as we shall c

"Good morning, s exceedingly astonish would notice him at a "Fine morning,"

"Yes," answered a fine morning. It re light of the Gospel to appear in this be I am thinking, Mr. I keep on as they are old Church will have "Jemmie," said t all disconcerted nat impudence of the ma you are taking about ing of the conversion of some of my people

"Yes," sir," an "that's what I am t "Now, Jemmie," "you are a man of se fool. You know just what these people are were and what mad that's not what I wa about nor to ask you, ask you is—don't you of your reverend E going in the wrong you think the poor P neighborhood have a money than the poor Protestant money? think that if you and heads together we cfectly fair little gam money would be ma belongs, that is, to th of this neighborhood, them, as you are a mie?"

Jemmie made no it was clear that h tremendously to wor "You understand priest, at last.

"I think I do, sir mie, "I think I do." "Oh, you think y sure you do?" "Yes, I am."

"Very well the Murphy," but mind ask you to turn C Protestant or turni serious a business t All I ask is call u morning and take o people see you com can talk this matter comfortably by our "I'll do that, sir "I'll be with you

MARCH 24, 1894.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Carin-Cul-ri-Erin.

Where Iona's front arises from old ocean, lone and stern, The hollowed "Knockin'-traoch" known as Carin-Cul-ri-Erin.

On its summit in the sunshine stood Columba, bow'd and broken; He has looked his last on Erin, and his last farewell is spoken.

Ne'er again shall see the lightning round its cloudy mountain quiver, Hear its silent reverberating in the rushing of each river.

Listen to the bells of Vesper over lake and woodland pealing, On the deep steps of darkness see the mellow moon stealing.

Song of clerk or voice of bird shall thrill his glowing bosom never, And Carin-Cul-ri-Erin, his sole heritage for ever.

Iona, not to thee alone, this solemn sentiment, O'er Irish dunt in other lands the kindly sward is swelling.

And hearts as tender as the "Dove's" as loving in each bower, Mark many a "Cul-ri-Erin" from Missouri to the River.

Ah! surely He chastiseth but to chasten our affection, The sorrows of our pilgrimage the seal of His election.

Then, he the ride short or long for heaven, we'll always yearn, Our steady gaze direct to God, from "Carin-Cul-ri-Erin." - WILLIAM DOLLARD.

Literally: The back turned to Ireland—the Hill of Farewell. Little heathy hill.

FATHER MURPHY AND THE SOUPERS.

Many years ago we heard a priest relate the following story in a St. Patrick's day lecture.

He had gathered the efforts of English proselytizing societies to prevent the faith of the poor Irish people whilst suffering from the visitation of famine.

Well, as the story goes, during one of those periodical visitations in Ireland of which I have been speaking, there came over from England and Ireland quite a little band of missionaries to convert the people from Popery to Protestantism.

Unlike the apostles of old, these devoted gentlemen did not look to argument or eloquence, or piety, or miracles for the success of the mission.

No, they had come plentifully supplied with money, and to it they looked for an abundant outpouring and diffusing of what they called the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ.

Unfortunately for the success of their mission they chose as the field of their operations the parish of a certain Father Murphy. His name, however, was not Father Murphy, but delicacy prevented the speaker from giving his real name.

In this parish of Father Murphy's there were, as there are in all large parishes, certain worthless Catholic people who never went to church nor practiced any of the duties of religion.

And these, or rather only some of these, the English missionaries succeeded in buying over to their religion.

Now this Father Murphy was a man who would stand no nonsense, least of all rascally nonsense like this, and therefore it wasn't long until he had fixed upon his plans to head off and to put a stop to this work of perverting the faith of his poor people.

One morning as he was riding along the highway, he overtook a certain well known Protestant and Orangeman, of the neighborhood, one Jemmie Verner, as we shall call him.

"Good morning Jemmie," said the priest.

"Good morning, sir," said Jemmie, exceedingly astonished that the priest would notice him at all.

"Fine morning," said Father Murphy.

"Yes," answered Jemmie "It is a fine morning. It reminds me of the light of the Gospel that is beginning to appear in this benighted country. I am thinking, Mr. Murphy, if things keep on as they are your heathenish old Church will have to break up."

"Jemmie," said the priest, not at all disconcerted nor offended at the impudence of the man, "I know what you are talking about. You are talking of the conversion, as you call it, of some of my people to your church."

"Yes," said Jemmie, "that's what I am talking of."

"Now, Jemmie," said the priest, "you are a man of sense, so don't be a fool. You know just as well as I do what these people are and what they were and what made them turn. But that's not what I want to talk to you about. I want to ask you—don't you think the money of your reverend English friends is going in the wrong direction? Don't you think the poor Protestants of this neighborhood have a better right to that money than the poor Catholics, as it is Protestant money? And don't you think that if you and I were to put our heads together we could get up a perfectly fair little game by which that money would be made to go where it belongs, that is, to the poor Protestants of this neighborhood, yourself among them, as you are a poor man, Jemmie?"

Jemmie made no answer to this but it was clear that his mind had got tremendously to work.

"You understand me," said the priest, at last.

"I think I do, sir," answered Jemmie, "I think I do."

"Oh, you think you do. Ain't you sure you do?"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well then," said Father Murphy, "but mind, Jemmie, I don't ask you to turn Catholic. Turning Protestant or turning Catholic is too serious a business to be trifled with. All I ask is call up and see me in the morning and take care that plenty of people see you coming and then we can talk this matter over leisurely and comfortably by ourselves."

"I'll do that, sir," says Jemmie. "I'll be with you bright and early,

for, when I come to think the matter over, I see there is a power of sense and fairness in what you are saying."

Next morning Jemmie was as good as his word. Bright and early was on his way to see Father Murphy.

When he had got up to the priest's house he met a poor woman coming out at the gate. "Is Father Murphy in ma'am?" asked Jemmie.

"Yes, he is in," said the woman very short and very sharp. "And what does the likes of you want with Father Murphy?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Jemmie with a deep sigh, "the times are sudden, a man must be looking out for his soul."

"Well, then, glory be to God," exclaimed the good woman clapping her hands, "I'll wonders never cease! Jemmie Verner going to turn Catholic!"

Just then Father Murphy with his appearance, beaming all over with benevolence, and welcomed his visitor in the most cordial manner.

Exactly as the priest had wanted and intended, it wasn't long until the woman had run through all the village announcing everywhere the glad tidings that Jemmie Verner, the blackest of all the black Protestants, was in turning Catholic with the priest.

Nor was it long either until a crowd of idlers had gathered to stare at the house in which the wonderful conversion was supposed to be going on.

When the crowd was large enough for the priest's purpose, out he came with his hopeful convert and amid a variety of half-suppressed speculations and ejaculations from the crowd they entered the church arm in arm.

When they had got into the church: "Now," said Father Murphy, "they'll think you're at confession."

"I understand, sir," said Jemmie, "I understand."

And then after some more talk, and when Jemmie was on the point of going away: "Now," said Father Murphy, once more, "all I have to say in parting is, don't go back cheap, don't go back cheap."

"Oh, leave me alone for that," said Jemmie, "I'll go back as dear as I can." And so they parted.

Of course the news of Jemmie Verner's conversion, so reputed, to the Catholic Church, spread like lightning until it reached the ears of the head man among the missionaries. That good man was shocked and scandalized exceedingly on hearing it.

Here was a bad business, indeed, he had come all the way from England to convert the Irish papists and lo and behold his own people were beginning to go over to Popery! A bad business indeed!

Brother Verner, one of the lambs of the flock, straying away into the crooked paths of perdition! One of the brightest lights of the Gospel settling down into the blackest darkness of Popery. He would go to that erring brother and admonish him in the Lord. And so he did and began his admonition in the blindest manner.

"How is this, Brother Verner?" exclaimed the devoted man with tears in his eyes. "This is strange news I am hearing of you. I am told you are not so strong in faith as you used to be."

"Well, sir," answered Jemmie, very coolly, "upon my word and honor, sir, it's very hard for a man to be strong in anything if he's weak in the stomach."

"Oh, well," said the missionary, "we'll have to see to your wants. We'll have to supply your wife and children with good warm clothing for the winter. We'll have to send your daughter to the academy up in Dublin and we'll have to set yourself up in some decent business."

Now the missionary not only said he would do all this but he did it all, and a pretty round sum it cost him before his mind was fully at ease as to the strength of Jemmie Verner's stomach and consequent strength of Jemmie Verner's faith.

But this was not all nor near all. All the poor Protestants for miles around, hearing of the good fortune of Jemmie Verner and the means he had come by it, came flocking in dozens to Father Murphy under pretence of being received into the Catholic Church, so that the worthy gentleman had as much as he could do for weeks talking to them all and putting them off as in civil way as he could until the missionary came to his relief and by plentiful supplies of provisions, money and clothing took them all off his hands and made good sound Protestants of them again.

The worst however, was still to come. This was, of course, very expensive business, so expensive in fact that in a very short time it left the missionary without a rap in his company, without as much as a ha'penny with which to bless himself. With his pockets now empty he could, to borrow the idea of the old Latin maxim, have whistled at the thief—it is in the Latin. But at his creditors could neither have whistled nor sung save and except to the most melancholy kind of music, for, being unable to pay the money he had to borrow to prevent his people from turning Catholic, they had him arrested for debt. No doubt he got free again. The story does not say that he did, but when he did get free and whenever the spirit moved him to preach the Gospel to the Irish papists, he was mighty careful to give Father Murphy and his parish the widest berth possible.—Church Progress.

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AN EX-JESUIT'S REVELATIONS.

A recent paper on "Modern Jesuitism," published by Graf Paul von Hoensbroech, of Berlin, sheds a curious light upon the difference between ex-monks in this country and in Europe.

Herr Hoensbroech was formerly a member of the Jesuit Order, but a weak one who could not endure persecution for justice's sake, so he abandoned it while it was under the ban of German laws, and gave forth to the world a paper under the title "My Defection from the Order of the Jesuits," wherein he attempted to justify his conduct.

His paper on "Modern Jesuitism" is a later production, which, though it does not bring forward such tales of horror as are usually narrated by English and American ex-monks, ex-nuns and ex-priests, nevertheless makes an attack of another kind upon the order of which he had been a member.

The difference in his ground of attack is of itself sufficient proof that the tales with which persons of his class are wont to regale English-speaking audiences are wicked and false accusations.

There are several reasons why such tales as are told on platforms in America about the experiences of ex-monks and ex-nuns would not suit Germany. Religious orders are better known there than in this country, because they are more numerous where Catholics constitute a very large percentage of a homogeneous population, and it would therefore be an absurdity to attempt to palm off upon the Protestants of Germany such stories as are swallowed with avidity by those of America. Even in Canada, or at least in Ontario, these stories are readily listened to, for though the Catholic percentage of the population in the whole Dominion is larger than that in Germany, this is owing to the Province of Quebec, wherein religious orders are numerous, but on account of the difference of language, and of the fact that Ontario and Quebec are so distinct from each other, the people of Ontario know very little of the internal affairs of the sister Province.

Hence the religious orders of Quebec are known to the bulk of the Protestants here only through the distorted accounts given of them by such journals as the Mail, or by preachers whose interest it is to misrepresent them as dens where iniquity of all kinds is rampant.

Herr Hoensbroech has no stories to tell of licentiousness such as Mrs. Shepherd and the pseudo-monk Widdows related to their delighted audiences, nor of the wholesale poisonings which are being dilated on by Miss Goulding, the ex-nun who is now relating her pretended experiences in England.

With this light thrown upon the matter it is somewhat amusing to find the Kirkeicher Correspondent, a Protestant Evangelical paper of Berlin, speak of Herr Hoensbroech's article in such terms as the following:

"When the Protestants or Old Catholics make public the misdeeds of the Jesuits, the defenders of Jesuitism answer: 'You talk of things that happened long ago, and of things that do not exist.'"

The Protestants and "Old Catholics," or rather, "New Heretics," did indeed talk of Jesuit misdeeds, but they have not been answered in any such fashion, as if the misdeeds had happened "long ago," for they did not happen at all; and the Kirkeicher Correspondent does not presume to give a single instance when such an answer was given, nor does Herr Hoensbroech even pretend that such misdeeds have occurred. From this statement of the case it will be seen how empty of meaning is the boastful proclamation made by that journal in the following terms:

"Here is a man who certainly knows what he is writing about. He speaks of the things he has experienced, and answers fully the arguments of the most distinguished Jesuit writers, such as Von Hammerstein, Cathrein, and Gury."

To what, then, does Herr Hoensbroech's terrible indictment amount? To this, and nothing more. First: that the absolute rule of the Church over the State; and, secondly, that "Jesuitism educates men to adopt such excuses for all transactions during life that it teaches untruth systematically."

