

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Catholic Record

London, Sat., Sept. 13th, 1890.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Does it spring from prejudice or ignorance? Being charitably inclined, we incline to the latter opinion, and we content ourselves with declaring that the minister who recently declared the Catholic Church to be opposed to science and to the Scriptures is a veritable phenomenon of ignorance. Amongst his kindred he is a brilliant light of erudition—a watchman, in fact, on the towers of Israel. Wise and liberal Protestants have not failed to refute this absurd and loathsome calumny. Mr. Laing, a traveller of some distinction and one nurtured by the milk of Presbyterianism, does not hesitate to say that the Catholic clergy seized on education to be at the head of the great social influence of useful knowledge. Colonel Mitchell, in his life of Wallenstein, declares that deep and indelible is the debt which religion and civilization owe to the early Roman Pontiffs, and to the Church of Rome. The charge that the Catholic Church is opposed to the reading of Holy Writ is as unjust as it is untrue. Readers of history, who see facts as they are, know well that before Luther, the Bible was scattered broadcast over the universe. At the Carton exhibition in London, in 1878, there were sixty different copies of Bibles, in Latin and German, published before 1503. The invention of printing dates from the year 1423, sixty years before Luther was born. In 1456 Guttenberg printed a Latin Bible at Mentz. We have English or Saxon Bibles of the eighth and tenth centuries.

For the week past, newspapers of every shade of politics and creed have paid their tributes of love and admiration at the shrine of the departed O'Reilly. Words, tender and sorrowful, have fallen from the lips of many an editor who would not countenance the policy of the dead patriot and who scrupled not to cast insult and invective against the giant who battled ever for the dearest interests of humanity. Why then, this universal mourning? O'Reilly was a man in the fullest sense of the word. His great heart went out to all. Weakness was ever the talisman which drew forth those gleams of genius which lighted up the way of humanity. Sincerity to his friends, charity to all, fidelity to God, formed round his soul and guarded it from the incursion of sham and prejudice. Hence, all over the world, wherever fame has spread its pinions, O'Reilly's name is whispered with faltering lips, and is accompanied by words of undying affection.

Why does not every Canadian city possess some purely literary club or association? This is a question oftentimes asked, and as yet not answered satisfactorily. Many societies are there in our midst, but the one which may unfurl a literary banner awaits the future for existence. What we mean by a literary society is this: the banding together of young men, not for smoking or for billiard playing, but for the discussion of a historical fact, of a social question, of an author, etc. Abstraction made from the knowledge to be acquired by such an association, it would go far to banish from our young men that frivolity which makes their hearts and minds but mere receptacles for the garbage of low aims and pursuits. And they would be persuaded that the highest is not material—that smoking and aimless conversation do not constitute man's noblest end. Who would not brush aside the commonplace on reading Ben Hur? And if we wandered amidst the glowing pages of Romola, and for an instant contemplated the unbending heroine, whose very soul was steeped in godlike charity—the faithless Melema, the caustic wit, and politicians who thronged around the stately palaces of Florence, and made their inmates the objects of ridicule, he would feel convinced that an hour's converse with a master spirit acts on toil-worn frame as ever cooling potion on fevered patient. "Book lore" is the good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it: saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle: giving him new thoughts and nobler aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation. "Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the poet's dream. Its base rests in the primeval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean: while the great authors who for traditional ages have held the chain of

science and philosophy of poetry and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven." The generation of to-day must know well this celestial ladder or be doomed to remain the prey of sudden ignorance. Let our young men, for the glory of their manhood and of their Church, strain every nerve to make themselves worthy combatants of life's great battle. They will not then be "hewers of wood and carriers of water."

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to hold a general Methodist Conference in September, 1891. The different Methodist churches of America will send two hundred delegates, and two hundred will be sent by the Methodist Churches of Great Britain, Ireland, France, Australia and Africa. The assembly will be called an Ecumenical Conference, in imitation of the Catholic expression "an Ecumenical Council," but it is evident that such a conference will have no power either to define doctrine or to prescribe matters of discipline which will be obligatory on the various Churches which will be represented. It is, therefore, difficult to imagine any useful purpose which can be served by such a gathering. There have been gatherings of Anglican Bishops, and of Presbyterian delegates under the names respectively of Pan-Anglican and Pan-Presbyterian Councils, but they were without any practical result, and it cannot be expected that the proposed Ecumenical Conference will be a whit more successful.

ONE Mrs. Maria B. Woodworth has been conducting evangelistic revival services at St. Louis, Mo., for the last two months, and recently thousands of persons attended her meetings. She is assisted by several lieutenants who sing and play somewhat on the manner of the Salvation Army, and it was a nightly occurrence that from fifty to two hundred and fifty men, women and children were stretched on their backs writhing in a sort of religious frenzy or in a stupor from exhaustion, while about a thousand of the audience were dancing, singing, shouting and swinging their arms about excitedly. Much harm has been done to those who were engaged in the revival, as it has transpired that the secret of the so-called evangelist's power lies in the fact that she is an insane woman of great hypnotic power, and that she brings her subjects under the mesmeric influence which she exercises. Mrs. Woodworth claims to have extraordinary divine visions. She says that she has conversed many times with God, Christ, the Trinity and also with the devil, and that she is on familiar terms with them all. She says that she visited both heaven and hell, and described them graphically. She is the same person who, while preaching recently at Oakland, California, foretold that the large cities of that State would be overthrown by earthquakes and tidal waves. The strangest part of the matter is that so many thousands of people allow themselves to become the dupes of such impostors.

The Republicans of Wisconsin have inserted in their platform the following principle: "We assert that the parent or guardian has the right to select the time of the year, and the place, whether public or private, and wherever located in which his child or ward shall receive instruction."

Yet with strange inconsistency they uphold the Bennet law of last session of the Legislature, which denies to parents the right of sending their children to private schools. The Democrats have pledged themselves to repeal the obnoxious law, and on this issue the campaign will be conducted. Mayor Peck, who was elected to the Mayorality of Milwaukee by a majority of 7,600, will be the Democratic candidate for the Governorship. He will be opposed by Governor Hoard, who upholds the Bennet law. The Catholics and the German Lutherans will give their full strength to the Democratic candidates, and it is expected that they will succeed.

A PROTESTANT German traveller in East Africa describes the Catholic missions of Uganda in terms of the highest admiration. The mission at Bagamayo has been in existence since 1869, and have over a hundred boys and about the same number of girls in their schools, who are trained to cleanliness and work, receiving at the same time lessons in Christian doctrine and elementary secular subjects. The Brothers of the Society of the Holy Ghost, who have charge of the schools, all possess a knowledge of some trade in which they instruct their pupils, giving them at the same time the example of industry, which is a powerful

incentive to the children. They cultivate coffee, cocoa, vanilla and indigo, and teach the best mode of cultivation to the children, thus making them aware of the capabilities of the soil, and the young people are themselves patenas of industry and Christian living to the neighboring tribes. The writer states that the English Protestant missions compare very unfavorably with those of the Brothers. The Algerian Brothers, another religious order, are equally successful at Victoria Nyansa, and in Uganda, throughout which territory there are several branch stations.

MR JOHN KENT, a member of the Public School Board of Toronto, died suddenly at his residence last week of diabetes. He was a victim to the so-called Christian Science delusion. Having been told that Mrs. Stewart, of Markham street, could effect a cure, he placed himself under her care. She forbade the use of any medicine, and ordered him merely to put his will in accord with the divine will, and that thus his cure would be effected. Dr. Carveth had prescribed to him a certain diet, but Mrs. Stewart released him from the doctor's prescription and told him he might eat whatever he liked. She also removed the pads and bandages which had been applied to him under the doctor's directions. He followed Mrs. Stewart's prescriptions for about two weeks, until it was beyond the power of the physicians to do him any good. Mr. Kent was fifty-three years of age.

