

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE IRISH QUESTION

Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone's Glorious Plea.

THE GRAND OLD MAN STILL TURNS TO BRITISH HONOR AND IRISH FREEDOM.

He Demolishes the Poe by Unanswerable Argument.

I—HISTORY OF AN IDEA.

We begin this week the reproduction of Mr. Gladstone's last pamphlet, that on the Irish question. Like all the ex-Premier's political utterances, it is lucid, logical and profound, unanswerable by his pigmy opponents, the Churchills, the Hicks Beaches, the *hoc genus omnia*. I was closely associated with the policy of disestablishing the Irish Church. It was then, not unfairly, attempted to assail the cause in the person of its advocate. To defeat this attempt, an act became necessary which would otherwise have been preposterous and obtrusive. In order to save the policy from suffering, I laid a personal explanation before the world. The same motive now obliges me to repeat the act, and will I hope form a sufficient excuse for my repeating it.

The substance of my defence or apology will, however, on the present occasion be altogether different. I had then to explain the reasons for which, and the mode in which, I changed the opinions and conduct, with respect to the Church of Ireland then established, which I had held half a century ago. I had shown my practical acceptance of the rule that change of opinion should if possible be accompanied with proof of independence and disinterested motive; for I had resigned my place in the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in order to make good my title to a new point of departure. On the present occasion, I have no such change to vindicate; but only to point out the mode in which my language and conduct, governed by uniformity of principle, have simply followed the several stages, by which the great question of autonomy for Ireland has been brought to a state of ripeness for practical legislation.

It is a satisfaction to me that, in confuting imputations upon myself, I shall not be obliged to cast imputations on any individual opponent. The subject of a domestic Government for Ireland, without any distinct specification of its form, has been the last fifteen or twenty years. I have at no time regarded it as necessarily replete with danger, or as a question which ought to be blocked out by the assertion of some high constitutional doctrine with which it could not be reconciled. But I have considered it to be a question involving such an amount as to require a kind of change, and likely to be encountered with some of prejudice apart from reason, as to make it a duty to look rigidly to the conditions, upon the fulfilment of which alone it could warrantably be entertained. They were in my view as follows:

1. It could not be entertained, except upon a final surrender of the hope that Parliament could in any way be able to establish honourable and friendly relations between Great Britain and the people of that country.

2. Nor unless the demand for it were made in obedience to the unequivocal and rooted desire of Ireland, expressed through the constitutional medium of the Irish representatives.

3. Nor unless, being thus made, it were likewise so defined, as to bring it within the limits of safety and prudence, and to obviate all danger to the unity and security of the Empire.

4. Nor was it, in my view, allowable to deal with Ireland upon any principle, the benefit of which could not be allowed to Scotland in circumstances of equal and equally clear desire.

5. Upon the fulfilment of these conditions, it appeared to me an evident duty to avoid, as long as possible, all steps which would bring this settlement into the category of party measures.

6. And, subject to the foregoing considerations, I deemed it to be of great moment to the public weal that the question should be promptly and expeditiously dealt with; inasmuch as it must otherwise gravely disturb the action of our political system by changes of Ministry by Dissolutions of Parliament, and by impeding the business, and derogating further from the character of the House of Commons. These were the principles, which I deemed applicable to the subject; and every step I have taken from first to last, without exception, has been prompted by, and is referable to, one or other of them.

From the torrent of reproachful criticisms, brought down upon me probably by the necessity of the case, it is not easy to extricate, in an adequate form, the charge or charges intended to be made. One or two of the statements I must own surprise me; as for example when Lord Northbrook, complaining of me for resistance before, and for my action after, the election of 1855, states confidently that nothing had happened "that could not have been foreseen by any man of ordinary political foresight." I do not dwell upon the undeniably truth that many things may be foreseen, which, notwithstanding, cannot properly become the subject of action until they have been seen as well as foreseen. But I have seen the statement. I assert that an incident of the most vital importance had happened, which I did not foresee, which was not foreseen, to my knowledge, by any one else, even if some knowledge, by Lord Northbrook himself, had been hoped for; and which I might have hoped for; and which I doubt whether Lord Northbrook himself had seen on the first night of the Session at Mr. Parnell, with eighty-four Irish Home Rulers at his back, would be con-

ditioned upon the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate Parliament. But in this incident lay the fulfilment of one of those conditions which were in my view essential, and which had been theretofore unfulfilled.

The more general and more plausible form of the attack I think may be stated as a dilemma. Either I had conceived the intention of Home Rule precipitately, or I had concealed it unduly. Either would, undoubtedly, have been a grave offence; the second as a plot against my friends, the first as an attempt to escape from the sober judgment of the country, and to carry it by surprise. The first aspect of the case was presented by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons, and by Mr. Chamberlain, on the 20th of June, at Birmingham. The second was put forward by Mr. Bright, in addressing his constituents, and with much point and force, by Lord Hartington at Sheffield. In substance he argued thus: "Mr. Gladstone has never, during fifteen years, condemned the principle of Home Rule. Either then, he had not considered it, or he had assented to it. But, in his position as Minister, he must have considered it. Therefore the proper conclusion is, that he had assented to it. And yet, though he was Secretary for Ireland, with Lord Spencer as Viceroy, when he was Prime Minister, to neither of us did he convey the smallest idea of such assent."

Telling as this statement evidently was, it abounds in leakages. In the first place, I deny that it is the duty of every Minister to make known, even to his colleagues, every idea which has formed itself in his mind. It should even say that the contradictory proposition would be absurd. So far as my experience of Government has gone, subjects ripe for action supply a Minister with abundant material for communication with his colleagues, and to make a rule of mixing with them matters still contingent and remote, would confuse and retard business, instead of aiding it. But letting pass, for argument's sake, a very irrational proposition, I grapple with the dilemma, and say *non sequitur*: the consequence asserted is no consequence at all. It was no consequence from my not having condemned Home Rule, that I had either not considered it, or had adopted it. What is true is that I had not publicly and in principle condemned it, and also that I had mentally considered it. But I had neither adopted nor rejected it; and for the very simple reason, that it was not ripe either for adoption or rejection. It had not become the unequivocal demand of Ireland; and it had not been so defined by its promoters, as to prove that it was a safe demand. It may and should be known to many who are or have been my colleagues, that I made some abortive efforts towards increasing Irish influence over Irish affairs, beyond the mere extension of County Government, but not in a shape to which the term Home Rule could be properly applied. Nor have I been able to trace a single imputation upon me, whether of omission or commission, in respect of which I should not, by acting according to the orders of my superiors, have offended against all or some of the rules, which I have pointed out as the guides of my conduct, and by which I seek to stand or fall.

As these disputes of ours, trivial enough from one point of view, are in a certain sense making history, it may be well, in connection with the thread of these observations, I recall, by means of a very brief outline, some particulars relating to the Government of Ireland, and to the demand for a domestic legislature, during the last half century. For that demand, constant in the hearts of Irishmen, has nevertheless been intermittent in its manifestation; sometimes wide, sometimes narrow in its form, sometimes, as in the famine, put aside by imperative necessity; sometimes yielding the ground to partial and lawless action; sometimes exchanged for attempts at practical legislation, which for the moment threw it into the shade.

The great controversy of Free Trade, the reformation of the Tariff, and the care of finance, provided me, in common with many others, in the main provided the Three Kingdoms, with a serious and usually absorbing political occupation for a quarter of a century, from the time when the Government of Sir R. Peel was formed in 1841. When that period had passed and when the question of the franchise had been dealt with, the general condition of Ireland became the main subject of my anxiety.

The question of a home-government for Ireland was at that time in abeyance. The grant of such a government to that country had only been known to us, in the past, either as the demand for a repeal of the Legislative Union, or in the still more formidable shape, which it presented when the policy of Ireland assumed the violent and extravagant form of Fenianism. The movement for Repeal appeared to merge into this dangerous conspiracy, which it was obvious could only be met by measures of repression.

In none of these controversies had I personally taken any direct share, beyond following the statements of 1834 and of 1844 by my vote against Repeal of the Union. Mournfully as I am struck, in retrospect, by the most absolute failure of Parliament, at and long after those periods, to perform its duties to Ireland, I see no reason to repent of any such vote. Unspeakingly criminal, I own, were the means by which the Union was brought about, and utterly insufficient were the reasons for its adoption; still it was a measure vast in itself and in its consequential arrangements, and it could not be made the subject of experiment from year to year, or from Parliament to Parliament. There was then a yet stronger reason for declining to impart a shock to the Legislative fabric by Repeal. Before us lay an alternative policy, the relief

of Ireland from grievance; and this policy had not been tried in any manner at all approaching to sufficiency. It was not possible, at the time, to prognosticate how in a short time Parliament would stumble and almost writhe under its constantly accumulating burdens, or to pronounce that it would eventually prove incapable of meeting the wants of Ireland. Evidently there was a period when Irish patriotism, as represented by O'Connell, looked favorably upon this alternative policy, had no fixed conclusion as to the absolute necessity for Home Rule, and seemed to allow that measures founded in justice to Ireland might possibly suffice to meet the necessity of the case. But the efforts made in this direction, down to the time of the famine, were, though honest and useful, only partial; and they unhappily had been met by an obstinacy of resistance, which entailed long delays, and frequent mutilations; and which in all cases deprived them of the generous spirit of English Constitution, does give hope that if the relations between England and Ireland are to become thoroughly satisfactory, the most important contribution to that essential end will have been made by my hon. friend, and those who speak like him."

In a speech at the Guildhall, on receiving an address, I reverted to the subject of Home Rule. This was the period (October, 1851) when I deemed it my duty more than once to denounce in strong terms the movement against rent in Ireland, and with it the extravagant claims which seemed to me to be made in the name of National Independence. Yet I then spoke as follows:

"I do not on any point connected with the exercise of local government in Ireland; it is not even on any point connected with what is popularly known in that country as Home Rule, and which may be understood in any one of a hundred senses, some of them perfectly acceptable, and even desirable, others of them mischievous and revolutionary—it is not upon any of these points that we are at present at issue. With regard to local government in Ireland, after what I have said of local government in general, and its immeasurable benefits . . . you will not be surprised if I say that I for one will hail with satisfaction and delight any measure of local government for Ireland, or for any portion of the country, provided only that it conform to this one condition, that it shall not break down or impair the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament."

Once more I entered on the subject, in the House of Commons, on February 9, 1852. I referred to the party, led then as now by Mr. Parnell. The citation is by Mr. Harcourt:

"Neither they, nor so far as I know Mr. Butt before them, nor so far as I know Mr. O'Connell before him, ever distinctly explained, in an intelligible and practicable form, the manner in which the real knot of this question was to be untied. The principle upon which the hon. members propose to proceed is that purely Irish matters should be dealt with by a purely Irish authority, and that purely Imperial matters should be dealt with by an Imperial Chamber in which Ireland is to be represented. But they have not told us what authority it is to be determined what matters, when taken one by one, are Irish, and what matters are Imperial. Until, Sir, they lay before this House a plan in which they go to the very bottom of that subject, and give us to understand in what matter that division of jurisdiction is to be accomplished, the practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at, and, for my own part, I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced. Whatever may be the outcome of the hon. member's proposal, of this I am well convinced, that neither this House of Commons, nor any other that may succeed it, will at any time assent to a subject by which the one paramount Central Authority, necessary for holding together in perfect union and compactness this great Empire, can possibly be either in the greatest or the slightest degree impaired. We are not to depart from the principle; and what I put to the honorable gentleman who has just sat down, and to the hon. member who preceded him is this—that their first duty to us and their first duty to themselves, is their first obligation in the prosecution of the purpose which they have in view—namely, the purpose of securing the disengagement of purely Irish affairs by Irish hands—is to point out to us by what authority, and by what instrument, affairs purely Irish are to be divided and distinguished, in order that they may be appropriately and separately dealt with from those Imperial affairs and interests which they have frankly admitted must remain in the hands of the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. Plunkett hereupon stated that he had taken down my words, and that he could only understand them as an invitation to Irish members to re-open the question of Home Rule. Nor did he see how I could refer using such words re-ferred to a committee of Parliament, a motion for a Committee on the subject. To any and every plan for referring such a subject to a committee of Parliament I have at all times been opposed. But Mr. Plunkett's meaning was evident, nor could I dispute the substance of his interpretation.