It is true he attempts some proof of these two charges, but they are as feeble as the charges are false. The absolute rule of the Church here stated to be a Jesuit doctrine amounts merely to this, that not only Jesuits, but all theologians, maintain that the State must be ruled by the laws of God, of which the Church is the divinely appointed interpreter, and it must also leave the Church free to carry out her divine mission. Beyond this the State is as free in its sphere as the Church is in the spiritual order.

Herr Hoensbroech's second charge is merely a repetition of the false statements of Fra Paolo, who was animated by the diabolical spirit of revenge to blacken the character of the noble religious order which had saved the Church from having in Paolo an unworthy Bishop.

As a consequence of these two false charges against the Jesuits Herr Hoensbroech says that "if the Jesuits could order Governments, the heretic who refused to do as the Church commands would be put to death at the stake, as the Church would become a potent factor in politics;" and that "the lying answers in Gury's Moral Theology are perfectly natural and consistent with Jesuitism."

These statements are so absurd that they do not need refutation, especially Mitard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

as no specific instances are given by the writer to prove his point.

The noble work which the Jesuits have done both in the missionary field, in carrying the Gospel to the heathen, and in raising the standard of education in Germany as well as every other country in the world where they have established themselves, will sufficiently refute Herr Hoensbroech and other envenomators.

THE POPE AND RUSSIA.

Recent interchanges of expressions of good will between the Holy Father and the Czar have given an opportunity to the Liberal or anti-clerical press of the Continent to circulate reports to the effect that the Holy Father has been traitorously sacrificing the interests of the Catholics of Poland to the caprices of the Czar in order to secure the aid of the latter for the restoration of the temporal power.

The cordial reception given to the Princess Catharine by the Pope on the occasion of her late visit to the Eternal City increased the virulence of these journals which would desire to see the Pope constantly embroiled with any and every Government, so that they might have a plea to abuse him for being at variance with the State in all circumstances.

All is grist which comes to the mill of these journals. When the Holy See finds it necessary to rebuke wrongdoing on the part of a Government, they raise the cry that the State must rule, and that the Church must yield to its authority in all things, even in those which do not fall within its sphere; but when there is a sign of cordiality between the two, the cry is that the Pope is sacrificing the interests of the people.

The true Catholic understands the motives of these misinterpreters of facts. They desire to undermine religion, and they imagine and know that the best means to do this is to destroy respect for the divinely appointed guide of mankind in matters of religious dogma and practice.

During the whole of this century the condition of the Poles within Russian territory has been most deplorable. They have been subjected to most bitter persecution, and successive Popes have endeavored to ameliorate their state. Pope Pius IX. did not hesitate to rebuke the Czar Nicholas as his face, and Pope Leo XIII. has many times written to the Czar himself, to the Russian ministers, and to the Polish Bishops with the object of protecting the interests of Catholics in Russia, and especially of the Poles.

These letters are found in a work recently issued in Rome in five volumes, containing the Acts of Pope Leo in favor of the Czar's Catholic subjects, extracts from which have been reproduced by the Vaterland of Vienna.

One of these Acts was an agreement between the Nuncio at Vienna, Mgr. Jacobini, and the Russian Ambassador, by which the vacant Episcopal Sees of Russia were to be supplied with Bishops; and by the same agreement the Catholics of the Caucasus were relieved by the liberties given them to exercise their religion. Seminaries and academies, including a Catholic college at St. Petersburg, were established under this agreement, and other benefits secured.

It is difficult to retain cordial relations with a despotic Government which breaks out into such acts of barbarity as those which are reported from Russia from time to time; and the Pope has experienced this difficulty. Under the circumstances he has succeeded as well as could be expected. But it was not by refusing all intercourse with Mr. Istowski, the Russian representative at Rome, or by discourteous treatment of members of the Russian royal family visiting the Vatican, that this was to be effected.

By the prudent action of Pope Leo there is a fairly cordial understanding now between the Pope and the Czar. The Episcopal Sees of Russia are mostly filled by devoted Bishops, and in the letter which the Holy Father addressed to the Bishops on the 6th January, 1890, they were exhorted to defend the rights of the Church, to regard the interests of the souls under their charge, and inculcate observance of the civil laws while the latter did not conflict with the rights of the Church.

The Czar himself was favorably impressed with the course followed by the Holy Father, though with all his efforts he could not succeed in inducing the latter to substitute a Russian liturgy for the ancient liturgies used in the Catholic Churches of the East.

It is hard to say of the acts of any one man that they are the most prudent possible under all circumstances; yet those of Pope Leo have resulted so well that we cannot but admire his prudence throughout his negotiations. Nevertheless little reliance is to be placed upon any promises which the autocrat may make. The recent massacre of Catholics in Krosche by Cossacks, when men, women and children were cruelly speared and thrown into a lime kiln, is evidence enough of this.

In a late number of the New York Observer the observations of a traveller who has recently returned from Russia are published, among which it is stated that the persecutions of the past are still going on to an extent of which few outside of Russia are conscious; but the writer adds: "If the Emperor were made acquainted with the facts, he would stop the wrong which is being done in his name."

It is certain that many in high position are cognizant of these facts, and we cannot believe that the Emperor is entirely ignorant of them, though we can readily conceive that the brutal details are kept concealed from him. We are the more inclined to believe this

as he has recently shown some disposition towards greater leniency than has been for a long time experienced from him, thus when the Governor of Samogitia was lately on the point of banishing arbitrarily the Bishop of the diocese, the Government restrained him and decided in favor of the Bishop.

This and other evidences of an improved disposition towards the Catholics of the Empire are due undoubtedly to the wisdom of the Pope's policy, a continuation of which will have the best possible effect.

Don't Touch Liquor.

If you are the father of a family, do not touch intoxicating drinks. Why? Because your example may be the means of causing misery here and hereafter to those who look up to you as their guide and example.

If you are a mother, do not use it yourself nor allow its use in your home if you value the manhood of your sons or the womanhood of your daughters.

If you are a young woman, do not offer it to your gentleman friends, and if tempted to do so just think for a moment of the terrible responsibility you assume. The glass you offer may be the means of starting the young man on the downward road to ruin and death.

He may know his weakness, but from anxiety to appear well in your eyes, or from lack of moral courage to refuse anything proffered by the hand of youth and beauty, takes that which, under other circumstances he would shun.

Many a young man dates his downfall from the social glass taken under the parental roof or in the house of some friend of the family. Do not try to induce the man who, from sad experience knows his weakness, to break his pledge or resolution to abstain. This is often done thoughtlessly, from a mistaken idea of friendship or sociability, and without a thought of the possible consequences that may follow.

Do not, however, fall into the error of assuming that every man who takes a pledge is necessarily a reformed drunkard or one who needs any special restraint on his appetite for liquor.

On the contrary, many restrain themselves in that way simply as example for others to follow, hoping thereby to save some weaker brother.

Do you keep liquor in your house on the specious plea of necessity for use in case of sickness; that necessity is rarely experienced, and but too often is merely an excuse for over-indulgence.

Do not imagine you will be unable to sleep without a "night-cap" or awake without an "eye opener."—Sacred Heart Review.

His Jesuit Benefactors.

Here is a curious coincidence:—"It will be remembered," writes a correspondent, "that not long ago the Bishop of St. Asaph's sons met with an accident when out driving, but it was not mentioned that two Jesuit priests happened to be on the spot at the time. One was a qualified medical man, and at once rendered assistance. On calling at the palace to make inquiry for the sufferers it turned out that the same Jesuit had attended the Bishop when a young clergyman, on board ship, in a somewhat serious illness, and that though they had become fast friends at the time they had never met till again the Jesuit medico had a second time done a kindness to the prelate he had nursed back to health in by-gone days."—Westminster Gazette.

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London, Saturday, March 24, 1894.

EASTER.

The voice of the Church that during the last few days was hushed and sorrowful breaks out to-day into glad, exultant strains extolling the power and glory of the Risen God. She throws aside her garments of mourning and robes herself in the mantle of rubrical pomp and majesty—for this day is as no other, pregnant with memories of her Spouse, who, by clothing the livid and mangled body in the vesture of life and immortality, proved He was God, and gave unto her for all time the guarantee of divinity. Hence the joy of the Church for every recurring Easter brings vividly to her mind the source from which she sprang and the certainty that its living waters will sustain her vitality undiminished and unimpaired.

Though this Easter brings no change in the condition of our Holy Father, and though men of perverse mind are endeavoring to pollute the minds of her children with the foulness of Infidelity, she cherishes, and justly, the hope that before many Easter days shall have passed by, the Supreme Pontiff will again assume the kingly dignity of which tyrant hands have despoiled him, and his enemies, as they who have gone before, will see their maledictions return upon themselves and their attacks to come to naught.

That Christ our Lord rose from the dead has been the doctrine of all ages. When the body of our Saviour hung on the cruel nails of the cross, and when the faithful few who loved Him to the end looked up through blinding tears upon the agonized face, His enemies went back to their homes rejoicing at their triumph. His history was finished! The majestic Figure that knew the lanes and byways much better than the regal thoroughfares trodden by the Pharisees, was numbered among the dead. The voice that stirred the Jewish heart as never before was silent.

But their joy was of short duration, for on grew dawn of the first Easter morning: the sepulchre is empty, and the holy women who went out to place perfumes and flowers upon the dead body learn from the lips of an angel that He is risen.

The Resurrection proves that Christ is God. During His life He worked many a wondrous miracle, and though each was sufficient to show He was God, yet upon them He did not choose to rest the proof. He, as the Jews knew well, staked His entire cause upon the Resurrection. He repeatedly foretold that He would of His own free will lay down His life and that He would arise on the third day. When He drove out the men who were buying and selling in the courts of the temple they demanded upon what authority He did it. And our Lord said to them: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up."

Here was the test of His divinity and the public challenge to His enemies. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the Divine Body was placed in the tomb, the Jews resolved to prove the prediction false, and, to effect this, adopted every possible measure. They placed Roman soldiers, men inured to fatigue and fearless, around the grave, with orders to guard it sleeplessly and vigilantly. They determined to show that He could not rise from the dead, and thus make manifest that He was an impostor.

History tells how they were baffled: how the soldiers fled precipitately into Jerusalem and told the wondrous story of the stone rolling back by the bright light of the Resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

The fact of the Resurrection is so indisputable that even the bitterest enemies of religion have not dared to call it into question. It remained for modern freethinkers to hazard the statement, as false as it is impious, that the Resurrection is but a myth, a legend. They recognize, indeed, that it, if established, carries with it an overwhelming testimony to the divinity

of Christ, and hence they leave no means untried to destroy the evidence of this most capital truth. They, in order to support their assertion, declare that Christ when placed in the sepulchre was not really dead; that the ointments used in the embalming of the body healed the wounds, and the chill air of the sepulchre revived the inanimate form. This vain sophistry is completely refuted by St. John, who says expressly that the lance of the soldier inflicted a deadly wound, for it transfixed the heart: "For therewith there came out blood and water." That our Redeemer rose from the dead is beyond a doubt. We have it on the testimony of those who saw Him, not in a vision, or in a dream, but in broad daylight. Many times during the space of forty days He appeared to the two disciples who journeyed from Jerusalem to Emmaus; and Thomas was permitted to put his fingers into the print of the nails and to thrust his hand into the side of the Risen God.

Observe, also, the attitude of the Apostles after the Resurrection. When their Master, a defenceless captive, was led away to Calvary, dark and dismal doubts played havoc with their belief of His divinity. They hoped that at the last moment He would manifest the power which He claimed to possess, vanquish His enemies and proclaim Himself King of Jerusalem.

Three days of suspense followed, and their timidity gives place to courage. What is the reason of the sudden transition from abject fear to indomitable zeal and fearless energy? Why do they rejoice that they are found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus, especially when they are conscious that suffering must be their inevitable attendant? Rationalists explain the conduct of the Apostles by saying they were misled by a phantom and deceived by a well-concocted plan into believing a sort of hobgoblin story. Leaving aside the testimony of past ages, this explanation is passing strange, and scarcely accounts for their devotion to a cause that entailed sorrow and suffering and renunciation of everything that man holds dear: that made them objects of abomination to Jews and Gentiles and sent them wanderers over the earth, exposed to persecution and to death. The Resurrection alone explains. They believed their message to mankind to be divine because He who taught them proved Himself God by rising from the dead. "If Christ be not risen," says St. Paul, "then our preaching is vain."

No wonder, then, does the Church sound forth the note of rejoicing and call upon her children to exult! It gives her the assurance that she possesses the truth from heaven and inspires her to bear her teachings to the uttermost bounds of the earth. And to-day, on this feast of faith, we may look back upon her glorious history and see how well the task has been accomplished.

This feast is for us one of special joy, for it is the pledge of our Resurrection. As Christ our Lord rose in triumph from the grave, so should we, if His law be the guide of our lives, rise glorious and incorruptible and participate in His glory forever. What a source of consolation to know and feel that we may cherish the hope our body, so frail and infirm and subject to suffering, shall put on in the world beyond the grave the vesture of incorruption, and in the possession of Jesus shall fear no death but enjoy the happiness that will last as long as God is God!

