



# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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## Register of the Week.

Despatches from Sierra Leone to the War office say the British have gained a signal victory over the Sofas. Colonel Ellis, the commander of the British forces, while in pursuit of the enemy, found the town Korra Yemna literally depopulated; the Sofas had slaughtered men, women and children. He learned from a friendly tribe, the Konnos, that the main body of the Sofas had crossed the Rum river on December 18th. He took the enemy by surprise on the morning of the 2nd of January. Although the place had been strongly fortified the British captured it in a quarter of an hour. The despatches say that two hundred Sofas were killed and seventy taken prisoners. Over four hundred slaves, women and children, were rescued. The horde of Sofas slave traders were completely dispersed. The only casualty the British sustained was the severe wounding of Lieut. Gwynn and one private.

We are quite pleased to state there was no truth in the report of Bishop Bagshaw's death. Some of the American Catholic papers took it for granted, when it was cabled, "the Bishop of Nottingham was dead," that it must be the Right Rev. Dr. Bagshaw, forgetting there is an Anglican Bishop also of that place, whose death it was which occurred.

The press is awakening in Great Britain to the great danger to be feared from the drink curse. Of fifty-six cases at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Police Court recently, forty-seven were drunken charges. "It is a very large proportion," says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "and clearly shows that drink finds four-fifths of the work for magistrates and police. Can nothing be done to lessen it?" The *Liverpool Catholic Times* says on the subject: "That is a question which may well be asked in all parts of the country, for what is true of Newcastle is, unfortunately, equally true of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and almost every town throughout the land. Yet most politicians and social reformers shirk the subject. They have all sorts of remedies for the relief of distress, but they lack sufficient courage to go to the root of the evil. According to a careful estimate the money that has been squandered in drink in the United Kingdom during the past thirty years would provide the sum of £900 for every household in the country."

The Aigues Mortes affair is still a sore that does not heal very easily, although there is a better feeling in France towards Italy since Signor Crispi has taken hold of the reins of government in the latter country, and who is thought to be well disposed

towards that Republic, yet the relations of the two countries are not the most cordial. "One of the first acts of Crispi's administration," says a Roman correspondent, "was to instruct the Italian representative at Paris to present to the French Government a claim for 450,000 francs, as indemnity for the Italians killed at Aigues Mortes by the French workmen last summer. The French Government, while acknowledging this claim, have on their side advanced a claim for damages caused to French property in Rome, Genoa and Naples, by the popular anti-French demonstrations in consequence of the Aigues Mortes assassinations. The memory of that event is not calculated to promote affection between the two peoples."

Italy's greatest difficulty now is her trying financial position, and this must be coped with at once. Crispi's new Ministry will attempt to establish harmony between income and expenditure. This will have to be obtained by economies in the military department without prejudice to the efficiency of the army, and by additional taxation. There is great alarm as to how the latter would be received, it being the opinion of many a revolution would be the result. The country is taxed to its utmost, and this, combined with the recent bank scandals and the attempts to hush them up, would arouse a feeling that is only smouldering now, but would soon burst out into a strong flame. A laborer in Italy pays twenty per cent. of his earnings to the Government, and to the proprietor of the land about forty per cent. Agriculture, being so burdened with taxation, is unprofitable, and the consequence is, lands otherwise productive are let go untilled. California and Africa, now possessing large vineyards, have been in strong rivalry in the sale of Italian wines. The army has to be maintained at its present state, as such is the will of the King and the obligation of the Triple Alliance, and the funds are not forthcoming to sustain this. It is well known that Signor Crispi is not very friendly towards the Triple Alliance. If he is not antagonistic, he is utterly indifferent to it.

The new President of the Swiss Republic, Colonel Emil Frey, who began his term of office with the New Year, served in the United States army as a volunteer during the Civil War. Colonel Frey was born at Arlesheim, Switzerland, Oct. 24, 1838. He was educated at an excellent school at Basle, and then went through the University of Jena. At the Military School of Switzerland he took an officer's training, and studied agricultural science in Germany; and for the sake of furthering his observations

and experiences in that line, he came to America, where in 1861, when the Civil War broke out, he was working as a farm hand in Illinois. He enlisted in one of the companies and was appointed Second Lieutenant. At Gettysburg he, with some other officers, was taken prisoner. He was selected afterwards as a hostage for certain Confederate prisoners and taken to Libbey Prison, and endured great sufferings and privations when confined here. Colonel Frey returned to Switzerland after a long absence with his health shattered. He engaged himself in editorial work and soon became an active participant in all social movements in his own country. In 1887 he became a member of the Swiss Congress, and so satisfactorily did he fill his position in the Cabinet that he was honored with the Vice-Presidency of that body, and as a natural sequence of the civil service of Switzerland, the Vice-President is elected for the Presidency of the Swiss Confederation.

The Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass., gave the second lecture in the course of the Catholic Club of Harvard University. His subject was "American Citizenship," which he treated in a most eloquent manner. Father Conaty is President of the Catholic Summer School, and the *Pilot* says, "has labored always for the two-fold object of the promotion of the true Christian and true citizen spirit." We take the following short extract from this delightful lecture, which will apply to men and women of other countries than the United States: "True men and true women make a country's greatness. They, by their efforts and sacrifices, make our country a fit place to live in. Every good man has in his heart the desire to make his country better. He who toils to develop the resources of his country, to build it up, to make it richer, grander, nobler, is a true man and a loyal citizen."

The Hon. William F. Vilas, United States Senator from Wisconsin, has denounced the A.P.A. in a most scathing letter of some length to the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, Wis. In it, speaking of how Catholics should act, he says: "This is not your (the Catholics), special controversy. Natural as it is for you, upon whom the first impact of offence falls, to lead resistance or retaliation, you have no greater interest in this invasion of liberty than every one and all your fellows in the ultimate result. You cannot be deprived of your equal rights as citizens of a free country until all citizens also lose theirs in a similar degree. Ours is a government of law, resting upon the intelligent justice of freemen. It impairs a great cause to make it appear as only the

interest of some instead of all. When a secret society can make dangerous headway in political affairs among us, it will be time, not for your special alarm, but for terror to us all. It is not your peculiar duty to deal with this confederation. It is a public cause and a public duty."

The election of a new Superior-General for the Priests of St. Sulpice took place in Paris on the 15th instant, and resulted in the nomination of Rev. Abbe Captier, procurator of the Sulpicians in Rome. He was formerly Superior of the Grand Seminary at Orleans, and has always acted for the Community at the Vatican. Abbe Captier, now 65 years old, is a native of Lyons. One of his brothers, a celebrated Dominican priest and head of a Dominican house near Paris, was put to death during the Commune.

At a meeting of the School Board at Nottingham (England) Canon Monahan severely criticized the religious training given in the Board School, and moved: "That, in order to lessen the evils arising from the present system of religious teaching in Board Schools, it be hereby enacted, and be a rule of the Nottingham School Board, that no teacher or other person whomsoever who does not profess belief in the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be allowed to give religious instruction in any school under the Board."

Carrara, where are produced the celebrated marbles, was lately the scene of anarchist troubles. A number of anarchists from the neighboring district sought to enter the city, and thus unite with those in the city; but were prevented by the military. Finding this impossible they scattered over the country in different directions. Later on an encounter took place between a squadron of cavalry and 500 anarchists engaged in destroying a bridge. Eight persons altogether were killed and several wounded. The town was since declared under siege.

If G. W. Smalley is to be believed Italy has played false to the Triple Alliance. Such is the last chapter of secret political history written by Marquis di Rudini—upon which no doubt need rest, as it is Prince Bismarck who, through a Hamburg Journal, makes the facts public, and it is the present Prime Minister of Italy who admits their truth. Detach Italy from Germany and Austria, transfer her power to the other side, and the military strength is in favor of France and Russia. Rudini had, while renewing the alliance with Germany and Austria, secretly negotiated with Russia.

Father Caron brother of the Postmaster General, has gone to the West Indies as a missionary.

## LEO XIII.'S ENCYCLICAL

## On the Study of Holy Scripture.

(Continued from Last Week.)

With this purpose it will be more advantageous that several men belonging to the sacred Orders combat on this point for the faith, and repel the assaults of enemies that these men should, above all, be equipped with the armour of God, adhering to the counsel of the apostle and accustomed to warfare and the new weapons employed by their adversaries. Therein lies one of the duties of the priest, which St. Chrysostom establishes in magnificent terms. "Great zeal must be employed that the Word of God should dwell abundantly in us, we should not only be ready for one kind of combat, for the war is diversified and the enemies many, they do not all use the same arms, nor is it in the same manner that they propose to confront us. Therefore he who is to meet all should be acquainted with the manœuvres and the methods of all; he should handle the arrow and the sling; he should be tribune and chief of a cohort, general and soldier, footman and trooper, apt to fight on sea and to overturn ramparts. If, in short, the defender is not provided by every means with every mode of fighting, the devil knows how to give his robbers admission by one side, if a single one be left without guard, and carry away the sheep."

We have already described the stratagems of the enemy, and the multifarious means which he employs for attack. Let us now indicate the processes which should be utilized for defence.

In the first place, recourse must be had to the ancient Eastern languages, and particularly, and at the same time, to the science which is called critical. These two species of knowledge are to-day very much appreciated and esteemed; the clergyman who will possess them in a more or less extended fashion, according to the country he inhabits and the people with whom he is brought in relation, will be able better to sustain his dignity and fulfil his mission. The minister of God should, in fact, "make himself all things to all men, and always be prepared to satisfy him who demands the reason of the hope he entertains himself." It is therefore necessary to professors of Holy Writ, and it is fitting for theologians, to know the tongues in which the canonical books were primitively written by the sacred authors. It would be excellent that even ecclesiastical students should study those tongues, the more particularly those amongst them who are destined to academic grades in theology. Precaution should also be taken that in all academies there should be established—as, indeed, already has been done in some of them—chairs where the ancient languages, especially the Semitic languages, will be taught and their relations with science. These courses would, in the first place, be intended for those designed for the study of the Holy Writings.

For the same reason it is important that the same professors of Holy Writ should be instructed and exercised in the science of true criticism. Unfortunately, and to the great damage of religion, a system has appeared which parades under the honorable name of "high criticism." Those disciples affirm that the origin, integrity and authority of every kind of book is traceable to their intrinsic characters alone. On the contrary, it is evident that where a historic question is concerned, or the origin and preservation of no matter what description of work, historic testimonies have more value than all others, and these are the testimonies which should be most carefully sought out and examined. As to intrinsic characters, they are, for the great part of the time, far less impor-

tant, so that they need not be invoked except to confirm a thesis. If other action is carried out, the result will be serious inconvenience. In fact, the enemies of religion will retain more confidence in attacking and battering in breach the authenticity of the Holy Books. Finally, this form of high criticism will arrive at the result that each one in interpretation will attach himself to his own tastes and prejudicial views. Thus the light sought on the subject of the Scriptures will not exhibit itself, and no advantage will result for science, but one will see conspicuously manifested that character of error which consists in diversity and contradiction of opinions. Already the behavior of the chiefs of this new science prove it. Besides, the bulk of them are imbued with the maxims of vain philosophy and of rationalism nor are they afraid to expunge from the Holy Books the prophecies, miracles, and the other events which surpass the natural order. Again, the interpreter should struggle with those who, deluded by their knowledge of physical sciences, track the sacred authors inch by inch in order to expose the ignorance they had of such and such transactions, and to lower their writings on that account. As these complaints are made about sensible objects, they are thereby the more dangerous when they are spread among the crowd, especially among the youth attracted to letters. As soon as that youth had lost its respect in one point for divine revelation, its faith relative to all the others will not be long before it vanishes. Hence it is only too evident that, inasmuch as the natural sciences are proper to manifest the glory of the Creator engraved on terrestrial objects, provided they are suitably taught, so much the more are they capable of wresting from the intellect the principles of a sound philosophy and corrupting manners when they are presented with perverse intentions to youthful spirits. Thus the knowledge of natural facts will be an efficacious succour to those who will teach Holy Writ, for, thanks to that information, they may more easily discover and refute the sophisms of all sorts directed at the Scriptures. No real discord can assuredly exist between theology and physics, providing both are kept strictly within their limits, taking care, according to the words of St. Augustine, "To affirm nothing at random, and not take the unknown for the known." If, nevertheless, they are in dissent on a certain point, what is the theologian to do? To follow the rule summarily indicated by the same Doctor, "As for all that our adversaries can demonstrate to us with the foundation of veritable proofs, let us show that there is in them nothing contrary to the acts related in Holy Writ. But as for that which they draw from certain of their books and invoke as contradicting sacred literature—that is to say, the Catholic faith—let us show them that they are based on hypothesis, and that we have no manner of doubt of the falsity of these affirmations."

In order the better to penetrate ourselves with the justness of this rule, let us, in the first place, consider that the sacred writers, or, more accurately, "the spirit of God which spoke by their mouths, did not wish to teach men truths concerning the intimate constitution of visible objects, because they did not in any way serve for their salvation." In this wise these authors, without applying themselves to acute observation of nature, sometimes described objects or spoke of them either in a sort of a metaphor or as the language in use at the period suggested, similar to the practice at present on many points, in daily life, even amidst the most learned of men. In the vulgar language one alludes to the objects which fall under the sense in the proper terms. The sacred writer (and the Angelic Doctor reminds us of it) in the same manner

attached himself to sensible persons that is, to those which God Himself, after the habit of man, employed in addressing them so that He might be understood by them. But to assure the vigorous defence of the Holy Writings, it by no means follows that one must preserve the entire sense that every one of the Fathers or the interpreters who succeeded them made use of to explain the Scriptures. Given, in short, the opinion in vogue at the epoch, they may not always have been able to judge according to the truth or avoid omitting certain principles which are now anything but proven.

Extreme care must be exercised, therefore, in discriminating in their explanations between that which is given regarding the faith or bound with it and which they affirm of a common accord. In truth, on that which is not the essence of the faith the saints, as well as ourselves, might have held different opinions. Such is the doctrine of St. Thomas. In another passage he expresses himself with great wisdom in these terms: "Touching the opinions commonly professed by philosophers, and which are not contrary to our faith, it seems to me that it is more sure not to affirm them as dogmas, although they are sometimes introduced in reasoning in the name of these philosophers, and not to note them as contrary to the faith, lest we should furnish the sages of this world occasion to despise our doctrine."