I will not weary my reader by adding to citations by which his patience has already been so severely tried. But I ask him to remember that down to this time no safe guarding definition of Home Rule had been supplied, and no demand, in the constitutional sense, had been made by the Irish nation. I begin him then, after he has read the foregoing declarations, to place himself for a single moment in my position, as one who thought conditions to be indispensable, but who refused to entertain, and then to ask himself whether it was possible more carefully to indicate in outline the limits within which the subject of Irish self-government might, and beyond which it might not, legitimately be considered, and whether it

is anything less than absurd to impute to me that my "principles" forbade me to promote it?

I next pass to the period preceding the election of 1855. It had now become morally certain that Ireland would, through a vast majority of her representatives, present a demand in the National sense. But no light has been thrown, to my knowledge, upon the question what that demand would be. Further, not only was there a Tory Government in office, but one which owed much to Mr. Parnell, and which was supposed to have given him, through its Lord Lieutenant or otherwise, assurances respecting Irish Government, which he had deemed more or less satisfactory. Under these circumstances, I conceived that my duty was clear, and that it was summed up in certain particulars. They were these. To do nothing to hinder the prosecution of the question by the Tory Government if it should continue in office (of course without prejudice to my making all the efforts in my power to procure a Liberal majority). Entirely to avoid any language which would place the question in the category of party measures. But to use my best efforts to impress the public mind, and especially the Liberal mind, with the supreme importance, and the probable urgency, of the question. And lastly, to lay down the principle on which it should be dealt with. These rules of action applied to the circumstances of the hour above enumerated. I proceeded on them as follows:

It was impossible for me, while ignorant of the nature and limits of the Irish demand, to give an opinion upon it; and even had it been possible, it would have been in conflict with the condition which I have numbered (p. 5) as the fifth. But, to give emphasis to the importance of the question, I severed it in my Address from the general subject of Local Government of the three kingdoms. Ireland had arrived, I said, at an important epoch in her history; she had claims to a special interpretation of the principles of Local Government. It would be the solution of a problem, testing the political genius of these nations. We be to the men who should present and retard the consummation, should probably throw into the shade all the important measures, which in my Address I had set out as ripe for action. And the subject is one "which goes down to the very roots and foundations of our whole civil and political constitution." And yet it has been said, strangely enough, that I gave no indication to my friends, except that the Government in the sense of our country Government for Ireland.

Lastly I laid down, over and over again, the principle on which we ought to proceed. It was to give to Ireland everything which was compatible with "the Supremacy of the Crown, the Unity of the Empire, and all the authority of Parliament necessary for the conservation of that Unity."

It appears to me that the whole of the provisions of the Irish Government Bill, lately buried, but perhaps not altogether dead, lies well within these lines, and that my case thus far is complete.

What I have in these pages urged has been a defence against a charge of reticence. On the charge of precipitancy I need not bestow many words. In which the agonized and agonizing capacity is too well known. Had Mr. Pitt in 1801 carried Roman Catholic Emancipation, as we suppose he wished, many an Englishman would have thought him precipitate. Precipitancy indeed was avoided, but at what cost? For nine-and-twenty years the question was trifled with on one side of the Channel, and left festering on the other, and a manipulation was at last accepted as an alternative to civil war. Such is not the manner in which I desire to see the business of the Empire carried on. It was not pondering the case; it was paltering with the public interests. I do not deny that promptitude is disagreeable in politics, as it often is in a doctor's or a surgeon's patient. But if the practitioner sees that, by every day's delay, the malady takes hold and the chances of health or life are dwindling away, it is his duty to press the operation or the drug, and the sufferer will in due time be grateful to him for the courage and fidelity, which at first he mistakenly condemned.

I have endeavored to point out the conditions, under which alone the question of a statutory Parliament for Ireland could be warrantably entertained. The real test may be stated in one word: the ripeness or unripeness of the question. All men do not perceive, all men do not appreciate, ripeness, with the same degree of readiness or aptitude; and the slow must ever suffer inconvenience in the race of life. But, when the subject once was ripe, the time for action had come. Just as if it had been a corn-field, we were not to wait till it was over-ripe. The healing of inveterate sores would only become more difficult, the growth of budding hopes more liable to be checked, and England, in her soft farm-chairs, a leisurely, very leisurely consideration, with adjournments interposed, as it had been usual, so also would have been comfortable. But for Ireland, in her leaky cabin, it was of consequence to stop out the weather. To miss the opportunity would have been not less clearly wrong, than to refuse waiting until it came. The first political juncture which made action permissible, also made it obligatory.

So much, then, for precipitancy.

FROM BILLINGS' BRIDGE, ONT.

The picnic which took place Thursday, at Billings' Bridge, in aid of the Catholic church just erected there was very successful, and gave satisfaction to all concerned in it. People came from all parts, from the city, as well as from the rural districts, and consisted of young children, pretty maidens, young men, and the heads of families. The weather was most propitious, indeed, it was the finest day of the

year for out door amusements and permitted all to enjoy themselves to their hearts content. There was a sumptuous feast for the assembly, for which thanks is due both to the farmers of Gloucester and the Catholics of Ottawa, through whose liberality and charity it was provided. A good band of music and an excellent platform for dancing afforded much recreation and delight not only to the graceful maidens and active young men who could dance, but also much pleasure to those who could only listen to the lively strains and look on at the dancers. There were, finally, races for men and boys, and horse racing for which prizes were awarded. All will recall with pleasure this picnic especially those who are interested in the building of the Catholic church at Billings' Bridge.—*Ottawa Free Press, Sept. 4.*

THE PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

We have been favored with the following account of the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre by one who was there: As previously announced, the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre under the direction of the Rev. J. A. Sloan, Ottawa, took place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of August. On Monday a contingent from the vacante of Pontiac went down to Ottawa to join those of that city, numbering in all about 900 persons. The train, consisting of 23 carriages, left the Canada Atlantic station at 10 a. m., and after Alexandria was reached about 60 more were added to the number of the passengers. The pilgrims arrived at Montreal at 5 p. m., whence they were conducted to Quebec by the beautiful steamer "Canada." Here two boats had been chartered for the occasion to convey the pilgrims to St. Anne's. At this holy shrine several received most extraordinary graces, but among the most evident were Miss Hickey, of Ottawa, and Miss McGuinty, of Ross, parish of Portage du Fort. The former had been suffering for three years from spinal disease, and consequently was unable to walk without the aid of crutches. The latter had during the past two years a weakness in her legs so that she could walk only supported by crutches, or some of her friends. Both young ladies on returning from holy communion left their instruments of support before the statue of St. Anne and returned to their respective places without the help of any person. It must be said that their cure is but partial at present but every hope is entertained for their speedy and entire recovery, as all the way back they frequently manifested their having felt much stronger. Another young lady, Miss Clark of Quyon, suffering from deafness declared on returning that she could hear much better. I am happy to say that our local young friend, Thomas McGuire of Calumet Island, has also somewhat recovered his sight. He feels convinced that after another visit to the venerated sanctuary of St. Anne he will be entirely cured. The pilgrims left St. Anne's about 2 p. m. on Wednesday and arrived in Ottawa at 7 o'clock Thursday evening. Rev. Father Sloan is to be highly congratulated on the success in every respect of his pilgrimage, and on the excellent order in which everything in connection therewith was carried out. Rev. Father Stenson, of Nepean, preached two eloquent and feeling sermons on the boat, and Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, Montreal, addressed the large and pious number at St. Anne's. Both these reverend gentlemen's oratory capacity is too well known that any comment on my part should be necessary to say with how much eager attention they were listened to by all present. The pilgrimage was in every respect a source of piety and I might add one of pleasure also, so that all who attended it are highly pleased, and eagerly look out for another occasion on which they may visit the famed and venerated shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.—*Pontiac Equity, Sept. 2nd.*

HOME RULE.

MR. T. COFFEY.—DEAR SIR.—Please insert in your next issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD the following list of contributions towards the Irish Parliamentary Fund from Kinkora:

Rev. J. O'Neill	\$10	Bern Finnegan	\$2
Patrick Collins	6	James Madigan	2
J. Moriarty	5	Cor. Crowley	2
Cor. Kennedy	5	Will Hargan	1
Henry Foley	5	Dan Connelley	1
Jer. Crowley	5	Tim Connelley	1
Ed. Brown	5	John Connelley	1
John Kelly	5	James Murray	1
Tim Murray	5	John Writtle	1
Bath Cassidy	5	Robert Fletcher	1
Thomas Kelly	5	Will Dempsey	1
Tim Connolly	5	Andrew Kubry	1
Robert Brown	5	J. McGuire	1
Mort. Hishon	5	George Hoch	1
David Hargan	5	Fred J. Collins	1
Mich. Crowley	5	John Fletcher	1
Daniel Earright	5	James Robt.	1
William Gault	5	L. McGuire	75c
John Gallagher	5	Total	\$103.75

I remain, yours truly,
DAVID HARAGAN.

OBITUARY.

The funeral of the late Mrs. D. Coughlin, mother of Timothy Coughlin, Esq., M. P. for North Middlesex, took place on Monday, the 20th ult., from Mount Carmel Church. There was present a vast concourse of friends and acquaintances of the deceased lady, who was held in the very highest esteem. She had spent a truly Christian life, edifying her family and her neighbors by her constant practice of every womanly virtue and strict conformity to the will of God and of Holy Church. Her death was one of the dearest ever held in benediction by her family. The Rev. Father Kelly, P. P., celebrated the Requiem Mass, and the Rev. Father Gahan performed the last sad rites at the grave.

SIGEFREY THE ONE-ARMED.

From the Catholic World.

Among the many legends connected with the life and death of St. Genevieve the touching history of Sigefrey the One-Armed. Paul Foyal has told it at length in his usual viraculous style, and we are indebted to him for much that it contained in our English version of the story.

In the year of our Lord 493 the city of Soissons was the scene of an unusual pagan and of general rejoicing. Yet little did the merry crowd that made the streets lively with songs and games, or the fierce-visaged warriors and noble ladies of the court, dream of the true importance attached to the event which awakened so much interest—the marriage of the pagan Clovis, chief or king of the Franks, with the beautiful and pious Clotilda, daughter of Gombauld, the Christian king of the Burgunds. Through his marriage the foundations of the kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of Christian king.

Among the warriors who came with Clovis a young Frank attracted general attention for his tall and elegant figure, his proud mien, and the singular beauty of his features. His hair fell in golden curls upon his broad shoulders. His blue eyes had a soft, dreamy look, yet the proud flash that occasionally lighted them revealed the passionate soul and quick temper of the warrior. Quite young, he had already acquired fame by his prowess in many a battle.

He was called Sigefrey, and was the son of Count Aubert, the favorite lord, or thane, of King Clovis.

Beautiful were the Burgundian maidens who formed Clotilda's train, yet one, above all, was the cynosure of admiring eyes, so wondrous was her beauty. Sigefrey was dazzled. A novel emotion filled his heart, which up to that time had dreamed only of glory and combats. He asked who this young girl was. He was told that her name was Batilda the Fair, daughter of Gontran, the Burgundian. His informant added that she was the god child of St. Genevieve, and as virtuous as she was fair.

The young warrior remained thoughtful. For the first time he loved. During the days of festivity that followed the nuptials he met Batilda several times, and each hour spent in her company increased his passion.

But Clovis was preparing to leave Soissons with his young wife—with that Clotilda who, at no distant day, was to make him know the God. The day before their departure Sigefrey found himself alone with Batilda for the first time. Bending one knee before her, he told her his love in impassioned accents. Batilda heard him without anger; her blue and downcast eyes encouraged him to hope; but when he had spoken, she drew from her bosom a cross of highly-wrought gold, and asked him: "Do you know this sacred emblem?"

"Yes," replied Sigefrey, averting his eyes, "it is the sign of the Christians."

"Do you adore it?" she asked.

"No," stammered the young lover, his heart grown cold with a sudden presentiment.

"Farewell, then, Sigefrey, son of Aubert," said the maiden gravely. "I am a Christian, and can never wed one who does not adore the God."

She turned away from him, and Sigefrey, still kneeling, his hands clasped in supplication, saw her disappear ere he could find words to beseech her to listen to his suit. The next day Clovis and Clotilda left Soissons. The queen did not take any of her young companions with her. Sigefrey followed his chief. He did not see Batilda again.

She was constantly in his thoughts. Wherever the fortunes of war led him he abode, but his efforts were fruitless. The information that he obtained went no further than this: She was a stranger; she was a Christian, and had come thither with other noble ladies on the occasion of the royal marriage; she had not been seen since Clotilda's departure. No one could tell whether she was in danger of being taken, or if she had obtained any other hope of finding her, but his passion, for being hopeless, became only stronger.