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A respected correspondent desires to know from us what societies fall under the condemnation issued by the Church against secret societies. In reply we have to say: 1st. The Freemasons and Carbonari are expressly named in several Pontifical Bulls and Encyclicals, as forbidden under penalty of excommunication. Societies affiliated to these fall under the same prohibition, and all societies which fall under the denomination of secret societies.

2nd. The societies condemned under the name of secret societies must be ascertained from what the Church intends by this designation, and there are decrees of the Sacred Congregation of the Penitentiaria of the dates 21st Aug. 1850, and 13th July 1865, which define that all societies which bind themselves by oath to a secret compact fall under this class, even though they profess not to have in view anything against religion or the civil government: also all societies formed against the Church or the civil government, whether or not they

exact an oath from their members.

There are certain societies which so guard their secrets that it is difficult for outsiders to ascertain whether they fall under these condemnations or not. They must be judged on the principles here laid down; but if they conceal their objects, or prevaricate concerning the oath which they are supposed to take, they must be regarded as suspicious or dangerous, according to the circumstances of each case. It is not our province, but that of the ecclesiastical authorities in each diocese, to make a decision in regard to the societies specially named by our correspondent, and we therefore must rest with referring him to them for further information on this subject.

The reasons on account of which these condemnations have been pronounced are briefly the following:

1. An oath whereby one binds himself to do things unknown is a rash oath, and is therefore forbidden by the Second Commandment.

2. There is good reason to suspect that the societies indicated have evil designs in view; and in the case of the societies named in the Pontifical decrees, we are assured, especially by Pope Pius IX., that he knew from positive information that such designs existed.

3. The inviolable secrets of these societies which are not to be revealed even to lawful authorities can be turned to very evil purposes, and, in practice, are frequently so turned.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

Since the last issue of the RECORD, in which we mentioned that Lord Rosebery had announced that the policy of the new British Government will be the same with that pursued by Mr. Gladstone, another announcement has been made which considerably modifies this declaration as far as Home Rule for Ireland is concerned. Lord Rosebery has stated that it is still the intention of the Government to concede Home Rule, but he added that it is necessary to convince England first of the justice of Ireland's demands.

His exact words as reported by cable were:

"Lord Salisbury made one remark on the subject of Home Rule with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule can be conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, must be convinced of its justice. That may seem to be a considerable admission, because your Lordships will know that the majority of English members elected in England proper are hostile to Home Rule."

Considering the great advance made in England towards admitting the justice of the Irish demands, there is good reason to hope that before long there will be an actual English majority in favor of conceding them; but at present the English majority in the House of Commons against this necessary reform is 70, the Liberal majority of 38 arising from the fact that the Irish, Scotch and Welsh majorities more than suffice to counterbalance the hostile English majority. But it cannot be denied that the requirement that the hostile English majority must be overcome before Home Rule be conceded puts off very indefinitely the solution of the Irish problem.

Will this hostile majority be overcome in fact? Perhaps it will in time; but this is doubtful, and it is no wonder that the enemies of Ireland are in jubilation on account of Lord Rosebery's announcement. The London Times asserts that "it has changed the whole aspect of affairs and shattered the very basis of the new Prime Minister's policy." It is evident, therefore, that the Conservatives consider that the announcement is equivalent to an abandonment of Home Rule as part of the Liberal policy. Hence Lord Randolph Churchill announced confidently in his speech on the address that "he could safely predict that there is not a man living to-day who will live to see the establishment of an Irish Parliament, nor is there a man living who will live to see the abolition of the House of Lords."

Lord Rosebery does not wish his words to be interpreted in this sense, however. He said in a speech in the House of Lords on the 12th inst. that "the present satisfactory condition of Ireland is due to remedial measures and to the promise of Home Rule." Being convinced of this, he declared that the Government has no desire to evade or shirk the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and that the only reason why it was not mentioned in the Queen's speech was that it will not be introduced into parliament this session. It is understood that it is deemed necessary to make another

appeal to the people before the matter be urged further.

Referring to the position of England on the question, he repeated his former statement in other words, saying, "of course the decision rests upon England, but he believed the conversion of England to Home Rule will not be a difficult task when the Irish people show by their conduct that they are worthy of it."

As a matter of course, the Prime Minister's declaration is received by the Irish members with much dissatisfaction. They are not likely to admit that it should depend upon the verdict of Englishmen alone whether a measure so necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland should be granted. Why should this be the case? Is it because England was a party to the contract of union made in 1801? That was no contract. It was indeed accepted by England as such, but it was brought about by the English Government without the presence even of the consent of the Irish people. It was a one-sided contract, and therefore no contract at all.

It may be truly said, indeed, that it was passed by the Irish Parliament, but it was notoriously carried out by bribing a bare majority in a Parliament which in no sense represented the people of Ireland. It represented the English garrison in Ireland, and nothing more; yet even so there was sufficient love of country among a portion of that garrison that a minority amounting to almost half the House could not be induced, even by open bribery, to consent to the act of treason by which the autonomy of the country was bargained away for gold.

But let us pass over the dark history of this nefarious deed. Let it be granted (for the present purpose only) that the Act of Union was a compact between England and Scotland on the one side, and Ireland on the other. By the terms of that contract, the union of the three kingdoms was Legislative and not Federal. It was a contract by which England benefited, and by which England had all the voice to which her greater population entitled her, and it was deliberately agreed to that the majority of the whole House should rule, and not the majority of any one of the three consenting parties. England's position was quite strong enough on this understanding, inasmuch as an English majority could be over-ridden only when the English members were so equally divided as to leave it almost a matter of doubt what was the real opinion of England on any given question. Under such circumstances, it was only fair that a very decisive Scotch and Irish majority should predominate over a less decisive English one. The pretext that England must decide the question becomes still more preposterous when the question is so purely an Irish one as that of Home Rule. Home Rule is asked for by Ireland, only because the British Parliament has persistently turned a deaf ear to the demands of Ireland to begin to legislate with some consideration for the needs of that country.

If England is to insist upon the bond being carried out, she must be content to submit to the clauses which limit her powers, as well as those which are detrimental to Ireland. It is the case of Shylock over again:

"My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

But if the bond insists upon the "pound of flesh," it does not give the right to take the "jot of blood" also; and herein is found the safety for Ireland at the present moment. The United Kingdoms have decided in her favor, and it is probable they will do so again, and if Lord Rosebery be not content to accept the verdict he will be obliged to retire to the background.

Already the existence of the new Ministry has been threatened in consequence of its having partly alienated the Irish party. A motion was proposed by Mr. Labouchere in amendment to the address, condemning the principle of the veto by the House of Lords; and though this was opposed by the Government it was carried by a majority of 2, the vote being 147 to 145. It may be true that it was a catch vote, as it was evidently given by a thin house; nevertheless it is a warning both to Lord Rosebery and the Peers that the will of the nation is not to be trifled with lightly. The warning is all the more impressive as the Government was supported on this occasion by the Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives, who rally to the defence of the Lords because of their determined opposition to Home Rule.

The Government does not regard this vote as one of non-confidence,

and it will probably be sustained for some time longer by the present House; but the Irish members will not submit to have the solution of the Irish question indefinitely postponed. The support accorded by them to Mr. Labouchere's motion is an evidence of this.

Since writing the above the cable brings us further intelligence which puts a very different complexion on the present condition of the Irish question. It would appear that Lord Rosebery, in the speech referred to, was purposely misrepresented by the Tory press. The news agencies, largely controlled, we believe, by Tories, take every opportunity to injure the Irish cause by sending over the wires false reports concerning it. We publish in another column a report of a speech delivered by Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh, by which it will be seen that he is just as anxious as was Gladstone to carry out the promises made by the Liberal party in regard to Irish autonomy.

THE TACTICS OF FANATICISM.

The similarity of the methods of the United States A. P. A. and those of the P. P. A. on this side of the border is being constantly illustrated, even to the fact that the pulpit is habitually desecrated to promote the nefarious purposes of the organization.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., the Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, Washington, preached a sermon which was replete with similar falsehoods to those which constitute the pretext on which the P. P. A. of Ontario justify the existence of that association in Canada. He made the statement that the "Roman Catholics have at work a regular machine in the government offices, which controls all appointments and manipulates the civil service commission." Further he stated that:

"The Church has \$12,000,000 worth of property in the city of Washington, largely secured during the last thirty years, two-thirds of it contributed by Protestants, by a systematic begging from government employes and from government appropriations. If the clerks in the departments do not pay money over to the nuns and priests, they lose their positions."

Mr. Roosevelt, the Civil Service Commissioner, was interviewed next day regarding the truth of the statement, whereupon he replied:

"This is a mere slanderous falsehood. Of the four gentlemen who handle the Civil Service examinations one is a Catholic and three are Protestants, but it would not make the slightest difference to me whether they were all four Protestants or all four Catholics. I don't care a rap what the religion is of any of our subordinates or any of the applicants who come before us, and I will guarantee that as far as this commission is concerned no applicant ever is or ever has been discriminated for or against because he was a Catholic, Protestant, a Jew or a Gentile."

Continuing, he showed that the Commissioners are not to be browbeaten into making a distinction between citizens on account of creed. He said:

"Not long ago we were called upon to choose between two candidates for membership of the Michigan board of examiners. The A. P. A. filed a protest against the selection of one of the two, on the ground that he was a Catholic, whereupon we promptly appointed him. If any Catholic organization had protested against the appointment of one of these men merely because he was a Protestant, we would have chosen him just as promptly. This is only an illustration of the fact that we permit no discrimination or religious prejudice."

The pension office was particularly specified by Mr. Peters, who stated that nuns are permitted to solicit money, which the employes are virtually forced to pay them. This was declared by Deputy Commissioner Murphy to be a "tissue of falsehoods." He said:

"The only changes in the personnel of the office have been made upon a recommendation of division chiefs, not one of whom is a Catholic. The only soliciting permitted here is a privilege granted to the Little Sisters of the Poor to enter the building and take away whatever voluntary contributions may be placed in their baskets. This privilege is granted on the express ground that the money is expended for Catholic and Protestant alike and for blacks as well as whites."

The Little Sisters of the Poor, in whose favor this privilege has been granted, as an exception to the general rule, receive contributions solely for the relief of the poor and distressed, and it is well known that this relief is distributed by them impartially, without any distinction of nationality or religion. It is, therefore, not true that any special favor is accorded to them as nuns; but by the promulgation of such slanders as are preached by the Rev. Mr. Peters, a gospel of

lies is substituted for the gospel of truth which is supposed to be taught in his and other churches. Precisely such falsehoods as these, both in regard to the employment of Catholics by the Dominion and Local Governments, and other subjects calculated to excite ill-feeling, have been frequently made the text for attacks upon Catholics in Ontario, not only in the columns of the Mail and similar journals, but even in the pulpits occupied by those political parsons whose sole object is to create dissension in Canada. We have frequently had occasion to call attention to such utterances, and we do so again now to show that the tactics of fanaticism are everywhere similar.

A DOCTRINAL REACTION.

Not long ago at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Scotch Presbyterian Church the most prominent clergymen were very free in expressing the opinion that the "Thorough Godly Reformation" of Scotland had gone too far in abolishing prayers for the dead. The very Catholic doctrine was openly maintained that the prayers of pious people on earth benefit the dead, and that charity dictates that we should give them the benefit of our aid by praying for them.

In view of the fact that the Larger Catechism of the Church (Qu. 183), says, "We are to pray for the whole Church of Christ upon earth . . . for all sorts of men living or that shall live hereafter, but not for the dead, nor for them that are known to have sinned the sin unto death," the advocacy of the doctrine that we should pray for the dead indicates an unexpected reaction among Presbyterians towards the original creed of Christianity as taught by the Catholic Church, and supported by the traditions which come down to us from the apostles.

The Westminster Confession, it is almost needless to say, has the same teaching as the Larger Catechism, in almost the same words; and it is remarkable that the proof given by the Westminster divines, that the dead are not to be prayed for, is taken from 2 Samuel xii: 21, 23; 2 Kings:

"Then said his (David's) servants unto him, What thing is this thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said: While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The reason for David's reply here is evident. The child was an infant who died in grace, and who therefore needed not to be prayed for when dead, though when living the Royal Prophet prayed and fasted for his recovery from illness. But in the case of adults whose death in the state of grace was doubtful, King David's method of procedure was different. Thus for Saul and Jonathan, when their death was announced, "David took hold of his garments and rent them, and likewise all the men that were with him. And they mourned, and wept, and fasted until evening for Saul and for Jonathan, his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel, because they were fallen by the sword." (2 Kings i: 11, 12.) After the death of Abner, he did similarly:

"King David lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner: and all the people also wept. And the king, mourning and lamenting over Abner said: Not as cowards are wont to die, hath Abner died . . . and when all the people came to take meat with David, while it was yet broad day, David swore, saying: So do God to me, and more also, if I taste bread or anything else before sun set."