For another motive, although the interpreter should show that there is nothing contradictory in the Scriptures well explained in the truths which those who study physical science give as certain and sustained by firm arguments he should not forget that occasionally several of these truths cited as certain have been subsequently cast in doubt or laid aside. If writers who treat physical facts go beyond the limits assigned to them in the sciences, they are discussing, and trespass on the terrain of the philosopher by propagating noxious principles, the theologian can appeal to the philosophers for their refutation. We would that the same doctrine should be applied to sciences of a similar kind, and more particularly to history. There is good need to be afflicted when many men who study to the roots the monuments of antiquity and the manners and institutions of peoples, and give themselves up to laborious treatise on these themes, have frequently for aim to find out errors in Holy Writ in order to weaken and completely shatter the authority of Scriptures. Some behave thus with dispositions genuinely hostile, and judge in a manner which is not sufficiently impartial. They have so much confidence in profane volumes and in documents of the by-gone that they invoke them as if it were not possible for mistakes to exist, while they refuse to trust to the Holy Books, and reject as erroneous the faintest appearance of inexactitude, and that without even discussion. Of a truth, there may be sundry passages in the issue of different editions which may not be reproduced in a fashion absolutely correct. But this must not be readily admitted, except on those points where the fact has been suitably proved. It may also happen that the sense of some phrases may remain doubtful. To determine them the rules for interpretation will be of valuable assistance; but it would be positively fatal either to limit inspiration to some portions of Scripture or to assume that the sacred author himself was deceived.

Neither can the method be tolerated of those who escape from these difficulties without hesitating to accord that divine inspiration does not extend beyond truths concerning faith and morals—that and nothing farther. They are wrong who think that when the veracity of events is to be investigated that which God said must not

be inquired into, but examination rather must be made what reason there was that He should have thus spoken. In fact, all the books without exception which the Church has received as sacred and canonical in all their parts have been written under the dictation of the Holy Ghost. So far from any error attaching itself to the divine inspiration, not only does that of itself exclude all error, but it is still more repugnant to it of necessity, because God, who is necessarily the Sovereign Truth, could not be the author of any error. Such is the ancient and constant belief of the Church, solemnly defined by the Councils of Florence and of Trent, and ultimately confirmed and more expressly set out in the Councils of the Vatican, which passed this absolute Decree. "The entire books of the Old and New Testament in all their parts, as enumerated by Decree of the same Council of Trent, and such as are contained in the ancient Vulgate edition in Latin, should be regarded as sacred and canonical. The Church holds them as sacred and canonical, not because they were edited by human science alone, and were afterwards approved by the authority of the aforesaid Church; not because they contain truth only without error; but because, written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for author."

Almost no account should be paid to the circumstance that the Holy Ghost should have taken men as the instruments to write as some false opinion might be emitted, not certainly by the first author, but by inspired writers. In fact, the Holy Ghost has by His virtue excited them to write, assisted them whilst they were writing, and seen that they conceived exactly, that they were anxious to report faithfully, and that they expressed with an infallible truth that which they had been commanded to write, and only that which they had been commanded.

Such has been always the sentiment of the holy Fathers. "Thus," said St. Augustine, "since those wrote what the Holy Ghost showed and enjoined them to write, it must not be said that the Holy Ghost did not write it. They, as the members, operated what the Head dictated." St. Gregory expressed himself in these terms: "It is more than superfluous to seek to know who wrote those books, since it is firmly believed that their author is the Holy Spirit. He in truth wrote who dictated what was to be written, He wrote who inspired the work." It is to be concluded that those who think that in authentic passages of Holy Writ some false idea may perhaps be comprehended assuredly pervert Catholic doctrine or make God Himself the author of error. All the Fathers and all the Doctors have been so fully persuaded that the Scriptures, such as delivered to us by the sacred writers, are exempt from all error that they ingeniously and conscientiously applied themselves to bring about concordance and conciliation in numerous passages which seemed to present some contradiction or divergence. (And these passages are the same which are opposed to us by the science of to-day.)

The Doctors have been unanimous to believe that the books in their totality and their parts are equally of divine inspiration; that God Himself has spoken through the sacred authors, and that there could not be enounced anything antagonistic to truth. Here a general application of the words transmitted to St. Jerome by St. Augustine should be made: "I avow, indeed, to thy charity that I have learned to accord to those books of Scriptures alone which are at present called canonical the reverence and honour of implicitly believing that their authors could not commit an error in writing them. And if I found in these Holy Writings any

passage which appeared to me contrary to the truth, I would not hesitate to affirm either that the manuscript was defective, or that the interpreter did not closely follow the text, or that I myself did not rightly understand." But to struggle fully and perfectly, by means of the most important sciences, to establish the sanctity of the Bible is certainly much juster than to expect everything from the erudition of theologians. For that cause it is desirable that Catholics, having acquired some authority in foreign sciences, should propose to themselves the same goal and try to attain it. If the glory which talents confer has never been wanting to the Church, grace to the beneficence of the Almighty, certes He will not be wanting to her at the moment. May this glory go on ever increasing for the protection of the faith. It is of the highest importance that we believe that the faith should rear up many and solid defenders, and nothing is more calculated to make the crowd accept the truth than to see distinguished men of science attach themselves to it freely. Moreover, the hate of our opponents will easily disappear, or, at least, they will not dare to affirm with so much assurance that faith is the enemy of science when they perceive the learned rendering this faith the greatest honor and entertaining for it the liveliest respect. Since those can do so much for religion to whom Providence has liberally granted a happy talent and the grace to profess the Catholic faith, it is meet that in the midst of this violent controversy, excited by the sciences which border in any way on the faith, each should choose a group of studies appropriate to his intelligence, endeavor to excel in them, and repel, not without glory, the bolts directed against Holy Writ by an impious science.

It is agreeable to Us to praise here the conduct of some Catholics, who, to enable the servants to give themselves up to such studies and achieve progress, furnish them with aid of every kind, and form associations on which they bounteously bestow abundant contributions. That is an excellent employment of fortune, and one most suitable to the requirements of the epoch. The loss, in fact, Catholics are indebted to subsidies from the State for their studies the more should prompt and generous private liberality be extended, and the more imperative is it that those to whom God has given riches should consecrate it to the preservation of the treasure of revealed truth.

But, in order that these labors should be truly profitable to Biblical science, the learned should rely on the principles We have indicated already. They should loyally recall that God, the Creator and Master of all things, is at the same time the author of the Scriptures. Therefore nothing to be discovered in nature or in the memorials of history can be in disaccord with them. If there seems to be a contradiction on some point, exertions must be applied to cause its disappearance now by having recourse to the wise judgment of theologians and interpreters to ascertain what there is of the true and the likely in the passage on which there is dispute, and again by carefully weighing the arguments opposed to us. One must not yield ground, when there even exists some semblance of truth in the contrary opinion. In short, as the truth can never in any fashion contradict the truth, it may be held for certain that an error has glided either into the interpretation of the sacred words or in some other portion of the discussion, and if one or other of these faults is not sufficiently clearly perceptible, there must be patience before attempting a definition of the sense of the text. Indeed, very numerous objections, borrowed from all the sciences, have been raised for a long

time in a multitude against the Scriptures, and have entirely disappeared as being without value. Similarly, in the course of interpretation, numerous explanations have been proposed touching certain passages of Scripture concerning neither faith nor morals, which a profound study has since permitted to be understood in a juster and more lucid fashion. Time destroys now opinions and inventions, but truth remains for ever. Thus, as nobody can flatter himself that he understands the entire Scriptures, on which subject St. Augustine himself avowed that "he was ignorant of more than he knew," each one, should he meet a passage too difficult for him to explain, should exercise the prudence and the patience demanded by the same Doctor. "It is better to be charged with unknown but useful signs than to envelope one's head by absurd interpretations in a network of errors, after having freed it from the yoke of submission."

If Our counsels and Our orders are honestly and wisely followed by the men who devote themselves to subsidiary studies—if in their writings, teachings, and labors they propose to refute the enemies of the truth, and to hinder youth from losing the faith, then, in fine, they can rejoice at having veritably served the interests of Holy Writ, and carried such aid to the Catholic religion as the Church is entitled to expect from the piety and knowledge of its children.

These, Venerable Brethren, are the warnings and precepts inspired by God, which We have resolved to impart to you on this occasion relative to the Scriptures. It is your function now to watch that they are observed with suitable respect, so that the gratitude due to God for having communicated to the human race the words of His wisdom may manifest itself more, and in such a mode also that this study shall produce the abundant fruits We desire above all the interest of the youth destined for the sacred ministry, who are Our eager care and the hope of the Church.

Employ with ardour your authority and multiply your exhortations, in order that these studies may rest in honor and prosperity in the seminaries and universities dependent on your jurisdiction, that they may flourish purely and in an auspicious fashion under the direction of the Church, according to the salutary teaching and examples of the holy Fathers and the usage of our ancestors: that they may attain, in process of time, such progress that they shall be truly the support and glory of Catholic truth and a divine gift for the eternal salvation of the people,

We finally admonish, with paternal love, all disciples and ministers of the Gospel to cultivate Holy Writ with respect and lively piety. Their intelligence cannot truly expand in a salutary way as befits it, if they do not sweep away the arrogance of terrestrial science and cultivate with fervour the wisdom which comes from on high.

Once initiated in this science, enlightened and fortified by it, their intellect will have a power, ever amazing, to recognize and avoid the errors of human science, to pluck solid fruits and garner them for eternal interests.

The soul will thus be more ardently borne towards the advantages of virtue, and will be more fervently animated with the divine love. "Happy are those search witnesses who search them out with their whole heart."

And now, relying on the hope of divine aid, and full of confidence in your pastoral zeal. We accord with full confidence in God, as guarantee of the heavenly favors and testimony of Our particular good will, the Apostolic Benediction to you all, to all

the clergy, and the people confided to them.

Given at Rome near St. Peter's the eighteenth of November, 1893, and the sixteenth of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

What Authors Read.

The direction of Dr Johnson's studies was partly determined, we are told, by the discovery of a folio of Petrarch lying on a shelf, where he was looking for apples, says a writer in *"The Spectator"*. It was an accident, again, which threw the continuation of Echard's Roman History in the way of Gibbon. "To me," he says "the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new, and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube when the summons of the dinner bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. . . . I procured the second and third volumes of Howel's 'History of the World,' which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale. Simon Ockley first opened my eyes, and I was led from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history."

Burns, too, though he had the choice of such works as "The Spectator," "Locke on the Human Understanding," and Pope, together with odd plays of Shakespeare, which formed the staple reading of his home, nevertheless owed most to an old collection of songs. "This," he says, "was my vade mecum! I pored over them during my rest or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender and sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft such as it is!"

Charles Lamb was one of the many admirers of Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler," and none has paid that work a handsomer tribute of praise "It would sweeten a man's temper," he exclaimed, "at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant, angry passion." But his favorite authors, after all—the sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention—were old Kit Marlowe and Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden and Cowley, and, in one of his essays, herecalls the time he spent at Blakesware, and "the cheerful store room in whose lob window seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before me, and the hum and flapping of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted about me."

An Anecdote of Goldsmith.

Once there was in England a poor woman, who had often heard of the good deeds of a certain Dr. Goldsmith, and who felt emboldened to ask him to prescribe for her sick husband without an assurance of ever receiving any pay. "He has lost his appetite," she wrote to the poet, "and is in a very sad state, and we are very poor."

Goldsmith answered this letter in person, and satisfied himself that the man was really as ill and destitute as his wife had represented.

"I will send you some pills in an hour," remarked Goldsmith, as he took his departure.

In a short time the good poet's manservant arrived at the invalid's house with a small box, which when opened was found to contain ten guineas, and a card on which these words were written: "To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."

"The author of 'The Deserted Village' was often in sad straits himself, but sufferings and privations seem to have had the effect of making his heart all the more tender and compassionate. —*Ave Maria.*

A Simple Way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. F. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

A Great Cathedral.

Fanale B. Ward, whose gossipy letters from Buenos Ayres are always a feature of the papers with which she corresponds, thus writes of the Cathedral at that place, recently visited by her.

"The Cathedral is a very plain white building, but imposing because of its great size, and differs from any other I have seen in Spanish America in having no towers: while its one small dome, covered with blue and white tiles, is set so far back that one cannot see it well from the street level. The churches of Argentina were chiefly built by the early Jesuits, and show the taste of their stern founders in solidity, rather than in 'ginger-bread work.' This one was founded by Don Juan de Garay, in 1580; was rebuilt some 200 years later, and adorned in this century with a new facade and heavy classical portico by General Rosas, then President of Argentina.

"All along the front of the Cathedral he put huge bosses of white and gold woodwork displaying ecclesiastical crooks, mitres, scarfs and keys; and the portico, which is upheld by twelve Corinthian columns, has a tympanum with a bas-relief of patriotic significance. It represents Joseph embracing his brethren, and commemorates the re-union of Buenos Ayres with the other Argentine provinces. The interior impresses you only by its vastness and the simplicity of its decorations, all in white and gold—even the altars being noticeable for nothing but their falls of gold and silver lace. It is divided into three naves, with massive columns, and has twelve side chapels.

"The high altar is at the far end, under a dome 130 feet high. Leo XIII., the present Pope, was attached to this Cathedral when a young priest, and has many times officiated at its altars. It is notable as being the sixth in size in the world—with a capacity of 18,000 persons—in the order named. St. Peter's, at Rome; St. Paul's, London; Antwerp Cathedral, Saint Sofia; Notre Dame, at Paris, and then this Cathedral at Buenos Ayres."

A Levitical Family.