Three long years had elapsed. The young Frank was but a shadow of his former self; a settled melancholy preyed upon his soul, and nothing could rouse him except the signal of a trumpet, or the sound of the fray, courting death, and only succeeded in winning new laurels.

The battle of Tolbiac was fought. History tells us that Clovis, who had resisted until then his prayers of his beloved queen, seeing his army in danger of being cut to pieces, exclaimed: "O God of Clotilda! O Christ! I call thee to my help. * * * Give me victory on this day, and I will give myself up to thee forever!"

"Christ! Christ!" echoed the soldiers. "I swear that I will receive baptism," continued the king. "O Christ! thou shalt be my God."

"The God of Clovis shall be our God!" cried his brave followers.

Filled with a new ardor, Clovis and his Franks rushed upon the Germans, shouting, "Christ! Christ!" The enemies, dismayed at this fierce onslaught, gave way; their ranks were broken, they fled panic-stricken, pursued by this new warrior. The victory was won.

Faithful to his pledged vow, Clovis prepared to receive baptism at the hands of the venerable St. Remi. The lends of the royal neophyte and their fierce soldiers will join their blood-stained hands, and naively, filled with blind confidence, will follow their chief in this regenerate act, even as they followed him to the baptism of blood on the fields of battle. They know nothing as yet of Him crucified; what does it matter? He is the God of Clovis, the God who gave them the victory—that is enough.

Among these future Christians was one to whom the new faith was the binger of hope. Sigefrey gloried in Clovis for authorizing him to worship the God of Batilda. Once a Christian, he would be worthy of the Burgundian maiden. To find her was now his sole aim, and hope, so long since fled, entered his heart anew.

How he did he did not receive baptism with his chief. After the battle of Tolbiac, Clovis, according to the custom of the time, made a fresh distribution of

land among his lends. Count Aubert, who had displayed his usual daring and helped not a little in the enemy's defeat, received for his share all the land on the banks of the Seine, comprised between the two points where now stand St. Cloud and St. Denis, and including, consequently, Mount Mars—known in our days as Montmartre.

Aubert called his son, Sigefrey, and ordered him to proceed forthwith to his new estate and take possession thereof in his name. Sigefrey departed on his mission, taking with him only one retainer. He had reached the woody country in the vicinity of Mount Mars, and, plunged in deep thought, was following a path through the forest, when a sudden noise caused him to look up. A stag pursued by a pack of hounds, was crossing a clearing a little distance up the road; then came a lady on horseback, who passed with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Batilda!" cried the young lover. Though it had been but the vision of a moment, he had recognized her. He urged his horse in pursuit, but to late; she had vanished from sight, he knew not in what direction. Had she recognized him?

It was nearly dark when Sigefrey stopped his jaded horse at the gate of a walled house, where he asked for shelter for the night. Magnificent trees shaded this house, and numerous flocks grazed in the green meadows around. In the distance Mount Mars rose, crowned with an old feudal tower. This manor was evidently inhabited; he must, therefore, seek the presence of some one.

"Who lives in that tower?" he asked.

"Old Gontran, the Burgundian," replied the farmer; "he is suzerain lord of all this section."

The lord of the manor was, indeed, the father of the long sought Batilda, which accounted for her presence in the neighboring forest. Twelve years back Gontran had taken forcible possession of this estate—the law of might made and unmade titles to property in those days—and no one had disturbed him, for he had been the faithful friend of Clotilda's father, King Gombauld.

While Sigefrey was making this discovery Batilda sat at her window in the old tower, thinking over past and dreaming of the future. She loved Sigefrey, and an insuperable obstacle separated them. She wept; and yet the saint, her godmother, had told her one day: "Fear not, child; thou shalt be happy."

And never, to man's knowledge, had Genevieve spoken a word that was not strictly true. Batilda remembered this, and tried to hope, but she wept.

Old Gontran entered his daughter's room hurriedly. He was the bearer of bad news. A friend had managed to send him word that Clovis had made a distribution of lands, and Mount Mars was now the property of the fiercest of Austrasian counts.

"I despoiled the former proprietor of this land," the old man was saying sadly to Batilda; "to day a new-comer, stronger than I, is going to turn me out. It is right. I cannot complain; but you, my darling, what is to become of you?"

At this moment the sound of a horn was heard, and a man-of-arms came up to announce that a Frankish lord and his attendant demanded admittance. The stranger was shown in. It was Sigefrey.

"Gontran," said he, after he had made himself known as Aubert's son and representative, "I come not to strip you of your possessions. I have loved your daughter Batilda ever since I first saw her at King Clovis's marriage three years ago; give her to me for a wife and let there be peace between us."

Gontran, much astonished, looked inquiringly at Batilda.

The maiden blushed; then, raising her downcast eyes, she said, with proud candor: "Is indeed three years since I first met Sigefrey. I will admit that he may prostrate his love; but he worships strange Gods, and I am a Christian. I cannot be his wife, and he knows it."

"I wish to be a Christian, too," said the happy lover; "I could not stay to receive his baptism, but my great love will dispense Heaven."

"Perhaps I love you too much," she said one day to her lover. "Let us go and consult my godmother, the saint."

They crossed the Seine and sought Genevieve's humble home. The saint, now almost an octogenarian, was still beautiful; hers was the beauty of the angels. She smiled sweetly when she saw her godchild coming hand-in-hand with the young Frank.

When Batilda told her the story of her love and her own scrupulous fears, Genevieve took the hands of the two lovers and held them for a long while clasped in her own. She gazed at the young couple with infinite sweetness. At last she spoke.

"O! in peace, my children," said she—"go; you shall be happy." And having traced the sign of the cross on their brows, she bent over and kissed them.

The happy lovers returned with light hearts, free from doubt and fears. But Sigefrey, all absorbed in his new life, had forgotten to communicate with his father. Old Aubert grew uneasy at this unaccountable silence.

"I must go and find out what is become of my son," he mused; "perhaps those Burgunds have killed him. I will avenge his death tenfold!"

Aubert hated the Burgunds and did not believe in the God of the Christians. Notwithstanding Clovis's example he had refused to let himself be baptized. He

assembled his numerous followers and went in search of the missing Sigefrey. It was night when he came in sight of Mount Mars, and, like Sigefrey he stopped at the farm-house and made inquiries. He learned that Gontran lived in the old tower. Some time since a handsome young warrior had come in with one attendant. He had asked questions about the castle and its owner, and had taken the road thither. He had not been seen since. Aubert jumped at the conclusion that his son, if not murdered, must be held prisoner in the tower. He would rescue or avenge him. The place was strong and well defended, but there was a secret passage by which it might be entered. The pay makers, he knew, were waiting, and between terror to Aubert's threats and awakened avarice at the prospect of a rich reward, the wretch betrayed his master. He guided the count and his party through a subterranean passage which led directly to the apartments of the castellan, Gontran, Batilda, and their servants were taken prisoner, without resistance. So complete was their surprise that the garrison was not aware of the capture of their lord. Sigefrey slept in another wing of the building.

The easy victory disposed Aubert to clemency; and when Gontran offered to pay ransoms for himself and daughter, the wily Austrasian consented, deferring his inquiries concerning his son's fate until he had possessed himself of the old Burgundian's treasure. Gontran had but one thought: to save Batilda from being carried off by his unknown captor. His old majordomo, also a prisoner, was graciously permitted to go for the money. It was in the cellar, and the doors of the apartments being guarded, there was no chance for escape. As the majordomo was leaving the room he exchanged a glance full of meaning with Batilda.

The faithful old servant tarried long on his errand, and Aubert was growing impatient, when he made his appearance, bearing the iron casket which contained his master's treasure, and scales to weigh the gold.

Gontran possessed in all two hundred gold marks. He offered one hundred and fifty of these for his ransom. Aubert made a motion of assent, and the weighing commenced. It was a slow process, made doubly so by the old majordomo's clumsiness in piling up the gold-pieces.

"At this moment," announced one hundred and fifty marks.

"Very well," said Aubert, "but you have not counted the weight of the sword."

And he threw his heavy weapon on the scale that held the weights.

At this juncture a secret door, opened, and in the wood-work, was thrown open, and a man of a noble and stately stature entered. His shoulders were covered with a huge bear-skin, and the animal's head, drawn down over his brow, concealed his features. Crossing the room, he stopped opposite the count.

"Bring the weight of the sword I bring the weight of the sword!" he said, as he spoke these words he drew a battle-axe from under his bear-skin and threw it upon the pile of gold. The other scale flew up.

"What art thou?" cried Count Aubert, pale with rage at this audacious interference.

"I am, like thee, a noble; like thee, a lord and a Frank," replied the unknown.

"Take up thy axe and prove thy worth," shouted Aubert, who wrested a franc from the hand of one of his men-at-arms and brandished it aloft.

The mysterious stranger made no motion.

Aubert, blind with rage, struck the defenceless man, whose right arm fell, when alone in her chamber. She looked at the body he had thrown away, and she wept.

The bystanders uttered a cry of horror. Batilda sprang toward the wounded man, but the latter, motioning her away gently, threw back the bear's head that had served him as a mask.

The fierce old man felt his heart breaking. The only soft feeling he had ever known had been love for that son, and he had destroyed him in the flower of his youth. No man can survive such a blow. He wept, and his blind fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good-bye, begging to be left with his father. He wept, and his blind fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good-bye, begging to be left with his father. He wept, and his blind fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good-bye, begging to be left with his father. 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SEPT. 11, 1894.

THE AURIESVILLE SHRINE.

New York Times, Aug. 15. Fultonville, Montgomery County, N. Y., August 14.—The shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, three miles from Auriesville, N. Y., is the result of historical research by the priesthood of the Jesuit Society of Troy and other places in this part of the State, aided by such historical scholars as the Rev. Father Walworth, of Albany. It is erected on what is regarded as the precise site of the Indian village of Osseremnon, one of the largest of the villages of the Mohawks, and is in religious commemoration of the tragic death of Rev. Father Isaac Jogues, of Society of Jesus, and his lay missionary companion, Rene Goupil, who were martyrs to their zeal in the work of converting the Indians to the light of Christianity.

The Rev. Father Walworth and his niece Miss Nellie Walworth, daughter of Mrs. Helen Hardin Walworth, of Saratoga, rendered valuable service in fixing the proper location of the shrine. They visited this part of Montgomery County, and examined it in the light of transcripts from French documents, which Father Walworth secured for the purposes of his research. The Rev. Fathers were aided by Messrs. Ludden, of Albany; Hourigan, of Binghamton, and others have been active for some time in setting up this sacred monument. For the present a little chapel of wood, only 10 feet wide by 20 long, with stained glass windows and covered by an octagonal dome, serves as the only shelter of the shrine. Within there is a statue of

supporting the prostrate form of the suffering saint. Near the entrance on a knoll, a large cross has been erected, inscribed "To the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646." "St. Mary's, 1667;" "St. Peter's, 1673." The four faces of the base of the cross bear the following legends: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." "In memory of the native converts of the mission, Hurons, Algonquins, and Iroquois, whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecutions, especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, the Iroquois virgin, born here in 1650, baptized in the mission church, Easter Sunday, 1676, died in Canada 1681." "Near this spot Rene Goupil, novice, was slain for the sign of the cross September 26, 1642, and before and after in different years many other Christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries of French and various Indian races, offered up their lives."

A marble tablet ascribes the erecting of the cross to the "Rev. James Hourigan, at one time pastor of St. Peter's." PASTOR OF THREE COUNTIES.—Broome, Cortland, and Chenango—now pastor for thirty-eight years of St. Patrick's church, Binghamton, N. Y. It is the intention ultimately to erect a church edifice on the spot in the expectation that as years go by it will become the central shrine and meeting place of the Jesuits of the United States.