Fasting and mourning was therefore customary among the Jews as modes of prayer for the dead and as an act of religion for their relief and benefit, when it was supposed that they were in need of such relief. It was for this reason also that Judas Machabees ordered sacrifice to be offered in the temple of Jerusalem "to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. . . . It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." (2 Macc. xii: 43, 46.)

But we have a still more recent evidence of the gradual return of Presbyterians towards the ancient faith in the mourning card issued by the family of Argyll on the occasion of the death of the Duchess early this year. The following is a copy of the card in question:

"Jesu, Mercy! Mary, Pray! Of

lies substituted for the gospel of truth which is supposed to be taught in his and other churches. Precisely such falsehoods as these, both in regard to the employment of Catholics by the Dominion and Local Governments, and other subjects calculated to excite ill-feeling, have been frequently made the text for attacks upon Catholics in Ontario, not only in the columns of the *Mail* and similar journals, but even in the pulpits occupied by those political persons whose sole object is to create dissension in Canada. We have frequently had occasion to call attention to such utterances, and we do so again now to show that the tactics of fanaticism are everywhere similar.

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your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Amelia Marie, Duchess of Argyll, who, born on the Feast of St. Victor, April 12th, 1843, died on the Octave of the Holy Innocents, January 4th, 1894. R. I. P." (Several Latin verses from Revelations follow.)

The *English Church* newspaper in giving this to the public says that "many Scottish Protestants will be surprised to learn" that such a card was issued. There is no more stalwart Presbyterian in Scotland than the Duke of Argyll; yet the shade of John Knox must feel uneasy to find His Grace not only asking prayers for the dead, but even invoking the Blessed Virgin Mary, and asking her prayers for the soul of the departed. The concluding ejaculation (may she rest in peace!) completes the horror of the matter, and the quotation of Scripture texts in Latin, a language particularly hateful to John Knox, as being an "unknown tongue," and the language of the Catholic Church, caps the climax of degeneracy among Presbyterians.

MR. STEAD IN CHICAGO.

"If Christ came to Chicago" is the strange and sensational title of Mr. Stead's latest work. It purposes to be a study of the methods and aims of the denizens of the great metropolis of the West, and, if one may judge by the advance sheets, it abounds in sharp and severe criticisms. A millionaire of Chicago offered, it is said, an immense sum for the withdrawal of the work from the press, but, needless to say, it was refused by the London editor.

Mr. Stead came into prominence about ten years ago when, as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he exposed the moral rottenness of social London and revealed conditions of depravity that aroused the indignation of the civilized world. He is absolutely fearless in enunciating his ideas, and though oftentimes Quixotic, he has been instrumental in the bringing about of much needed reforms.

His present work, based on information acquired during his sojourn in the "Windy City," pays some tributes little complimentary to its officials and millionaires. Its much-vaunted progress provokes no enthusiastic comments. It lays bare the existing evils and names the chief offenders. The book is divided into five parts, under the following titles:

- "Some Images we have Made of Me."
- "Christ's Meteward (Measuring Wand) in Chicago."
- "Satan's Invisible World Displayed."
- "Christ's Church in Chicago."
- "What Would Christ do in Chicago?"

It is little to be wondered if the book attains an immense circulation. Mr. Stead is a journalist of repute and understands the theory and practice of extracting money from the pockets of the public. He poses as a reformer, and few are there who deny him the title. But, as all extremists, he falls into the lamentable mistake of judging universals by particulars. He has, however, a good word to say of Mayor Hopkins and of Chicago as it will be in the twentieth century.

BREAKING UP.

The Seaforth branch of the P. P. A. has been disbanded and its charter given up to the Grand Council of the order. The branch was organized in June last, and at first it increased rapidly, but as its objects became known the members began to be disgusted with it and the number in attendance at the meetings steadily diminished. Even those who took the greatest interest in it at first are the most ashamed of it now.

One of the prominent members of the society said "as all candidates for membership were kept securely blindfolded during the ceremony of initiation, they were not able to learn who the real leaders were until after they had taken the obligations. On seeing that those who were at the head of the association were never known to take any interest in or even attend any church, many of the members declined to attend any future meetings and forthwith had their names taken off the books."

Efforts were made to keep the society alive until after the next provincial elections, but without avail. No Protestant clergymen in the town would give the association any encouragement or approval.

Similar news to this comes from Bay City, Michigan. The *Chicago Herald* a few days ago received and published a despatch from that city stating that

"The A. P. A. movement, which was very strong in this city a year ago, is dead, and no interest is taken in the affairs of the association. It was killed because its members who had been deluded into thinking the order was to protect the Public schools found it was in reality a tool of leading Republican politicians for use in times of

election. The organization here is shattered and can never pull itself together again."

The same story will before long be told about this dark-lantern association in all parts of both countries. The love of fair play and the contempt for bigotry and fanaticism which all who are sincerely desirous for the welfare of the country must entertain for the spirit which animates the leaders of this distasteful society must finally prevail to crush it out of existence, just as years ago the Know-Nothing movement was crushed out in the United States as soon as the wave of fanaticism had spent its fury. In other towns of Ontario besides Seaforth the P. P. A.ists have already made the discovery that they have overdone the matter, and now liberal-minded men who were duped into becoming members, and others who have discovered that the society has worked like a boomerang, inflicting the worst blows upon the heads of those who assisted in launching the projectile, are now leaving it. The Protestant Protective Association has had a short but inglorious and disgraceful career, and it is already breaking up. Dishonest politicians may find it to their interest to keep it up in its moribund condition until after the provincial elections; but when they are over it must soon be consigned to its final resting-place, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the 13th was held in Chatham a meeting of the Ontario West Grand Orange Lodge. There were present, of course, the usual number of extreme Protestants, who, by some inexplicable means, have become possessors of the notion that an organization having for object open as well as secret hostility to Catholicity, is a most commendable institution. It would not be correct to say that these men are actuated by sincere motives when we recollect that from time to time it becomes patent to everybody that the society is merely a machine operated for the purpose of gaining place, power and prominence for its members in the political life of the country. The most notable deliverance made at the gathering was that of James L. Hughes, the Grand Master. It was his old speech in a new spring suit. Even a novice reading between the lines could easily discern the purpose the speaker had in view, viz., the defeat of the Mowat Government—an event, of course, which would enable Mr. Hughes and his brethren to march into very pleasant pastures.

Now, Mr. Hughes, let us have a little chat with you concerning some of your assertions in regard to Separate schools.

MR. HUGHES.—The men who have to work side by side as citizens of the same country should play shoulder to shoulder as boys on the same school grounds.

A few months ago Catholic and Protestant boys together attended the Public schools of Woodstock and Petrolia. Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd appeared on the scene, and in a public hall made an address somewhat on the same lines as Orangemen like you are wont to make. The consequence was that the Catholic boys were jeered at and insulted by the Protestant boys with whom they had been standing shoulder to shoulder, and Catholics, in self defence, were obliged to organize a Separate school in each place. When Catholics look about them and note that suchmen as you, Mr. Hughes, an extreme and arrogant bigot, hold prominent positions in the management of the Public schools, it is reasonable to suppose that they ought to place the education of their children in such hands? Were there no other reason, this of itself would be sufficient cause why Catholics should keep their children in the Separate schools.

MR. HUGHES.—"As Orangemen we strongly object to Separate schools on principle. We believe them to be unjust to the Roman Catholic people themselves."

So far as the Catholic people are concerned, they are the best judges of what is just and unjust. Of course you object to Separate schools, and your class objected to the granting of them at the time of Confederation; but as it was agreed that Catholics in Ontario and Protestants in Quebec should be left free to educate their children with their own money in their own way, is it manly, is it honest, and do you call it equal rights, to agitate at this late day for the abolition of Separate schools? You know very well that they cannot be abolished without breaking up Confederation.

Now let us examine what you mean by "Equal Rights." Seeing that you cannot break up the Separate school system it is quite plain your purpose

is to cripple it to such a degree as to make it a real hardship for Catholics to continue the work.

The municipal officers collect all school taxes, but you consider it a great scandal that Catholics are not compelled to collect their own. Equal Rights! The law lays it down that all non-Catholics must support Public schools, but that Catholics may or may not support the Separate ones. Equal Rights! Bad as this is, you, Mr. Hughes, want to make it worse, for you want the law to read, that non-Catholics must be rated as Public school supporters in all cases and that Catholics must be considered in like manner until they make special declaration to the contrary. Protestants must, Catholics may. This is a "special privilege" for which we have no reason to be thankful.

THROUGHOUT the whole address we find Mr. Hughes simply an advocate of an Orange ascendancy such as that which prevails in some parts of the North of Ireland. He and his brethren possess the notion that Catholics have no rights which Orangemen are bound to respect. They have a happy faculty of calling "rights" "privileges," and then they keep the pot of agitation boiling with the cry of "special privileges to none." We may say to Mr. Hughes that Catholic schools will exist and flourish in this country when Orangemen will be considered ancient history. Catholics are accustomed to persecution; and the history of Ireland, which, no doubt, he has studied, ought to teach him that his methods and the methods of those associated with him serve but to render Catholics all the more united in their attachment to the faith of their fathers—a faith that will live in the hearts of hundred of millions while all other systems of Christian belief go on from year to year breaking into innumerable fragments.

THE Apatists of Pittsburg, after having raised a great outcry against nuns teaching in the schools, on the plea that they were not certificated teachers, were much taken aback when a number of the nuns passed the prescribed examinations, and were thereupon duly elected as teachers in 34th Ward School, which is known as the Riverside school. It is now proposed to eject the nuns on the plea that the peculiar dress worn by them is not allowable under the law. Their right to wear their religious dress while teaching in Public schools will be decided in the courts within a few days. The objection is evidently no so much against teachers without certificates as against the teaching of Catholic children under Catholic influences, as nearly all the children attending the school in question are Catholics.

THE Philadelphia Presbyterian Observer calls upon the Baptists to take to task President Harper of the new Baptist University of Chicago, who recently declared in a lecture that the story of Cain and Abel recorded in Genesis is but a myth having no more truth in it than the story of the wooden horse by means of which Troy is said to have been captured, or the legend of Romulus and Remus. The Rev. Dr. Henson, a Baptist minister of Chicago, proposes to call Dr. Harper to account to find how much of the lecture he will adhere to, and a heresy trial will probably soon begin which will be as warmly-contested as was that of Dr. Briggs of New York among the Presbyterians.

ANGLICAN Churchmen, both Ritualistic and Evangelical, are said to be exceedingly uneasy on account of the advent of Lord Rosebery to the Premiership. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were both High Churchmen, and their important appointments could be relied on to be acceptable to the Church generally, as, though they were made from both these principal parties of the Church, they could at least be relied on as being from the parties called orthodox. Lord Rosebery has always shown a complete indifference to the prejudices and quarrels of Church parties, and it is feared that many of his appointments will be made from the Latitudinarian section of the Church, so that a new impulse may be given to the Free-thinking school of thought. Whether or not this fear is well grounded, its existence illustrates the absurdities of National Churchism, which makes the State supreme in ecclesiastical matters.

WE HAD occasion a short time ago to refer to the McAll mission in France, that was, according to the *Canada Presbyterian*, winning many from the Roman Catholic Church. To meet an assertion of this kind in a satisfactory

manner we must examine statistics, and if found to substantiate the claim, we are ready to give it our unreserved credence. We have investigated the case, and we find that the number of Protestants in France is now smaller than it has been at any time during the last three hundred years. The world looks for something better than bald assertions.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Sisters of Charity received a very graceful tribute from a Mrs. Helen Richings, who lectured recently at Indianapolis, on "Five Years in a Convent, or why I Could not Become a Catholic." The hall was crowded, and the bigots who came in the expectation of revelling in unseemly and false descriptions were sorely disappointed. "For five years I was with the good nuns," said the speaker, "and from my personal experience among them, I have learned to love and revere them. I never hear a word derogatory to the character of the nuns that it does not convince me that the individual who seeks to traduce them is absolutely ignorant of what he is talking about. I say to you that they are women good, noble and loyal to what they believe to be right. They are women of education, perfect refinement and sweetest gentleness, and with all my soul's earnestness I say that I will stake my life on the truth of the assertion that the nuns in the convents are women whose moral being is as pure as the flying snow; their character is as invulnerable as the rock of ages. In the five years I was under their care, they taught me not only by word of mouth, but by their daily lives, the essential principles of a pure and perfect womanliness."