There passed away in Fantasaph, Ireland, on October 15, a venerable Irishwoman who had the happiness of giving seven sons and four daughters to the Church. She was Mrs. Rose Brennan, widow of the late Mr. James Brennan, formerly of Tasson, County Monaghan, and was seventy-nine years old. Four sons are members of the Franciscan Capuchin Order, namely: The Very Rev. F. Bernard Guardian, Fathers Joseph and Eugene, and the Very Rev. F. Anthony Brennan, provincial, and all four assisted at the funeral services.

The first named celebrated the Solemn Mass of Requiem. Father Joseph was the deacon and Father Eugene the sub-deacon. Father Anthony officiated at the burial. The other sons are Brothers Felix, Crispin and Seraphim, O. S. F. C.; and her daughters are Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy. The seven sons and three daughters, Sisters Deodata, Marina and Winifrida, were present at the funeral. What an edifying sight was thus presented by ten religious members of one family assisting in the last services over their honored parent! And what a noble memorial of the Christian father and mother do these holy children make!

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strains or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Light scorch marks may be removed by simply moistening them with water and laying them in the sun.

## CENTENARY OF REV. MOTHER BALL.

Celebration at Loretto Abbey.

A very interesting and impressive ceremony took place at Loretto Abbey on Wednesday, to commemorate the centenary of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball, the foundress of the Loretto Order in Ireland. It was a day of general rejoicing, a Community festival of loving memory, and an occasion to the friends of the American mission to show their appreciation of that much of Mother Teresa's work that has come to their immediate knowledge.

A religious festival it was observed in a truly religious spirit, but Mother Church, mindful of the needs of her children, adapts herself to their feelings in such a way, that when joy is the prevailing element, she rejoices with us.

The chapel presented a grand appearance; on entering we were instantly attracted by the blaze of light from the altar, which was tastefully decorated with natural flowers and pretty colored lights. The body of the chapel was well filled with over a hundred of the pupils, the Community and many of the Sisters from the Mission Houses, who came to join in the celebration.

At 9.30 the service began with the Litany of Loretto sung by all in grand, solemn chorus, during which the procession of clergy entered, consisting of his Grace Archbishop Walsh, attended by Very Rev. J. McCann, Rev. Fathers Murray, C. S. B., Grogan, C. S. R., Hurd, Marjion, Provincial C. S. B., Dr. Kilroy, Dean Cassidy, Rev. Fathers Ryan, Hogan, C. S. R., Coyle, Cruise, O'Malley, Reddin and McBrady.

Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father McCann; Rev. Father Murray acting as Deacon; Rev. Father Grogan as Sub-deacon, and Father Hurd as Master of Ceremonies.

Rheinberg's celebrated Mass was chosen for the occasion, which spoke favorably for the classic taste of the Sisters, and its exquisite rendering was very commendable. At the Offertory the "Laudamus Te," by Bassini, sounded peculiarly appropriate; and as the sweet voice pronounced each word in those exquisite tones so well known and loved, we repeated almost involuntarily, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee." Mercadante's "Ave Verum" was sung at the Communion, and was very effective.

When Mass was over, all were eager to listen to the eulogiums passed on Rev. Mother Teresa, and our expectations were generously answered. Rev. Father Ryan, in his usual masterly way, delivered a grand panegyric on the sainted foundress, taking for his text the appropriate words concerning the valiant woman.

Scarcely had the last word impressed itself on the hearts of the hearers, when all rose, and uniting their voices, from his Grace the Archbishop down to the smallest child, in singing that grand hymn, "Holy God, we praise Thy name." It was most effective, and impressed us as being a fitting close to such a beautiful yet solemn ceremony.

We congratulate the Ladies of Loretto on their competency in keeping the centenary of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball in a manner worthy of the occasion.

## FATHER RYAN'S SERMON.

We are glad to be able to give our readers a pretty full summary of Father Ryan's able and interesting sermon. Taking his text from Prov. 31-10—"Who will find me a valiant woman? Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates." The Rev. preacher said in substance:

YOUR GRACE, REV. FATHER AND DEAR FRIENDS—The words I have cited from the Book of Proverbs are interpreted by the Church as a question asked by God the Creator when He wanted a helper like unto Himself to co-operate with Him in the Redemption of mankind. The question, you know, was answered, and the answer came from the humble virgin of Nazareth, who said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." The effect of Mary's fiat was a new creation, a second and a supernatural creation, a creation much greater than the first, when God brought all things out of nothing. The effect of the Creator's fiat was the creation of light. The effect of the creature's fiat was the Incarnation of Light Divine. "He spoke and they were made. He commanded and they were created." She spoke and the Creator was made the Christ. With Christ began Christianity, and Christianity is the Catholic Church, a continued creation, or rather a continued Incarnation.

At certain great epochs in the life of the Church, in the presence of special great needs or dangers, God looks again for the aid that Mary gave Him, and He repeats His question: "Who will find me a valiant woman?" Such an epoch came at the beginning of the present century, in the life of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Beautiful and glorious that life had been, but it had to be sorrowful too. The Catholic Church in Ireland came fully formed from the mind of God, and clothed in beauty and strength from the hands of St. Patrick. She was a Bride at Her birth, coming up from earth adorned for her husband, flowing with delights and leaning on her Beloved, 'mid

canticles and hymns from convent and cloister, and *Te Deum* from temples all over the land. But the time came when all was changed. Her joy was turned into sorrow, her glory changed into shame. For "the Keepers that went about the city found her, and struck her, and wounded her and the Keepers of the walls took away her veil from her, and her garments of glory they divided amongst them and over her vesture they cast lots. And she called upon her Beloved, and He did not answer her." And she cried out in the anguish of her breaking heart. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me. But, valiant and brave even unto death, she bowed her head in obedience, her heart broke and she died. "Died? No, she was fated not to die. When they took her down from the cross and laid her in the tomb, and when seals were set and guards, her Master and Lord who never left her, had only hid Himself in love, while the storm raged and death threatened, because He knew her brave confidence and courage. He knew what she would do, and He knew what He would do. And now he comes to the place where they laid her, and taking His beloved, faithful brave Irish Bride by the hand, said: Give place, the maid is not dead; and stooping down He whispered in His mother tongue *Tubitha cum!*, which, being interpreted, seems to mean Erin, arise? And rising she cries in her love and great joy "*Rabbun!* my own dear Master" my divine *Sopparth tron!*"

It was at this solemn, sublime moment of Ireland's religious re-urrection that the Master asked for a valiant woman to help Him to care for His risen Bride, and to create a new religious order in Ireland, to take charge of the intellectual and moral training of the risen mother's most favored children in academies of best and highest culture. At this most momentous epoch in the religious life of Ireland a man after God's own heart, a great priest and great prelate, the Most Rev. Daniel Murray ruled the diocese of Dublin. He knew well the country's need, he heard the word of the Master, and with the supernatural intuition of a saint he found the valiant woman in the person of Frances Mary Teresa Ball, Foundress of the Institute of our Lady of Loretto in Ireland. It is the centenary of the birth of this servant of God that we have come here to-day to commemorate, in union with the Children of Loretto all over the world.

It is not necessary for us to give to this valiant woman "of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates." This has been done by hundreds of her children all the world over, and by thousands of Loretto's pupils, who, in best and highest Catholic culture, show the excellent educational results of this first among teaching orders of women. It will be our pleasing part to-day to simply show whence such fruits came, and why the Foundress of so many and such noble works deserves to be called "valiant."

In the production and perfection of His works Almighty God needs two kinds of helpers—those who continue and those who create. The Founders of religious orders help God in a work of creation. For this highest help a creature can give the helper must have two qualities—simplicity and purity—simplicity of mind and purity of heart; and both in greatest perfection. Simplicity of mind sees God's plans; purity of heart puts them into execution. Simplicity is light, purity is strength. Simplicity brings God to us; purity takes us and all things else to God. Simplicity is one and holy; purity is Catholic and apostolic. Simplicity says: "Behold Thy handmaid!" purity says: "Be it done with me according to Thy word." Simplicity, supernaturalized, has four of the gifts of the Holy Ghost: Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Knowledge. Purity has three: Fortitude, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord. Simplicity of soul has many external signs. It is calm, quiet, self-contained. It has a dignity of self conquest and complete self control. It is meek, and humble, and amiable, and therefore most attractive. But its characteristic exterior sign is silence. And in its silence it attains the sublime. Silence is said to be the garment of God. It is certainly the condition that accompanies all God's greatest works. The silence of nothingness preceded creation. The silence of Nazareth surrounded the Incarnation. "When all things were in quiet silence, Thy Almighty Word came down from heaven, O Lord; the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." The silence of earth is found at the altar, the garment of the hidden God.

Now, the motto, the maxim of Mother Mary Teresa Ball's life was this. *In silentio fortitudo vestra.* In silence shall be your strength. She lived the maxim she taught so well. In all things like the Master she loved, she was especially like Him in this, that she began to do and to teach. She was an incarnation of the Institute she founded—a living book of the religious rules she asked her children to observe. Her life indeed, like the life of every holy soul, was hidden with Christ in God. But she would not have been the valiant woman God needed if she lived a hidden life only. A great work was to be done in Ireland, and indeed wherever the children of Ireland were; and this great and glorious work Mary Teresa

Ball was chosen by God to do. He who is mighty did great things for her; and she, in the power of His might, would do great things for Him. Great souls are capable of conceiving great things, but only great hearts are willing and able to do them. Mary Teresa Ball was a great-hearted woman. Simplicity was a quality of her great and noble soul. Purity was a characteristic of her brave and generous and loyal heart. Simplicity says: "Seek first the Kingdom of God." Purity says: "Thy Kingdom come," and, catching the fire of zeal from the burning heart of Jesus, works over that Christ the King may reign in the hearts of all. Purity is a priestly, an apostolic virtue. It is essentially selfless. It freely, generously gives itself for others that it may give all to God.

Mother Ball knew well that Ireland had given her heart to God, but she would have all Ireland's daughters give Him their hearts too. With a divine instinct she saw the danger that threatened emancipated Ireland; the danger that lurks in godless schools and purely secular teaching. She would indeed have Ireland's daughters educated, and their education should be of the highest and best, but that, she said, can only be by a system of training thoroughly Christian and Catholic, that begins with the heart and ends with God. So she set to work, and during the forty eight years of her religious life she founded nearly fifty first class Academies in Ireland, England, India and Canada. That number is now more than doubled, and the centenary of the birth of Frances Ball is commemorated during this month in over one hundred houses of the Institute formed in Ireland by Rev. Mother Mary Teresa. That name is dear to the hearts of all Loretto's children, but it must be ever cherished with a specially fond remembrance by the family and friends of Loretto in Canada. When reading the life of Mother Mary Teresa Ball I had often to pause and ask myself: Is not this the life of our own dear Mother Mary Teresa Dease? And indeed it may be said most truly that these two great souls, these two great hearts were one. Mother Mary Teresa Dease was a living image of Mary Teresa Ball. That gentleness, sweetness, magnetic power; that queenly dignity and grace of our own dear Mother we all remember so well. The wonderful power of her silence, equalled only by the pregnant wisdom of her words. The reverence she had for the Lord's anointed, and the love she had for souls.

But why speak to you of her sanctity who had reason to know her so well. The great, preacher, Father Burke, in his funeral sermon over the blessed remains of Mother Mary Teresa Ball, said she was the most perfect religious, the greatest woman he ever met. I have heard two of our most illustrious prelates make a similar declaration of Mother Mary Teresa Dease.

Imitation is the best devotion, the truest test of love. Let us all endeavor to give in our life this tribute of love and devotion to these two great servants of God.

## Vespers and Sermon at St. Michael's.

There is no building in Toronto that has such magnificent acoustic properties as old St. Michael's, and hence when a carefully trained choir responded to the leaders' baton the effect was magnificent. Wiegand's Grand Vespers were rendered in all their classical style. Mrs. D'Erville Smith surpassed herself in the "Angel's Serenade." Miss Priscilla Breen on the harp, and Mr. Donville with the violin, showed themselves masters of their instruments. Mr. Frank Anglin's duet with Mrs. Smith was well interwoven and rendered faultlessly. A trio by Mrs. Tapscott and Messrs. Derham and Anglin completed one of the most magnificent musical treats in St. Michael's Cathedral.

Great credit for all this is due to the leader of the choir, the Rev. Father Rohleder, whose musical talent is so well known amongst the Catholics of Toronto, and whose energy is untiring in securing the best talent for his choir.

The following is a brief synopsis of the Rev. Father McBrady's very eloquent and impressive sermon on labor:

The preacher, after pointing out that, in the long preparation of thirty years made by Jesus for the public ministry, there was a great lesson for all those who aspire to the honors of public life, a lesson which the Church took home to herself and applied in the education of her ministers, went on to show that Jesus' hidden and laborious life was the glorification of labor and the encouragement of the laborer.

Labor comes from God who set the example of work by spending six days in creating the world. Man was made a working man from the beginning, for even in Paradise his office was to "keep and dress" the garden. It was his duty even then to exploit the powers of nature, to master discipline and submit them to her service, to become, in some sense, a creator in his turn and so intensify his likeness to his Maker.

Such was the history of labor before his fall. Since the fall, in addition to being a duty, it has become a necessity, a necessity painful but glorious, for in that necessity of

labor there is explanation of sin committed and a preservative against future sin.

By labor, the preacher said, he meant any legitimate employment of man's powers, whether of mind or of body. Intellectual labor, the labor of well-doing, was as much labor as the fashioning with the hands of wood or metal. Because labor was a duty and a necessity, he proposed to divide all men into two classes, those who work, and those who do not. The former are the nobles, the men who deserve to be known, the latter are the ignobles.

His audience, he felt, belonged to the former class—but even probably misunderstood the dignity of labor. Jesus Christ became a laborer to teach them. He became flesh that through him all creation, in its best and in its meanest, might share in the honor of union with God; He became a laboring man to teach that even manual labor was no degradation. Pagan philosophy had thought otherwise. Pagans had relegated the man of his hands amongst the beasts of burden; but just as Christ had ennobled the flesh of man by making it the flesh of God, so had He ennobled the profession of manual labor by making it known, at every stage of his life, the working-man had in Him a friend and a companion, in sickness, in pain, in the daily struggle for bread. Unfortunately the working man did not see this. He had degenerated since the days when the memory of Nazareth hovered as a vision of peace over the meanest trades. Would the old Christian spirit ever return? Would the old Christian guilds ever be revived? At any rate attempts to transform the ideas, to better the sentiments of the working-man would be vain until men learned to blend with their philanthropy efforts a portion of that religious reverence and respect which Christ, the carpenter, claims for those who are the partners of his laborious life.