HIS Eminence the late Cardinal Newman was universally beloved in Birmingham by Catholics and Protestants alike. A correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing from Birmingham, says:

"His passing away is indeed the one subject of conversation, as it was last night the one theme in all pulpits. Not one word of disparagement have I heard of the merits of the lamented Prince of the Church, though I have conversed on the subject with members of all denominations, from high Anglicans down to uncompromising Dissenters and avowed heretics. Quite apart from the tender and loving side of his nature, the absolute fearlessness of the Cardinal excited admiration even from his most resolute, dogmatic opponents, and they are not slow to testify to the merits of a chivalrous and often generous foe. The shop windows in every street are filled with photographs and pictures of the deceased, and the booksellers' shops teem with biographies and pamphlets affecting his life."

The title war is still carried on in Wales with great determination on both sides. The clergy have engaged a number of emergency men to assist in the collection of the tithe, and recently a raid was made by a troop of the Tenth Hussars, twenty policemen and several emergency men. The people were called upon by the blowing of horns to resist, and the houses were barricaded, but the invading force succeeded in seizing cattle, which were afterwards released on payment of the tithe. About £30 were collected, but the indignation of the people is very great against the Anglican clergy, who thus remorselessly enforce payment from people who do not belong to the Church.

HOME RULE.

THE BATTLE FOR A PARLIAMENT IN COLLEGE GREEN.

Mr. John Slattery, town councillor of Cork, and President of the Celtic League Association for the South of Ireland, was liberated from prison, in which he had been imprisoned under the Coercion Act, and on his release was conducted into Cork by thousands of friends and several bands of music. Among those who greeted Mr. Slattery were the Mayor of Cork and Messrs. Flynn and Deasy, members of Parliament. The Government has not succeeded in making patriots disreputable in making Mr. Powell, editor of the Midland Tribune, has also been released unconditionally, this being the third time of his imprisonment on frivolous charges. He had this time the savage sentence of six months, but as his health was so impaired that longer imprisonment would have put his life in jeopardy his term has been shortened. Mr. Balfour is now afraid to carry out the scheme of murdering Nationalists in the jails in order to settle the agitation for Home Rule.

The police and magistrates of Tipperary have been guilty of another tyrannical outrage against Mr. Robert P. Gill, an engineer of high standing, and brother to the member of Parliament for Louth. Mr. Gill, while crossing a street, was deliberately obstructed by a policeman who stood on the crossing. Mr. Gill, in passing, slightly jostled the surly boor, by accident, and for this he was charged with assault and sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment. The sentence was made thus short in order to prevent an appeal, and the magistrate refused to increase it, though asked to do so. Application has been made, however, to the Court of Queen's Bench to compel them to state the case for decision by the court. The publicity which has been given

through England to police and landlord atrocities in Ireland has made the Government exceedingly circumspect when Irish political meetings are visited by prominent English Liberals. Mr. Moreton, the Secretary of the Home Rule Union of England, assisted recently at a meeting at Congroy, and when it was ascertained that Mr. Moreton would be present orders were given that the police should not take their rifles to the meeting, but only batons. The secret why this course was adopted is that Mr. Moreton had told on more than a hundred platforms in England of the atrocities which had before been witnessed at Congroy. The Government evidently desire that the English people shall believe that the atrocities are not so bad as they are represented to be. A large force of police was present at Mr. Moreton's meeting, but they did not, as they usually do on such occasions, interfere to break it up. They evidently had orders to exercise moderation.

The work of eviction recently effected at Lasticland, near Schull, was followed by the usual barbarous unroofing of the tenants' houses, which were thus rendered uninhabitable. Portions of the walls were also torn down. Mr. Thomas H. Mannion, the evictor, superintended the work of destruction, and was aided by a large force of policemen and emergency men.

A circular has been issued from Dublin Castle with reference to the use of firearms by the constabulary. It states in cases of attacks, etc., on the police, in which it may become necessary for them to use their firearms, it is of the greatest importance that the officer in command should give all his attention to the supervision of the men acting under his orders. He should not, therefore, except in case of extreme necessity, fire himself, but should give deliberate word of command to one or more of his men to fire a specified number of rounds. Should the officer alone be armed, and the necessity for firing arise, he should use his weapon to a steady man of his party. These orders have been given in consequence of the reckless shooting which recently occurred at Congroy.

Lord Hattington spoke last week at a Union demonstration at York. He said he believed the exultations of the Gladstonians were wasted. The session recently closed could scarcely be paralleled in any period of English history, even during the bitterest party contests. He regarded the Gladstonians that contempt for or miscalculation of the strength of the Unionist party was likely to lead to disaster. It could not be denied that the success of the Parnellite tactics rendered Parliament impotent, and made the Irish party more formidable than it had ever been in the days of O'Connell or of Mitchell and Smith O'Brien. This success, he was convinced, had been the chief factor in the conversion of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and a majority of the Liberals to Home Rule. They did not think that Ireland with Home Rule would be better governed, but believed that it was useless longer to contend against the invidious poison that was sapping the life of Parliamentary government. He, however, was of the opinion that they ought not to succumb, but should resist to the last, as their predecessors had done, and he believed that public opinion would support the Unionists in so resisting.

Considering that the bettering of the condition of the people of Ireland is the last thing for which the British Parliament seems to care, the colonies with which His Lordship states that the country will not be better governed with Home Rule, is exceedingly refreshing. It cannot certainly be worse governed than it is at present. His Lordship does not see the signs of the time in the bye-elections which have so unmistakably demonstrated that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy is sustained by public opinion, but which in the face of the facts he supposes to favor the continuance of alien rule. Ireland has been so perpetually marauded in the past that it is now settled by the best of statesmen that Home Rule alone will give redress.

Cork, Sept. 7.—Wm. O'Brien, speaking at Meelin, County Cork, said it would be Ireland's own fault if a single child of the tenantry ought not to pay a penny of rent until their families are provided for. They had no business to make begging appeals to Irishmen abroad, but should look to Mr. Balfour and his subtle schemes. It would be perfectly within their right to demand that the Boards of Guardians compensate them for the loss of their crops. If the guardians had the courage to boldly relieve the people their Irish leaders would promise to hammer extra life out of the Government. In regard to one writ recently served upon him, Mr. O'Brien said that Lord Salisbury thought to prevent him from going to America by means of a bankruptcy notice. It remained to be seen whether he would be more successful than in the role of a runaway libeller and blackmailer.

CARDINAL McCABE.

A beautiful and elaborate altar tomb has been erected in Glasnevin cemetery over the grave of Cardinal McCabe. It has a life size image of the Cardinal resting on an altar, over which a canopy is spread. It is one of the finest monuments in the cemetery. The canopy is of lime stone, carved very richly with Celtic ornaments, many of them copied from the most celebrated of the old Irish ecclesiastical monuments. The Cardinal is represented in full pontificals, with crossed hands. The likeness is a very striking one, and the details have been carried out with the utmost fidelity. At the head and at the feet of the statue are two angels, which, like the principal figure, are in Carrara marble of a quality which is likely not to suffer from exposure to the weather.

ALWAYS FAITH FIRST.

Dr. Hettinger's magnificent "Defence of Christianity" has just been put at the service of English readers by the London oratorian Father Bowden, under the title of "Natural Religion." The book opens, says the *Lycium*, with a discussion on "Doubt's history," and author of saving faith, the Man of faith—Plato as the victim and the type of doubt.

The apologist contends that the abused axiom of St. Anselm, "*Credo ut intellegam*," is the royal road to superstitious knowledge; whereas the "*Dubito ut cognoscam*" of Descartes is not only an unreasonable, but an impossible position. "That the mind must proceed from doubt to truth and certainty is unsound, repugnant to the nature of the intellect, and arbitrarily frustrates the craving for truth." "All epochs"—he affirms with Goethe—"in which faith is dominant, are brilliant, elevating, and pregnant for the present and future. Those, on the contrary, which are under the sway of a miserable scepticism dazzle for a moment, but are soon forgotten, because worthless is the knowledge which bears no fruit."

"Unbelief belongs to shallow, retrograding and narrow minds." "Of the two"—to make choice with Cardinal Newman—"I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing everything that is offered to our acceptance than that it is our duty to doubt everything. In the first case we should at least go forwards, the truth being, the error falling from our minds, whereas in the last case we should make no advance at all."