ONE of the ministers of the Ritualistic persuasion at New York has treated his congregation to a unique performance—nothing more or less than the Stations of the Cross. It will certainly do them no harm; but what a ghost of a religion it must be, the sect that deems itself in the rites and ceremonies of a Church that it regards as heretical. It is a cistern without water—a mirage in the desert of the world. Its glittering but unmeaning pageants may satisfy the senses, but the intellect and heart seek vainly in it for nourishment and consolation. Its priests look finely in stolen trappings; they may claim to be actors merely—amusing a thoughtless multitude, but such acting will ill fit them for the grand rehearsal in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

IT is said that one of the things the brave Gordon, who was killed at Khartoum, regarded as priceless was the little book of Cardinal Newman, entitled "The Dream of Gerontius." He carried it with him always, finding in it ever consolation and strength. And well he might, for scarcely in English literature is there more beautiful than this production of the English Cardinal. It is the portrayal of the soul's passage from life to eternity. The hands of the Master's play upon our being, and we hear a beautiful symphony, not of dread and doubt, but of life and faith. It is the song of one whose gaze was fixed on the land beyond the tomb and who had seemingly heard its celestial melody, and we never put down the little book without thanking God for the gift of the author to the world. It is passing strange that our Catholics do not use more our beautiful and instructive works of devotion. We speak of those who have leisure moments, not of the simple souls who in our crowded cities are wedded to ceaseless labor and who are content with their beads and prayer-books. Their unaffected piety keeps them firm in the fierce struggle for existence and guards them from the fads and dissipations that oftentimes destroy every vestige of spiritual life in their wealthier neighbors. Yes, fads and fashionable dissipations do not tend to increase the growth of solid piety. It is hard to see how a person with brain filled by wandering bonds of vain notions and with heart hungering after the delights, innocent if you like, of the world, can ever justify their claim to live. They must work. Work is the law of the universe. The untiring Creator has impressed that law upon His creatures. He, the principle of eternal activity, has so ordained that the works of His hands should mirror faintly His infinite perfections. Each thing has its proper end—the reason of its being—and if this be true of irrational animals, how much more true of man, a child of grace, for

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
Not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God who is our home."

"We are plants," says Plato, "not of earth but of heaven: and from the same source whence the soul first arose, a Divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole bodily frame." Endowed, therefore, with wondrous gifts, man must not squander them in a busy idleness. If he has time why not employ it in a manner conducive to the welfare of those whose avocations admit of no relaxation. If he has riches, why not use it for the amelioration of the sufferings of the poor. One dollar will do more in such cases than the most eloquent dissertation on the joys of poverty. He should not, however, cumber the planet. The world is moving, and in these days of competition and progress there is no place for the drones who wear out their aimless lives in social functions. They have lost sight of their mission—to do good. Christianity may be summed up in that simple word, and he who perchance makes no effort to accomplish it, may not claim the title of a disciple of Him who long years since went through Judea, leaving in the minds of the simple folk who heard Him the melody of pure and kindly words, and on all sides the evidences of the passage of a loving God. And if their weak and timid souls dread the very possibility of discomfort and sacrifice it is because things material have dimmed their perception of duty, and they have failed to realize that self-denial must be the foundation of every helpful life. Why, then, glean a spiritual education from our beautiful books of devotion? Written by men who had deep experience of life, they stand forever imperishable storehouses of instruction and of edification. They are, moreover, plain and adapted to every condition of society. Take, for example, the ascetical works of St. Francis de Sales, the "Spiritual Combat" of Scupoli, "Christian Perfection" by Rodriguez, and you will find them wells of wisdom, pure and undefiled. The reader of current literature may at first complain they are dry and uninteresting, but perseverance will convince him of his mistake, and give him the power of deriving the greatest pleasure from them. There is one book that we should not forget in our selection of standard works of piety, namely, "Imitation of Christ." It is hardly necessary to recommend it, for its truth and beauty are known in every quarter of the world. Infidels even have been touched by it, and one author does not hesitate to term it the most beautiful work that ever came from the hands of men. Thomas a Kempis, a gentle priest, composed it. From all we know of him from past records, he was a model of every virtue. The study of Holy Scripture occupied his time and sowed the seeds from which grew the beautiful tree, under whose sheltering branches so many, dazed by the hot glare of the sun of the world, have reposed. He was no young enthusiast when he transcribed the pages of his immortal "Imitation." He was no mere mystic, leading man by strange and devious paths to the summit of perfection, but he was one who knew intimately every phase of human nature, who had been tried by temptation and who had been assailed by the most terrible weapons that can be used against a loving and sympathetic heart—those of dissimulation and calumny. And he became not hard and cynical, for he had within him the fount of living water springing up into life everlasting. His method for attaining sanctity is by mortification.

"Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross." The most touching and beautiful sentiments gem the little book. You may take it up any time and find something new. It has a remedy for every sorrow; it is a safeguard against every peril. One of the most distinguished of the French *litterateurs* found it not congenial to his hypercritical taste, but when in prison he happened to come upon it and the consoling words of Thomas a Kempis drove from him torrents of tears. George Eliot pays it the most graceful and eloquent tribute that it ever received. She, poor woman, went her way in the flouting rags of agnosticism. Christianity brought no definite idea to her mind. She had seen so many shams and the spectre of cant donning the garb of wisdom that she cast off from her all belief and waited in sullen despair for the end. She, however, admitted the worth of the "Imitation of Christ" when she penned the following lines:

"I suppose that is the reason why the small, old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a

bookstall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness, while expensive sermons and treatises newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's promptings; it is the chronicle of solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and endurance, not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations. The voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt, and suffered, and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge and gown and tanned head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

He failed not, the good old monk, for his heart was set not in the changeable things of earth, but on God. A few notes in a newspaper can give our readers but a faint idea of the beauties of the "Imitation," but we advise them to procure a copy and to read it constantly and diligently.

THE WORST BLOW YET.

Editor Stead of London, England, who recently published the work entitled "If Christ Came to Chicago," pays his respects as follows to the A. P. A., a full brother of the P. P. A. of Canada. The criticism is severe, but few there are who will say it is undeserved:—

NO POPERY FANATICISM.

The second devil which to-day needs exorcism is one I did not expect to find in a civilized and progressive country. . . . Of all folk-lore tales of Europe, the most horrible is that of the Vampire of the Levant. The A. P. A., that strange association for the protection of the American citizens, reminds me of the restless Vampire of south eastern Europe. No Popery fanaticism died fifty years ago in England. We imagined it dead and buried. Here in Western America we find the same old demon, with its familiar hoofs and horns and tail, scaring the old women of both sexes with the bogey of impending massacre and of the dominations of sixty millions by six. . . . It is time to be the best means for exorcising this belated survival of antiquated bigotry.

OBITUARY.

HENRY McCABE, J. P., ARTHUR. We regret to chronicle the demise of an old and respected pioneer of the West, Henry McCabe, J. P., which occurred at his residence in the above-named village on the morning of Sunday last, aged seventy-nine years. He came to this country from county Cavan, Ireland, with his parents in 1829. He was one of nine children, all of whom have now passed away with one exception, Patrick McCabe, Esq., who still resides in Arthur, and is highly respected by all his neighbors. It is the funeral of the deceased, Henry McCabe, took place at 10:30 o'clock from his late residence to St. John's church, where had assembled a large number of friends and relatives. Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dale, at the conclusion of which the remains were laid in their last resting place, St. John's cemetery. The surviving children of the deceased are three sons and three daughters—Richard of Peel, Henry and Charles of Dundalk, and Mrs. Ann, Glazier of Mac Centre, Mrs. James Thompson of Arthur, and Miss Margaret who lived with him. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Patrick McCabe (Sr.), Patrick McCabe (Jr.), Timothy McCabe and the three sons of the deceased. One by one the old pioneers are leaving us, and the partings are always sorrowful, but more particularly in such cases as the present one, when he who has been taken away was a noble specimen of Christian manhood. In life he was beloved by all and now he has departed for a better world all will utter a fervent prayer that eternal glory may be his portion.

DENIS HOWE, ESQ., TORONTO. We are sincerely sorry to be called upon to record the death of a most highly esteemed former resident of London, Mr. Denis Howe, which took place at Toledo, Ohio, on Saturday, 15th March. Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the departed soul, at Toledo on the 16th, after which the remains were conveyed to this city and interred in St. Peter's cemetery, the funeral taking place from the Atlantic House, deceased at the residence of Mr. John Howe, Atlantic House, and of Mr. P. F. Boyle, London, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy. May the soul of the departed rest in peace!

OUR SCHOOL AT ST. MARY'S.

The Picturesque Town on the Thames. The educational efficiency of this school is highly satisfactory, its tone vigorous and its general trend decidedly progressive. The most pleasing feature about it is that excellence is not confined to a few pupils, as it often happens, but is the general characteristic of the school. As an all-around school, I venture to say that it cannot be surpassed. Miss Annie Shea is the teacher—of practical experience and proved ability.—From the Inspector's Report.

RECEPTION AT THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The solemn ceremony of receiving a novice into the community of the Good Shepherd took place on Thursday afternoon last, at Toronto, when Miss Haines took the Habit and received the name in religion of Sister Endles of the Heart of Mary. His Grace the Archbishop presided, assisted by Very Rev. Father Marjion, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Chretien, La Marche, Murray and Lynch were present in the sanctuary. Rev. Father Feely preached a short sermon suitable to the occasion. Miss Haines is the daughter of a most respected resident of Toronto, P. Haines, Esq., and grand-daughter of Martin Waldron, late of Orillia. She has chosen the better part, and we pray our Lord may bestow upon her every grace necessary to perform her duties faithfully in His service.

It is a humbling thing to feel how much we might have done for God that we have not done, how many opportunities have been wasted, how many graces not corresponded to, how poor and languid and ungenerous has all been that we have actually had the heart to do.—Faber.

THE DANGER OF THE HOUR.

It is the Literature Which Scoffs at Religion and Its Ministers.

We extract the following from the pastoral letter of Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh:

I should fail in my duty to those with whose spiritual welfare I am charged did I not warn them against a danger which appears to me present and real. Though, through God's blessing there is still much good to be found among men, still we may say with St. Paul that the "Days are evil." If we look abroad through the world, we will find God forgotten, His interests ignored, His sovereign control in His own creation seldom taken into account.

The great truths of religion, death, judgment, Heaven, hell, eternity, have, to a great extent, ceased to influence the actions of men. Faith, when it has not wholly vanished, has become weak, dim, dreamy, inoperative. The care and anxiety with which Christians of old labored for the welfare of their souls are now devoted this life, its interests, its pleasures, its ambitions, as if with this life all has begun and with it everything is to end. This fell spirit of worldliness, indifference, luxury, corruption and exclusive devotion to the interests of this life is spreading insensibly it may be, but not the less surely, and daily claiming new victims. Thank God it has not reached you, my brethren, but still it is a danger to be guarded against. When once caught, even in the outer circles of the whirlpool, it is very hard to escape being drawn into the abyss. Of all the causes which tend to propagate and intensify this evil, none appears to be more active than indiscriminate and dangerous reading. There seems to be much self-deception in this matter. Many, relying on their strong faith, their tried virtue, their superior intelligence, their ripe judgment, believe they can read with impunity anything and everything which comes in their way. When there is question of literature of an openly immoral or doubtful tendency, they very soon find that tried virtue is very little protection. But literature of this class is not the chief danger, as there are very few indeed, still calling themselves Christians, who would voluntarily and unnecessarily indulge in it. The real danger is in publications which, while preserving an appearance of decency, conceal a secret poison which is insensibly instilled into the mind; in publications which, if they do not openly assail the truths of faith, treat them with ridicule or openly ignore them as myths which are not to be reckoned with, in publications which endeavor to bring religion and its ministers into contempt, to destroy the salutary confidence and mutual sympathy which should exist between the faithful and those who are divinely appointed to instruct, direct, and guide them. Such publications cannot fail to undermine virtue, weaken faith, breed contempt for sacred things, shake the hold which religion has on the minds of the people, turn them into scoffers, and as a consequence, into apostates—for the apostate is ever found next door to the scoffer. Let no one say, whatever be his knowledge, his intelligence, his judgment, that he can habitually give himself to the perusal of such productions without experiencing the pernicious effects which they are calculated to produce. The mind, however insensibly and unconsciously, is sure, sooner or later, to take its complexion from that upon which it feeds. Hence, my brethren, the necessity of guarding ourselves and those under our charge against this danger. Extreme watchfulness is necessary, especially on the part of those who are burdened with the care of others; but watchfulness is not the only remedy. Every effort should be made to supply those who read with good, sound, healthy, useful literature. There are books, periodicals, and journals in abundance not less attractive, not less interesting, and certainly not less useful either for training the mind or storing it with knowledge than the publications of a pernicious or doubtful character to which I have referred. Were greater efforts made, by means of parochial libraries, reading room, lending libraries and the like to supply the people, especially young, with such books and periodicals, the evils to be feared from dangerous reading would be very much diminished, if not altogether removed. And we must remember that amusement, curiosity, and secular knowledge should not be the sole end and aim of our reading. We should also read for edification. We have the lives of the saints, we have treatises on numerous spiritual subjects; and, if any person imagines that these books are dry, unattractive, and uninteresting, it is because he has not tried them. Above all, we have the Sacred Scriptures, lately so powerfully recommended to the study of the faithful by the Holy Father in his magnificent Encyclical. It is a standing calumny against us, Bishops and priests, that we endeavor to keep the Word of God out of the hands of the people, whereas more has been done by the Church and her pastors to preserve, explain, vindicate the authority and secure respect for the Sacred Scriptures than by all the sects together. We no doubt condemn the perversion of the sacred writings, their mutilation, their corruption by unfaithful translations, the perversion of their meaning, by misleading comments; but as to keeping approved versions out of the hands of the people, it is foreign to our teaching and our practice. On the contrary, I believe, and in this I am confident I merely echo Catholic feeling, that if the Word

of God were more frequently and carefully read, if the example of Christ, His apostles and saints and the inspired maxims which they teach were kept more constantly before the minds of the people, there would be more piety, more charity, less worldliness, less insensibility to supernatural truths, less indifference than is unfortunately so often to be met with in the world at the present day.