The preacher concluded, by appealing to his audience, in the name of Jesus labouring, suffering, enduring pain in the persons of his members, to be generous in their aims for the poor, the helpless, and the abandoned.



*Reflections of a Married Woman*—are not pleasant if she be delicate, run-down, or overworked. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.

This is the time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments which are the cause of her trouble.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a safe remedial agent, a tonic and nerve *guaranteed* to cure those disorders and derangements incident to womanhood, or the money paid for it is returned.

It would not pay to sell a poor medicine on these terms.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in the Head.

## Cough Remedies.

During the fall and winter months the demand for cough remedies exceeds the demand for all others. The habit of taking personal risks is so inbred in human nature that it is not surprising that troubles brought on by exposure should be dominant. Respiratory affections don't attack us because we are predisposed to them, but because we nurture them by our own neglect. When we suffer from an attack of asthma, bronchitis, influenza or other complaints, it is our duty as well as our privilege to abate the disorder by the judicious use of Hallamoro's Expectant. Ask your druggist for it.

**GERARD MAJELLA, C.S.S.R.**

**A Grand Triduum to Commemorate his Beatification**

The solemn Triduum held at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, in honor of Blessed Gerard Majella during the past week was brought to a most successful and very impressive termination on Tuesday evening the 16th ult. During the Triduum the faithful of St. Patrick's gathered daily at the sacred edifice to attend each exercise. From early morning till 10 at night the Church was filled on Monday and Tuesday, not to speak of Sunday, during the whole of which crowds were thronging from far and near to view the magnificent decorations and beautiful painting of the Blessed Gerard.

It had been announced that the Triduum would open by a Solemn High Mass. Long before the Mass, 10.30 a.m., the Church was completely crowded. The Altar was most tastefully and richly decorated, presenting a dazzling array of natural flowers and parti-colored lights, all most artistically arrayed, whilst above all hung the life size painting of Blessed Gerard, which was surrounded by a frame of lighted tapers whose brilliant light shone brightly over the altar and sanctuary, enhancing the grandeur of the beautiful scene.

At 10.30 o'clock the clergy moved in procession from the sacristy into the sanctuary, where his Grace the Archbishop proceeded to the throne erected for him on the Gospel side. When the priests had filed into their allotted places, his Grace was conducted to the centre of the sanctuary, and the ceremony of unveiling and blessing of the picture commenced. His Grace intoned the solemn invocation "Beati Gerardi Majella, ora pro nobis," the choir responding. As the earnest and touching supplication fell on the listening ears of all present the veil before the picture was removed, revealing the form of the Blessed Gerard, holding in his hands the image of his Crucified Saviour and contemplating all that He had suffered from man. A holy awe seemed to thrill every one as their gaze was transfixed on the scene before them.

**SOLEMN HIGH MASS.**

The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's, with Rev. J. J. Guinane, of St. Michael's College, as deacon, and Rev. S. J. Grogan, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. His Grace was assisted by Rev. V. Marjion and Rev. F. K. Frachon of St. Michael's College. Needless to say that the musical portion of the services was fully in accord with the religious ceremony. Those who know the members of St. Patrick's choir, know full well what they are capable of. Mozart's First Mass was rendered with beautiful expression under the leadership of Rev. S. J. Krien, C.S.S.R., Miss Le Maitre, organist of St. Patrick's Church, presiding with her usual ability. Mr. C. Roehrer ably rendered Niedermayer's "Pater Noster" during the offertory.

The sermon was preached by his Grace. He dwelt upon Gerard's sanctity, and in glowing language showed how well our Saint imitated his Divine Model, especially by keeping in an heroic manner the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

In the evening at 7.30 Solemn Vespers were sung by Rev. J. Heyden, C.S.S.R., with Rev. S. J. Grogan as deacon, and Rev. S. J. Krien as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. R. Teet of St. Michael's College, and was delivered in a most able and eloquent manner. He chose as his text: "He hath equalled the humble."

The first day of the Triduum was closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament the sacred music was soul-inspiring, Messrs. Bissonette and Jas. Ward contributing largely to incite devotion by the sacred manner in which they performed their part.

On Monday the services were much the same as on the day previous. High Mass at 9 o'clock, celebrant being Rev. S. J. Krien. After the Mass Rev. S. J. Grogan preached a very practical sermon on "Visiting the Blessed Sacrament." He clearly and succinctly showed "How we are to visit our Hidden Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," and "Why?"

In the evening Vespers were sung by Rev. S. J. Krien. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., preached, in his wonted eloquent manner, a panegyric of our Saint to a crowded Church. He selected for his text the words: "His memory shall be held in benediction." The sermon was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Mrs. Devieux Smith heightened the devotion of the closing exercises of the second day by her devotional rendering of Luigi Luzzi's "Ave Maria."

On Tuesday High Mass was sung at 9 o'clock, the celebrant being Rev. S. J. Krien. Rev. S. J. Grogan, ascended the pulpit once more, this time to speak of his saintly confrere's favorite devotion during life. He spoke most feelingly of Blessed Gerard's devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ, and exhorted his hearers to imitate him in his love for the sufferings of their Crucified Saviour.

The closing of the three days' devotion consisted of Solemn Vespers at 7.30, the Fathers Du Mouchol, Grogan and Murray

acting respectively as celebrant, deacon and sub-deacon. The closing sermon of the Triduum was given by Rev. Father Ryan, taking for his text: "He hath done all things well." Hundreds hung upon the burning words of the eloquent speaker. He very ably proved that Blessed Gerard was the saint of our day, especially the saint for the poor laboring class.

Before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given Rev. C. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., in a few well-chosen words, cordially thanked the people for the manner in which they attended the exercises and sermons of the Triduum. If ever a congregation deserved words of praise from their pastor, that of St. Patrick's richly deserved them on this occasion. Large numbers approached the tribunal of Penance and Holy Communion, for every member of the congregation felt it was a time of grace and benediction. He closed his few remarks by giving the Papal blessing to the kneeling multitude.

Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament was then given by Rev. C. H. Barrett, with Rev. S. J. Grogan as deacon, and Rev. E. N. Murray of St. Michael's College as sub-deacon. A solemn *Te Deum* was sung alternately by the clergy in the sanctuary and choir, to give thanks to God for the many graces showered upon all those who made the Triduum.

There has, perhaps, never been witnessed in this city a grander or more impressive ceremony than the closing of Blessed Gerard's Triduum. The attendance on Tuesday evening was very great. The sacred edifice was filled to repletion. Hundreds of the faithful were present to render their homage to the humble lay brother whom God has exalted. There was one fault to be found with these exercises, a fault felt by all—that is, they were too short. They are finished indeed, but they will not soon be forgotten, and Blessed Gerard will not soon forget those who have honored him during these festivities.

**Reception to His Grace the Archbishop.**

The visit to St. Patrick's Church on Sunday the 14th ult., of his Grace the Archbishop was marked by many pleasant incidents, not the least of which was the presentation of an address by that progressive young society, the St. Alphonsus Club, to his Grace, the event taking place in their pretty and commodious club house on William street. While no gaudy pageantry lent color to the occasion such was the spirit exhibited on all sides and the true earnestness of the welcome accorded to him that his Grace admitted at the close of the proceedings that "he had, indeed, had a most pleasant afternoon." An escort composed of the members of the club accompanied his Grace from the Rectory on McCaul street to the club house, and amongst those who were present with his Grace were Rev. Fathers Barrett, Hayden, Krien, Hogan, Grogan, Marjion and Frachon. A large number of the members had assembled in the drawing room and library, and the appearance of his Grace was the signal of vociferous and continued applause. President McBrady stepped forward and in a clear, well-modulated voice read the following address:

**MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE**—The officers and members of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association are delighted to see your Grace in their midst, and beg leave to extend to you the hospitality of their unpretentious home.

Your visit, we feel, is at once a sanction given to the work which is growing up under the shadow of the parish church and under the auspices of the Redemptorist Fathers, and an encouragement to go on and do yet better things for the advancement of religion.

Our Association, as your Grace is aware, is not a pious confraternity, piety, true christian piety, has, we trust, a large part in our affections and in our practice, but still, piety is not the immediate end we have in view.

We are striving to gather into this, our temporary dwelling place, the young men of our city, and to bring home to them, by actual experience, the advantages, the encouragement, the real, solid aids to be found in fellowship and in mutual good example.

We aim at forming, under the sanction of the Church, a centre and a home where Catholic principles will be fostered, Catholic views inculcated, and whence they shall pass out into the greater world to help your Grace and those who labor with you in your efforts to add splendor and strength to the Kingdom of God in this country.

We hope, as time wears on and resources grow, to be able to make our little home more attractive and to gather into it in greater numbers the Catholic young men of Toronto, until, at last, it will become a rallying point towards which all that is wise and best and most truly Catholic in our population shall naturally converge.

Our aims are high; but our hopes are high too. Already we have tested the first earnestness of success. Your Grace's visit, with the kindly encouragement of which it is the token, is a pledge that your blessing is with us and with our work. With such sanction and with God's grace we face the future bravely.

We trust, therefore, that in the future your Grace may visit us frequently, and by your presence encourage us to persevere in the work which we have undertaken, and by your encouragement enable us to one day more fully realize the aims and object of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association.

It is our most earnest prayer that your Grace may long be spared to dwell amongst us, and, by your piety and your example, show us the beauties of a true Catholic life, well spent.

We trust, therefore, that your Grace will accept this short address as a token of the esteem by which you are held by the members of this Association.

Signed on behalf of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association

V. McBRADY, President.  
J. W. SLATTERY, Secretary.

Toronto, January 14th, 1894.

On rising to respond the applause again broke forth, and some minutes elapsed before sufficient quiet was restored to enable the remarks of his Grace to be heard. He thanked them for this address. It showed that they were loyal to the Church and to its clergy. They were making a beginning as a Literary Society, and they were doing splendidly. Too much cannot be done for the advancement of science, literature and the arts. The Catholic Church is the mother and patron of science; it was she that developed the arts and civilization of the world. We hear people talking of the middle ages, "the dark ages," and of the putting back of the world. When the Catholic Church took hold of the world it was a wilderness; and when the barbarians of the north rushed down and threatened to destroy the work of ages, it was the Catholic Church which stepped in and saved from ruin the result of years of labor. He was thankful to them; he did not expect anything else, because he knew they were true and loyal to their Archbishop.

He began his career in this City as a priest nearly forty years ago; he supposed a great many of his hearers were very young then. (Laughter.) William street was then a part of this parish. I must tell you I am deeply interested in your Society. You have begun a splendid work; you have shown what you are capable of. It is only a beginning; and you must bear in mind that the Christian religion began in a stable with the birth of our Lord—that great revolution which changed the destiny of the world. Bear in mind also that all the great Catholic institutions began in a small way—it is God's way. Now, gentlemen, go on and prosper. All the blessings I can give you are with you; my heart is with you. (Applause.) I hope you will prosper; and you will prosper, for you have the blessing of God and the protection of His Church, and you may rest assured that by keeping under the aegis of her protection that you will prosper.

You have begun, as your President, Mr. McBrady, said, "in a small way," though when I looked around me this appears to be a pretty decent place for "a small beginning." (Laughter and applause.) I begin my ministry in a farmer's log shanty out in the country. I said my prayers by the light of a log fire. (Laughter.) Now I want to tell you that I watch with interest all that you do, and if ever I can do anything to help you, by coming and speaking for you, or otherwise, I will do so. His Grace then blessed those present.

Mr. McBrady, on behalf of the Association thanked his Grace for honoring them with his presence, and asked him to enter his name in the Visitors' Book, which was opened for the first time. His Grace cordially consented and did so, after which he was shown over the Club house, and he expressed himself as being well pleased with what he saw.

Amongst those present were the officers for 1893-4, and Ex-Presidents Andrew Cottam, 1891-2; Thomas Callaghan, 1892-3; and J. F. Brown, 1890-1.

**League of the Sacred Heart.**

A very interesting and impressive ceremony was held at the church of our Lady of Lourdes last (Sunday) evening. The beautiful church was crowded with a most attentive and fervent congregation, and fourteen new promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart secured their crosses and diplomas.

The Rev. Pastor, Father James Walsh, chanted the vesper service, and the crosses and diplomas were blessed and conferred by Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral, who gave a stirring address to the members of the League before the solemn blessing and distribution of honors.

Father Ryan warmly complimented the pastor and people of our Lady of Lourdes, in the splendid success of the League in their parish. He said it was only natural to expect that the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, should flourish and bloom and bear much fruit, under the fostering care of our Blessed Lady, who may well be called the fount of this beautiful devotion, as she gave his Divine Son this human heart, from which this devotion springs and to which it should be directed.

The League at Our Lady of Lourdes was also especially favored by the immediate and encouraging presence of His Grace, the Archbishop, who had done so much to make

this great doctrine known and loved. But the practical success of the work, and the number of new promoters, told eloquently, too, of the untiring zeal of the pastor, and the earnest piety of the people of Our Lady of Lourdes parish.

Those who extol the League of the Sacred Heart as the most powerful and most fruitful Catholic organization of the present day, are sometimes considered by cautious, prudent souls, as over enthusiastic. To such timid or captious persons, he should recommend the impressive address of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., lately delivered to our representatives of the League who went, 70 of them, with the Rev. Central Director for Italy, to congratulate His Holiness on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

Amongst other things most comforting and encouraging to members of the League the Holy Father said: "You are the representatives of one of the associations nearest and dearest to our heart, the apostleship of prayer, a new plant which for to-day so embellishes and so gladdens the gardens of the Divine Husbandman. Although a new growth, and just sprung up from a tiny seed, this plant is already a stately giant, extending its beneficent shade over the whole Christian world, gathering to itself a countless multitude of the faithful in every land, but all bound together by the same thought, the same purpose, the same practices of devotion and of every Christian virtue."