No word in the English language, when applied to religion, is so misunderstood as faith, though it seems at first sight simple enough. Human faith is the assent of the mind to the spoken word of a fellow man. Divine faith is assent to the word of God. This would seem plain enough, and yet there is a difficulty. We can assure ourselves of the fact that our friend has spoken, and be certain of his knowledge and veracity; but what is the ultimate criterion by which we know that God has spoken, and that this or that doctrine has been pronounced by Him? Thus the rational motives upon which we accept the existence of a revelation and determine its range, may be, and often are, capable of themselves of yielding only a high degree of probability, but in the act of faith certainty is perfected. This certainty does not originate in reflection; it is the spontaneous product of other influences, and is annexed to the direct act of the faculties of knowledge. If we are always to wait for proof—if we are to assume everything as doubtful until it is proved and proved to us, an act of faith would no longer be possible.

A paralytic man who has not moved his limbs for years is told to arise and walk, and that, on the authority of God. Previous to the act there was no evidence that he could walk, or that the word was the word of God; but in the act, when he finds himself walking, his certainty in that word, which had spoken to him with such healing power, is more than metaphysical, it is divine. On the other hand, if the paralytic man had refused to move until he had received some demonstrative proof—if he had guided himself by the principle "certainty prior to action"—he would assuredly never have arisen from the earth, nor entered into the temple of truth by the beautiful gate.

The theory of scientific doubt is, furthermore, unsound when applied to matters much less elevated than Divine faith. Not only does the just man live his supernatural life by Divine faith; his daily human life also is founded upon human faith. Remove this, let him act upon the principle of doubt in social intercourse, and the whole social system will collapse. It is contrary to our nature, whether towards our fellow beings or towards our Maker, so to proceed. Why, then, are we so irrational as to contradict the bent of our whole nature if faith is nearer and easier to the mind than scepticism?

The apologist whom we are following answers: A baloon, properly balanced, should rise of its own nature beyond the dark clouds into the region of purer light, and have but to let it go free and obey the impulse of its own condition. The captive baloon, however, is hindered from its natural ascent by the cords which bind it to the earth. The human intellect, receptive as it is of all truth, would expand of itself and ascend to the fullness of knowledge were it not for the bonds which hinder its flight. These are what we must remove in order to give perfect liberty to thought.

Doubt checks the expansive power of the mind. The causes of doubt are partly intellectual and partly moral. They are false symptoms of philosophy leading to a misdirection of the passions and will, or moral defects tending to intellectual blindness and error. Inherited prejudice and false training are the fruitful sources of both. The apology analyses these, and, concluding, insists that the earnest inquirer shall remove obstacles and seek to obey in freedom, the call of truth, and the tendency of his intellectual nature.

Having thus discussed the question of faith and doubt, and inquired into the causes of the latter, the second chapter of "Natural Religion" passes on to speak of truth. Again, we find the same two principles confronting us. The sceptic, after the fashion of a spider, spins his philosophic system from such paltry materials as he finds within himself, and the result is a beggary fabric. The man of faith, on the other hand, gathers his mental possessions from every region of existence to which he has access. What, then, according to his manner of viewing the question, is Truth, and what is true? "I will give you my definition,"

says St. Augustine, "and I have no fear of its being rejected for its brevity: *Verum mihi videtur esse id quod est*. (Truth seems to me to be that which is.) "Falseness," he says again, "begins when that which is not is believed to be." As a thing is, so it is; the mind must not pervert it, but be conformed to it. Truth is the adaption or conformity of mind to thing. As the thing is, so must be the mind's picture of it. The attitude of the sceptic is a denial of this. His own limited reason and his own desires become to him the measure of what is true. To each individual so regarding the object, truth may be something different; in fact, to the same individual what is true to-day may be false to-morrow. Thus Certainty becomes a phantom, ever sought and ever mocking the seeker.

Truth, according to the apology, is then classified into three orders: sensible, intellectual, and religious—with their negations: scepticism, materialism, and rationalism; the whole discussion being made to find its issue in the three proofs of God's existence from history, nature, and mind.

CRIMES IN RELIGION'S NAME.

They have a somewhat notorious place in London who is engaged in the business of proselytism. He directs the operations of a bureau or society of his own establishment, the chief function of which is to pick up stray Catholic children, or children bereft of proper parental care, and to find homes for them in which they will be brought up in the Protestant religion. Barnardo is the name of the fellow. And he is known as the doctor. Besides, he is a fanatic of the first order, and like all fanatics and cranks, is indifferent to law, order, personal rights or anything that might interfere with his business.

Two cases have been reported by recently arrived London papers, in which the courts "sat down heavy" upon the pious doctor. The most notable was that in which the custody of a lad named William Murphy was involved. William was the son of a deceased Catholic who had been baptized in the Catholic Church, and who had been handed over by a cruel stepfather to the care and custody of Dr. Barnardo. The Earl of Denbigh offered to become security for the education of the boy, but the sleek old proselytizer refused to give him up. Mr. Justice Kay promptly made an order constituting the earl as the child's guardian, and the youth has been released.

An extraordinary incident was devalued during the hearing. An affidavit was introduced by Dr. Barnardo's solicitor, purporting to have been given to young Murphy, in which he is reported to have sworn that he did not wish to become a Catholic or to be educated in that faith. The judge, however, took the boy into his private room and questioned him, and, coming back to court, said that the boy had told him that he was not happy and comfortable in Dr. Barnardo's "home," that he wished to be sent to a Catholic school, and had no objection to be brought up in the Catholic religion. As the judge very aptly said, the affidavit was not made by the boy, but for him. That was a nice foundation for a Christian life. A lad of tender years is taught at the very threshold of his religious experience to commit perjury in the name of Christianity. What sort of an impression must this awful crime make upon a tender and receptive mind!

Fanaticism, when it is directed against the Catholic Church, is capable of committing the most heinous of crimes. Lying, slander, perjury, forgery and fraud are its most potent weapons. And it expects to get accessions to Protestantism, by these methods, from the ranks of the Catholic body, when all the teachings of the Catholic Church are opposed to false swearing, to lying and to deceit. If Dr. Barnardo were in Boston he would be an honored guest at Mass Hall, and would be promptly voted in as a member of the committee on one hundred—*Boston Re public*.

MR. CURRAN, M. P.

At the annual outing of the Corn Exchange, one of the most powerful organizations in the Dominion, the president, Mr. Esdaile, speaking of the member for Montreal Centre, said: "Mr. J. J. Curran, our distinguished representative in the House of Commons, was always the friend of the merchants of Montreal. He was always on hand when the duties of his constituency required his presence; he was indefatigable for their interests at Ottawa, and the people would not forget his services. He hoped the day was not far distant when Mr. Curran would have a seat in the cabinet. Sir John Macdonald could not make a more popular selection." And this was not unreasonably received with what the reporters described as "loud cheers."

So far as popularity is concerned Mr. Curran is singularly fortunate. All classes of the community recognize his ability, his integrity and his zeal. He has won the good will of all races and creeds and stands *facile princeps* in the hearts of his own people. We hope with the president of the Corn Exchange that he may soon occupy the position in the Cabinet he has so well earned.—*True Witness*.

The officers of the Austrian warship *Minerva*, while visiting Rome last week sought an audience with the Pope before calling officially on the ministry. This has given great offence to Premier Crispi, and the Government journals denounce the act loudly as a significant act of disrespect to the Italian Government.

The Turkish soldiers at Jerusalem have expelled the Franciscan Fathers from the city, in spite of the protest of the French consul. The Fathers have flourishing missions in the city and throughout Asia Minor.

The Old Field Hawk.

Not far from old Kivara, in the merry month of May...

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LIV.—CONTINUED.

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The Heart's Christmas. Give me a clasp of thy hand, old love, And a tender glance from thine eyes...

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A CHILD OF MARY. AN EXAMPLE OF HEROISM AND WOMANLY SWEETNESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

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A MANLY TRIBUTE

PAID BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER TO SAINTLY SISTERS OF CHARITY.