RISE UP PAUPERISM.

Poor Rates Unknown in the Catholic Days of England.

Amid all our accumulating phases of poverty, vice and crime, we are spared the curse of organized, legalized pauperism in this country. Poverty, with its haggard train of squalid horrors, is a sufficiently humiliating commentary upon civilization. But we have no pauper class, born, bred and living, generation after generation, in all the rights, privileges, and emoluments of penury, as it exists in Great Britain.

Pauperism in England means something more than mere poverty and its train of unpleasant companions, and its history constitutes one of those unhappy episodes in the march of human progress which go to illustrate the short-sighted, puerile and selfish efforts of man to govern and direct the future of his fellows.

"There was a time, ere England's grief began, When every roof of ground maintained its man."

when men and women in "Merrie England" danced round May-poles, and minstrels chanted the joys of the peasantry. Those were the days of villeinage; and the serf, for a form of external lip service to his lord, was a king on his rood of land. The forty-shilling freehold gave him a vote; parishes took care of their own poor, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." But the aristocracy of Henry VIII. desired to consolidate their powers by actual possession of her land; and although the title of the serf to his little freehold was, by right of labor and possession, as good as that of the lord to the manor, nevertheless the lands released the villain from his bands of servitude, and turn him out a vagrant and a wanderer.

The Church befriended him and the aristocracy took alarm. Then followed the great ecclesiastical change called, ironically, the reformation, whereby the Church, by way of repressing the aristocracy and aiding the cause of the poor, merely seized the lion's share of the plunder of the people. The defender of the faith, Henry VIII., erected the grand and splendidly endowed Church of England, whose millions to-day of right belong to the descendants of Englishmen twice robbed. The history of this amiable reformation is altogether the most superdammable of modern times. These serfs who were the strength and muscle of the kingdom, the delvers and diggers in the work of prosperity, being expelled from their lands, which, like the Southern negro in this country, they had earned a thousand times by their toil and blood, became vagrants, and laws were enacted the most infamous and oppressive that avaricious ingenuity could devise.

The people starved by the roadside in thousands. Other thousands were executed in every barbarous manner suggested by fiendish malice. All through the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth the lust of possession raged among the upper classes in a manner which, to the calm observer of events at this distance of time, appears but little less than demoniacal. In the forty-third year of Elizabeth, a new plan of further and systematic plunder was devised, more outrageous and unjust than any heretofore. They had already robbed the serf, and forced him down into the mire of poverty and helplessness, and they now taxed industry to support him.

"Poor rates" were inaugurated. Pauperism became a legalized, familiar, permanent condition. Then commenced the irreparable conflict between labor and capital. Industry stood between the paupers—the plucked pigeon and natural enemy of both.

Villeinage was virtually restored, but the lord was released from his part of the compact, to care and provide for his vassals. This task being turned over to a new class whose interests and sympathies were with neither, poverty was elevated into an institution with certain privileges and rights. The parish owned the man body and soul; for three shilling a week manhood was to be utterly surrendered. The pauper must not seek labor out of his own parish, or attend church, worship, marry or pray in another.

The pauper laws worked admirably for the aristocratic capitalists; it made labor cheap. The pauper could no longer quite starve, and his future was fixed. Political economists rubbed their hands cheerfully together over the achievement, and philanthropists patted each other on the back, exclaiming "Eureka." But Time, that inexorable old demonstrator, rolled on.

The laborer being driven from the lands, they went to waste. The law of primogeniture deterred the tenant from improving his leasehold. Things grew from bad to worse—the rich accumulated, and poverty increased. Emigration became the only alternative. With misery and squalor at one extreme of society, we find profligacy and profusion at the other. A full understanding of the horrors of the poor laws of England can with difficulty be realized; and if not abrogated utterly, and that speedily, it is not easy to avoid the conclusion that some great social disaster is imminent.

Buckles says that stupid human

legislation and intolerant religion have retarded the progress of civilization a thousand years; and the poor laws of England offer an admirable illustration of the civil hindrance. No wonder that such men as Mr. Gladstone want matters in England leveled up a little. Real reform there must begin at both ends. Curtail the privileges of the rich, and take the pressure off the poor; then the middle classes can take care of themselves as they do in this country. England may become a modern nation, and no longer a gigantic joint stock concern, in which the aristocracy are preferred shareholders.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

An Old Colored Mammy and Her Former Mistress at the Communion Rail.

It happened not long since in the sweet sanctuary of a little Catholic church, at that hour in the Sabbath service the most sacred of all to the devotee, when the Holy Communion is being given.

On the altar, the lily altar, white candles spread their mild, benignant radiance, and the air of the church was solemn with the mysterious breath of incense, and the deep-breathed vibrations of the organ still shook the silent air in heavy flakes.

At the invitation of the priest there came up to the communion rail a great crowd of people, who knelt there for that sustenance which the Church can only give.

Among these was an old, old lady, the head of a noble and a distinguished family, the bearer of a spotless name, but now grown so gray and become so decrepit that she seemed more frail than any wintry leaf on a winter tree.

All the congregation, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, watched in a loving sympathy as the dear old lady, hobbling on the poor crutches that time puts on our bodies, came up the long dim aisle and knelt at the altar. She was eighty if she was a day, and to see her in church at all was a wonder. The communicant next her, so it happened, was an equally old, old colored mammy, who was also looking forward to that brightening day when her long disquiet should be emerged in rest, and there they knelt, side by side, the aristocratic old gentlewoman, with the royal blood of France in her swollen veins, and touching shoulders with her old mammy who had served her through sickness and in health, through good report and through evil report, and who had never failed her, nay, had been there, faithful, even when "the madame's" own had deserted her.

Presently the madame turned to leave the chancel, and with her sweet, wrinkled hands, shrived of all the taint of poor humanity, crossed on her breast, she stumbled over the way. But by her side there was that faithful old "tante Marie," and her long skinny, black arms reached about the frail shoulders of her old mistress. They had seen the Mays and the snows of a long life, smelled its rosemary and its rue, and laughed under its bridal blossoms, and now in the night time together, they had tasted the cup of life and came away together from the sacrament of the Last Supper. It was truly beautiful to see that old black woman supporting that old white woman so tenderly, and as they came to the door of her pew the old woman turned, too old to think of audiences, and too true to regard effect, and there, before priest and all, embraced affectionately her serving woman.

Up and Downs in Life.

Mr. Childs used to tell the following incident in his career: "When I was a mere boy, here in Philadelphia, as I used to sweep the sidewalk in front of my employer's office every morning, I used to see a man driving down Chestnut street behind a spanking team, and I always looked upon him with the greatest degree of envy.

He was the editor and owner of a great magazine, at least for those times—in fact, the leading one of the day—and he had just bought a morning paper in the city, paying \$100,000 for it, which was as much money in those days as a million dollars is now. Besides, this fortunate man had more than money; he had the friendship of all the distinguished men of his day—authors, painters, statesmen—and everybody was welcomed to his home, and nobody envied him more than I did, as I used to rest a moment, leaning on my broom and watching him with eager eyes.

But here comes the sad part of the story: to-day the same man is so poor that he is without a penny to his name and more, has hardly a friend to take him by the hand. He is over eighty years old, and blind, and—perhaps I may be pardoned for stating a fact—I'm paying for his care in the hospital.

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret, but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is *entirely pure and really efficacious*—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Skin Diseases are more or less directly occasioned by bad blood. B. B. C. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rash, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores. *Mindard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.*

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

In a recent lecture by Father Merrick, S. J., in Boston, the tyrant, Napoleon, was alluded to as follows:

Among the Emperors who ventured to tussle with the Church was the great Napoleon Bonaparte. The story is like many another of an emperor's conduct toward a Pope. On March 14, 1800, Pius VII. was elected Pope. The man who was destined to crush half of Europe, and the conqueror of Italy and Europe, was declared First Consul of France.

He framed and perfected a code of laws, but he knew he could not regenerate a nation without establishing some sort of religion. Bonaparte wished for several reasons to establish the true religion over that land from which it had been violently expelled. He knew that the majority of the French people were still attached to their ancient Faith, and would not change it for another. Here he showed his strong sense. He would not make himself the head of a new Church, though advised to do so. Protestantism had no charm for him. But there his wisdom ended.

He knew that he could not make the State a religion, but he did not know that he could not subordinate religion to the State. One of his first acts was to open negotiations with the Pope, and thereby ensure harmony between the temporal and spiritual powers. In 1804 Bonaparte changed his title for a higher one, and was henceforth known as Napoleon, first Emperor of the French.

Pius VII., benign Pontiff that he was, like all Europe, admired this man. But he was moreover a father, and he had the heart of a father for all his children. Napoleon invited the Pope to crown him, and with cheerfulness he accepted. The two monarchs, the spiritual and temporal rulers, met, and the ceremony took place at Fontainebleau.

Napoleon was now in the zenith of his power. With his great intellect and genius, the new sovereign might have ruled like Constantine and Charlemagne over the whole of Christendom. But he sacrificed all to his ambition.

To this ambition he sacrificed his first wife Josephine, after many years of union. It was this ambition which brought him into collision with the Pontiff. It was this ambition which finally wrought his ruin. Pius VII., mild as he was, was not the man to yield his rights to any man. He had no intention of keeping the empty title of head of the Church. Though all Europe might crouch before the Emperor there was one old man who would not yield to his wish, nor swerve one jot from what he believed to be his duty.

In 1808 French troops entered Rome and the Papal flag was lowered. The morning after that a Papal Bull was found on various churches in which the Pope pronounced sentence of greater ex-communication against all who had taken part in these outrages. This band of brigands broke into the Pontifical Palace and the Pope was forced into exile. Under the hardships he suffered in his flight he became so ill that he received the last sacraments. On May 9, 1812, while the Holy Father was being hurried away, Napoleon set out to subdue the world. But all the elements seemed against him, and he was compelled to retreat. He turned to his Palace a fugitive. Pius VII., recovering from his despondency, finally retracted all the concessions he had made in moments of weakness and sickness. On January 23, 1814, Pius went to the South of France. The same year Napoleon, abandoned by his friends, heard of his dethronement by the very Senate which he had created. He ended his days like a chained eagle at St. Helena. Pius VII. returned to Rome, and lived until 1823. He died at the age of ninety one being the longest-lived of any Pope except Pius IX. Two years before, Napoleon gave up his soul to his Saviour.

Something for Nothing.

"The darkest hour in any young man's life," says Horace Greeley, "is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it."

There are more ways than one of making this fatal mistake of trying to get something for nothing. The criminal way is the worst morally, but not the most common.

Almost as demoralizing to character, though not positively criminal, are the many ways of trying to increase one's wealth at the expense of others—by gambling. Still a third way of getting something for nothing is to hunt for a sinecure. The new mayor of Brooklyn, elected on a strong platform of municipal reform, returning home from a short trip just after his election, found three bushels of letters from applicants for office, most of them, it is safe to say, from lazy young men who wanted an "easy place."

This incident has led to the quotation of President Lincoln's apt saying, "If ever this free people—this government—is utterly demoralized, it will come from this human struggle for office—a way to live without work."

Value for value is the only rule in business, politics and morals.—Youth's Companion.

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More Mercy, Justice and Righteousness.

Contributing to a symposium on "The Edge of the Future," Archbishop Ireland writes as follows:

I trust in Providence and in humanity, and I have confidence that the moral and social forces which now so profoundly agitate the world will work into an increase of goodness and happiness among men. Much will depend upon the intelligence and zeal of those whose position and talent have made the leaders of thought and action. Seldom in history did such responsibilities lie upon the leaders of their fellows as there do to-day. Scarcely ever was humanity pregnant with such momentous possibilities; scarcely ever were similar opportunities offered to accomplish great things. The future will bring no millennium. There will be no rosethush without thorns, no day without the nearness of evening shades, no life without the menace of death. There will be inequalities among men, and passions will disturb the peace of souls. But I do believe there will be more mercy in the world, more justice, more righteousness. There will be more respect for manhood, more liberty for the individual. The brotherhood of men will be more widely recognized; and its lessons more faithfully practiced. Servitude and oppression will be banished even from the darkest thickets of African forests.