Having thus spoken of the spread and influence and power of his devotion, the Holy Father goes on to show how adopted it is to the needs of our time. He continues: "According to the revelation that our Lord was pleased to make to His servant, Margaret Mary, the worship of the Sacred Heart was proclaimed by God Himself for the healing of the great plague of modern society, selfishness; that egotism, which is really self-worship, the service offered to pride and sensuality."

Now what more fitting and efficacious means of overcoming this enemy than the infinite power of that fire of the love that sprang from the heart of Jesus and wrapped the whole world in one great flame, one blessed conflagration of charity's penetrating even into the corpse-like body of pagan society to enkindle in it the spirit of a new moral and civil life.

But the principle of conservation and renewal of all things is another than the very principle that gave them being; and the generative principle of christian society was the love of that divine Heart; hence the same love must be also the principle of renewal.

And then the Holy Father gives this admirable advice to the Promoters of the League, indeed, to all the members, for he would have all to be Promoters. "Use your best endeavors to spread this devotion abroad, in the bosom of your own households and throughout your native land, and true devotion can never be divorced from imitation."

"Strive to form your hearts in the model of His. His was a Heart whose mortal life was one of sacrifice, as likewise his sacramental life is now. A life which may be fully summed up in this formula. Nothing for Himself as man; everything for us. Such then must be the life of your hearts. So that each one of you may be able to say with truth; nothing for myself; all for the red heart of Jesus."

The dignity and duty of promoters could not be better expressed or more strongly urged. That dignity and duty you have always before you in the crosses of honor and diplomas of office you receive this evening. Go with God's blessing to your glorious work, and before this year is ended, this year of the golden jubilee of the League—may every member of the parish of our Lady be an associate of the League of her son's Sacred Heart.—*Star of Monday.*

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## LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 5, 1894.

The great Parliamentary event of the week has been the compromise arrived at between the two rival parties for facilitating the passage of the Parish Councils Bill. It is looked upon as one more grand stroke of policy to the credit of the Old Parliamentary Hand. The Radical as well as the Conservative irreconcilables will, despite their grumblings, accept it. They are sulky that they have been denied their request for a little more Obstruction on the one hand, and a little more "Guillotino" on the other, but they are not openly rebellious. The progress of the Bill since the understanding was arrived at has been, comparatively speaking, lightning-like. Compromise, indeed, seems almost as effective as closure.

A few days ago we were innocently congratulating ourselves on the loquacity of the winter of 1893. All through November and December swallows, humming-birds, butterflies and moths, creatures which we naturally associate with Summer have been flying around in almost tropical profusion. Yesterday evening, however, came some snow, and yesterday night a frost of the good old-fashioned type. To-day we have had more snow, and an icy wind such as may make even the most hardy and robust inclined to turn up their coat collars, and to feel indignant at the apparent blunder Nature has made in setting the Human ear in such a way that it is exposed to the biting blast. It is really what is called a cold snap, and skating and tobogganing—the latter a recent importation—to the great delight of the student homo for his holidays, are being merrily indulged in on all sides.

Like poor forgotten Congreve Mr. Stead's proposed new daily paper, which was simply to direct the destinies of the human race—nothing more—has blazed, the comet of a very short season, and has now found the "meanest of all sepulchres." The conductor of this unique journal—had it ever got beyond its specimen number—proposed to sit in his editorial chair and pull the strings of European and foreign politics. If a Pope was to be selected the editor of the new journal would have to be communicated with and consulted; if the Prime Minister proposed to bring in a big Bill he would have to sound the views of the same omniscient personage. Indeed, pictures have been drawn of an unfortunate Prime Minister waiting submissively in the passage whilst the great man is settling some more important business in his editorial sanctum, which would henceforth be the very centre of gravity, if not that of the universe itself. After all these graphic descriptions of journalism extraordinary, it is a trifle disappointing to learn that the new paper is not to come out at all. The idea has been abandoned, and what money was subscribed is now finding its way back to the pockets whence it came.

A friend admitted to me the other day quite frankly that she had been all the way to Brighton at Christmas for the purpose of seeing Mr. Gladstone. She has not been successful in obtaining a seat in the Ladies' Gallery at the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone has been present, and has never yet seen him going into Palace yard. Accordingly she repaired to Brighton, where she was told she would be sure to see the Premier on the sea front. I asked if her quest was successful. "Yes," she replied with a little hesitation, "it was in a way. On the last day I was there I saw Mr. Gladstone in Lion Mansions." "You were invited to meet him, then." I inquired. "Not exactly," was the reply. "You see, I observed a small crowd of people looking up at one of the windows. I at once joined the crowd, and saw the back

of Mr. Gladstone's head. The old gentleman was reading, and never stirred. I was able to look at him for quite a long while. The crowd was, like myself, deeply interested.

By the death of Sir Samuel Baker, which took place last Saturday at Sampford Orleigh, his Devonshire seat, the world has been deprived of one of its most noteworthy citizens. Sir Samuel Baker was equally distinguished for his prowess with his rifle and with his pen, as an explorer and as an administrator. Many parts of the world have come under his purview, but Africa was the continent on which he concentrated his best energies. His career was an eventful and a useful one. One cannot but admire the dauntless courage, great organising capacity, and mental activity which characterised the greater part of his life. It was not only Egypt to which he directed his attention. The exploration of the Upper Nile was one of his chief feats, displaying vast endurance as well as a keen love of scientific inquiry. Egypt owes much to Sir Samuel Baker, and so does England, for he penetrated the dark continent at a time when exploration in Central Africa was not the familiar matter, it has since become. His discoveries, great in themselves, paved the way for still further researches by his successors and imitators. He was sustained in his chief effort by the endurance, the encouragement and the companionship of his wife and his literary achievements owe much to her prompting if not to her actual work. Although Sir Samuel was not a Devonshire man by birth, he was so by long residence, and the county has pride in having been made the home of so distinguished an explorer and scientist. Even to the last the mental vigour and literary activity of Sir Samuel has been sustained, for his letters concerning the loss of the *Victoria* and the condition of the navy attracted attention, their authorship their powerful argument and the vein of common sense that pervaded them giving to them special weight. Sir Samuel Baker was both beloved and respected where he was best known. He belonged to a class of men of whom the world has not seen many and possesses few.

## Geology In the Making.

A curious piece of contemporary geology is being worked out in New Jersey. The whole coast has been long sinking, and the process is still going on. A curious industry is carried on in the southern part of the State—the mining for cedar. Some of these noble trees exhumed from their swampy burial, exceed three feet in diameter, with the timber perfectly sound. The "lay" of these uprooted trees, according to the American naturalist, indicates the devastation, probably of extraordinary cyclones, occurring at immense intervals of time, thus leveling one forest upon another that had been thrown down long before. The cedars growing there to-day send their roots among their long buried ancestors. The rings upon some of the exhumed trees show a growth of 1,500, or possibly 2,000 years, and the existence of at least two buried forests below the present growth is indisputable.

It is probably not the coldest weather you ever knew in your life; but that is how you feel just now, because past sufferings are soon forgotten, and because your blood needs the enriching, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the Superior Medicine.

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*Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.*  
We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts. in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

## Pope Leo XIII.

When Leo XIII. goes to pass the day at the tower he is accompanied by his cameriere participante—gentleman (prelate) in waiting—an officer and two Noble Guards. He is carried from his apartment in a sedan chair through the loggia of Raphael and the museums to the entrance to the Vatican gardens, where his carriage awaits him. The prelate in waiting seats himself opposite his Holiness, and the Noble Guards mount their horses, and escort the carriage. After two or three turns round the garden he alights at the door of the tower, dismisses his cameriere and guards, who return to the Vatican with the carriage, having received orders to come for him at four or five o'clock.

At the tower, ready to attend to his personal wants, he finds his groom of the chambers, Signor Contra—an important personage in the Papal household—and three other servants. An amusing occurrence, to which the Pope submits with more or less patience, is the inevitable presence of the head gardener, a clean-shaven shrivelled little man in a frock coat and tall hat, who meets him every morning at the door to offer a stiff, old-fashioned nose-gay, and remains kneeling while his Holiness inquires about his olives and his grapevines. Then the door is closed, and the Pope retires to his room, where he remains alone from 9 o'clock till noon, when his dinner is brought to him. It does not take much food to preserve in life the diaphanous frame of the elderly Pontiff and, in fact, he seems to consider eating a troublesome superfluity. The simplest kind of food and the least expensive is what he prefers. A light soup, the wing of a chicken, rice cooked in broth, and a light entree of some sort, constitutes his midday meal, which lasts about 20 minutes. Sometimes during his dinner he has a little chat with his servant, Contra, who waits on him. Then he lies down upon his little couch for an hour to rest. It is in the tower that he receives the Cardinal Secretary of State, but the daily audience rarely lasts over an hour, and no one else is allowed to disturb his solitude.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## An Irish Soldier Becomes a Monk.

On the first of November last, the feast of All Saints, Mr. Samuel Allman, native of Cork, and late private in her Majesty's 60th Regiment of Foot (Welsh regiment) at present stationed in Malta, received the habit of the Augustinian Order as lay brother at St. Augustine's Novitiate, Oita Vecchia. Brother Allman served seven years and six months with his regiment and was stationed in Dublin at the time, and was one of the guard of honor detailed for Lord Aberdeen on the memorable day when that nobleman left Dublin in 1886. The ceremony of reception was witnessed by a large number of Irish, Maltese and English friends, who were afterwards entertained in a very hospitable manner by the good fathers of the Order. Brother Allman's name in religion is Patrick Augustine.

## A Curious Bird Legend.

January 30th and 31st and February 1st are famous at Constantinople, Brescia and along the Danube and the Rhine as the "Blackbird Days." A curious legend says that originally all species of grackles (blackbirds), were white, and that they became black because, during one year in the middle ages, the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took refuge in the chimneys. At Brescia, Mr. Swainson says, the three days are celebrated with a feast called "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."

Bread crumbs cleanse silk gowns. There is nothing mean before God, unless it be a base soul under high titles.—*Lytton.*

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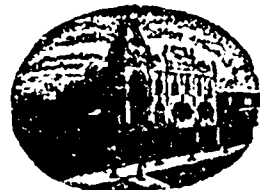
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**A Legend.**

There's a legend, old and quaint,  
Of a painter and a saint,  
Told at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the swift river  
flies:  
Where the berg with snowy crown  
Hangs d. sking o'er the town,  
And, circling all, the green-domed hills and castles  
Alps arise.

In church, at set of sun  
(Thus doth the story run),  
Some children watched the cupola, where, propped  
on dizz. frames,  
Daniel Assam, calm and grand,  
With a heaven-directed hand,  
Stood painting a colossal figure of the great Saint  
James.

And one there, whispering, praised  
The painter, as they gaze,  
Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of Holy  
Word  
That helps the story on  
Of the brother of Saint John,  
Of the first Apostle who was martyred for the mar-  
tyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 'twas said,  
He ate the Holy Bread:  
And every night the knotted lash wounded his  
shoulders bare.  
Silent he came and went,  
Like one whom God has sent  
On a high and solemn mission, that brooks no speech  
but prayer.

For 'twas meet that he should pray,  
Who fitly would portray  
The form that walked with Christ, and feasted at the  
mystic board.  
And much he needed grace,  
Who would picture forth the face  
That had shone back in the glory of the Transfigured  
Lord:

Thus whispered they below;  
While above, within the glow  
Of an isolating sunshine, the unconquered artist stood  
And, where the rays did fall  
Full clearly on the wall,  
Leaned the Apostle, half revealed, in dawning saintli-  
hood.

Daniel Assam paused in doubt,  
As he traced the nimbus out:  
Would the face show dimmer should he add one  
crowning raylet more—  
With a single pointed spire  
Tip the auroral fire,  
Whose curv'd and clustered radiance that awful  
forehead wore?

Hesitating, back he drew,  
For a more commanding glow  
The children trembled where they stood, and whitened  
and grew faint;  
And still he backward stepped,  
And still, forgetful, kept  
His studious eyes fixed earnestly upon the bending  
saint.

One plank remained alone,  
And then the cruel stone  
That paved the chancel and the nave two hundred  
feet below.  
The man enwrapped in God,  
Still slowly backward trod,  
And stepped beyond the patron's dizzy edge, and  
fell—when, lo!

Swift as a startle thought,  
The saint his hands had wrought  
Lived, and flashed downward from the dome with  
outstretched, saving arm;  
One dazzling instant, one,  
The heavenly meteor shone,  
And Daniel Assam stood before the altar, free from  
harm!

Like mist around him hung,  
The lingering glory clung;  
He felt the pictured holy ones glow still with a  
their  
frames;  
He knew the light that shone  
Through eyes of carved stone:  
And, falling up within the dome, his saviour great  
Saint James!

Thus shall thy rescue be  
My soul said unto me,  
If thou but cast thyself on God, and trust to Him  
thine all.

For he, who, with his might,  
Labors with God aright,  
Hath angel hands about him ever, and he cannot  
all!

**REV. DWIGHT LYMAN.**

At the funeral of this celebrated prelate recently at Govanston near Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons drew the following interesting sketch of Father Lyman's birth in New York, his graduation from Columbia College, his subsequent professorship at St. James' College, near Hagerstown, and departure thence for the city of Baltimore and his ordination as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman. The speaker dwelt upon the friendship that knit together in the closest bonds the late pastor of St. Mary's and Rev. Francis Baker, for some time assistant

to Dr. Wyatt, of old St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore. He then referred to the Oxford movement, begun by Hurrell, Froude and Dr. Pusey and carried to its development by Dr. Newman, Ward and others. He suggested how naturally Messrs. Lyman and Baker discussed this intellectual and moral issue in the Protestant Episcopal Church, both "holding to the faith of their church until resistance on their part was overcome by the submission of Dr. Manning." The Cardinal went on:

"Then it was that Dwight E. Lyman, who had accepted a charge in Columbia, Pa., and Francis Baker decided to accept the verdict of Manning. Before that event Baker had urged upon his friend a continuance in the Episcopal Church on the ground that whatever force there might be in the conversion of Newman and others, still Dr. Manning had remained true, and was standing like a rock of defence, resisting the force of the tempest. When reading of the Archdeacon's submission, conveyed in the brief newspaper statement, 'To day Dr. Manning made his submission to the Church in the city of Paris.' Father Lyman sent the clipping to Baker, quoting the latter's words (words by which he had hitherto justified his position and continuance in the Episcopal faith), 'The Church that is good enough for Manning is good enough for me.'