The story of Father Isaac Jogues' adventures and hardships among the Indians is one of the most interesting of the tales of the Jesuit missionaries among the northern tribes. He was born in Orleans on January 10, 1607, and after taking the regular course of study in the priesthood, he was ordained missionary. Immediately thereafter, at his own earnest request, he was sent out to Canada to take part in the elaborate scheme which the Jesuits had laid for converting the nations of this country. His field of labor was among the Hurons, a tribe of the Algonquins, that was found to be particularly susceptible to the influence of missionaries. Father Jogues was engaged in his work in 1642, when the series of events began which made him a martyr. The summer of that year was one of great destitution among the tribes which inhabited the territory of the northern lakes, and the French missions among the Hurons came near being wiped out by want of food. In order to procure much needed supplies,

FATHER JOGUES, with two French laymen named Rene Goupil and William Couture, and a band of Huron Indians, started on a journey to Quebec, making their way for the most part in canoes. At Quebec they obtained the stores they desired, and with the hope of carrying relief to their friends they set out on the return voyage with all speed. While they were paddling along the northern shore of Lake St. Peter, an expanded part on the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Montreal, they were overtaken and surprised by a crew of hostile Iroquois Indians of the Mohawk tribe, who were in that country for the purpose of preying upon Frenchmen and the Indians who were on friendly terms with the French. Father Jogues and his little company were attacked and overcome by the Iroquois after an effort on their part to defend themselves. To the instinct of self-protection there was added the anxiety of preserving the stores they had procured for their famishing friends at the mission. In the light of the attacking party, and incited them to deeds of violence toward the persons of the Frenchmen. The captive whites and Hurons were then deliberately secured, and taking as much of the stores from the laden canoes of the missionaries as they could make off with.

THE IROQUOIS set out for their home on the Mohawk River, the point of destination being somewhere in the neighborhood of the present village of Fonda, the county seat of Montgomery County. The journey was made by canoes up the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain and Lake George, and from the latter overland through the wilderness to the Mohawk Valley. Thirteen days were required for the long paddle and the weary tramp, the captives on the way being subjected by the Indians to such

dignities and cruelties as their revengeful ingenuity could invent. The coming of the captives and their custodians was announced in advance in the country of the Mohawks, and preparations for a savage reception were made. The prisoners were halted outside of the settlement until the time fixed for the cruel ceremonies that were to welcome them. When everything was ready they were taken in and introduced to the savage populace by being first made

TO RUN THE GANTLET. The tortures of one village being completed, the real menudrate, to another and another until all the neighboring villages of the Mohawks had had their celebration of the distinguished capture. At every village tortures and indignities were renewed until life was no longer desirable to the captives. Some of the Hurons who were taken with the Frenchmen were burned to death. Father Jogues was punished by having his hair pulled out, his flesh cut, and one of his thumbs sawed off with a shell saw.

Couture, who had killed the Mohawk Indian at the time of the attack on Lake St. Peter, was adopted into the tribe soon after these scenes of torture, but Goupil was wantonly killed by the Indians one day when he and Father Jogues were in the woods near the Indian village performing the religious rites of their Church. Father Jogues spent the late summer and fall of 1642 alone among his Indian captors, Couture, the adopted Frenchman, being kept away from his society. The devoted missionary made no effort to escape. He believed God had directed his footsteps, all unwillingly as they had been taken, to a new field of religious labor and that the tortures he had suffered were but a means for impressing upon his heart the great necessity that existed for giving the Indians of the Mohawk Valley

CHRISTIAN ENLIGHTENMENT. He found the real menudrate, however, most of them regarding his religious forms as incantations of the devil. In November, after his capture, he was taken by the Indians on a tiresome hunting and fishing excursion as far as Saratoga Lake. On this trip he was made to do menial service for his masters, who poorly fed him and finally sent him back to the village on the Mohawk. There he remained through the dreary winter, not once going beyond call of the village in which he remained almost a voluntary prisoner.

The next summer, in July, 1643, he was again taken with a band of the Mohawks on a fishing expedition to the Hudson River. While they were on the river, at a point about 90 miles below Albany, a messenger from the Mohawks arrived among them with word that the Iroquois had had another victory over the Hurons, and that a fresh lot of captive Hurons was making the villages of the Mohawks merry again. Father Jogues was sadly depressed by the news. Knowing by hard experience what would be the fate of the captives he begged to be allowed to go back to the settlements, in order that he might be near the captured Hurons to administer religious comfort to them. His request was granted, and he immediately set out in a canoe with two Indians, who were to see that he did not escape. They paddled up the river as far as Rensselaerwyck (Albany), where they landed for the purpose of enabling the Indians to do some trading with the Dutch settlers. The story of Father Jogues' capture and his being held a prisoner by the Mohawks had reached

THE WRITERS AT RENSSELAERWYCK and some effort had been made by them to ransom the unfortunate missionary. On the occasion of the visit of the Indians and their captives the latter was permitted to go about among the whites while the Indians busied themselves trading and inspecting the domestic ways of the Dutchmen. Father Jogues sought out the clergyman, the good Dominie Megapolensis, of whom he had heard from Indians trading at the Dutch settlement. The Indians carried some days, thus giving the two teachers of the gospel an opportunity to become well acquainted. Father Jogues was advised to make his escape from the Indians, but he refused to do this until a circumstance occurred that rendered escape necessary, if he could save his life. While he was still at Rensselaerwyck news reached him that a sudden outbreak of rage toward him had taken place in the Mohawk villages.

Some time before he started on the fishing expedition to the Hudson he had written a letter to the commander of the French post at Three Rivers and had intrusted it for delivery to a Mohawk Indian, who had become specially attached to the writer. The letter contained a warning to the French that an attack was being planned among the Iroquois who were on the war path. Instead of keeping the letter till he arrived at Three Rivers the Indian who carried it gave it up to the commander of an outpost at the mouth of Richelieu River. As soon as he had read the letter the impetuous officer ordered his guns to be turned upon the Indians who were with Father Jogues's messenger. The latter escaped the fire, however, but supposing the hostile demonstration to be a declaration of war, they pressed on as rapidly as possible to their homes on the Mohawk. The intent upon rousing their settlements and on avenging what they believed, with good reason, to be an act of treachery on the part of the missionary whose life they had spared. If he had been at home he would have suffered for his supposed deception. When

DOMINIE MEGAPOLENSIS heard at Fort Orange of the uproar among the Mohawks and learned the cause of it, he told Father Jogues he must not think of going back to the Indians, for if he did he would surely be killed. The missionary at first refused to take the advice of the Dutch Dominie, and it was not till the sagacious Arendt Van Corlear joined in advising immediate escape, and after a night of prayer, that the good Father was persuaded that he ought not to return to the savages to meet his fate.

Van Corlear offered to provide a small boat at a spot to be agreed upon, in which the captive might be rowed to a large vessel that lay in the river opposite the fort. This ship belonged to Van Corlear

and was ready to sail down the river. The night the escape was to be made, Father Jogues slept under a shelter, which served at one and as a family residence of one of the Dutch pioneers, while the other end was occupied by the horses and cattle of the farmer. Jogues's Indian guards, not yet ready to quit the charms of the "city," lodged with him. When the household, including the cattle and the Indian guards, were

SOUND ASLEEP. Father Jogues got up quietly and stole out into the night. He succeeded in getting away from his dusky companions, but just as he was about to quit the premises he was seized by a huge watch dog, which tore his clothes and lacerated his legs. The noise not having wakened the sleepers inside, the captive retreated and waited till a favorable moment to renew his effort to get away. The snarling of the watch dog had been heard by the man who was at the boat. He hurried to the building and pacified the dog. In this way the missionary, on his second attempt, was enabled to clear the premises unmolested. He reached the vessel in safety, but in the morning, before it could sail, the Indians, by threats of vengeance on the settlement, alarmed the Dutchmen into revealing the hiding place of their escaped captive. Father Jogues was thereupon brought ashore again and delivered up. This action created a

FACTIONAL FEELING in the settlement. The next night, aided by Dominie Megapolensis and some friends, Jogues again gave his guards the slip and secreted himself where he could not be found. While he remained hidden Van Corlear, who had great influence with the Mohawk tribe, negotiated a ransom whereby the captive was regularly set at liberty. Father Jogues went on board the vessel in the river and sailed for Manhattan, where he improved the first opportunity to take ship for France. On arriving in his native country he hurried away to Rouen for the purpose of rejoining the Jesuit college which had commissioned him to his work in America. The loss of his thumb disqualified him for the priesthood, but fired with zeal for the missionary cause among the Indians of Canada he sought and obtained from

POPE URBAN VIII a dispensation enabling him to re-engage in his holy work. He then hastened back to the wilds of the Hurons. During his absence from this country a peace had been patched up between the French and the Iroquois Indians and Couture, who had been captured in 1642 with Father Jogues, was still in the Mohawk Valley acting as agent for the French among the Five Nations. The French authorities in Canada, on being made acquainted with the adventures of Father Jogues, commissioned him to supersede Couture. The former in his official post on the Mohawk, traversing as far as Lake George the course over which he had been conducted over as a captive four years before. His official escort was composed of selected men from among the Hurons and the Iroquois. Instead of going overland from Lake George—to which Father Jogues gave the name

LAKE ST. SACRAMENT to the Mohawk, as he had done in his earlier and compulsory trip in 1642 down the Hudson from the bend at Ford Edward to Rensselaerwyck, now Albany. Here he had a pleasant reunion with Dominie Megapolensis and others who had rescued him from the Indians. Proceeding up the Mohawk, he entered the villages of that tribe in something like a secreted manner. The French Indian, whose name he had four years before scourged him as an enemy and a sorcerer now received him in a manner due his altered position. Statesmanship, soon, however, wearied him. He longed to return to his work of teaching Christ to the heathen. Having accomplished the special work of his mission as agent of the Government in connection with

THE PEACE OF 1644 in July, 1646, he returned to Montreal, made his report, and resigned. He then deliberately returned to the Mohawks in the humble capacity of a Christian missionary, being satisfied from sad experience that the field there offered richer fruit than his former field among the Hurons. Before he arrived at his former haunts he learned that the tribe to which he was going was in a state of turbulence and that it was unsafe for him to proceed. Those who were with him, taking alarm, turned back. Father Jogues refused to be turned from his purpose. He pushed on alone through the wilderness and entered boldly the village where he intended to make his home in the future. His step proved fatal, taken as it was at that particular time.

DISEASE AND SUPERSTITION had roused the Indians to high pitch of resentment against him. When he went to Montreal to resign his commission the Governor left behind a box containing some personal effects. The summer of 1646 was as full of misfortune for the Mohawks as that of 1642 had been for the Hurons. Disease broke out in the tribe, the corn suffered from the drought, and worms and vermin devastated the stores of the Indian villagers. These afflictions they swiftly ascribed to the box which the French agent had left among them, and which they surrounded with all the mystery and awe of a race of superstitious savages. Knowing the intention of Father Jogues to return among them, some of them determined on his destruction, while others were anxious for his arrival in the belief that he would arrest further evils of the kind they were suffering.

At a council two clans, those of THE WOLF and THE TORTOISE declared in favor of welcoming the late French agent back, while the clan of the Bear held out in their determination to wreak vengeance upon him. They therefore set out secretly to intercept him about half way of the journey from Lake George to the Mohawk, they seized him, stripped him of his clothing, and inflicted torture upon him. They then hurried him away to their village, where they held him a prisoner until the 18th of October, 1646. On that day he was stealthily stricken dead by an Indian who had concealed himself behind the door of

a wigwam to which the unfortunate missionary had been invited to hold a parley. His body was cast out, and no authentic record exists to show that it ever received even heathen burial. William Couture, the favored one of the captives, was taken in 1642 on Lake St. Peter, was set at liberty during the peace of 1644, and, going to Montreal, died there in 1702.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBAND.

HOW A GOOD MAN CAN MAKE HIS WIFE HAPPY AND HIS HOME LIKE HEAVEN. Let us fix our eyes on the youth who is contemplating marriage. If that young man is wise and has his temporal and his eternal interests at heart, he will look on every woman through the eyes of common sense, religion and purity. He will view marriage in the light of a divinely instituted contract, a sacrament, a union which death, and death only, can sever. In the choice of a partner he will be extremely discreet, as he knows that his partner is destined to help him in the salvation or the damnation of his immortal soul. Having made a choice, he should prepare by a diligent and, if necessary by a general confession of his sins. This confession should be followed by a devout reception of the Most Holy Communion; and this latter, if possible, at a Nuptial Mass. Afterward, whether the world treat this couple coldly or kindly, they will be unshaken and cling to each other bravely all the same, remembering with holy satisfaction, that they began in the smile and love of God.

When a young man has entered matrimony fortified by these heavenly helps, it is evident that he intends to be a good husband. But, ah! human nature is weak and volatile; and we should be untrue to ourselves to-night did we not point out some of the weaknesses which entail so much misery on even well-meaning husbands. Because of these weaknesses we have various classes of husbands. Outstanding circumstances, too, business failures, loss of friends, bad companions, and—need we say it? a careless, thriftless, wayward wife, will do much to change the habits and the life of the best of men.