The boom of civilization will reach all races of the human family; civil and political liberty will spread across all seas and oceans. Nations will see in one another assemblies of brothers, and peaceful arbitration will, in settlement of disagreements, take the place of the murderous sword.

Brute force will more and more yield before reason; mind will more and more assert itself over matter and over passion. All this will not come to pass without delays and backward movements, without reactions and depressions, but the victory will be for truth and justice.

The atmosphere of the day is chilled with the spirit of unbelief. Need we fear for eternal truth, for the reign of the Almighty? Unbelief is but a passing wave. The material and scientific progress of the age has begotten an over estimate of nature, and draws a film over eyes which would seek the supernatural.

The realities of the supernatural and man's profound need of them endure, and his reason will not lose sight of them. The protest against unbelief will bring religion into bolder relief, and the widening thoughts of men along other lines of progress will prove more clearly that religion is the need of all progress, as God is the need of all being.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Easter Sunday.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it. (Ps. cxviii. 24.)

The festival of Easter is, above all things, my brethren, a day of joy. Just as we love the sunshine more after days of cloud and tempest, so also is our joy keener and more intense when it follows sorrows.

It is for this reason that the joy of Easter is greater than that of Christmas, or of any other season of the Christian year. For we have been passing through a time of sorrow. We have beheld in Passion-tide our dearest Lord in suffering. We have beheld Him as the King of Martyrs, worthy of the title, because his pains were so far in excess of anything that mere man has ever suffered or could ever suffer. We have seen Him in His agony in the garden, when the sins of the whole world and of all time were presented to His vision and pressed heavily upon Him, filling His Sacred Heart with deepest grief. We have called to mind His betrayal by His trusted friend and disciple: His arraignment before impious and unjust judges: His cruel condemnation and death. Despised and rejected by His own chosen people whom He had come to save, a robber and murderer preferred before Him, we have beheld Him abandoned to the tortures of the heathen soldiers, scourged and spit upon, and crowned with thorns, and finally led forth to die a malefactor's death upon the cross.

And worse than all is the thought that He was forsaken by those whom He held most dear, those whom He had chosen to be His special friends and disciples, and who had been His constant companions in His public ministry. They all forsook Him and fled, leaving Him to die.

Then we have followed Him along the sorrowful way of the cross: we have meditated deeply upon His three last hours of agony: we have almost heard His deep, expiring groan as He rendered up His soul to the hands of His Father.

Now, if we have thus learnt well the lessons of Passion-tide, the joy of Easter will come to us in all its fullness.

If we have pondered well the depth of humiliation to which our Lord subjected Himself in His death upon the cross, we shall well realize the greatness of His triumph to-day. The joy that filled the hearts of the Apostles, of the holy women, and, above all, the Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Lady when they knew that the Lord had risen, will indeed, be ours to-day, and we shall cry out in the words which the Church puts into our mouths: "This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it!" for "the Lord is my strength and my praise, and is become my salvation."

Therefore, to-day the voice of praise and of salvation "is in the dwelling of the just throughout the world."

For the right hand of the Lord hath wrought strength: the right hand of the Lord—that is, His almighty power—has raised up Jesus from the dead. He has risen glorious and triumphant, and in His glory and triumph all mankind are sharers. For by His resurrection He has overcome death and opened unto us the gates of everlasting life. He has triumphed over sin, which brought death into the world, and which was the cause of His death. His resurrection, therefore, means our deliverance from sin and death, and is a pledge to us of that life which He will give to His faithful ones.

Surely, then, we can have no greater cause for rejoicing than this. Pray then, my brethren, that your hearts may be filled with the true spirit of Easter joy. "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full: and your joy no man shall take from you."

Pope Leo Gives Honor to Sisters of Charity.

The estimation in which the Vicar of Christ holds the Sisters of the different religious orders was shown at a recent reception. Members of diplomatic circles, military officers in full uniform, ladies and gentlemen from the four quarters of the globe, were in attendance, all in the costume which Vatican etiquette requires. There were also two Sisters of Charity whose simple habit was in striking contrast to the dress of the lay persons in attendance. As soon as they were introduced the Holy Father cried out, loud enough to be heard in all parts of the audience chamber: "My dear Sisters, welcome, welcome!" It was an incident to be forever remembered by all present.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Easter Bells of Feldkirch.

Zealously and victoriously the armies of the great Napoleon were sweeping over Europe. No fort was strong enough to resist them; no number of men large enough to defend a city, at that time, when the French battered at its walls.

On the frontiers of Austria was a little town called Feldkirch. It had no more than three or four thousand people, mostly God-fearing men. The great Napoleon found Feldkirch in his way as he advanced, and gave an order to one of his generals to take it, just as a housewife would order a servant to kill a fowl for dinner. The general selected was Massena; and one beautiful Easter morning, as the people arose to go to the first Mass of the Festival, they saw General Massena's forces, numbering eighteen thousand men, encamped on the heights above the town. The sun as it arose shone on long files of French muskets, a sad though glittering sight to the people, who had been thinking only of their Risen Lord.

Naturally there was the greatest consternation. No one knew the best course to pursue, so a hurried meeting of the town council was held. One thing all were agreed upon—that it was useless to oppose the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Then some one arose and suggested that a suitable person be sent to the French camp with a flag of truce and the keys of the town, asking for some degree of mercy, that at least the women, children, and old men might be spared, and a general sack, the awful accompaniment of war, averted. At this juncture an old and reverend priest arose, and all listened with close attention; for his counsels had always been loving and wise. "My children," he said, "this is Easter Day. Cannot God, who arose from the dead, protect us in our distress? Shall our first act in this calamity be to forsake Him? We of ourselves can do nothing. What are we against that vast number awaiting the order to attack us? Let us go to church as usual, and trust to God for the rest."

At those brave and earnest words hope sprang anew in the breasts of the faithful, and the various sections were ordered to ring all the bells of the town as joyfully as possible. Troops of people thronged the streets and entered the churches, and one would not have known, except for that menacing host upon the hill, that anything had interfered with the happiness of those who were rejoicing in the Resurrection.

And so the joy bells rang and rang and rang; and the French, hearing them, took word to their general that they were ringing because of the arrival of reinforcements; that the place had been relieved in the night by a large portion of the Austrian army. The general, believing this, ordered his troops to retreat at once. Thus, while the bells of Feldkirch rang, the French army stole away; and the people fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

Some Costly Blunders.

Of all things, boys and girls, acquire the habit of carefulness. Be careful about neatness in dress and cleanliness of person. Be careful about trying to speak correctly. Be careful always to be kind and polite. Be careful in your daily duties, in your letter-writing, in your intercourse with others. If you try to practice this virtue while young you will never have the serious trouble that Jane had in the following story: "Well, Jane, did you get a favorable answer from Mr. Williams?"

Jane, a shorthand writer, had applied for a vacancy in the publishing house of Williams & Morton. A friend long holding an exceedingly important position in the establishment had informed her of the vacancy, and paved the way for her application, and had received almost a promise of the place for her.

The tears came into her pretty eyes at the question, for she had counted on success. "No," she answered; "Mr. Williams writes me that I evidently am not suited for the position. I can't imagine what makes him think so; I have the best testimonials, some experience, and with such a friend as Mr. Jackson right on the spot to speak for me, and such encouragement as he gave me, I thought I was sure of it. It's an awful disappointment."

"Can you think of any reason for Mr. Williams' change of mind?" "Mr. Jackson, going by on his way home, came in on the question. Jane turned to him for enlightenment. "What do you suppose did it, Mr. Jackson? You know, of course, that Mr. Williams has refused the place to me."

"I'm sorry to have to say it, little woman. Your letters of application made the trouble."

"My letter! Why, I'm sure it was very well written."

"Yes, as far as penmanship was concerned. By the way, how did you address it?"

"Why, to Mr. Williams, of course."

"You have a copy of your application, I suppose?"

"No, I wrote out several forms, and tore them all up after I had sent the best one."

"Do you remember precisely how you addressed your letter?"

"No, I can't think of it just now."

"No matter; I happen to have the letter with me. See—

"Mr. T. J. Williams, 5 and 6 Court Street, Philadelphia, Pa."

"Well, what's wrong?" "In the first place, the head of the firm is Mr. John T. Williams. One of the partners, his brother, happens to bear the name of Thomas J. You reversed the initials and the letter went to the wrong man. In the second place, the establishment is at 7 and 8, instead of 5 and 6."

"But every one knows where Williams & Morton's is: the letter could not go wrong. And the younger Mr. Williams could see, the moment he opened the letter, that it was for his brother. I don't know how such very slight mistakes could make so much difference."

"But by glancing at the directory you could have written the address correctly at once."

"I thought I remembered it; and I couldn't see the directory without going to the apothecary's five blocks away."

"It would have been worth while."

"Of course," said Jane, the tears brimming over again. "I would have gone and looked it up, but I was almost certain I had it right—and then," falling back on her first argument, "they are so well known."

"If you were in their employment you would often have to write to people not so well known, where the mistake of an initial or a number might prove a serious matter. That was Mr. Williams' comment. Your letter, he said, revealed a lack of attention to detail, which he would not run any risks on."

The blunder cost Jane a good place, but, when finally after six months more of efforts to cure bad habits and persevering search for employment, she finally secured something, she soon proved to be the most attentive and painstaking of secretaries.

Not every applicant for work, however, is so fortunate as to learn just why an application fails which she has every reason to hope would be favorably considered.

Lack of attention to details, the feeling that "it's almost right," or "it will do," has spoiled many a fair prospect.

An Incident of the Russian Famine.

One day in the past winter, when the suffering of the Russian people from the famine had reached its height, a stranger of poverty-stricken appearance, muffled up to the ears in a patched and threadbare cloak, entered a baker's shop in the streets of Moscow. It was already dark and the shop was crowded with customers. The stranger stood silent and motionless in a corner of the shop until his turn came to be served; then, stepping up to the keeper of the shop, he asked:

"What is the price of the bread, master?"

"Three copecks and a half the pound," was the reply.

"So dear as that?"

"That is cheap for times like these."

"But I have only three copecks in my pocket."

"Go and fetch the other half-copeck and when you shall have your loaf."

"Where am I to get it from, if I have not so much as a single cent at home?"

"Then you must go without the bread."

"O master, be kind! Have pity on a poor workman, whose wife and children are starving. Take the three copecks! After all, it is a fair price."

"I have told you before and I tell you again, go and fetch the other half-copeck and you shall have the bread; otherwise you must go without it. Do you hear what I say?"

"You are very hard upon a poor man."

"Hard or not hard, that is the price of the bread. If it suits you, well and good; if not, you can go your way."

"For the sake of a few cents you would let a poor family die of hunger?"

"You have bothered me long enough with your nonsense. Be off about your business! I have no time to waste on you. Be off, I say!" As he uttered these words he raised his arm with a menacing gesture.

The intruder did not exhibit the submission which generally characterizes the Russian peasant. Instead of withdrawing, he continued with unwonted pertinacity:

"Government has imported large supplies of corn, but you still keep up the prices—or, rather, you continually raise them. No one can deny that you are utterly without ordinary charity or kind feeling for the poor."

"Take care what you say or else I will teach you to respect your betters."

"I respect honest people, not those who grind the faces of the poor."

"Will you begone?"

"I will not go until you have given me a loaf for my three copecks; that is a reasonable price, and you bakers have no right to charge as much as you choose."

"I advise you for your own sake to be off; I cannot stand this much longer."

"And I repeat to you that I do not mean to go."

"You do not mean to go!" roared the baker, in a rage. "Wait a bit; I will find a way of getting rid of you." So saying he took up a stout cudgel and brandished it over his head, while he shouted in an angry voice: "If you do not take yourself off this moment I will beat you black and blue!"

"Will you really? Not quite so fast!" And, seizing the stick, the stranger wrested it out of his hands. The baker cried loudly for help, and his man ran to his assistance. Amid a great uproar, with threats enforced

by not a few blows, they thrust the intruder out of the shop.

In the street a crowd had collected, attracted by the altercation and noise. Among them were two or three constables, who followed their way through the throng up to the shop door. When they saw what was going on they arrested the stranger and took him to the police station. The baker and some of his men followed to give evidence, and the usual escort of idlers and vagabonds was not wanting.

When the stranger was brought before the inspector to be interrogated the latter asked him, with a supercilious air, who had taught a low fellow like him to behave in this disorderly manner and make disturbances in shops.