THEY NURSED HIM TO LIFE IN A REMOTE CHINESE TOWN—THEIR DEVOTION TO THE SUFFERING—THEIR SELF-DENIAL—THEIR FAITH—THEIR GOOD WILL—THEIR DOING IN THE ORIENT—RELIGION IN CHINA.

In every spot on earth where there is human suffering to alleviate, human souls to save, human anguish to assuage, you are likely to find the zealous Catholic priest and the devoted Sister.

Rev. C. F. Schlipp, of St. Francis Xavier's church, Parkersburg, W. Va., saved a passenger train from being wrecked last Thursday night.

Heat and Cold. Are never-failing causes of disease. At this season of the year, neuralgia, toothache, and host of other diseases are rampant.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. Give me a clasp of thy hand, old love, And a tender glance from thine eyes...

The Catholic Record.

Published weekly at 41 and 43 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE B. NORTGRAVES, Editor.

REV. WILLIAM PLANNERY, THOMAS COFFEY.

Publisher and Proprietor, THOMAS COFFEY.

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Correspondence intended for publication.

Persons writing for change of address.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Sept. 13th, 1890.

THE EQUAL RIGHTERS' LATEST EXHIBITION.

The bogus association, which delights to call itself by the name of "the Equal Rights Union," is laboring to revive the issue which predominated during the recent election campaign.

At the meeting there was but a small attendance, the hall presenting for the most part an array of empty seats.

Both Professors still assert in effect that the Act in question grants to the Pope the position in legislation which belongs only to the Queen.

"The Pope's name was introduced as an authority in Canadian legislation."

Dr. Caven takes the same view, though he does not assert it quite so positively as Mr. Smith.

The two professors are not such legal luminaries as to be infallibly correct when they disagree with these authorities on a point of law.

It has been long since shown that the reason for the mention of the Pope's name is that his authority alone would avail in settling finally the division of the \$400,000 between the Jesuit order and the Bishops.

The statement that Pope Leo XIII. has issued an encyclical which "claims for the Papacy all that it ever usurped," meaning, as it does in the connection in which it is employed, that he has claimed temporal sovereignty over the world.

Such nonsense as this was swallowed eagerly enough by the "independent intelligence and worth" that were listening to the two professors.

It is peculiarly to "social parasites" to make "plausible though fallacious" appeals to prejudiced audiences.

He is quite welcome to all the consolation he can draw from such a victory as his party obtained in Toronto.

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description of the man in buckram whom the fat knight's valor put hors du combat.

We never for a moment supposed that either Ontario or Quebec is entirely free from fanaticism, but we had confidence, and we so expressed ourselves in the CATHOLIC RECORD, that the good-will which prevails in both provinces between Catholic and Protestant neighbors would be a sufficient obstacle to the success of a cry which could only result in discord and ill feeling.

Professor Smith's address was supposed to be the speech of the evening; but he and Dr. Caven were about equally lugubrious in lamenting the failure of their movement which was inaugurated with such a flourish of trumpets.

It would not be possible within the space at our disposal in this issue to follow up all the erroneous statements of the two Professors respecting Ultramontaniam and Jesuitism.

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set the Pope is judge, but his judgment is given, not as depending on his personal will, but on divine revelation.

The admirable pastoral letter which has been issued by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, and which appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD of last week, states accurately and eloquently the grievous wrong which has been inflicted on the Catholic body of the Province of Manitoba by the recent school legislation.

Hitherto both Catholics and Protestants were allowed to support their own schools, in the Province, and there was peace and harmony among all denominations, all being free to impart such religious education to their children as accorded with their sacred convictions.

We would be glad to deal with the calumnies which Mr. Smith heaps up against the Jesuits in his address, but the space at our disposal prevents us from doing so in this issue.

"Loyola, the founder of their order, was a man of greedy ambition, which, being balked in the military line, took the line of religious leadership and intrigue.

This is invective bitter indeed, but it is contradicted by the facts of history. No doubt, while Ignatius Loyola was a man of the world, he was ambitious, but he never forgot to fulfil as a man of noble mind the duties which love of his native land required from him.

The will of the majority as expressed by law is not always just, and in the present case the majority is attempting to enforce a manifest injustice.

The Manitoba of the 4th inst. says: "Their rights prior to the union have not been infringed upon. That is to say, they have not been deprived of the privilege they previously enjoyed of establishing private denominational schools."

It is precisely to prevent the majority in each province from inflicting such injustice that the provision was inserted in the British North America Act that the educational privileges enjoyed by the minority of each province should remain intact.

The perpetuation of Catholic rights is a matter which could do no injury to any one, and the Catholic minority are as deserving of protection as would be the Protestant minority in Quebec.

Such were the men who composed the original little band of Jesuits. Can either of their maligners exhibit such a record as every one of them has left on the page of history?

Mrs. STROSSMAYER, the Bishop of Diakovar, in Hungary, in a letter to Father Pierling, a Jesuit who is the author of a book entitled "The Popes and the Czars," expresses confidence that the time will soon come when the people of Russia and the South Slavonic nations will seek to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

The Public schools established in Manitoba are really Protestant schools, notwithstanding that they are euphemistically called national and non-sectarian.

deep seated hostility to Catholicism, and that the whole system will work according to Protestant ideas."

Mr. Dalton McCarthy had influence enough to induce the Manitoba Government to inflict this gross injustice on the peaceable and law-abiding Catholics of the Province, but we are convinced that the better feelings of those Protestants who love fair play will in the end prevail.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL LAW.

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FRANCOPHOBISM.

The Mail gives from Mons. Rameau the figures denoting the "expansion" of the French race in Canada, and calls it startling. The following are the figures for four Provinces:

Table with 3 columns: Province, 1851, 1861, 1881. Rows: Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia.

Commenting on this the Francophobe journal adds: "It will be observed that the increase of the French in Ontario is much more rapid than in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia."

The most startling thing about the matter is the complete lack of understanding displayed by the Mail in regard to the lesson which the figures tell. The increase of population of French origin in the four provinces indicated is 349 per cent. in twenty years, which, mathematically calculated, amounts to less than 11.7 per cent. for each decade separately taken.

Of course the actual state of the case is to be attributed in great measure to two causes: one, the large emigration of French-Canadians to the United States, the other, the immigration of other nationalities into Canada.

It does not appear from the figures that even in Quebec the population of French origin are increasing on a par with the general population of the Province. The population increased over 14 per cent. during the decade from 1871 to 1881, whereas the figures given above show that the increase of population of French origin during the two decades was only 26.7 per cent.

But it is true that the figures show a large increase of French-Canadians in Ontario. This is undoubtedly owing to the fact that many French-Canadians think they will better themselves by moving into this Province.

Whatever may be the extent to which French-Canadians may settle in Ontario, at the present time, they certainly cannot come in such numbers as to justify the fear that they will in time outnumber the English speaking population.

In the conviction that an increase in the population of our Province benefits the Province generally, we hold out inducements to foreigners to settle here. It would be very foolish if while we invite Icelanders, Russian and German, Jews and Mennonites, and Heligolanders to settle in the Dominion, we were to throw obstacles in the way of our own fellow citizens, Canadians by birth, from moving from one Province to the other if they see fit.

A CHILDREN'S RIOT.

A sad effect of religious rancor was witnessed in Toronto last week, culminating on Thursday. We clip from the Globe the following account of the occurrence.

A somewhat serious row occurred yesterday between the children attending the new Public school at the corner of Caer Howell street and those enrolled as pupils of St. Patrick's Separate school, William street.

The children go to school at the same hour, adjourn for recreation at a like time and are dismissed at 4 o'clock. They consequently meet at least three times per day, and that the meetings are not friendly past incidents as well as the present occurrence go to show.

The children attending the Separate school are designated "Dogans" by those attending the Public school, while "Protestant Brats" is the name given to the Public school pupils.

Further intelligence has developed the fact that the assailants were the Public school pupils, who attacked the St. Patrick's school children without any provocation.

Whether justly or not, all the blame in the recent fight between the scholars of the McCaul street Public school and the St. Patrick's Separate school is laid on the Protestant youths.