"Dwight Lyman was received into the Catholic Church at St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, and after a brief residence under the hospitable roof of Basil Spalding he entered St. Mary's Seminary, where he took sacred orders in 1866. He went as assistant to the late Father McManus, and left the latter to become pastor of St. Mary's, Govanstown, where he had labored faithfully during a full third of a century up to the day of his death.

"If I were to single out some characteristic trait of Father Lyman I would mention his great care in instructing children in the principles of the Christian faith and his care in instructing converts to the Catholic faith. These persons naturally sought him before others as having been buffeted as they were, and believing that under God he would be the kindly light to lead them to the safe haven of the Catholic Church. His love for those not of the Catholic faith was elevated, spiritualized and ennobled by his own faith. He felt it as a treasure, and, instead of hiding it within his own breast, desired to share its treasures and joys with others. As an instance of this I may mention the fact that over 800 conversions were due to his work in Govanstown.

"Father Lyman was an accomplished man and one of refinement, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. He had the amenities of social life and was also an accomplished musician, both an instrumentalist and vocalist. Well do we remember his singing in the Seminary, especially that of the most simple but most majestic of all songs—'The Divine Preface.'

"When I contemplate my friend before me I can but recall the trials and vicissitudes through which he passed before reaching the haven of rest, and the sacrifices he made, which all men in the same situation have to make. It brings to mind the conversation between that prince of apostles Peter and his Master, when Peter said, 'Behold, O Lord, we have left all things and have followed Thee. What shall we have?' To him may be applied the reply of the Master to Peter, 'Every one who has left family and friends shall possess an hundred fold more in this life and in the life to come.'

"We do not understand nor do we reckon upon the trials men like him have to endure. There is a prison far more darksome than a dungeon, that of imprisoning one's own thoughts.

There is a sword sharper than that of execution, to be misrepresented and misunderstood. An abandonment and dereliction and expatriation far more trying than the exile of country is that of the imprisonment of our thoughts from those we love and with whom we wish to converse. Consolations will superabound for Dwight Lyman if trials abounded in this life. He possessed the hundred fold promised by Christ. He had the precious consolation of faith, the light and peace which it imparts, the peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth, and from the testimony of a good conscious saying within him: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' May we not hope he has entered into possession of everlasting joy and that peace and rest which passeth understanding?

"Wherein lies our duty as pointed by the life and death of Father Lyman? It is three-fold; first, toward God, which includes duty towards country and neighbor. Follow Christ and live like Christ. The world is governed more by ideals than ideas. Living examples teach more than the most beautiful abstracts of virtue. He speaks to you now from the bier. 'If I have preached the Word of God and have offered up for you the holy sacrifice of the mass—pray for me now.' May he rest in peace."

**Preserving Butter.**

When we consider how many hints have been given during the many centuries past for the preservation of fruits, it is remarkable that the present enormous industry in that line had not been invented earlier. It shows the advantage of what is called abstract studies. When by the invention of the microscope it was found that rot and decay were the result of the action of small organisms, and that not even these fungi could develop without atmospheric air, it was the most natural thing in the world that successful canning of fruits should follow; yet the hint has long ago been given in connection with many things, and especially with the preservation of butter. The old *Gardeners' Monthly* recorded a number of cases where butter had been fished out of wells, where it had dropped from vessels suspended over the water for the sake of the cold temperature. These lumps of butter, in many cases a century old were found just as fresh and good as the day they were churned. Kept from the atmosphere no parasitic fungus could attack it. Recently butter has been found in the bottom of bogs in the old world. It is believed in some cases to be nearly a thousand years old, and yet entirely fresh and good. These hints certainly are of great value to the practical person, who desires to see a dollar-and-cent value in every scientific idea.—*Mechanics Monthly*.

**A Custom in Siam.**

The people in Siam act upon the old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief; and so they take rats when they are quite young, tame them, and train them to hunt their own kind. These animals are said to attain enormous size by care and good feeding. They grow domesticated, and soon get to be as good to chase away the wild rats as if they were cats.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it is not likely that we, although we are adopting many ways from the far East, will ever allow Pussy to be supplanted by her old-time foe.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

Jan. 25—Conversion of St. Paul.  
26—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.  
27—St. Vitalian, Pope and Confessor.  
28—Sexagesima Sunday.  
29—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.  
30—Commemoration of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord.  
31—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.

## The Mail's Palladia.

The congratulations of the Catholics of Ontario are due to the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston for bringing the *Mail* to a sense of propriety. Some one signing himself "Ontario Priest" had written a very pointed letter to the *Mail*, which was published on the 18th inst. In his opening paragraph the writer apologized for not appearing in the columns of a Catholic weekly. These papers are so dependent upon the hierarchy that correspondence of such a nature would not be fairly treated. As a Catholic journal we scorn the allegation. With criticisms of the hierarchy we have nothing whatever to do. That misunderstandings between bishops and priests have occurred, do occur, and will occur we have no doubt—but that the *Mail* will not rectify these we also have no doubt. On the contrary we are quite certain that letters, such as "Ontario Priest" wrote, will do injury to the individual and to the body Catholic more than to the prelate against whom the poisoned shafts are directed. Nor would we have taken any notice of this anonymous and disgraceful letter were it not for the after-part.

In a leading article of Tuesday last headed "His Grace to the *Mail*," our morning contemporary publishes the following letter from a Kingston law firm on behalf of his Grace, Archbishop Cleary:

KINGSTON, Jan. 20, 1894

To the Publisher of the Toronto Mail, Toronto.

SIR,—We have received instructions from the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Kingston, relative to your publication of a very scandalous libel against the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Ontario in general, and against himself in particular, over the signature of "Ontario Priest," on the 18th inst.

Although his Grace takes no notice ordinarily of anonymous revilers, he deems it right to call attention to this attack upon him as being directed, not only against himself personally, but against the character and prestige of the episcopate.

The ex-priest who figures as your correspondent makes several charges which the Archbishop declares to be notoriously false, calumnious, and derogatory to his sacred office; and you appear almost to emulate him in the desire to injure the Archbishop when you head his letter with the extraordinary language which you have used, and which certainly justifies the Archbishop in regarding you as conspiring with the writer to reflect upon his character, and the administration of his sacred office.

On behalf of the Archbishop, we warn you that should you publish any more libels against him, he will in his own time, and in such manner as he may think fit, take such legal action against you as he may be advised.

Yours truly,  
WALKER & WALKER.

The comments are given in the form of an apology as polite as we would expect from this source, and as self-guarded as the liberty of the press and fear of Kingston would dictate. The *Mail* says:

With regard to this intimation, it can only be said, first, that the headlines to which exception is taken were simply a summary of the letter. They told the reader, as headlines generally do, the contents of the reading matter which followed, so that he might read on, or pass on, according as he should feel disposed. The letter itself came in the ordinary course of events. As it dealt with a matter of interest it received publicity without the slightest suspicion that his Grace would be reviled by it, or that Dr. Cleary's prestige would be impaired. A complaint was made as to the policy pursued in respect of certain priests who are citizens of Canada. Complaints of this nature can surely be entered, in this free country, without incurring the charge that the object in view is to bring the authority whose action is commented upon into contempt. Were it otherwise no alleged grievance could ever be considered, and certainly no wrong could be righted.

We all know that the *Mail* in the discussion of every Catholic question is guided by principle, devotion to public interest and the purest desire to maintain the most cordial relations with the Catholic citizens of the Dominion. Its columns have lately been filled with a more than usual amount of slander—but no discussion has taken such a sudden turn as this cowardly attack upon the Most Reverend Dr. Cleary. A single letter and the *Mail* explains, and promises its better conduct in future. And although the *Mail* cannot avoid its habitual sneer, and tries to keep up courage in making an explanation, it shows its feeling of meekness under the severe but well merited lash of the letter from Messrs. Walkom and Walkem by which has produced a very beneficial effect in stopping what promised to be a series of ill timed and ill placed slanders. What impression the Solicitors made may best be seen by the rest of the *Mail's* article:

Judging by Archbishop Cleary's view of the question, his Grace must entertain the opinion with regard to the relations of the press to the ecclesiastics which prevails in the Province of Quebec. There it is a scandal to criticize a bishop, and an offence to decline to assent to his decrees. Here, his Grace must remember, the conditions are different. We are neither in Quebec nor in Ireland. All men are entitled to be free, and the press is at liberty, not to calumniate or slander, but to discuss matters affecting any class of subjects with the utmost liberty.

The announcement by the Archbishop that he will take action against the *Mail* should libels be issued against him in its columns is an unnecessary warning. All men are entitled to defend their characters from false and malicious attacks. But it must not be supposed that a threat such as this is going to gag the *Mail*. This journal will exercise the right appertaining to a newspaper in Canada. It will open its columns to free discussion, but not to libellous charges, uninfluenced by threats from Kingston, or even from Rome. What is more, it will help the oppressed in such manner as it can, whether the complainants be Protestants or Roman Catholics, in the full hope that its services will tend to the advancement of the liberty of the individual, and the good of the people.

## Biting a File.

The *Orange Sentinel* can scarcely keep itself from bursting with wrath and rage over the fact that the Beaufort Asylum for the poor and insane has been purchased by the Sisters of Charity—\$125,000 is the sum stipulated for by the ladies now in charge. The Provincial Government guarantees the interest on this large sum—and thus exclaimeth the *Sentinel*, "one more institution is under the thumb of Rome."

The *Sentinel* avoids telling its readers how cheaply the good Sisters are

able to house, clothe, feed, and nurse the helpless patients left in their care. One hundred dollars per patient is their agreement with the Provincial Government that is about eight dollars per month. We fancy the Provincial Government has the best of the bargain. The *Orange Sentinel* would make believe that it is all the other way. "No wonder," it says, "Quebec is poor and the rate of taxation high. Millions of dollars wrung out of the toil and sweat of the peasantry go into the coffers of the Church."

The *Orange sheet* must have discovered some new method of reckoning up accounts with margins for profit and loss, when it can see millions resulting from the constant care and keep and maintenance of helpless idiots at the rate of about two dollars and ten cents per week per patient.

"Both political parties," continues the *Sentinel*, "seem to be tumbling over each other in their desire to fling favours and money to the Church of Rome; but the meanest and most contemptible surrender of all is that which hands over to religious bodies the care of the poor and the insane, and allows these to make money out of the afflictions and miseries of others."

It is quite easy to account for the thorough confidence which both political parties have in the piety, honesty and enduring industry of the Hotel Dieu Nuns, or other Religious Orders in the Province of Quebec. Both Rouges and Bleus have witnessed the great works achieved by those ladies in the past. Nuns have been engaged in deeds of mercy and charity right in the very midst of their towns and cities for the past two hundred years; they have lived and grown with the country's life and growth, and there should be a feeling of satisfaction in all honest minds—in the *Sentinel's* as of others—that those ladies have never once lost the confidence or the respect of any party in Quebec, political or otherwise.

But how does it happen that in the United States, especially since the Civil War, ending 1865, a large number of city hospitals and asylums for the poor and helpless are left by the municipal authorities in the hands of Catholic Sisters of Charity? Can the *Orange Sentinel* give any explanation of the infatuation that urges real Americans to thus lay down their institutions under the thumb of Rome, and enable the Nuns "to make money out of the afflictions and miseries of others?"

The French Infidel Government has been trying the plan of the *Sentinel* and replacing the Religious Orders with trained lay nurses; but the *Orange plan* of campaign adopted in France has been a most decided failure. The lay nurses could not be controlled; the expenses were most exorbitant; other abuses were reported daily, and the Nuns had to again be requested to resume their old duties of self-denial and love.

What happened in hospitals and ambulance work of the Crimean War was repeated during the United States civil embroilment. The Sisters of Mercy and Charity were the only military nurses admitted as successful by

the authorities of both nations. The *Orange Sentinel* may rant and fume because Virtue has always its reward, and because Rome is inexhaustible in her supply of valiant women to purify and bless the world with their presence and their deeds of heroism. They are like our first parents before the Fall, and the *Orange Sentinel* is the Devil envying their happy state.

## Principal Caven.

While we proved in a former issue that Principal Caven either know nothing at all about the Syllabus, or went out of his way to lend the Protestant Persecuting Association some of the used up building material of bigotry upon which they might erect a platform, we feel that further notice is due to this gentleman and his opinion upon the P.P.A. Not only does his criticism of the Syllabus display a lamentable want of knowledge, but the argument which he establishes thereon is unfounded. He tells us Catholics that we are better than our principles. "If," he seems to say, "you follow out your principles logically, you cannot be loyal to the State, and the condemnation of these propositions is with difficulty harmonized with the principles of religious liberty and the conception of civil government, which we (Protestants) feel bound to maintain." That is the argument. Let us quote the *ipsisima verba*:

"But here is the error of those who, on the ground of ecclesiastical deliverances, would refuse to Roman Catholics full civil rights. They infer that because such and such principles are avowed, Roman Catholics cannot be loyal to the State. They deduce conclusions from these principles (perhaps logically), and then charge Roman Catholics with accepting such conclusions, even though they strongly repudiate them. As a matter of argument, it is perfectly fair to show what follows from certain premises, but we must not practically treat those who reject our conclusions or inferences as if they accepted them."