"Sir," replied the man, "I had no intention of making a disturbance. I went into the shop to buy a loaf."

"What is this dispute about, then?" "The baker would not take three copecks for a loaf, but demanded three and a half."

"It was quite right," interrupted the baker angrily. "You hold your tongue! Who gave you leave to speak?" said the inspector. Then, addressing himself again to the prisoner, he continued:

"If you thought this man charged too much why did you not go elsewhere instead of causing a disturbance?"

"What would be the use of going to other shops? The bakers are all leagued together to put this exorbitant price on bread."

"However that may be, you have made a disturbance and insulted that baker. You are guilty of a breach of the peace."

"But, sir, the disturbance was none of my causing, God knows. The man took a stick to beat me; I did nothing but take it from him, without so much as hurting a hair of his head."

"But you abused him."

"Aye, and soundly too!" muttered the baker under his breath.

"I said nothing more than that he was hard upon a poor man, and had combined with others of his trade to bring misery and starvation on the people. That is all."

"Now," said the inspector, addressing the baker, "let us see what you have to say, Jacob. Is it true that he said nothing and did nothing more than that?"

"Sir," replied the baker, "do you consider it a slight insult to accuse me of bringing misery and starvation on my fellow-countrymen?"

The inspector stroked his long moustache. "Certainly it is a grave affront," he said—adding to himself, "one which you richly deserve."

Then turning to the prisoner he put to him the questions with which he ought to have commenced his interrogatory:

"What is your name? What is your trade? Do you know how to write?"

On the man replying in the affirmative the inspector bade him write down his name and his trade. The man took a pen from the desk and wrote on the paper before him in a clear, bold hand: "The Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow." Then he handed the paper to the inspector.

The consternation of the astonished official may easily be conjectured. He sprang to his feet, went up to the Grand Duke and looked him full in his face. Then he kissed his hands and begged pardon for having failed to recognize him under his disguise.

When the baker heard in whose presence he was, he fell on his knees and humbly begged for mercy.

"You did nothing more than your duty," the Grand Duke said, addressing the inspector. "But as for you, Jacob," he continued, turning to the suppliant baker, "you will pay a heavy penalty—not for the personal offense offered to me (for you did not know who I was)—but for the wrong you have done to my poor by selling your bread at a price which may almost be called a prohibitive one for the laboring classes."

Then he gave orders that summary punishment should be inflicted on the offender according to Russian law. His commands were executed forthwith; the unhappy baker had a taste of the knot, which effectually cured him of any wish to grow rich at the expense of his suffering fellow-countrymen. It need hardly be said that the Grand Duke Sergius is extremely popular among the poor of Moscow—Exchange.

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ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, - - - 626,000

DEPOSITS of \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates. MORTGAGES purchased.

G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER

New Spring Suitings New Spring Trouserings New Spring Overcoatings New Spring Scarfs & Ties See the New Oxford Ties

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

Margaret L. Shepherd

REID'S HARDWARE TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, CARPET SWEEPERS, WHIRLERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS.

New York Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the whole salubrious of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling particular lines of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent, whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to

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

EDUCATIONAL. ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPETZ, President.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The studies embrace the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUMBER, S. J.

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SOLD ONLY BY James Wilson & Co. 393 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 654.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Alter Wine a Specialty.

Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address, E. GIRADOT & CO., Montreal, Quebec.

POST & HOLMES, ABBEVILLE. Offices—Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House King St. West, Toronto. Also in the Electric Block, Whitby. A. A. Post, R. A. A. W. Holmes

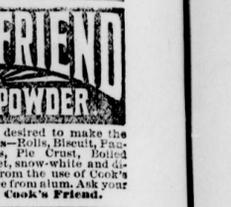
A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC Missions. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and count 'em and send them to Rev. F. M. Barral, Hammononton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammononton Missions.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 183 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes treated, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 418 Taibot street, London. Private funds to loan.

ant Hair

Wholesome scalp, free and scaly eruptions, CURICURA SOAP, the purifying and beautifying, as well as purest and most efficacious. It is for this reason that the joy of Easter is greater than that of Christmas, or of any other season of the Christian year.



WOMEN'S FRIEND

Best friend in Canada.

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Cheap, and Most Books.

OF GRACE.

Books of Grace.

OF THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.

Books of the Seven Sacraments.

OF THE GOSPELS.

Books of the Gospels.

BROTHERS,

Brothers, Chicago.

Sale Cheap

Terms.

FINISHING CO'Y.

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ool and Hall

NTURE.

Illustrated Cata-

and Prices.

urnishing Co.

Ontario, Can.

Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

Our Constitution. We must compliment our brothers upon the admirable manner in which the discussion concerning constitutional amendments...

Hoping these few thoughts will inspire all concerned to begin at once, I remain fraternally, OBSERVER.

The Amendments.

Bear Sir and Brother.—I have noticed in the last two or three issues of your valuable journal...

Branch No. 5, on Hazardous Risks.

Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD.—The regular meeting of Branch No. 5, C. M. B. A., Toronto, was held on Monday evening...

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 22.

Moved by Wm. Comford, seconded by Arthur Hawkins.

That this branch be to acknowledge the receipt of the circular issued by Branch 145, Toronto, on the question of hazardous risks...

Resolved that we, the members of St. Michael's Branch No. 232 of the C. M. B. A. of Canada...

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions of condolence were unanimously passed by Branch 202, Chatham, N. B., on March 7.

Resolved that we, the members of St. Michael's Branch No. 232 of the C. M. B. A. of Canada...

Resolved that we, the members of St. Michael's Branch No. 232 of the C. M. B. A. of Canada...

Be Up and Doing.

Dear Sir and Brother.—The C. M. B. A. column of your paper of late has been full of wisdom...

Resolved that this resolution be entered upon our minutes and be published in the local papers...

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

Dear Sir.—You will please find enclosed the following resolutions which you will be kind enough to publish...

C. M. B. A. Relief Association.

Springhill, March 12, 1894. Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD.—You will, no doubt, be pleased to learn...

Resolved that we, the members of St. Michael's Branch No. 232 of the C. M. B. A. of Canada...

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The celebration of St. Patrick's day this year was in every way befitting the occasion.

The flags on the Custom House and Post Office were thrown to the breeze in honor of the event...

THE CONCERT.

The 17th this year having fallen on Saturday, it was deemed advisable to hold the usual annual concert on the previous evening.

In St. Thomas.

The usual St. Patrick's day services were held in the church of the Holy Angels on the 17th.

In Bourget College, Rigaud, P. Q.

The annual celebration of the feast of St. Patrick was begun on the evening of the 16th inst., at 7:30, when a dramatic and musical entertainment was given...

In Toronto.

Saturday last was the one day out of the year which Irishmen the world over claimed for their own...

E. B. A.

A very successful concert was held on St. Patrick's night in St. Andrew's church in Toronto.

The annual report just issued shows a steady growth in the membership of the E. B. A.

A meeting of the E. B. A. was held on Monday, the 19th, for the purpose of forming a branch for ladies...

At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Ladies Circle of the E. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed...

Resolved that we, the members of St. Patrick's Ladies Circle of the E. B. A. of Canada...

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Resolved that we, the members of St. Patrick's Ladies Circle of the E. B. A. of Canada...

My Country." The patriotic fervor she threw into this roused the national feeling of the audience...

RECAPITULATION.

"He is risen, as He said."—St. Matt. xxviii, 6. "Crescitur, crescitque cum." The blasphemous cry is heard no longer...

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

CLOSE OF THE BAZAAR IN THE TOWN HALL—THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The St. Mary's Bazaar at the town hall closed on the 9th.

The concert in the evening was an exceptionally good one.

About 8,000 tickets were sold in all, the major portion of which were purchased by outsiders...

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MARKET REPORTS.

Grain deliveries were fair, and wheat fell 1/2 cent per cent...

Montreal, March 22.—Flour Receipts, 1,200 bins...

Toronto, Mar. 22.—Flour—Straight flour, \$2.55 to \$2.70...

Wheat—White, \$1.40 to \$1.50; red, \$1.35 to \$1.45...

Butter—Cream, \$1.00 to \$1.10; salt, \$0.90 to \$1.00...

Eggs—Large, \$0.15 to \$0.20; small, \$0.10 to \$0.15...

Pork—Ham, \$10.00 to \$11.00; bacon, \$8.00 to \$9.00...

Lard—Pure, \$1.00 to \$1.10; mixed, \$0.90 to \$1.00...

Beef—Prime, \$12.00 to \$13.00; common, \$10.00 to \$11.00...

Sheep—Wool, \$1.00 to \$1.20; lambs, \$0.80 to \$1.00...

Cattle—Steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; cows, \$3.00 to \$4.00...

Hogs—Pigs, \$4.00 to \$5.00; sows, \$3.00 to \$4.00...

Stocks—Railroad, \$100.00 to \$110.00; mining, \$50.00 to \$60.00...

Commodities—Sugar, \$10.00 to \$11.00; coffee, \$5.00 to \$6.00...

Metals—Copper, \$100.00 to \$110.00; iron, \$50.00 to \$60.00...

Grains—Wheat, \$1.40 to \$1.50; corn, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Oil—Crude, \$1.00 to \$1.10; kerosene, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Textiles—Cotton, \$1.00 to \$1.10; wool, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Leather—Hides, \$1.00 to \$1.10; skins, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Timber—Lumber, \$1.00 to \$1.10; pulp, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Iron—Cast, \$1.00 to \$1.10; steel, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Coal—Anthracite, \$1.00 to \$1.10; bituminous, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Gas—Natural, \$1.00 to \$1.10; manufactured, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Electricity—Power, \$1.00 to \$1.10; lighting, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Telegraph—Messages, \$1.00 to \$1.10; cables, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Postage—Letters, \$1.00 to \$1.10; parcels, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Freight—Domestic, \$1.00 to \$1.10; foreign, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Insurance—Life, \$1.00 to \$1.10; fire, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Banking—Interest, \$1.00 to \$1.10; exchange, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Real Estate—Land, \$1.00 to \$1.10; buildings, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Shipping—Cargo, \$1.00 to \$1.10; passengers, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Maritime—Ports, \$1.00 to \$1.10; shipping, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Airline—Routes, \$1.00 to \$1.10; fares, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Railroad—Lines, \$1.00 to \$1.10; services, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Trucking—Cargo, \$1.00 to \$1.10; passengers, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Automobile—Sales, \$1.00 to \$1.10; repairs, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Marine—Shipping, \$1.00 to \$1.10; insurance, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Aviation—Routes, \$1.00 to \$1.10; fares, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Space—Advertising, \$1.00 to \$1.10; circulation, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Media—Print, \$1.00 to \$1.10; broadcast, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Internet—Services, \$1.00 to \$1.10; content, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Mobile—Devices, \$1.00 to \$1.10; apps, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Cloud—Storage, \$1.00 to \$1.10; computing, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AI—Research, \$1.00 to \$1.10; development, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Blockchain—Technology, \$1.00 to \$1.10; applications, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Cybersecurity—Services, \$1.00 to \$1.10; products, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Data—Analytics, \$1.00 to \$1.10; visualization, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

IoT—Devices, \$1.00 to \$1.10; networks, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AR—Experiences, \$1.00 to \$1.10; content, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

VR—Applications, \$1.00 to \$1.10; hardware, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

5G—Networks, \$1.00 to \$1.10; services, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Quantum—Computing, \$1.00 to \$1.10; research, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Space—Exploration, \$1.00 to \$1.10; technology, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Autonomous—Vehicles, \$1.00 to \$1.10; software, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Biotech—Research, \$1.00 to \$1.10; applications, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Robotics—Manufacturing, \$1.00 to \$1.10; services, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AI—Ethics, \$1.00 to \$1.10; regulations, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Privacy—Protection, \$1.00 to \$1.10; services, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Digital—Marketing, \$1.00 to \$1.10; advertising, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Cloud—Migration, \$1.00 to \$1.10; services, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AI—Integration, \$1.00 to \$1.10; applications, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Blockchain—Adoption, \$1.00 to \$1.10; use cases, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Cybersecurity—Awareness, \$1.00 to \$1.10; training, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Data—Governance, \$1.00 to \$1.10; compliance, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

IoT—Security, \$1.00 to \$1.10; protocols, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AR—Development, \$1.00 to \$1.10; tools, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

VR—Content, \$1.00 to \$1.10; experiences, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

5G—Deployment, \$1.00 to \$1.10; infrastructure, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Quantum—Applications, \$1.00 to \$1.10; research, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Space—Partnerships, \$1.00 to \$1.10; collaborations, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Autonomous—Regulation, \$1.00 to \$1.10; standards, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Biotech—Investment, \$1.00 to \$1.10; funding, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

Robotics—Innovation, \$1.00 to \$1.10; startups, \$0.80 to \$0.90...

AI—Education, \$1.00 to \$1.1