But on Saturday the truth of the matter was made manifest when summonses were issued against four pupils of Caer-Howell school, namely, Henry Bennett, 176 Centre street, nine years of age; Wm. Myers, 182 Centre street, twelve years; Robert Forsyth, 264 Simcoe street, eleven years; and Frederick Charleston, 248 Simcoe street, twelve years.

It has been frequently urged by the opponents of Catholic schools that Catholic or denominational teaching results in religious rancor.

Mr. J. J. Hill, the G. R. Railroad magnate, has given \$100,000 to establish a theological seminary in St. Paul, Minn. It is to be under the Archbishop Ireland.

C. M. B. A. CONVENTION.

The Catholics of Montreal essentially religious people much edified last week by their midst of delegates from the Dominion, who assembled for the purpose of promoting the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

The quiet, solemn demeanour of five hundred men, who were seated in St. Patrick's church in the ranks of the processional thirty or forty priests, represented every diocese in Canada, except spectators fervid expressions and of thanksgiving to God, genuine Catholicity existed in the quiet city and in the most of our country.

The election of Dr. MacCabe as President of the Grand C. M. B. A. is an augury of prosperity to that admirable organization.

Dr. MacCabe has been before the public as President of the Normal School in Ontario, and graduated under his masterly direction are his praise they bestow on him of manner, his clear, lucid intellect and his goodness of heart are found in every broad Dominion.

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The Church of St. Ambrose, O. C. was entered by burial and several valuable articles among which were a chalice valued at \$100.

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The Catholics of Montreal, who are an essentially religious people, were very much edified last week by the presence in their midst of delegates from all parts of the Dominion, who assembled for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

DR. MACCABE.

The election of Dr. MacCabe to the Presidency of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. is an augury of continued prosperity to that admirable association.

Mr. J. J. Hill, the Great Northern Railroad magnate, has given half a million dollars to establish a Catholic theological seminary in St. Paul.

The Church of St. Ambrose at Lorette, P. Q., was entered by burglars last week and several valuable articles were stolen, among which were a chalice and paten valued at \$100.

ELIZABETHAN IRISH IN SOHO.

WESLEY AND FATHER ARTHUR O'LEARY—A CHURCH WITH A HISTORY—LECTURE BY FATHER VERE.

On Sunday evening the Rev. L. G. Vere began the course of lectures announced by him at St. Patrick's, Soho, on Catholic work in that mission from 1792 to 1890, dealing with that period of the history of about ten years, ending with the death of Father O'Leary.

A REMNANT OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS. Any man who had read the history of England for the three hundred years would see what a difficult thing it was for our Catholic forefathers to hold the faith.

They protested against the interference of the Holy See. Things were in that terribly uncertain state when, in 1789, Father O'Leary came to London and opened St. Patrick's as one of the first public chapels in London which was not attached to an embassy.

A FAMOUS CONSTRUCTION CALLED THE CHINESE BRIDGE. In the year 1792 this building was leased by the Catholics of that day as a temple, as they called it, of Divine worship.

ON ST. MICHAEL'S DAY, IN 1792, St. Patrick's chapel was solemnly opened, the sermon being preached by Father O'Leary. They knew of Father O'Leary as a very great and able man, and also as a great wit.

IN 1778 an Act of Parliament was passed for relieving Her Majesty's subjects professing the English religion from certain penalties of disability on condition that they should subscribe to a certain oath of allegiance.

HATED POPERY WITH A GODLY HATRED, if he might use the expression. In Jan., 1780, he wrote a tract in defence of what was called the Protestant Association, to protest against that Act of Parliament which had been passed for the amelioration of the condition of Catholics in 1778.

THE TREMENDOUS RIOTS COMMENCED. On Friday, the 2nd June, 1780, the members of the Protestant Association presented their petition to the House of Commons, nearly one hundred thousand of them going to the house, and demanding that the Relief Bill should be withdrawn.

At 10 at night the destruction commenced. Part of the mob wrecked and set on fire the St. Paul's Chapel, and were only dispersed by the Guards. The chapel was entirely consumed by 12 o'clock at night.

More Catholic chapels were burned as well as several houses belonging to Catholics. They may imagine what the effect of that riot must have been on the Catholic inhabitants of London.

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES PROTESTING CATHOLIC DISSENTERS. They protested against the interference of the Holy See. Things were in that terribly uncertain state when, in 1789, Father O'Leary came to London and opened St. Patrick's as one of the first public chapels in London which was not attached to an embassy.

A LONG DREARY PERIOD. Catholics had scarcely any places of worship, except in the chapels attached to certain foreign embassies in London. After the Gordon Riots, and when Father O'Leary had been for some time in London, he, with certain of the Catholic gentry, conceived the idea of opening a church or chapel in London.

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HIS RESPECT FOR VIRTUE AND HIS ADMIRATION FOR GENIUS.

In conclusion, he would ask each and every one of us to offer up an earnest prayer to Almighty God that the work they had in hand would be accomplished. Let them pray to God that when the last stone was placed upon their new church that it may be entirely free from debt, so that they might assemble there together to celebrate a feast which very few churches in London could celebrate, the feast of the dedication of the church, and to see upon it.

THE TOLERANCE OF THE CHURCH.

A correspondent of the Catholic Sentinel, who signs himself "Student," inquires "If the Catholic Church should get into power would it burn scientific men to the stake because they could not conscientiously accept its creed?"

It is not clear what "Student" means by the question, "If the Catholic Church gets into power again," but we assume he means if the Catholic Church becomes the dominant religious body in the State.

Young man, before you quit the total abstinence society, stop and think. Has not total abstinence been money in your pocket? Has it not meant health of body and clearness of mind for you?

DEAFNESS

ITS CAUSES AND CURE. Scientifically treated by a surdologist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing.

BOOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

Should be used, if it is desired to make the best quality of bread, biscuits, cakes, pastries, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and highly nutritious.

SOLID GOLD FILLED.

For a \$2.00 Ring. A pair of \$2.00 Earrings. A pair of \$2.00 Studs. A pair of \$2.00 Buttons. A pair of \$2.00 Studs.

THE FRASER HOUSE, PORT STANLEY.

THIS FAVORITE SUMMER HOTEL has not passed out of the hands of Mr. William Fraser who has conducted it for 19 years, as has been rumored.

PHENIX FIRE INS. CO'Y. Established 1854. Cash Assets \$3,205,604.23. Paid in losses over \$5,000,000.00.

AGRICULTURAL INS. CO'Y. Established 1854. Cash Assets \$2,083,109.15. Paid in losses over \$3,343,377.24.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE MONTREAL.

Re-opened on September 4, 1890. Classes taught in English as well as in French. LOUIS DRUMMOND, S. J., Rector.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS, 444 SHERBROOKE, MONTREAL.

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BENZIGER BROS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ONE AND THIRTY DAYS with Blessed Margaret Mary. 32mo, cloth, net, 25c. REVELATIONS OF THE SACRED HEART OF MARY. 32mo, cloth, net, 25c.

A CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. Letters to a Young Man by Right Rev. Augustin Egger, D.D., Bishop of St. Gall.

WESTERN FAIR LONDON ONTARIO, SEPT. 18 TO 27, 1890.

The Best of Canadian Fairs. Large Increase in Prizes. MACHINERY IN MOTION IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

SPECIAL EXHIBIT Of the Southern States.

Cotton, figs, rice, peanuts and wild nuts each being grown in the South; carpets made from the leaves of the pine and other woods of the South.

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BOOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

Should be used, if it is desired to make the best quality of bread, biscuits, cakes, pastries, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and highly nutritious.

SOLID GOLD FILLED.

For a \$2.00 Ring. A pair of \$2.00 Earrings. A pair of \$2.00 Studs. A pair of \$2.00 Buttons. A pair of \$2.00 Studs.

THE FRASER HOUSE, PORT STANLEY.

THIS FAVORITE SUMMER HOTEL has not passed out of the hands of Mr. William Fraser who has conducted it for 19 years, as has been rumored.

PHENIX FIRE INS. CO'Y. Established 1854. Cash Assets \$3,205,604.23. Paid in losses over \$5,000,000.00.

AGRICULTURAL INS. CO'Y. Established 1854. Cash Assets \$2,083,109.15. Paid in losses over \$3,343,377.24.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

We in later days are lower. From a mind-ful stroke is made...