What is that but telling us we are better than our teachings? We resent the insult, gratuitous in its assumption and crafty in its insinuation. We demand that our principles be carried to their logical conclusions. It is our right, and come what may we have no fear. When examined without prejudice they will be found to contain far more respect for every form of civil government, and make a much stronger defence of individual liberty, than can be found in the principles of a resbyterianism, or any other form of Protestantism. There is no principle in our Church setting civil power at defiance. And the "ecclesiastical utterances" to which our enemies turn for an excuse of their prejudice, are reasonable when viewed in their only proper light, the light in which they have been delivered. Both Republican France and Imperial Germany have been greatly strengthened by "utterances" of this kind coming from the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII. The Protestant portion of the civilized world, and especially the thoughtful, educated portion, ought to be very grateful to the Papacy for these "utterances." They are the voice of truth and authority sounding above the storm which now threatens every order of society. If men like Dr. Caven now find in them only danger and tyranny, future generations of men, equally well skilled in logic and more generous in sentiment, will re-

cognize in them the ramparts of order, and the finger posts to guide all classes in their social relations.

Dr. Cayn has, therefore, done us no favor when he tells the readers of the *Globe* that, however logical certain conclusions of certain arguments may be, such conclusions must not be accepted, because Catholics do not accept them. We protest. Catholics do accept them, and simply claim that the promises must be fairly stated and the conclusion fairly drawn. The former must not be a distortion and make-shift; nor must the latter be a logical "perhaps." Our loyalty as citizens rests upon no such hollow foundation. It stands upon the very rock upon which obedience to all legitimate authority is based. We claim citizenship not as a favor from our neighbors, not on account of the rejection of conclusions to be gathered from "ecclesiastical utterances." We claim it as a birthright; and we are all the better citizens by reason of the voice of our ecclesiastical superiors. The Principal of Knox College owes it to himself as well as to his Catholic neighbors to be more outspoken in the condemnation of an Association so unchristian in its designs and purposes as the P. P. A. He should also be more careful in his presentation of the Catholic side of the case. He should, lastly, re-examine all the old rubbish used by bigotry for generations—he will not find a single stick that is not falling to pieces with dry rot.

**Sicily.**

The frequently repeated uprisings in Sicily, that nursery of modern Italian revolutions, ought to make those pause and reflect, who hailed with delight the march of Garibaldi upon, and the triumph of Victor Emmanuel over, the States of the Church. Revolution was to end, freedom was at hand, and a united country was to shout for the liberators, while every one was to feast beneath his own vine and fig tree. By a striking coincidence the thunders of revolution are again heard in the island where it first sounded thirty-three years ago. An Italian paper asks "what advantage, moral or material, has the agricultural population of Sicily, or for that matter, of any part of Italy, derived from the change of government since the landing at Marsala—which liberty while benefitting gazetteers and politicians, has rather injured the people at large subjecting them to the tyranny of majorities infinitely worse than personal tyranny became irresponsible."

If we search for the cause of these outbreaks the most active is the fatal policy of hostility to France. France is for many reasons the natural trader with Italy. When this trade fell off, through friendship towards Germany, agricultural industries dropped very seriously. Another cause was local fraud. The public consciousness of Sicily is under the fixed conviction that communal administrator stands for intriguer and the registers of taxes are a series of extortions. Taxes which are levied on articles of primary necessity are exceedingly burdensome on the poor. This is the case. There are villages or communes where the

duty on flour amounts to ten centimes the kilogramme or two cents on every two pounds while the money thus received is spent on public works of luxury for the benefit of a few contractors. This is aggravated by the heartless manner in which the tax-gatherers levy their rates, selling even the very clothing and bedding of the peasants as well as their houses. These grievances are rendered more severe by the lowering of wages and the diminution of employment in consequence of the slackness of trade. Three fourths of the taxes go to the State Treasury, and the remainder to local purposes. Any great diminution in the payment therefore would cause a serious deficiency in an already empty treasury.

A tumult was caused at Monreale, a suburb of Palermo, by the dismissal of the Syndic who called upon his brother syndics to protest against the army, calling it the executioner of the people. He proposed in the Town Council the remission of rents and other dues. In spite of the presence of the troops all taxes of entry or market fees were suspended for several days and provisions sold at greatly reduced prices. This example was soon followed by other communes, and has since spread to the mainland. To overcome all these mobs Signor Crispi was obliged to send large numbers of additional soldiers, and make provision in his Budget for the expenses of these exceptional measures. Sicilian deputies in the Italian Chamber are about to propose two Bills—one for transferring to the *Fasci* all ecclesiastical property not yet disposed of, the other for the expropriation of the mines for the benefit of those hitherto employed in them. Thus are the Socialists following in the footsteps of those who a generation past plundered the Church. It is their turn now.

**Germany and the Jesuits.**

The *Evangelical Churchman* published in its issue of the 4th instant, a most bitter, bigoted and untruthful leader under the above heading. The *Churchman* must know that the Jesuits are an order of priests, who have taken vows to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, and to practise the peculiar virtues which He counseled to the most devout and self-sacrificing of His disciples.

The Jesuits live in Colleges or monasteries, away from the turbulence and seductions of worldly pomp and pleasure. They rise to pray and begin work at 4 a.m. They do not lose one moment of time in the performance of the work assigned to them; they are never seen at public gatherings, political, social or convivial.

They have been the pioneers and apostles of Christianity in Canada, the United States, and every other region where the Gospel was not known or heard of. In this Province of Ontario they were spreading Gospel light among the dusky aborigines, and laying down their lives in testimony of Heaven's Saving Faith, before the Evangelists, Baptists or Methodists were known or heard of.

The *Evangelical Churchman* says: "The Jesuits have such strong organizations in the Dominion that it becomes the duty of every loyal Cana-

dian to watch the movements of the Order, and to use every effort to thwart its plans, when they are directed against Protestantism on the one hand, and the well-being of the country on the other."

Of a verity, the *Evangelical Churchman* must be raving, or must be sleeping in ignorance of the fact it parades before its all too credulous readers.

Where is the organization or stronghold of Jesuitism in the Dominion? Does the *Churchman* pretend to know aught of what it would insinuate? The facts are that the Jesuits conduct one College and one Church in Montreal, and one college in Winnipeg, with a few scattered missions along the coasts of Labrador, where Sir John Macdonald said the Jesuits went up to parish, with the starving natives and shipwrecked fishermen. They have also the parish of Guelph, where they built a magnificent church, and where Protestants as well as Catholics gather in crowds every Sunday evening to hear the eloquent Father Kenny, son of the late Senator Kenny of Sir John Macdonald's first Dominion Cabinet.

It would be well for the Evangelicals and all the other loyal Canadians to watch the movements and listen to Scriptural admonitions of Rev. Father Kenny and of the learned Jesuit Fathers who preach in Montreal at the Jesu. They would very soon be convinced that the Jesuits trouble their heads very little about Protestants as such, except in so far as teaching them the true way to heaven by doctrine and exemplary lives and conduct. They could also find out that the well-being of the country might be safely trusted in the hands of such Jesuits as Father Kenny of Guelph, Father Jones of Montreal, Father Drummond (son of the late Judge Drummond), just now President of the Catholic University at Winnipeg.

The Jesuit Fathers may well afford to look down with contempt (if their piety admit such feelings) on the pretensions which such parvenue loyalists and purists as the Evangelicals put forward.

The *Evangelical Churchman* quotes Bismarck's famous piece of braggadocio: "We shall not buy peace with Canovia medals; such are not minted in Germany." But these words were antecedent to his fall. Bismarck has had since then to eat his own words, and "go to Canossa," to save the Empire from infidels and socialists. In the powerful influence of Rome alone could Bismarck or Kaiser Wilhelm find salvation for the newly formed Teutonic empire.

The *Churchman* before pronouncing its dogmatic utterances on European questions of political import, should make itself acquainted with the national characteristics and bearings of the races struggling for power and pre-eminence. It says: "The Jesuits secured in Rhenish Hesse and Prussia vast power. The power gained was used as a political engine, and the object in view was the dismemberment of the Empire. France was looked upon as the protector. Germany as the opponent, of Romanism."

All this information is news for the historian, or the reader of public

events. Bismarck, who essayed in vain to establish a national church—and he its spiritual director or lay pope—first attacked the Jesuits, whom he considered the vanguard of Catholicity, and not by any means because of any suspicion that they contemplated the dismemberment of the Empire. So serious a charge against a pious and learned body of Catholic clergymen could originate only in the brain of a fanatic ignorant of facts and catering for dupes.

The whole world knows that the Franco which banishes God's name from the text-books in public schools, which drove the Jesuits and other teaching orders from the country, and which now compels young clergymen to carry knapsack and pass through the horrors of barnack life, cannot be reckoned as "the protector of Romanism" any more than Germany. In the latter country a majority of the Reichstag, a few weeks ago, carried a motion for the re-admission of the Jesuits to the colleges and monasteries from which they had been exiled by the Falk laws.

The *Churchman* rejoices over the banishment in 1872 of all Religious Orders from the Prussian States. In this jubilation over Satan's triumph the *Churchman* is joined by the Socialists, the Laarolists, and Infidels generally. Will it unite with them now in a howl of satanic execration when these same religious orders are brought back in triumph from exile and restored to their churches and people?

**Irish Home Rule Fund.**

It is most gratifying to find that the appeal of the Hon. Edward Blake is meeting with a generous response from those who never failed to answer the call for Ireland. The following is the list so far:

Balance on hand (old subscriptions) including interest to 30th November, 1893.....	\$ 148 44
Hon. Frank Smith .....	000 00
Hugh Ryan .....	1,000 00
G. W. Kiely .....	1,000 00
Rev. Father Ryan .....	100 00
W. & D. Dineen .....	50 00
W. T. Kiely .....	100 00
Messrs. T. Long & Bro. ....	500 00
Congrave & Co .....	50 00
Edward Murphy .....	25 00
Hon. Edward Blake .....	1,000 00

Total.....\$4,973 44

We are glad to see that Ottawa is also moving. An enthusiastic meeting of prominent citizens was held on the 17th inst. to prepare for Mr. Blake, who lectures in Ottawa this evening. At the close a subscription list was opened, when three hundred and seventy-seven dollars were raised.

In opening the German Diet the Emperor has not been as sensational as usual. This may be accounted for by the fact that he had no foreign policy to discuss, and had two deficits to announce and a widespread agricultural distress to consider. To remedy the deficits he proposes to borrow; and for the agricultural distress he suggests a committee—both so original and imperial in their character that the speech was received in silence.

The despatches on Monday contained the oft repeated rumour that the Pope is about to leave Rome. It is further stated that a secret understanding exists between the Holy See and Spain, by which the Government of that country has agreed to afford a refuge to the Holy Father in case of need.

Weekly Retrospect.

We all begin a New Year with resolutions, Ah! and what good resolutions they were! Now at the end of the first month we look back over the past few weeks to see how many of them have been kept faithfully, but our hearts fail us when we behold the few that even have been thought of again. Let us try again, and over again if we fail the first time, but do not let us attempt to do things beyond our power or ability forgetting there is merit in the small, every-day affairs of life as well as in the great. Father Faber says: "The conversion of souls, works of mercy on a grand scale, visiting prisons, preaching, hearing confessions, and even establishing religious institutes are comparatively easy works when put by the side of exactitude in daily duties, observation of potty rules, minute custody of the senses, or kind words and modest exterior which preach the presence of God. We gain more supernatural glory in little things, because more fortitude is required, as they are continuous, uninterrupted, and with no dignity about them to spur us on."

How we like to be amused; there is something so restful in it, we are never too old for it, and seldom too wearied, but sometimes too much out of temper. Why just fancy grown people playing at a game of dominoes with the full zest of youth, and enjoying it too. Years may count, but they do not always rub off the bloom of youth: and old men and women must be boys and girls often again in their lifetime.

We saw in one of our exchanges that an old lady had died and left a large fortune to an editor. No names were mentioned, so we are not able to say whether there is any truth in the report. We sincerely hope, for the editor's sake, it is so, and happy he must be to have such luck showered on him. We wonder what he must have written to touch this old lady's heart, as generally we hear only grumbling and complaining against the poor individual.

The Loretto pupils had a gala day, a week yesterday, when they celebrated the centenary of Mother Ball, the foundress of the Loretto Order in Ireland. A full account will be found in another column.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Michael's Parish is doing good work for sweet charity's sake, and through their efforts many a poor household finds good cheer in these hard times when so little work is to be had for willing hands to do. There was an immense crowd at the Cathedral to hear the sermon and the Musical Vespers in aid of this Society. Owing to the indisposition of his Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B. of St. Michael's College, filled his pulpit. Musical Vespers were given by the Choir, under the able direction of Rev. Father Rohleder. We wish the Society every success in its benevolent undertaking and may Heaven shower her choicest blessings on the ladies who are devoting their time and services to the poor.

This mild weather is not very encouraging to the fur-trade, and heavy wraps look really out of place. We are very glad to see the pelisse becoming a favorite among our leaders of the fashionable world. We call the following description of one of these stylish cloaks from a late journal: "A pretty pelisse for making visits in is a sort of sage green silk, with a design of ostrich feathers in black delicately thrown over it. It is lined with silk that changes from a delicate pink to green, dashed with almond spots in pink. It has a velvet collet covered with a pattern of fine jets, and finished with a sable collar." Our readers would like to hear what sort of materials are to be worn during the Spring. One of the authorities to be relied on in such matters says the first importations of the fine woolsens for Spring wear have smoother surfaces than those worn at present. Few diagonals or

twills are shown as yet, the preference being for repped grounds, and basket weaving. Many of the materials are interwoven with silk, which appears in small dots that are raised to imitate embroidery. Gros-grain silks are predicted to be revived for the black dresses that are now fashionable. White velvet studded with jet beads or with silver spangles, or stamped with colored blossoms, is used for the blouse vest of cloth gowns.

A Ridiculous Motion.

Patient—"Doctor, when I bend my body forward, stretch out my arms horizontally and impart to them a circular motion, I always feel such a pain in my left shoulder."

Doctor—"But what need is there for you to perform such ridiculous antics?"

"Patient—"Do you know of any other way, doctor, of getting on your topcoat?"

Obedying Orders.

"But why don't you settle down? Why do you tramp, tramp, tramp forever?"

"It's dis way ma'am. I'm under orders. In the battle of Antietam my commandin' officer says, 'forward, march,' an' we started. Den he an' all the officers was killed, an' no one's commanded us to halt. I marches on, on forever, ma'am, from a sense of duty."—Harper's Bazar.