There are two kinds of men, whether viewed as husbands or fathers, of whom we shall say nothing here this evening. The jealous man and the intemperate man. Delicacy commands silence in the case of the one; whilst a universal agreement that intemperance in husband or father destroys the happiness of home life, renders unnecessary any discussion in the case of the other.

Some men are moody and uncommunicative with their wives, thereby rendering home unhappy. This moodiness is the offspring of ill temper; and there is nothing which the good wife will find harder to manage or deal with. For in a moody husband there is no consistency. He is bright one day, he is cloudy the next day. He is a month of April and cold one day, and the wife must be ever ready for either smiles or frowns, sunshine or cloud.

Akin to this moodiness, but even more annoying to the good wife, is the habit of fault-finding, unfortunately so prevalent in domestic life. Nothing will please this class of husband. A wife may do all that mortal woman can. She may cook, clean all her skill in cooking, all her diplomacy in managing, all her power to please, to amuse, to charm. She may welcome him in the evening with the joy of a bride; she may toil like a slave for him. It is no use; his requital consists of an icy sneer, or a cruel word, or a mere partial silence. Oh, such comment on the part of a husband is enough to crush and wither the heart in any woman. The husband who flies into a passion now and again is not half so bad. No, he may be a generous and a loving man; and his very anger may be the abuse or excess of some generous quality he possesses. But the cold, sneering, fault-finding husband betrays a nature narrow, selfish and ungenerous.

Then, again, while we know of husbands who are so inert and shiftless that they can not find employment, or if they find it, could not keep the money they earned any longer than Saturday night or Sunday morning, we know fathers so close and so penurious that they do not give their wives sufficient to decently clothe the men of to enable them to see soul and body together. Shame upon such husbands!

There are husbands, too, who never give their wives any confidence; who go in and out day after day, and week after week, and pass through various troubles and business changes without ever confiding one solitary circumstance to their wives. "How is your husband doing?" I asked of a lady not long ago. "Indeed, I do not know, Father," was the sad response. "I am asleep when he comes in at night or in the hours of the morning; and, while I see the children ready for school, he has his breakfast in silence, and is off again. He never tells me anything." Now, I do not mean that a man should tell professional secrets, or even business secrets, to his wife. But I do maintain that no husband was ever yet sorry for taking counsel with his wife. On the contrary, many a man has gone to ruin who would never have been ruined, had he acquainted his wife with the first false steps he was taking. At the foot of the greatest friend in the world. At the foot of God's altar she promised him undying fidelity—a fidelity as pure as the ring's bright gold and as unending as its circle. For him, and to be all in all to him, she left father and mother and all that was dear to her on earth. And surely she is deserving of confidence. And, as women—even ordinary women—are gifted with extraordinary sagacity, and, as a rule, are good advisers. They see things clearer, they have more time to think than men; and they foresee consequences which men would never have thought of.

In profane and sacred history we have numerous examples of noble, confiding husbands, of happy unions, suggestive of the love of Abraham and Sarah, of Jacob and Anne, in sacred history; Ulysses and Penelope in profane; Margaret of Scotland, St. Louis and Isabella in modern history. There is no doubt, however, but that wives have, in many instances, made their husbands careless, reckless and fond of any nothing, as we are treating now of the Christian husband. The Christian husband should, from the day of his marriage,

study the character and manners of his wife; find out her peculiarities, if she has any, and prepare himself, with God's help, to make the best of them. He should never hurt her feelings, but least of all in presence of others. There is no more despicable man than he who insults his wife in presence of strangers, just at the time, perhaps, when she is trying to be most the wife and the lady, and when she is even endeavoring to show him to advantage. For it is uncommon, we regret to state, to see wives hurt their husband's feelings in company. Sometimes it happens that a wife is a little better educated than the husband. She, perhaps, was going regularly to day-school or boarding at some popular academy when he was industriously learning the trade which now renders them both independent. But, in society, she acts as though she wished to make him unhappy. She is uneasy at a trifling breach of grammar or etiquette on his part and publicly corrects him. And here I would remark, that though it is a most commendable thing in a husband to take his wife's part in her troubles with others, he should quietly take the pains to find out the true nature of the case, and not wholly rely on his wife's version of the matter. Above all, he should pray to God for prudence and patience; and thus he will be Christianizing himself, practicing exalted virtue, and paving the way to a happy eternity.

But there is one feature in connection with the Christian husband which we must not pass unnoticed. Some men seem to think that as soon as they get married they have lost their Christian mother, though she be alive. They forget the mother that brought them up in the light of Christian truth, into Christian manhood. To be sure no one is now dearer to him than the wife of his heart, and the true husband must leave father and mother and all, and cleave to her. Not even a mother must interfere to mar the beautiful union that exists between husband and wife. Nevertheless, a mother is always a mother; and a good son is always a good husband. And a husband is none the less dutiful to his wife because he loves the mother that bore him, the mother who reared him, loved him, and loves him still. She came, perhaps, from a little land of faith, far away, and, in this new land of her adoption, had much to encounter in the rearing of her little ones. Oh, the mother! the mother! For our part we can never sit down by the bedside of an aged, sorry one of our scattered race, but memories of the spot where we once called home and of her we still call mother come forcibly into our souls. The voice of that dying woman at our side, three scores or upward she may be, is feeble now as the moments slip from her and her confession is feebly told. She is thinking now of other days. Once she was a wife and mother, but that was her husband and they that were her children have slipped away from her—perhaps beneath the sod; and she is left alone to battle her way and live. The dear old nest she once called home is empty, and fled forever are its inmates, and fitly may she wail with the poet:

"I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest."
And where is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the West?
I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my brave man has sailed?
O, call that home where I once was set,
Now all its hope has faded?
Nay, but the port where my husband went,
O, call that home where my thoughts are sent.
The only home for me—
—Ah me!"

Yes; life is ebbing away from that aged woman. And as I gaze upon her thin, white hair, her pale face; as I listen to her wailing, broken with emotion and old age; as I look upon her there, awaiting the Union of the Sacrament; as I think of her venerable motherhood, I cannot help going back to the days of her innocent girlhood, to the brief, pure acquaintance before marriage, to the quiet wedding in the country chapel, the first babe and the babe of the growing little ones, the life long struggling; I cannot help—and I would not if I could—learning long and lasting lessons of veneration and respect for the Irish Christian mother!

Gift to a Nun From an Empress.

Throughout the whole of the dark days of the religious persecution in Prussia the Empress Augusta has steadily shown herself the admirer and friend of the Catholic nuns in every part of Germany, and has let few opportunities pass without manifesting her kindly affection towards them. Only the other day Her Majesty gave a touching proof of her feeling in this matter. Sister Cecilia, a nun of the Nuringen convent, who has long been to the care of the sick, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her entry into religion at the municipal hospital. The Empress herself was present at the little domestic fête, and spent half an hour with the good nun, to whom she presented a magnificent bronze crucifix, her own portrait with autograph signature, and a marvelous bouquet of roses.

Consumption can be Cured. Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

A Sure Thing.

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Procure from your druggist one 37 cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you not suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

To the Rescue

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue. Thus writes W. H. Crocker, Druggist, Watertown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

LYING AGAIN.

BUCKSHOT FORSTER'S ADOPTED SON'S LATEST FALSIFICATIONS.

The Observer of to-day has a remarkable article, cabled the correspondent of the North American News Company on the 22d, charging the virtual identity of the Clama-Gad and the National League, which lends significance to the reported intention of members of Parliament to move for parliamentary action in connection with the Ridgway pamphlet. Mr. Bright in the Reform Club expressed a strong opinion that the pamphlet required parliamentary action, and I am enabled to day to send you the following letter from Arnold Forster, son of the late Right Hon. Mr. Forster, once so unpopular in Ireland under the sobriquet of "Buckshot." "You ask my opinion as to the pamphlet, on the repeal of the union conspiracy published by the Messrs. Ridgway of Piccadilly, and now the subject of a libel suit. So far as I am able to judge, the contents are true and are likely to be new to the general public. Beyond question they are very serious. I wish I could persuade myself that some members of the late administration, whose recent eulogies of the Parnellites have amused and astonished those eyes who were familiar with their previous utterances, did not know or had not means of knowing the facts recorded. In any case the charges against the members of Parliament are so grave that I trust the House will call upon Ridgway to retract or substantiate them. If it be true that Parnellite members have taken the Fenian oath and the oath of allegiance, they are, of course, guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, not to speak of treason. Such accusations should not remain unanswered. We are

PUZZLED BY THE ATTITUDE

of the Americans. We do not note your views with much favor or respect the class of politicians to whom you wish us to surrender. It appears to us that your belief in Irish politicians begins when they leave your shores. Ireland is now the freest country in the world. She has every liberty granted to Englishmen and a license which is wholly forbidden to Englishmen. It may be a coincidence, but it is a fact, that everyone who has taken an active part in this Parnellite movement has made money by it and has kept his skin whole. Playing at treason is delightful when the penalties of the crime are left out. Mr. Redmond, M. P., says he will never cease agitating till he has driven every official of English blood out of Ireland. This is a clap-net. He does not intend to accept certain consequences, namely, lit for lit. It will be ruin for that with England. I wish Americans knew the facts better. For instance, they believe that crimes follow evictions. This is a deliberate falsehood, usually circulated by those who know it to be false. Mr. Gladstone says he would have us suppose that this crime is owing to distress in Ireland. It is evident by the testimony accredited by facts that it is owing neither to one nor the other. If we wish to ascertain whence this crime really comes we must watch its movements, and we must see what are the concomitants of this crime. That which diminishes while crime increases is not likely to be the immediate and direct cause of that crime, but that which ever rises with the crime. The movements of which correspond with it with wonderful exactness—with fatal and painful precision. The steps of crime dog the steps of the Land League, and it is not possible to get rid of this conclusion by any ingenuity or distortion of facts, such as I have stated, by vague general complaints, by imputations against parties, by imputations against England, by imputations against the government.

MR. GLADSTONE IS RIGHT.

The contrary assertion is a lie, as assertions made in order to extract your sympathy and dollars. Again you believe that the people murdered in Ireland are English landlords killed by the exasperated, excited tenants. This statement, often made, is also a lie. The people butchered are almost without exception poor and defenceless Irishmen, murdered by gangs of well-to-do Land Leaguers for disobeying Parnell. Again, I hardly think you understood Parnell's antecedents. For many months he, with six confederates, fled weekly around a table to direct the Land League. Of the seven, four did work in the country between the meetings. Their journeys may be traced in blood. The other three, including Parnell, did inside work only. Three are in Parliament; the four have fled the country to escape criminal law, one of them with a true bill for murder found against him. You will ask where are the records of the committee? They were either burned or carried out of the country by a disguised felon, and men whose work will not stand the light of our Parliament. I should like some time to tell you more of this cruel, money-grabbing conspiracy. I have seen its victims shattered and dying. You can scarcely realize the perfection to which the art of deliberate falsehood had been brought by the Land Leaguers. Still, as a self-respecting nation, we must go our own way and try to live down the lies. If our friends and kinsmen in the United States made our task harder, I can only deeply regret it, but we do wish you would try to get outside of the story. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, who has been legislating for Ireland half his life, with the result you see, has not been there a month since he was born. They say, however, he is going there now. Everyone ought to read the Ridgway pamphlet. I hear the Parnellites are trying to snuff it. The truth never agrees with them."

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife, because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This medicine purges out the corruptions which pollute the blood and cause disease.

Worth Remembering

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddeck, Cape Breton, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

If YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 486 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ONTARIO.

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

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Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 11, 1896.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 1st St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Conf. 11th of the Octave. 2d St. Protus and Hyacinth, M.M. 12th 13th Sun. after Pen. Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. 13th 14th Sun. after Pen. Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

AN ORANGE GRIEVANCE.

The Orange body is ever sure to raise a howl when not permitted to ride roughshod over all other classes of the population. Governments, parliaments, and civic legislatures of every class must obey the behests of Orangism or expect savage vituperation.

On that occasion the Dominion Government was very severely censured for justly refusing to allow the Orange officials of the Provincial Penitentiary, men paid from the taxes of Protestant and Catholic alike, to appear in regalia in the Orange parade.

On June 26th, that during the previous year he had taken exception to officers of the penitentiary asking leave of absence to join in the public celebration of July 12th, and asked instructions in the premises.