But 'tis here, amidst the markets, there are things they dare not prize...

Statesman steer the nation safely; artists pass the burning test...

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag around his heart...

From his girth of bronze we have a piece, and carve it as a cross...

John who has once stood before the grave, to look upon the companion which has been forever closed...

WE CAN MAKE OTHERS HAPPY. Happiness is one of those gifts which one can bestow without being conscious that he possesses it himself.

Not very long ago a good Dr. Newman was, in fact, appointed first lecturer of the newly-founded Roman Catholic University at Dublin.

A FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMEN. A zealous priest in France, the Abbe Garlier, devotes himself to a special mission that is a noble one...

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. Over and over again, moralists have admonished daughters to be good to their mothers...

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD. One of the strangest things in history is the rejection of prayers for the dead by the so-called reformers.

THE ABBEY OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD. Mount St. Bernard is the only mitred abbey in Great Britain.

EASY TO BE ENTREATED. DON'T BE CHURLISH IN GRANTING FAVORS—GIVE WITH TRUE NOBILITY OF HEART.

NEWMAN, McCOSH, THACKERAY. There is a man in this country—an old man now; more's the pity—whose name was associated with the late Cardinal Newman's name once upon a time...

head, and the big heart, was then amusing himself, in the intervals of more serious literary labor...

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation, Red tears of riving from me feature I wear...

O'fallon Sir John Kane! Is it thus that you I think all your Queen's Universities boast...

There's Wiseman, and Chumbe and His Grace the Lord Primate...

And good Dr. Newman, the prayerer unwary, 'Tis he shall grade the Academie School...

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of the hidden brook, through fields of selfishness. Does not Shakespeare say that "He gives thrice who quickly gives, or something like that?"

Mr. Justin McCarthy, replying to the toast of his health, which was proposed by Mr. Parrell, at the recent banquet given in honor of the Irish leader, said:

I can assure you that I could have no higher possible gratification and no higher reward than the words of our great tonight and the applause of you, my friends.

How came you to ask me to help you in this way, never taken the comfort out of your help, by its ungrateful, reluctant bestowal?

"I always refuse such strangers want of me," said a self-satisfied prosperous woman. "No matter how trifling it is, to refuse is the safest way."

How came you to ask me to help you in this way, never taken the comfort out of your help, by its ungrateful, reluctant bestowal?

Let this fragment of a real woman's letter speak: "I don't know how it would seem to ask for things vital to my comfort, and get them without having to beg for them until I am worn out."

It carries the sweetest reality of Heaven to many weak and weary souls that there the sickness of the heart shall be satisfied, and that it will be enough to God's fatherly tenderness that they desire things, to grant them with one asking.

Let this world into which we are born, meant to be a light to the world, and not a shadow to it.

When the sick is dead, you will be sorry that you did not save her and cherish her in every possible way.

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY DELIVERS AN ADMIRABLE SPEECH—FULL OF PATRIOTISM AND GOOD SENSE.

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JURY PACKING. The following description of jury packing as it takes place regularly in Ireland under the present system of Government ought to suffice to convince the most ardent Unionist of the necessity of a radical change in the method of governing the country.

It is Mr. Wilson, an English M. P., who was present at the Maryborough trial, who describes what he saw. In the House of Commons, recently, he said he did not think English members fully understood what that meant, and none of them, unless actual witnesses of the thing, could appreciate its meaning.

What took place was that the Crown Solicitor, sitting with a list of two hundred and seventeen jurors, which he had carefully packed, when each man's name was called in order that he might go into the box, shouted out, "stand by."

It was very much the same in cases in which he was not satisfied with regard to the religion and politics of the men called. He (Mr. Wilson) was almost ashamed to have to refer to the question of religion as influencing a matter of the kind. But it seemed impossible to separate between religion and politics in Ireland.

At the trial the Crown Solicitor could not separate between them. Of the forty-two jurors who were ordered to "stand by" forty were Catholics and two were Protestants, the last-named suspected in some degree of Nationalist sympathies.

The result of the whole process was that twelve Protestants were got into the jury-box. The judge was under the impression that fifty challenges by the prisoners could be allowed, but counsel pointed out that only twenty was the number.

The Crown put these men on trial together in order that they might not have twenty challenges a piece, but only twenty out of the whole list. Instead of allowing the accused forty or sixty challenges, the Crown accused them down and protracted the proceedings of the court in order to get a miserable, petty advantage over those unfortunate people.

When at last the charge against the prisoner had been given to the jury this poor Donegal peasant asked the judge if there was a single Catholic on the jury and the judge would not allow the question to be answered.

Whilst this process was going on (Mr. Wilson) occupied a seat in the gallery, and next him sat an Irish gentleman, a resident magistrate, himself summoned to the jury, and resident in the county. That gentleman was very kind and communicative. In summing up the judge said the law knew no distinction of creed, class or race.

That was a very estimable sentiment, but the kindly magistrate and the jurymen who sat beside him in the gallery, as the various jurors were called, said, "He is a Catholic, and will not be allowed to go into the box."

At once he knew who was to be allowed to go into the box, and who would not. When the jury was completed in the box, he said, "Every one of them is a Protestant. Their fathers were all Scotchmen." He (Mr. Wilson) wanted the House to realize what that meant, whether that did not make jury trial in Ireland a perfect scandal and farce.

(Cheers.) The following are the London Star's comments on the same event: "Really there is no bounds to the impudence of Tory Ministers. Mr. Madden (the Irish Attorney-General) had the audacity to tell the House of Commons last night, in reference to the sickening tragedy-farce of Maryborough, where a score of Donegal Catholics peevish with their derelict prizes at their head, were dragged two hundred and sixty miles from their homes to be tried by an alien, Protestant and landlord jury, that there was no jury packing at the trial and that jurors were not ordered to stand by because they were Catholics."

Whom does this scolding humbug describe? Not any man who witnessed the trial. What are the facts? There were some two-hundred and sixteen jurymen on the panel, taken, under the infamous special jury laws, from the pick of the county landlords, J. P.'s, big farmers, and merchants. The majority of them were Protestants and Scotchmen by descent, though the county is a Catholic county. But there was a considerable minority of Catholics. Before the trial commenced a local reporter sitting by the Star man who writes this, ticked off with his pencil the names of every Catholic juror. "Every one of these," he said, "will be challenged by the Crown."

Sure as fate they were. On the second day only one Catholic was empanelled, and he was a boycotted landlord. What is more, every Catholic who had traveled miles and miles over rough Irish roads to attend the trial knew that he had been summoned to take part in a miserable farce, and that he would have no more chance of escaping the toils that were laid under his feet by such jugglers as the Attorney-General."

A HOSSID STORY. I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsia with bad breath and bad appetite, but after a few days use of B. B. B. I felt stronger, could eat a good meal and felt myself a different man.

W. H. STROUT, Mosside, Ont.

Stick to the Right. Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Unbearable Agony. For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me.

W. T. GLENN, Wilfrid, Ont.

ALL AGES AND CONDITIONS of people may use National Pills without injury and with great benefit.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 21 Vic., Chap. 56, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D. The 8th Monthly Drawing will take place WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1890. At 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000. CAPITAL PRIZE: \$5,000. One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES. 1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00. 1000 Gold Watches worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Watches worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Chains worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Chains worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Rings worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Rings worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Bracelets worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Bracelets worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Bangles worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Bangles worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Pins worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Pins worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Buttons worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Buttons worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Cufflinks worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Cufflinks worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Penknives worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Penknives worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Pocketknives worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Pocketknives worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Pens worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Pens worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Pencils worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Pencils worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Rulers worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Rulers worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Compasses worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Compasses worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Protractors worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Protractors worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Squares worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Squares worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Dividers worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Dividers worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Compasses worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Compasses worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Protractors worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Protractors worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Squares worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Squares worth 100,000.00. 1000 Gold Dividers worth 100,000.00. 1000 Silver Dividers worth 100,000.00.

It is offered to redeem a prize in cash, less a commission of 10 p. c. Winners names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on the Third Wednesday of every month.

A. A. AUBERT, Secretary. Offices: 19 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY, LONDON, ONTARIO. Manufacturers of CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices. BENNET FURNISHING COY., London, Ont., Can.

P. J. WATT, 131 DUNDAS ST. & 12 MARKET SQ. GROCER, IMPORTER OF WINES & LIQUORS. Wholesale and Retail.

I have a large assortment of the finest brands of Champagne, Claret and Sauterne Wine, which I am selling at Reduced Prices for Summer Trade. Letter orders receive special attention. TELEPHONE 415.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR. WILL POSITIVELY CURE GRINDING PAINS IN THE STOMACH. Bowel Complaints, Diarrhoea, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. OUBROOK'S BLOOD BITTERS. Unlocks all the clogged arteries of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, eructating Bilioousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility, and all those and many other similar Complaints Yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Electricity, Mollere Baths Sulphur Saline Baths. CURE OF ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. J. G. WILSON, ELECTROPATHIST, 50 Dundas Street.

STAINED GLASS. BRILLIANT CUT, REVELED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE GLASS. THE SECURITY OF THE HEART. THE SECURITY OF THE HEART.

THE NATIONAL BAKING POWDER CO. Church, School and Hall Baking Powder. Catalogue with over 2000 testimonials. Call on us with 200 testimonials.

Messrs Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, Castings and Pairs for Churches, Towers,

What Lacks Our Age?

What lacks our age? With all its glorious gifts of human thought, inventions manifold; its crowd of hidden earth-love clear unrolled; its science compassing each star that drifts...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

FOR EARLY MASSES. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "And they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences."—From the Epistle of the day.

However these words may have rounded in the ears of the Galatians, to whom they were first written, I am afraid that to some among us they have a strangely, perhaps unwelcome, sound. And were we to ask such people their opinion in the matter they would without doubt reply that these words of the Apostle were just a little bit strict, good enough it might be for his time, but hardly practicable now for days.

Yet, brethren, hard as these words may seem, they are as true now as when they were first written. They were intended by the Apostle not simply to express a result, but also to be a sign whereby the true followers of Christ should be known. And they are still the sign of the followers of Christ. For the true Christians of to-day, as of old, are they that have crucified their flesh.

Now what does the Apostle mean by these words? Does he mean that they are only true Christians who forsake the world and fast continually and scourge themselves? Is that what he means by crucifying the flesh? No, necessarily. He tells us what he means. For just a few verses before in this Epistle, he gives a long list of sins and among them he places intemperance and contentions and quarrelling and drunkenness. These he calls the works of the flesh, and when he says that true Christians crucify their flesh he means that they keep themselves free from these sins.

So, brethren, the true Christian is he who keeps himself away from contentions and quarrels and drunkenness and such like things.

After all, that is not so very hard. It does not differ from what we have learned elsewhere to be a Christian's duty. But what the Apostle wants to do is to remove the deceit or the hypocrisy of those who profess to be Christians in words but do not want to do the works of Christ or live His life. In his bold, forcible words he shows us that there cannot be any doubt or uncertainty in the matter. Either we are of Christ or we are of the world. We cannot be midway, so to speak. We must be on one side or the other, and if we are of Christ we must be known as such, for they that are of Christ have crucified their flesh.

Brethren, how is it with us? Is we bear the name of Christ, we call ourselves Christians, but is it only in name? Are we deceiving ourselves and thinking that because we have the name of Christ we can do as we please? I am afraid that this is often the case with so-called Christians. They seem to think that as long as they bear the name they are all right in their lives, but they differ little if any from the men and women of the world. They want to have the things of the world, its riches, its pleasures, not simply those that are allowable, but those that are sinful as well. They are, in fact, trying to do what our Lord in to-day's gospel says is impossible—they are trying to serve two masters.

They want to be in with the world and have a good time, and at the same time they expect to make all right hereafter because they bear the name of Christ. These are they who live in sin and yet come to church and listen to sermons, and after what they call prayers to God, but make no effort to get out of their sins. These are they who are a source of scandal to the Church, of whom it is often said, such a one goes to church, yet he is just as bad as his neighbor.

Brethren, such persons are not of Christ, though they may call themselves by His name. For they only are Christ's now who have crucified their flesh, who keep themselves free from contentions, quarrelling and such things.

And unless we do that, we cannot be Christ's hereafter. For our Lord Himself tells us that on the last day many shall say, Lord, I have called upon Thy name, I have made use of Thy name, and He will reply, I know you not. Showing that the name alone will not save us, unless we be Christians indeed, unless we have crucified the flesh with the vices and concupiscences.

A Letter From Emerson

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Yours truly, MRS. W. WHITELEY, Emerson Mass.

The Sambro Lighthouse

is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hart, writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good. I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved. NO TRICE LIKE THE PRESENT for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called 'minor ailments' manifest themselves. There is no 'minor' ailment. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight catarrh, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

Brothers, who toil with pencil or pen, With chisel or brush, for the praise of men, Do you never consider, at twilight's close, When you sit in your darkened studio— Do you never consider, now, once for all, When earth and the things thereof shall be lost, like a dream, in Eternity? When striving and striving, with soul laid bare, The creature must meet the Creator there, And learn at the feet of the great White Throne, The truth which should never have been unknown? That naught avails us under the sun, In word or in work unless it is done For the honor and glory of God alone. —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

A BORN LAWYER.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants, all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments and judge from that whom to choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. One noon, seeing him go in at the hole, he took his shotgun and fired away; the charge set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn down?" asked one of the boys.

"The lawyer, without answering, went on:—"Seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put the flames out."

"Did he put them out?" asked another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. The hired girl rushed out with more water."

"Did they all burn up?" asked another boy, eagerly.

The lawyer did not answer the question, but continued:—"Then the old lady came out, and was in confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" asked another.

"There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story," the lawyer said.

He turned toward one bright-eyed little fellow who had maintained a deep silence, and said:—"Now, my little man, what have you to say about it?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:—"I wanted to know what has become of that squirrel, that's what I want to know."

"You'll do—you are my man!" exclaimed the lawyer. You have not been excited by the confusion of hired girls and water pails; you have kept your eye on that squirrel."

FATHER TO THE MAN.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men; then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to do idle and trifling, and give people a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and gain a name behind you, when you die, which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time to begin to look in the direction of the future. Yesterday would not have been too soon, to-day is not too late—but to-morrow, who knows what fruit to-morrow's efforts will bring forth? You are young now; begin in time, and you will be ready to take your rightful place when you attain to manhood's estate. If you put it off it will be too late. The way to make brave and noble men is to take them when they are boys, and teach them that there is nothing in this world that can better show them a brave and noble man as duty well performed, no matter how simple it may appear. Your character, remember, is your own to make or mar. If you make up your mind that you will make it and succeed in doing so, people will respect you, friends will value you at your true worth; but, remember, also, no matter how strongly you may assert that it was this one's fault, or it was that one's fault or it was "just your fate," the world will look askance at you, knowing that not to this one's freak nor that one's favor was left the great task of forming your character, but to your own unaided efforts; therefore, conclude the world, "his fault is his own."

—Little Crusader.

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took a book down from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his hand, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books now-a-days. They nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. We read, we are charmed with the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped—by the gorgeousness of the word-painting—we hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons us. When the record of human souls is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Forsaken by the serpent among the books!"

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys never made a bigger mistake than to imagine that wealth and high social position bring happiness and content. The more they have the more they want, and the more uneasy they become. "Our desires," says St. Teresa, "are our chains." They should reflect, as they grow up, that famous careers are not for the heroes who And it is doubtful if the heroes who figured in famous careers in the past were half as happy as the ordinary citizen who piles his daily avocation in honesty and peace with God and man. And so it will be in the future, for "the past is the best prophet of the future." Let boys be taught loyalty in little things, and a spirit of loyalty to those in charge of them.

Above all things, let them never shrink from the performance of plain, everyday duty. Let their ambition aim for this point, and the world will never look upon them as failures in the battle of life.