This is the only action which was taken on this subject, and as it was confined to the question as to the granting of special leave of absence to officers for the express purpose of joining in the public celebration of the 12th, you will perceive it does not warrant the statement which I have quoted from your letter as having been made at Kingston on the 12th ultimo, or the assertion that the privileges of citizenship have been refused to servants of the government.

The Minister's reply was rather rude according to the Rev. County Master of South Frontenac, who had, it would appear, persuaded himself that the government of the day is run on Orange principles and must be subservient to its dictation.

of special times and seasons, but were singled out for invidious distinction, as it was especially in regard to Orangemen and the celebration of the 12th, that the order was issued; that Dr. Mackenzie was justified by the facts in bringing the injustice under the notice of his brethren; that the government had no intention of rescinding the obnoxious order; and that it becomes Protestants and Orangemen to carefully and conscientiously consider what their duty is in the premises.

The Orangemen will, no doubt, consider the matter, pass, perchance, certain resolutions, and do nothing. We compliment the Minister—and in doing so we have no desire to create dissension in the Cabinet—on his stand in this matter. No party, no administration with even the suspicion of an Orange alliance resting on it, can hope to enjoy ascendancy in the new Canada of to-day, the Canada that favors, demands and insists upon the equality of all in the eye of the law.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

A respected correspondent writes to say: "Some friends ask if it be not against the third holy commandment to participate on Sunday in innocent amusements such as baseball playing, dancing, etc. The boys play baseball at the colleges, and the girls croquet at the convents on Sunday. One friend saw the Catholics in the West Indies dance on Sunday. In my opinion it is no sin to play, but it would be proper not to play at all where the majority of Protestants live. Will you please write something about it in your paper?"

We beg respectfully to direct our correspondent's attention to that invaluable little repository of Christian doctrine, discipline and practice, Butler's Catechism. On the third commandment that useful little book has the following, every line of which we commend to the careful attention of Catholics:

- Q. Say the third commandment. A. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Q. What is commanded by the third commandment? A. To sanctify the Sunday. Apoc. i. 10. Q. What is the chief duty by which we are commanded to sanctify the Sunday? A. Assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Council of Trent; Mal. i. 11. Q. What other religious exercises are recommended to sanctify the Sunday? A. Attending vespers, reading moral and pious books, and going to communion. Acts xx. 7. Q. What particular good works are recommended to sanctify the Sunday? A. The works of Mercy, spiritual and corporal; and particularly to instruct the ignorant in the way of salvation, by word and example. Daniel xii. 3. Q. What is forbidden by the third commandment? A. All unnecessary servile work; and whatever may hinder the due observance of the Lord's day, or tend to profane it. Council of Trent; l. iv.

We have here very succinctly stated the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church on the subject of Sunday observance. The good works to be done and the evil practices to be avoided are all clearly defined and specified. The question raised by our correspondent would fall under the question—What is forbidden by the third commandment? There is on that sacred day prohibited, first, all servile work; secondly, anything that may hinder the observance of the Lord's day; and thirdly, anything tending to profane it. All unlawful and sinful amusements are, of course, strictly prohibited on Sunday as on any other day. Innocent and harmless amusements are not prohibited on Sunday except where they hinder the observance of the Lord's day, or where they tend to profane that sacred day by withdrawing persons from the good works commanded to be done on Sunday or otherwise. Baseball, for instance, in itself a lawful and innocent sport, but baseball played on Sunday in public between rival clubs in a manner to excite public curiosity, to gather unruly crowds and prevent attendance on divine worship, would certainly fall within the category of forbidden things for Sunday. But baseball or any other legitimate recreation, within due bounds, is not prohibited on Sunday. Innocent amusements in colleges and convents or in the family circle on the Lord's day—which besides being a day of prayer is one of rest—are not by any means forbidden by the third commandment. None but the wicked could be scandalized thereat. While Catholics in the midst of non-Catholic communities should do naught on Sunday to offend the honest regard of Protestants, after their own fashion, for the Lord's day, they should certainly not go out of their way to pay homage to hypocrisy. Catholics as a body have more real, sincere regard for the Lord's day than sectaries of any class or kind. On that day they are commanded by Holy Church under the pain of mortal sin to assist at the dread sacrifice of the Mass, and to keep the day holy by prayer and other good works. This command Catholics in general observe with ready and joyful obedience. How different the submission rendered to the Blue Laws of New England, the land par excellence of rigid Sabbaths. Of that land and its people one of its most brilliant sons, Parkman himself, is com-

pelled to write: "A harsh and exacting creed, with its stiff formalism and its prohibition of wholesome recreation; excess in the pursuit of gain, the only resource left to energies robbed of their natural play; the struggle for existence on a hard and barren soil; and the isolation of narrow village life,—joined to produce, in the meaner sort, qualities which were unpleasant, and sometimes repulsive. Puritanism was not an unmixed blessing. Its view of human nature was dark, and its attitude towards it one of repulsion. It strove to crush out not only what is evil, but much that is innocent and salutary."

The Catholic Sunday of today is that which it was in the primitive Church—described by St. Justin—as cited by Mgr. Guane (Cath. of Persev. Vol. iv, pp. 66-77).

"On the day of the sun, that is, Sunday all those who dwell in town and country meet in one place. The first thing to be done is to read the writings of the Apostles or the Prophets, as long as time permits. The reading over, he who presides delivers a discourse to the assembly, in order to instruct them, and to exhort them to practise the sublime maxims of virtue and religion which they have just heard. We then arise to make our prayer in common. We pray for ourselves, and for those who are baptized at the time, and for all mankind, of whatever nation, that all may come to a knowledge of the truth, may lead a holy life, full of good works, may keep the commandments of the Lord, and may at length attain to eternal glory. The prayers ended, we salute one another with the kiss of peace."

"Then some bread and a cup of wine and water are presented to him who presides. Having taken them, he renders glory to the Father in the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and makes him a long thanksgiving for those same gifts, which it has pleased Him to grant to us. The prayers and thanksgiving concluded, all the people present say in a loud voice, Amen—a Hebrew word, meaning So be it! Then those whom we call Deacons distribute to each of the persons present some bread, and wine and water, consecrated with thanksgiving, and carry thereof to the absent."

"We call this food the Eucharist, and no one is permitted to partake of it if he does not believe the truth of our doctrine, if he has not received the remission of his sins and a new life, and if he does not live according to the precepts of Jesus Christ. For we do not take it as common bread or ordinary drink, but as the flesh and blood of Our Saviour. He has taught us that, by the efficacy of the Eucharistic prayer, which contains the very words of the Saviour, this bread and wine become the flesh and blood of the same Jesus who was made flesh for our salvation. In effect, the Apostles teach us in the memoirs which they have left us and which are called Gospels that Jesus Christ commanded them to eat this bread and drink this wine, and returned thanks. He said, Do this in commemoration of me: this is my body; and, having taken the cup in like manner and returned thanks, said, This is my blood."

"We then recall these things in memory of our brethren. Those who have means relieve the poor, and we are always of one heart with one another. In all these offerings, we bless the Creator of all things, through His Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. The souls which each one gives with the greatest freedom are placed in the hands of Him who presides, and who is charged to assist widows, orphans, strangers, the sick, in a word, all who are in sorrow from any cause whatsoever."

"We are accustomed to assemble on the day of the sun, because it is the day on which God began the creation of the world, the day on which Jesus Christ, Our Saviour rose from the dead, and appeared to His Apostles and taught them what we have just set before you."

"Is it," asks Mgr. Guane, "a history of the Sunday of the second century that we have just heard, or rather a history of the Sunday as we still see it, in the nineteenth century? Is it a picture of a catacomb or of a Catholic temple that has just passed before our eyes? It is both. Admire, ye children of the holy Roman Catholic Church, the vigor with which your mother says the seal of immortality on all that she touches. What your ancestors did, do you not still do? Are not all the memories of the primitive Sunday preserved among us?"

In reference to our correspondent's allusion to dancing in the West Indies, we may say that every country must be judged according to the standard of its legitimate customs. Dancing is, in itself, an innocent amusement. Not so, however, the lascivious movements of modern invention which pass under that name, but dancing on Sunday is in this country looked upon as unbecoming, if not, strictly speaking, incompatible with the due observance of the Lord's Day, regarded as indecorous, and wholly out of place, and offensive to good taste. In the West Indies it may, for aught we know, be otherwise. Of one thing, however, we are certain, the church in the West Indies tends no approval, tacit or expressed, to any practice at variance with the sanctification of Sunday.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE C. M. B. A.

The Supreme Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of America will meet in this city on Tuesday, September 14th. The occasion is looked to with very deep interest not alone by the members of the C. M. B. A. here, but by citizens generally. There will be representatives present not alone from Canada, but from New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ohio. The officers of the Council are the following: Spiritual Adviser—Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, D. D. Chancellor—Fred. J. Riester. President—W. C. Shields. First Vice-Pres.—Casper J. Drascher. Second Vice-Pres.—Thos. Coffey. Recorder—C. J. Hickey. Treasurer—Jas. M. Welch. Marshal—J. A. Hickey. Guard—C. Fernicom. Trustees—Wm. Franklin, J. B. Todhunter, R. Mulholland, Wm. Look and James S. McGary.

The proceedings here will begin with Solemn High Mass in St. Peter's Cathedral, which the members of the Supreme Council will attend in a body. The sermon of the day will, it is altogether likely, be preached by His Lordship the Bishop of London. After Mass the Council will proceed to business. It is safe to say that no more intelligent assemblage has ever met in London than the Supreme Council of the C. M. B. A. will prove itself. The visiting members will be gladly welcomed to the Forest City. Branch No. 4, of London, under the presidency of B. C. McCann, Esq., its efficient president, is sparing no effort to maintain London's good name for hospitality on this occasion. A grand banquet will be tendered the visitors during their stay by the local brethren at the City Hotel. This festive celebration of the meeting here of the Supreme Council gives promise of being the finest affair of the kind witnessed here for some years. We feel confident in assuring the members of the Council that they will meet with right genuine heartiness in London, a city ever ready to welcome and honor its guests, that the people of this city of all classes will vie with each other in respect to the Council, its members, and its proceedings, that their stay will be one of hearty rejoicing to our people, who will ever gratefully remember the honor done their town by its selection for this meeting of the C. M. B. A., and that the hope is universal in Canada that this meeting may not only redound to the credit of the C. M. B. A., but materially contribute to its strength, unity and endurance. Welcome, a thousand times welcome to London!

Who is to lead on the Europe spoken of by the Post against Russia. Is it divided and weakened Britain? Is it distracted and disheartened France? Germany and Austria are evidently not hostile to further Russian aggression upon Turkey provided they get compensation in some other form. England is altogether out in the cold. At the time of Alexander's first deposition the American wrote:

"The truth is, however, that Alexander's plans for making Bulgaria an independent state, vigorous and strong, were impossible to be tolerated at St. Petersburg, and his military success last year, in the struggle with Servia, only made them more intolerable. While the Bulgarians held an independent position they effectively blocked the Muscovite ambitions in the direction of Constantinople, and it seemed to have become impossible for Russia to treat the Eastern half of the Balkan peninsula as her dependency. Servia might be servile, but the Bulgarians were not so full of gratitude as to forget what was due to themselves. Hence the persistence of the Muscovite intrigues, which led to this coup d'etat. With Bulgaria at his feet, the way to Constantinople is open, the days of 'the sick man' are numbered, and the Czar may live to attend Christian worship in Saint Sophia, and to fix the frontier of his empire at the Bosphorus."

"For this condition of things Germany and England have themselves to blame. If they had given Prince Alexander a fraction of the support the Russians gave to his enemies in Bulgaria, he would not have been overthrown. They chose rather to play the spectators at the tragedy in the Balkans. They left to Turkey the work of supporting the Prince against Servia and Russia. They did not offer the protection of united Europe to a sovereign whom united Europe sent to rule over the new nation."

Bulgaria and Roumelia under Russian control, the days of the Ottoman empire will be few and short. The "sick man" will not indeed die without a struggle, nor the crescent disappear from the horizon of European politics without a storm, but disappear

DIOCESAN RETREAT.

The annual retreat of the clergy of the diocese of London began on Monday last. There was a very large attendance of the priests at the palace, where the retreat was held. The Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., conducted the exercises. Every evening at 7:30 Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, at which His Lordship the Bishop and all the clergy assisted, took place in the cathedral. The doors of that spacious edifice were also at that time thrown open to the faithful, who attended in large numbers to unite their prayers with those of the clergy, that God might bless the diocese and its pastors, and, through them, its people.

ORDINATION.