COULDN'T BEAR TO BE A LIAR.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again:—"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent. "Because there were only two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie. "Then why did you not say that I did it?" "Because you said you didn't, and I wouldn't share the falsehood." The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said:—"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears. The master's eye glinted on the self-accused, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:—"Bennie! Bennie! lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed, and still—older scholars are apt to be who something true and noble is being done—so still they might have heard Bennie's big boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as filled all the rest, and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:—"Master, forgive me!"

The glorious shout of the children filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

A STORY OF ST. BERNARD DOGS.

I was one of a small party of tourists who left the Hospice of Mount St. Bernard early in the morning for Mount Verd. The road was difficult and dangerous, owing to drifting and ice slides the night before, which blocked up the old barometer path. Above us hung mountains of ice and snow, cold, chilling and threatening, and before us, as far as the eye could reach, a great sea of ice in its cold, gloomy hue, resembling a mountain standing in heaps, defying alike the power of the sun and the assaults of time. Some of our party, more venturesome than the rest, wore crampons while descending the great walls of ice, and those who were timid or fatigued lagged behind. My cousin, whose eyes were turned from the glare of the snow, was suffering an abrupt ledge of rock in order to rest and get a better view of the descending party and the route they were taking down the mountain, and without warning, he suddenly sank away and precipitated us some forty feet down a narrow chasm, out of sight and hearing, and up to our necks in snow.

For some moments we were stunned and unconscious of our situation. Slowly we began to realize our peril. I whistled, dazedly, to my cousin, which we passed awed us with its terrific gloom and grandeur. The dreadful prospect of our hopeless fate was intensified by the huge bastions of ice that surrounded us, and the cold, gray sky, with an overcast of leaden clouds, seemed to us a cheerless ray. From near and afar we could hear huge avalanches grinding through the icy cliffs, and again the sullen roar when they dashed down some deep precipice.

While thus imbedded in the cold, deep snow, every move of hands or body gave me pain. We dare not move lest a false step or change of posture would plunge us out of sight. In the agony of despair I cried out, but my kinsman, who was an old traveller and inured to dangers, was more composed, and bided himself in crushing the snow about him to secure a firmer footing. It was then I thought of home and my dear mother, an only brother and fond relatives far away. In my anxiety I fancied I could hear my mother's voice pray for my deliverance, and see her loving arms reach out to embrace me.

Hours had passed in dreadful suspense, and the afternoon began to wane. My limbs were numb from inactivity and a drowsy feeling crept over me. By this time my cousin had cleared himself from the surrounding crust and was beside me rubbing my limbs and endeavoring to infuse a spirit of hope in me. I was again and anon we heard the barking of dogs resounding through icy solitudes, and then die away. Loud and low we answered by shouts until our hoarse voices came back to mock us. "We are doomed!" I cried. "The hours of day are waning, and night will soon fall. Then there will be no hope!"

The last words had scarcely died away when my cousin observed the outline of a dog above us. The poor animal seemed glad to have discovered us, endeavored in every way to reach us, but that was impossible. Knowing the characteristic sagacity of these dogs, and their daily mission on those icy mountains, my cousin shouted:—"Back, Rover, for help!" The dog understood the command, wagged his tail, gave a sniff, and started a peculiar howl, like a bound on the scent. This was an unerring sign of having discovered some traveller in distress, and this way he communicated the news to the straggling dogs within hearing and to the inmates of the hospice.

The sun lingered on the distant hills, and we thought every moment a year. Our eyes were strained in the direction of the rock from which we expected succor. At length the barking of dogs drawing nearer infused some hope. The sound grew sweet and comforting to our ears. A chorus of quick yelps now broke forth as four powerful specimens of the breed stood abreast looking down upon us, and the fifth soon re-joined the others and carried a coil of rope. While they kept up their incessant yelping, we heard human voices drawing near, and soon four of our party, with a monk in the lead,

stood by the rock, uncoiling the rope and fixing the trap for our rescue. The rope was let down, my kinsman adjusted the straps around me, and soon we were with our companions, stiff and cold, but alive and thankful.

The rest of my story is soon told. A fever set in and two weeks those kind and benevolent monks, in turn, watched and prayed, and attended to my wants like comforting angels, till I was perfectly restored to health. Ever since that time the mention of St. Bernard Hospice or the dogs awakens in me a feeling of love for one and of admiration and friendliness for the other.—The Cork Examiner.

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

ON THE BRUTAL TELLING OF THE TRUTH.

Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Marie. Truth is held by the Protestant English to be their inheritance. Queen Elizabeth, the most successful and accomplished liar of her time, according to Green, the historian, preserved it to them when she defeated the Spanish Armada. English literature since her time is full of the repeated assertion that foreigners are liars, and that truth is an English virtue, exclusively.

Like the jewel in the toad's head, it has been well hidden at times. Our friends the English Protestants have always been sticklers for the exact telling of the truth in small matters. The Puritans would never forbear to utter an unpleasing truth to their neighbors, if it was to their advantage to do so from their own side. But if it were necessary to plunge Truth deeper into her well, she might not illuminate a sharp bargain with an Indian for a bit of land, the Puritan could do it with serenity.

The doctrine that it is as great "a sin to steal a pin" as to defraud the widow and the orphan was cherished by these fierce truth-tellers, and sanctified by them in the face of the lax Papist, who held that some sins were greater than others. This unreasonable Puritanism confusion is helping modern Protestantism to say, with Roman, "I drop sin out altogether."

Experience has shown that the truth in the hands of people who consider themselves to be entirely truthful, is a weapon more destructive than a knife controlled by a Malay running-a-knuck. To love truth is a precious virtue; to speak it in season and out of season is a detestable vice. To say, "It is truth," after one has ruined a neighbor's reputation, or sound doctrine to a woman with a hard heart and a Puritan's conscience; it is not noble; it is base. To tell the truth unreasonably is often a crime against charity. Truth-telling is often the keenest and most poisonous weapon of the envious. Indeed, it is generally the envious who cry out their brutal uncharitableness by the cry of the truth, and the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

It is true that Jack Strippling was in jail ten years ago for spending his employer's money for candy and dime novels. He was thirteen years old then, and the affair was bad enough; he was punished; he repented; he is a man now, honorable, honest, respected; no body knew of it in his neighborhood until the other day. His youngest boy came home in tears, broken-hearted in a world that had suddenly become as gloomy as night. A dear old lady—a pious, conscientious old lady—had confided in her duty to tell the truth, the plain "unvarnished" about poor Strippling to a few friends. These are men serving out life sentences in the penitentiaries with purer souls and less to answer for than that veteran truth-teller—who, by the way, is not a Puritan, but a constant attendant at all the services of the Church. She seems to have everything but Charity.

A brutal truth-teller does more harm than a liar. The words of a liar soon pass for what they are worth; but truth is truth, after all, and it can be made a heavy weapon—a bludgeon to crush the heart out of those who are trying to live down the past, —a dagger to poison hope,—an extinguisher for reverence and respect. A brutal truth teller without want has been known to weaken faith in itself. There is no doubt of the fact that whenever you meet a man or woman who protests his or her devotion to the truth at all times and seasons, you meet a malicious and uncharitable man or woman, an envious and bad-tempered man or woman.

Truth is or daily life serve charity and kindness and cheerfulness, let it be told a hundred times a day. But the just man who blurs it out on all occasions probably falls as often as he blurs it out. Frankness, which our Puritan friends protest they cherish above all things, is detestable unless tempered by tact. When two friends begin to examine each other's consciences, relations are becoming strained, though they may both love the truth.

If some of our Parishites—there are Catholic as well as non-Catholic Parishites—had the opportunity of telling some home-truths to St. Mary Magdalen before she found Our Lord, she would probably have gone back in despair to her sin. There are more crimes committed every day in the name of truth than in the name of liberty. Calumny may be lived down, but who can live down detraction?

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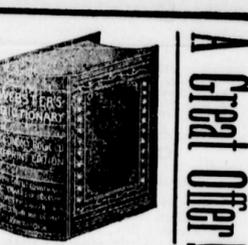
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