On Saturday morning, the 30th ult., the holy order of priesthood was conferred at Dundas on Rev. Richard T. Burke, son of Mr. Martin Burke, Governor's Road, Hamilton. The ceremony took place in St. Augustine's Church, which was neatly and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The attendance of faithful was very large. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Carbery presided at the ceremony, at which also assisted the Very Rev. Father Dowling, V. G., Paris, who preached on the occasion, the Very Rev. Chancellor Keough, Dundas, Rev. Father Funcken, D. D., President of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, the Rev. Father Schmidt, of the Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls, besides eighteen priests of the diocese of Hamilton. Father Dowling's sermon was, like all that reverend gentleman's efforts, characterized by sound reflection, solid reasoning, choice and harmonious language, besides effective delivery. We wish Father Burke many happy years in the Christian Ministry.

PERSONAL.

Among the gentlemen lately called to the Bar of Ontario is Mr. R. J. Dowdall of Almonte. Mr. Dowdall brings with him to the profession marked natural ability and untiring industry. We bespeak for him distinction and success. The path of the young Catholic lawyer to high position and to solid standing, in a word, to triumph, in his profession is no easy one. None but such qualities as those with which our friend is endowed can achieve this happy result. That he will put those qualities to profit is not only the earnest hope, but the fixed conviction of his friends.

IN THE EAST.

Russia has triumphed in Bulgaria, and the Eastern question is nearer than ever to solution. Alexander of Battenberg, who had held the throne of that disturbed and disputed principality after having been driven into exile, and permitted to return, is now forced to abdicate: "I cannot," he says, "remain in Bulgaria, for the Czar will not permit me; because my presence is inimical to the interests of the country, I am forced to quit the throne." "The independence of Bulgaria," he adds, "requires that I leave the country. If I did not Russia would occupy it." The abdication of Alexander has proved to the world that Russia is again predominant in the Balkan principalities, and that she is again more resolutely than ever shaping her course for Adrianople and thence for the Bosphorus. The Czar is once more in the ascendant, and his great minister, M. de Giers, covered with glory. To-day the latter stands on footing of equal eminence with Prince Bismarck, while the Salisbury and de Freycinet are hopelessly overwhelmed in the turmoil of weak and halting domestic policies. Britain has received the severest rebuff from Russia it has known since 1870, and it takes the rebuff rather mildly. There is now no Beaconsfield to take up the gauntlet so fearlessly cast down by the potentate of the north, and the Ottoman empire stands without shelter, without protection, without hope. The London Times seeks to throw the responsibility of the crisis on Germany and Austria, but the world is not to be deceived. The treaty of Berlin was Britain's work, and by its cancellation British prestige must be the loser. Had Britain sustained Mr. Gladstone in the late elections, united its great but divided forces, and consolidated its vast but scattered strength by the concession of Home Rule to Ireland, not any power in Europe could have defied her as has Russia. The Times says that the date of the entry of Russian troops into Bulgaria is an unimportant detail. All that has been effected by the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria is, it declares, the enlargement of a slice of the Turkish empire, which Russia now secures by the operation. The Times adds that German and Austrian—it might too have said British indifference—notably springs from a consciousness of inability to prevent Russian advances. Then it dolefully observes that the central powers may be making the best of unpleasant and unavoidable circumstances, but cannot pretend that the course of events is such as they, if masters of the situation, would prescribe. The very same will be said of England by the two powers reproached for their indifference by the Times. Upon the devoted head of Prince Bismarck the Morning Post pours the phials of its wrath:

"We greatly doubt whether Prince Bismarck's policy will ensure the peace of Europe. Europe will have no peace until the wrongs Russia has inflicted on a rising people are avenged. Whatever may be the reasons which induce Bismarck to sacrifice Prince Alexander to the personal animosity of the Czar, we cannot believe that Europe will approve a policy tending to make the Czar the arbitrator of the whole continent."

Who is to lead on the Europe spoken of by the Post against Russia. Is it divided and weakened Britain? Is it distracted and disheartened France? Germany and Austria are evidently not hostile to further Russian aggression upon Turkey provided they get compensation in some other form. England is altogether out in the cold. At the time of Alexander's first deposition the American wrote:

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IS IT TRUE?

The Globe of Monday, Sept. 8th, has the following concerning the Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior. "At a meeting at Cayuga last week, Hon. Thos. White accepted an incidental speech by producing a portrait of Biel with a rope round his neck. As he unrolled the portrait he sneeringly remarked:—'This is one of the new saints of the Roman Catholic Church!'"

We make no comment on the above extraordinary statement. We hold ourselves in reserve till the Minister shall have had time to repudiate this grave charge. We hope for Canada's honor that it is without foundation. Silence will be no answer to a charge so grievous affecting the honor of Canada and its government.

A METHODIST MOAN.

And now the voice of the Methodist is heard in the land murmuring that he hath not political influence commensurate with his numbers and intelligence. At the General Conference on Saturday, Sept. 4th, Rev. S. H. Matthews moved—"That in view of the fact that we, as a people, have not a position and influence in the management of the affairs of the country to which our numbers and intelligence entitle us, we recommend our people to take a deeper interest in the political affairs of the country and support each other more strongly than in the past." He pointed out that the Methodists had 742,000 adherents in the Dominion, or nearly one-fifth the population. Yet there was not a single Methodist in the Dominion Government. The despatch from which we take this resolution, informs us that during the discussion on the subject, the name of Mr. Bowell was mentioned, but it was stated that he was only an adherent and not a member. Some one also mentioned Mr. Carling, but the reply was that he was a brewer. In reference to the last named honorable gentleman, we may say that it is a recognized fact in political circles that Mr. Carling was brought into the Cabinet to succeed Mr. Aikins, now Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, who is certainly Methodist enough. Mr. Carling is in all respects more generally acceptable to the public than was Mr. Aikins. Is that the reason the Methodists now repudiate him? Let us follow the despatch:

It must. The events of the last few days are full of significance. Not only do they prove the purpose of the "three emperors" to act together, but show that the Latin races, are not, no more than Britain, to have a decisive voice in European continental politics. France is not even thought of in the new arrangement, Italy treated with undignified and not undeserved contempt, Britain shouldered mercifully out into cold and shadowy isolation. Whatever the near future may bring, we will not predict, but that mighty changes are a hand no man with eyes open to current events can fail to see. Europe stands on the eve of another readjustment. Let us hope that it may be effected with little bloodshed and conduce to the lasting welfare of its peoples.

THE CEREMONY AT WOODSTOCK.

The ceremony at Woodstock on Sunday last, of which a full report elsewhere appears, for which we stand indebted to the Advertiser, was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable that has ever taken place in Western Ontario. Woodstock is one of the most intensely Protestant communities in the Province. In the census of 1881 the total population was given at 5,375. The religious census then showed the following results:

- Presbyterians..... 1,680 Church of England..... 1,503 Methodists..... 1,288 Baptists..... 637 Catholics..... 302

As it was then in the town so it was in the adjoining county. In the whole north riding of Oxford, exclusive of Woodstock, there were in 1881 by the official figures 503 Catholics. Yet it is in the midst of this intensely non-Catholic community that the Bishop of London, on Sunday last, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, laid and blessed the cornerstone of a new \$10,000 Catholic church. Before hundreds of eager and respectful non-Catholics he spoke the truth as handed down by the Apostles and their successors, and proved to a demonstration that the Church Catholic is the very House of God, the ark of salvation, the organ of the Holy Spirit, the fold without which there is no redemption. Of Father Pardow's sermon we can only say, that it was one overwhelmingly strong in argumentation, and irresistibly in its impressiveness. A pleasing feature of the day's proceedings—and a day it was memorable in the annals of the opulent and progressive town of Woodstock—was the hearty co-operation lent Father Brady by leading Protestant gentlemen. We hope that the good feeling thus evidenced will ever endure. It will be no fault of Father Brady's if it does not, nor if Woodstock fails to become one of Canada's leading civic communities, by its generous observance of the dictates of good citizenship, of Christian forbearance and hearty good will.

THE LADIES' RETREAT.

The retreat for the ladies, of which due notice was given in our columns, began on the 30th of August, and ended on the following Saturday. Many ladies from London and elsewhere were in attendance. The preacher was the Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., who delighted his auditors by his clear, instructive and touching discourses. Impossible is it indeed to assist with sincerity at his sermons without deriving therefrom very great good. The Lady Superior and her devoted co-operators of the Sacred Heart Academy deserve the lasting gratitude of the Catholic ladies to whom they so kindly and thoughtfully afforded the unpeakable advantages of this retreat, which will long be remembered by all privileged to attend its exercises.

THE LATE FATHER ANSBRO.

The late intelligence has reached us of the death of Rev. John Ansbro, pastor of the diocese of St. Paul, Minn., of the Rev. John Ansbro, pastor of that place. Father Ansbro was ordained here in 1871 and for many years labored with much zeal in this diocese. He was pastor successively of Wyoming and Corunna, and had been assistant at Irishtown and Stratford, in all of which places he is kindly remembered. Father Ansbro was possessed of many excellent qualities that endeared him to his people and his friends. We heartily commend him to the prayers of the clergy and faithful of London.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We beg to call the attention of our correspondent "Pilgrim" from Kemptonville, to the report we elsewhere published of the late pilgrimage from Ottawa to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, in charge of the Rev. Father Sloan.

FATHER FLANNERY'S annual picnic will take place on the 15th, at St. Thomas. This demonstration promises to be the event of the season in the prosperous southern city. Father Flannery's friends, and they are legion, will spare no effort to make the picnic a great financial success, and a social event of the most pleasing character.

ELSEWHERE will be found a full report of the installation of the Very Rev. Father Gauthier as parish priest of Brockville and Dean of the Diocese of Kingston. We beg to tender our hearty congratulations to His Lordship the Bishop on his judicious selection of a successor to Father McCarthy, and to Father Gauthier on his deserved promotion. Father McCarthy will, as the Bishop said, meet a warm welcome in Williamstown, where he is held in the highest esteem.

WE DEEPLY regret that, through sheer inadvertence, there appeared in our issue of August 25th a letter containing undue and unjust reflections on Bourget

College being one of our municipalities situated in the city of London, the Co. whose future...

THE ADMITTANCE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO THE CATHOLIC COMMUNITY OF LONDON, ON SUNDAY LAST, IN THE PRESENCE OF A VAST CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE, LAID AND BLESSED THE CORNERSTONE OF A NEW \$10,000 CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE OWNERS OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD, in view of the fact that we, as a people, have not a position and influence in the management of the affairs of the country to which our numbers and intelligence entitle us, we recommend our people to take a deeper interest in the political affairs of the country and support each other more strongly than in the past.

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THE CEREMONY AT WOODSTOCK.

The ceremony at Woodstock on Sunday last, of which a full report elsewhere appears, for which we stand indebted to the Advertiser, was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable that has ever taken place in Western Ontario.

In the census of 1881 the total population was given at 5,373. The religious census then showed the following results: Presbyterians 1,650; Church of England 1,303; Methodists 1,288; Baptists 637; Catholics 302.

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WE DEEPLY regret that, through sheer inadvertence, there appeared in our issue of August 28th a letter containing undue and unjust reflections on Bourget

College, Rigaud, Quebec. The letter being seemingly in the handwriting of one accustomed to send us eulogistic communications concerning this worthy institution, it was permitted to appear without that careful scrutiny it should have been subjected to.

THE Ottawa Citizen some time ago admitted to its columns a villainous attack on His Grace Archbishop Duhaime. The sub-editor of that journal—who really runs the paper—Johnston, of Belfast, Ballykilbeg, or elsewhere in "loyal" Ulster—no friend of bishops, priests, or papists—now seeks to escape the consequences of his folly in permitting the reproduction of the article in question from the Toronto paper in which it first appeared.

THE Pilot assures us that the people of Wales are heartily sick of the Anglican establishment, pointing out that only "one-tenth of the Welsh people adhere to Anglicanism, yet one thousand clergymen of that denomination have their livings in Wales.

ST. MARY'S, WOODSTOCK.

THE CORNER STONE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Laid and Blessed by the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh.

THE SERVICES—THE CEREMONY—THE PARTICIPANTS—EPILOGUE OF THE DAY'S DOINGS.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Roman Catholic Church at Woodstock was solemnized yesterday in accordance with the beautiful and impressive ritual of the Catholic Church.

The steps taken by the Woodstock congregation in the erection of the new St. Mary's Church were initiated and successfully carried out by Rev. Father Brady; the resident priest. Since the movement was started that official has been untiring in his efforts, and has utilized every opportunity to raise money to forward the cause.

Among those who rendered their able assistance to Father Brady were: Mesdames M. Furry, J. O'Neill, P. Farrell, H. Thompson, Flynn, Kindall, M. Egan, J. Lundy, L. Dunn, J. Dunn, P. Callahan, J. Slattery, B. Slattery, J. Lappin, Agrofie, J. Halse, J. Rooney, S. Frizelle, A. Johnston, Baker, J. Cummings, J. McDonald, J. McPhee, A. Morrison, E. Kerwin, J. H. Harwood.

Misses C. O'Neill, J. Thompson, M. Thompson, A. Farrell, M. Furry, B. Agrofie, C. Agrofie, B. Kendall, M. Murray, A. Murray, M. Carney, D. Carney, M. McQueen, M. Dunn, K. Dunn, J. Lyons, N. Everett, B. Mulley, M. Egan, K. Egan.

Messrs. J. F. O'Neill, M. Egan, P. Farrell, M. Furry, J. E. Thompson, Geo. O'Neill, Wm. Farrell, J. Jacque, S. Frizelle, Brang, Lappin, Swank, J. Howard, J. Flynn, Jas. Lappin, J. McGahan, J. J. Lundy, Wm. Baker, J. Cummings, J. McPhie, A. Morrison, E. Kirwin, Dr. Thrall, G. R. Pattullo, Jas. Brody (Ingersoll), Dr. McLaughlin, J. Frizelle (Ingersoll), Dr. McLaughlin.

THE CHURCH. The edifice, designed by Mr. Durand, architect, of London, when completed will be one of the handsomest buildings in Woodstock—the town of churches. It is situated on Oxford street, between Drew street and Ingersoll avenue, one of the prettiest localities in the town. The walk from the Grand Trunk station, or from any central point of the city to the new church, leads one past a continuation

of neat residences and shady boulevards, through Vanstarrt avenue, Vanstarrt Park and Central Park. Not a great while ago Woodstock contained a very small number of Roman Catholics, but during the last few years, and especially since the body has been under the pastorate of Rev. Father Brady, they have made marked progress.

THE BISHOP'S SERMON. At the morning service high mass was solemnized by Rev. Father J. P. Molphy, of Ingersoll. Rosewig's Mass in G was sung by the choir, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop from the following text: I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever.

These words, said the Bishop, were addressed by Christ to His apostles at one of the most solemn periods of His life. The proof that He was the Son of God had been established by His living and His deeds. His death He had forecast, and at the time He addressed these words to His apostles the news that was to come to lift and redeem a fallen world was known.

It has pleased the three adorable persons of the most blessed Trinity to assume three distinct offices, and to exercise three distinct operations in the world. The Eternal Father assumed the office of Creator, the Son that of Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost that of Sanctifier and Illuminator. Time was when nothing existed save God alone. No created voice broke the awful stillness of the eternity in which He lived.

1. The church is necessarily infallible, and cannot err in her office of teaching, for she is the organ through which the Holy Ghost speaks to mankind, and teaches them to observe all things whatsoever Christ has commanded. "When He, the spirit of Truth, shall come," says Christ, "He will teach you all truth, and will recall to your mind all things whatsoever I have said unto you." They, therefore, who deny the infallibility of the church, deny by implication the office of the Holy Ghost in the world and the divinity of Christ who sent him into the world, and through him to secure His church from error.

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devious paths of error, and placed them on the road that leads to happiness. He at last died the cruel death of the cross, and by the shedding of His blood bought out the handwriting of death that was against us, made full atonement for human wickedness and reconciled us to heaven. He died for our sins and rose again for our justification and ascended into heaven to prepare a place for us in the many mansions of His Father's house.

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her sacraments nourish and fertilize the soul and cause it to bloom like a garden with the fragrant flowers of holiness.

3. The church is indivisibly one because the Holy Ghost is numerically one. Hence as there are not two Holy Ghosts there cannot be two true churches. The church is the mystic body of Christ, and is as complete in its oneness as the human body itself is complete in its oneness. It follows therefore as a necessary consequence that all who through their own fault are not members of this body of Christ, do not partake of His life, and are not in the way of salvation.

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sincerity, but I doubt if St. Paul would recognize the heartiest for genuine. It seems to mean in many cases, follow your private judgment, unless it leads to Catholicity, but don't follow it then. Why not? I wonder. Strange principle, which is not always true! The Father spoke at length on sincerity as described in the Bible. That merchant alone was sincere who was willing to sell all, to keep a sacrifice, as soon as he found the pearl of great price.

The discourse was eloquent and impressive, and secured the strict attention of the large congregation. Want of space prevents us publishing more than the above short synopsis.

Rev. Father Lennon of Brantford officiated in the evening at Vespers and Benediction. In connection with the solemnizing of high mass in the morning cannot be otherwise described than as "grand." The Sacred Heart choir's rendition of Rosewig's Mass in G was excellent and would have reflected great credit to the choir of a large city.

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P. Q.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record. Dear Sir,—A certain crank who signed "Amicus," wrote a very fictitious correspondence in your paper of August 28th, concerning Bourget College, Rigaud, P. Q. Poor "Amicus" pretends to know the changes in Bourget College, and does not perceive that he is delirious. How can an imbecile reading far away in a town situated on the Bay of Quinte, know anything about the staff of Bourget College? In his absurd nomination he appoints Rev. Father J. E. Laporte, president of St. Rigaud Academy; this academy only exists in the disordered imagination of "Amicus," who failed to obtain a diploma some time ago. His names Rev. Father T. R. Couta, P. S. V., professor of dogmatic and moral theology; it will be Rev. Father J. Desrosiers, Rev. Father Coutu will retain his same office, president of the college and prefect of studies. Rev. Father L. N. Braville will teach intellectual and moral philosophy, as he did last year, and not sciences as amiable "Amicus" stated. The Rev. C. E. Derobie, C. S. V., prefect of the commercial courses, who had last year as assistants Rev. Patrick Corcoran, C. S. V., Rev. Father Thos. Kelly and Rev. Father John S. Quinn (the two latter are priests of the diocese of Kingston); will have to help him this year the following reverend gentlemen: P. W. Brown, J. Barry, T. McTiernan, J. H. Cashing and W. McLaughlin. The number of the Irish students attending Bourget College is rapidly increasing, consequently the Superior has been obliged to have a few more Irish professors than last year. All these professors, both last year's and this year's, are of Irish origin, language and manners, and they do not appear disposed to abdicate their nationality to please "Amicus."

I believe that the editor should have waited for a better authority than that of "Amicus" before publishing such a letter against a college staff, that is desirous to educate the Irish youth in their own language, by imparting to them a solid religious, English and commercial education. Thanking you for your generous hospitality in the columns of your paper.

I remain, dear sir, Yours respectfully, T. R. COUTU, P. S. V.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. FROM WINDSOR.

BAPTISM AND PROFESSION OF FAITH OF THREE COLORED CONVERTS.

In the winter chapel adjoining St. Alphonsus Church, on Sunday afternoon, the 29th of August, Rev. Dean Wagner, assisted by Father Scanlan, administered the sacrament of Baptism and received the solemn profession of faith of three colored women. One of these catechumens was born and brought up in slavery in the usual way, won freedom by flight, and at the present time, although fifty-four years of age, is now industriously striving to learn the beautiful and most necessary prayer, "Credo." On Monday morning, despite the rain falling heavily at the time, with zeal and piety worthy of emulation by persons born in Holy Church, these three converts were early at Mass, not as curious sight-seers, but as children of One Father whose happy privilege it is to receive our Dear Lord in the Blessed Eucharist.

The public exercises of the jubilee commenced on Thursday, the 2nd inst. The evening instructions are in English and are preached by Rev. Father McBrady, O. S. B.; Sandwich, the morning English sermons by Dean Wagner, the French by a Capuchin Father from Detroit. The various services are well attended, and the sight of so many availing themselves of this happy season must gladden the heart of our esteemed pastor, who can console himself with the thought that few, if any of his parish will not make the jubilee. Windsor, September 4th, 1886.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

By the Priestly Fathers. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

A Priestly Joke.

Some people who are not acquainted with priests have an idea that they are solemn, stern men who can't appreciate a joke, and never think of telling one.

There is a good hidden mystery in this. It would be a great thing if each and every one of us thoroughly understood the full meaning of these words—that you and I, each one of us who has been baptized in Christ is a Son of God.

It is our duty, dear brethren, in this world to cultivate and develop and make perfect this sonship of God in our souls.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders.

A Complete Breakdown "For ten years," says Jennie M. Harrett, of Wallaceburg, Ont., "I did not see a well day—was all broken down with dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh and debility.

Great Excitement in Wales About a Marvellous Cure.

LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BED. MR. EDITOR.—While spending a few days at the pleasant seaside town of Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire, Wales, I heard of a cure which seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous cure.

Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty of going to the village, and inquired to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, and to enquire about this wonderful cure.

On my return to Aberystwyth, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called "Fancome-Mawr," signifying "above the single," situated near the summit of a smooth rocky hill, overlooking a beautiful valley in which is situated the lovely ivy-mantled Church of Llandudno.

Mr. Pugh remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having been consulted by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, chemist of Llanon. He said Mr. Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish, but was now living in the parish of Llandudno.

Worms Cause Much Sickness among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

WOMEN'S WORKER'S OIL. For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS. I will send a valuable Treatise, free, to any person desiring the same, that has been the means of curing many cases of Drunkenness.

CARRIAGES. W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Bevere House.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION. Special Cheap Sale During Exhibitions Week.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

GENERAL DEBILITY. All suffering from General Debility, or unable to take sufficient nourishment.

HARKNE'S & COY., DRUGGISTS, COR. DUNDAS & WELLINGTON STS. LONDON, ONTARIO.

Royal Canadian Insurance Co. FIRE AND MARINE. J. BURNETT, AGENT.

DEBLOWERS' STRAWBERRY EXTRACT-WILD. A PROMPT AND RELIABLE CURE For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults.

FITTS' EPILEPSY permanently cured by a new system of treatment. Two Trial Bottles sent free.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT. J. BURNETT & CO. Taylor's Bank, London.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to make money with our new book "Eternal Punishment." It contains articles from the pens of Canada's most eminent writers.

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.

Illustrative Sample Free. SELF-PRESERVATION. HEAL THYSELF!

HEAL THYSELF! Do not expend hundreds of dollars for advertised patent medicines at a dollar a bottle.

SELF-PRESERVATION. Three hundred pages, substantial binding. Contains more than one hundred invaluable prescriptions.

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

THE PUBLISHERS DESIRE TO CALL attention to the following list of Books made expressly for canvassing purposes.

D. & J. SABLIER & CO., 31 and 33 Barclay St., New York.

WHITE SULPHUR BATHS. Dupont's Baths and Pleasure Grounds, Dundas Street, London, are now open.

JOHN FLEMING Prop. 16 DUNDAS STREET, CITY.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods.

THE DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY LONDON, ONT.

MANAGER: OFFICE—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St. London Ont.

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

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, China and Paala for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.

LONDON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.

Staff: W. N. Yerex; S. C. Edger; W. J. Elliott; Miss Kirkpatrick and the Principal. Special: Professors Tyndall & Davidson.

NEW SUITINGS. All Wool Tweed Suitings, \$14. All Wool Tweed Trouserings, \$3.50.

PETHICK & M'DONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Is a PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER.

I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, but to remove their cause.

LIVER COMPLAINT. SYMPTOMS Yellow Eyes, Sallow Complexion, Right Shoulder, Alternating Constiveness and Diarrhoea.

CAUSE The Liver being the Largest Glandular Organ, and a filter for the blood, is often diseased.

CURE The Diet should be Plain and Nourishing to make Pure Blood and Healthy Bile.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Which acts at the same time upon the Blood, Stomach and Bowels.

THUS D. B. B. CURES LIVER COMPLAINT. CONSUMPTION.

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

Bennett Furnishing Company, LONDON, ONT., CANADA.

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, China and Paala for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.

SOUTHCOTT & PATTEN MERCHANT TAILORS. Are not excelled by any in the trade for NOBBY, GOOD AND PROPER FITS.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART. CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART LONDON, ONT.

Locality unrivalled for healthiness offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, Sarnia, Ont.—This Institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

S.T. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.—This Institution is pleasantly located in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and combines in its system of education, great facilities for acquiring the French language.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATELAIN, Ont.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This Institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway.

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