A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company round him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a Mirror?"

She gave it up.

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, but a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady.

He could not tell.

"Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished." The gentleman owned there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

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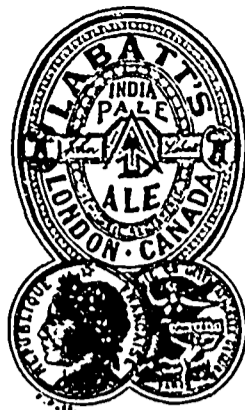
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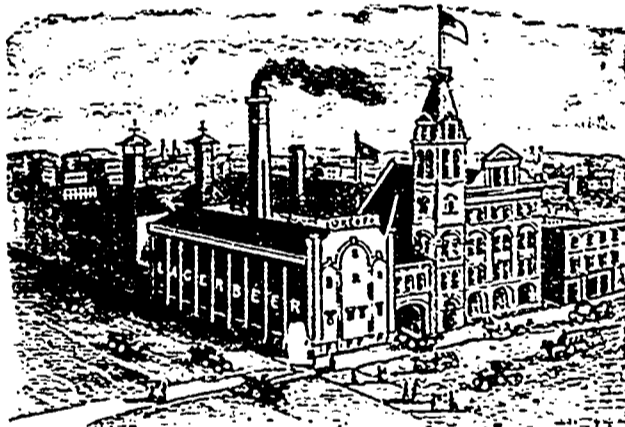
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On December 28th the body of a mill-worker, named William Williamson, who had been missing from Belfast since "Boxing Day," was found in a ditch near Carnmoney, death having apparently resulted from exposure.

On December 26th a sad fatality occurred in the neighborhood of Kildrum and Kells, about four miles from Ballymena. Some sports were taking place in the locality, and among a large assemblage which attended, were a young man named McIlveen, of about 30 years of age, and his father, whose residence is quiet contiguous to the place. It appears that the young man, in his over-zeal to see the first start of one of the races, was in the act of jumping a thorn fence, when he missed his footing, and fell on a projecting stump of wood, which caught him over the jugular vein, on the side of the neck, and he was instantly killed. Much sympathy was felt for the father, who witnessed the melancholy death of his son, and whose grief over the occurrence was of the most affecting description.

Armagh.

A beautiful statue of the late Archbishop McGottigan has been erected in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh. The sculptor to whom his Eminence Cardinal Logue entrusted the work about four years ago, is Signor Pietro Lazzarini, Professor of Fine Arts, Carrara, Italy, and the manner in which he executed this splendid piece of art reflects great credit on him. The statue is eight feet in height, and stands on a pedestal nine feet high, the entire height being slightly over seventeen feet. The commission for the pedestal, which is of Mountcharles stone, was given to Mr. William Quinn, monumental sculptor, and Mr. Wm. Hague, F.R.I.A., Dublin, was the architect who designed it. His Eminence intends to have two other statues, similar to this, also placed in front of the Cathedral—on one side a statue of the late Bishop Crolley, who laid the foundation-stone and commenced the work of building the Cathedral, and in the centre a statue of the late Archbishop Dixon, who continued the work of his predecessor until he died.

Clare.

The Rev. Patrick Brennan, Parish Priest of Carrigaholt, died on the morning of Dec. 29th, at his residence there. Father Brennan took ill on Christmas Day, and could not celebrate the three Masses on that festival, as was his wont. Next day he took to his bed. He was attended by Dr. Studdert, of Carrigaholt, and Dr. Counihan, of Kilrush, but despite all the efforts or medical skill he passed away from spasms of the heart. Father Brennan was promoted from a curacy in Birr to the charge of the parish of Carrigaholt, about eight years ago, on the decease of Father O'Donovan, and since then was indefatigable in his exertions for the spiritual and temporal interests of the parish. He took a lively interest in the fostering of the fishery industry in Carrigaholt, and with the aid of some leading men in the village, after the new pier had been erected, succeeded in forming a new fishing company. They purchased some excellent smacks, and employment was thus given to many. Father Brennan's death has created intense and widespread regret throughout Carrigaholt and the entire west of Clare among all classes. The Solemn Requiem Mass for his repose was held on January 1st, in the parish church.

Cork.

An old lady named Mrs. Maria Collins, residing in Thomas street, Middleton, and who was god-mother of the Hon. P. A. Collins, Consul General for the United States in London, died on December 25th. The deceased lady was also a distant relative of General Collins.

On Dec. 29th, Mr. Edward Butler, the American line Queenstown pilot, received a communication from Captain Rock, of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Champion*, dated Honolulu, informing him of the death of his son, Michael Butler, able seaman on board the ship, which took place on Nov. 22d, and was the result of an accident sustained fifteen days previously. The *Champion* was proceeding from Esquimault, British Columbia, to Honolulu, and when off Cape Flattery, on the 7th November, she encountered a heavy gale of wind, which caused her to roll considerably. A heavy locker broke from its lashings and crushed Butler against an anchor, both his legs being broken. The ship's doctor amputated one of them, and Butler lingered until the 22d, when he died just as the vessel was entering her port of destination. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Butler. On the same day that his son received the fatal injuries another son, Thomas, aged 15 years, was buried at Queenstown.

With deep regret we have to announce the death, on December 28th, of the Rev. Denis O'Mahony, C.C., of Kanturk, after a long and severe illness. The deceased was attacked by typhoid fever some months ago, from which he never rallied. He had been curate in Kanturk for a number of years past, during which time his piety and devotion, his loving and kind disposition, his benevolence and sympathy with the poor endeared him to all. In him the diocese of Cloyne

loses a valuable and hardworking priest, and many from the missions, in which from time to time he served, will regret to hear of his death. Born well nigh fifty years ago, from his early youth he evinced a marked inclination for the ecclesiastical state, and he entered St. Coleman's College, Fermoy, almost at its opening. Father O'Mahony subsequently went to the Irish College, Paris, where after a distinguished course he was ordained in 1870. Recalled to his native diocese, the first scene of his labors was Carrigrohane, where he soon endeared himself to all by his gentleness and affability of manner and devotion to duty. He was then transferred to Lisgoold, where for a number of years, he labored till his promotion, eight years ago, to the large and important parish of Kanturk. As a mark of respect to his memory every house in the town was closely shuttered, and in all classes of the community evidence of profound sorrow was observable. Among the poorer classes especially will his loss be keenly felt. The Office and Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul took place on January 2d.

Derry.

On the night of December 28th a fire broke out in the extensive flour mills of S. Gilliland & Sons, the Rock, Derry, and rapidly assumed serious proportions. The whole of the old range of buildings was destroyed, and the fire brigade, assisted by the West Kent Regiment, directed their efforts to saving the two large wings built within recent years, in which they were successful. An immense amount of property was destroyed, but is covered substantially by insurance. The patent-roller section was saved but the works are likely to be inoperative for a time.

Down.

The Commissioners of National Education have made the following appointments in connection with the same Act in Warrenpoint.—Rev. Henry O'Neill, P.P., Warrenpoint; Rev. D. Mitchell, M.A., Presbyterian minister; Rev. Thos. B. Naylor, D.D., Protestant clergyman. The committee will consist of the following.—Messrs. J. F. Grecco, Chairman of the Warrenpoint Town Commissioners; Joseph Mayne, J.P.; John Kelly, T.C.; and the above-named Rev. gentlemen.

Dublin.

The Rev. Daniel Dowling, Mayor of the City of Dublin, has been appointed chaplain to the Lord Mayor elect.

Surgeon Major Lloyd has been recommended for the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct in the operations carried out by the British military police, in the Kachin hills, during 1892 and '93, on which occasion the fighting is officially reported as having been more severe than any which has occurred since the annexation.

The following appointments have been made by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin: Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, titular Bishop of Cana, P.P., Rathgar, to be parish priest of Bray, in succession to the late Right Rev. Mgr. Lee, D.D., V.G., and the Very Rev. Mgr. Fitzpatrick, V.G., Rector of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, to be parish priest of Rathgar.

Galway.

The Galway and Salthill Tram Company have started a posting department in connection with their business, and have made every arrangement for carrying on the posting business on an extensive scale. They have 22 excellent horses.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Mary Frances Crean-Lynch, which took place at her residence, 68 Lower Leeson street, Dublin, on December 20th. Miss Crean-Lynch was the eldest and last surviving daughter of the late Captain Andrew Crean-Lynch, of Hollybrook and Clogher house, county Mayo, and Newborough, county Galway. The obsequies of the deceased lady took place at Marlborough street Cathedral, on Friday, December 22d.

Kerry.

The Lord Lieutenant commuted the sentence on the Rev. Geo. Griffiths, the Protestant Minister, who was sentenced to death at the Munster Winter Assizes for the murder of his mother, to penal servitude for life.

The traffic receipts of the Tralee and Dingle Railway, for the week ending 23d December, show an increase of £11 5s. 1d., compared with the corresponding week of last year. The figures are: Week ending 23d Dec. '93, £57 19s. 2d.

A few days ago a large "skate" weighing about 20 lbs. was captured in a trammel net by fishermen residing at Aghada, a townland near Portmagee. They pitched the trammel in the narrow part of the inlet, between Aghada and the island of Valencia, and in a short time found the large fish in it. The men had some difficulty in getting it into their boat, but succeeded after some time, and when they landed on the Aghada shore they left it there, as it was useless for any purpose save fish manure.

Limerick.

Mr. R. A. Perse, R.M., Kilmallock, has been appointed to Bandou in place of Mr. G. R. Cronin, R.M., transferred to Queenstown.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer delivered a discourse of great importance at the Laurelhill Convent, Limerick, on December 28th, the subject dealt with being the question of

education under the Intermediate System. The Bishop pointed out the fact that only twenty five per cent. of the children of the city were presented at these Intermediate examinations, and to those the energies of the teachers are devoted to the great detriment of the other seventy-five per cent., who are allowed to shift for themselves. This is a grave blot on the system, and the tendency is undoubtedly increasing in that direction year after year. Bishop O'Dwyer suggests an inspection of each school, so that every child may be put through a course of education properly. He also holds that religious knowledge ought to form a great and important part in the course in which the children should be examined.

Mayo.

On December 23d, a woman named Nary, residing in Hill street, Ballina, died suddenly, while sitting in a chair by the fire, in her own house.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. Patrick Jordan, Clerk of the Petty Sessions, Kiltimagh, which took place at his residence on December 28th, in the 73rd year of his age. Deceased who was deservedly respected through a long and useful career, was father of Mr. Henry J. Jordan, solicitor; and his second son is a member of the American Bar. The funeral, to Swinford, on Dec. 29th, was, as might be expected, largely and respectfully attended. May he rest in peace.

Mr. P. J. Kelly, County Coroner, held an inquest on December 28th, at Kennadoohy, in the parish of Kilgeover, on the body of a married woman, aged 25, named Rose Davitt, who on the 26th ult., was found drowned in a pool of water not far from her own house. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased committed suicide by drowning herself in a pool of water at Kennadoohy, on the morning of the 26th December, 1893, while laboring under an attack of temporary insanity, no blame attaching to any person.

Meath.

A destructive explosion of gas occurred in the Protestant church of Kells on the evening of December 23d, about five o'clock. The church had been decorated for Christmas, and the organist and choir were practicing for the festival, when suddenly, with a deafening report, the church was left in darkness. No lives were lost, nor was anyone seriously hurt, but the damage done to the edifice was very considerable. The flooring along one side of the church was torn up, and the pews broken into splinters. The whole mass seemed to have been hurled with tremendous force against the ceiling, the heavy rafters being broken in several places. Fortunately, the members of the choir, the organist, Miss Gray, and the sexton, who were in the church at the time, escaped uninjured. The organ, a valuable instrument, erected only a few years ago, was made a complete wreck. When the explosion occurred, the gasfitters were engaged in repairing a leakage which had been noticed by the sexton on the previous evening. The damage, which is estimated at about £1,000, is covered by insurance.

Monaghan.

On December 21st, the ceremony of religious Profession took place at the Ursuline Convent, Thurles, when Miss Mary Rafferty (in religion Sister Mary John), eldest daughter of Patrick Rafferty, Esq., J.P., of Monaghan, made her solemn vows. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, received the vows of the religious, assisted by the convent chaplain, Rev. Father Power, and a large number of the clergy of the diocese of Clogher and Cashel.

Roscommon.

The Rev. James Casey, P.P., acknowledges the receipt of £10 from Edmond Bayley, Esq., Rookwood, for the poor of the parish of Athleague.

The tenantry on the De Freyne estate stopped the hunt of the members of the Roscommon stag hounds on December 28th. The hunters were told they would not be allowed to go over the people's lands as long as the evictions continued.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Jane Silk, which took place at her residence Castlelea, on December 22d. Deceased was 40 years of age, and was Teacher of Treene National School for 20 years. Her interment took place on December 24th. She is deeply regretted. May she rest in peace.

With feelings of sincere regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Denis McDonagh, jun., which occurred on Christmas Day, at his father's residence, Castlelea. The deceased was suddenly stricken with congestion of the lungs, and during his brief illness, which was only of a few days duration, everything that medical skill could suggest was done to ward off a fatal termination, but without effect—he sank rapidly and died, at the early age of eighteen years. The sympathy felt for his bereaved parents was strikingly manifest in the immense funeral cortege which followed the remains on the 27th, to the New Cemetery where the interment took place.

Sligo.

Acting Sergeant Devlin, in charge of the Glenask Police station, three miles from Aclare, County Sligo, shot himself dead in his bedroom about two o'clock on December 27th. All the men were absent on duty ex-

cept the guard, who hearing the report of firearms, rushed to the sergeant's room and found him expiring from a bullet wound behind the ear, his discharged revolver smoking behind him. Deceased was a native of Antrim, and had about ten years' service. During eight months spent in his present station, he bore the character of a sober, well-conducted officer.

Tipperary.

At the meeting of the Clonmel Corporation on New Year's day, Alderman James Hill Lomorgan was inaugurated Mayor for '94. No speeches were delivered on the occasion. The Mayor subsequently entertained the members of the Council at a banquet at Hearn's Hotel.

The Month's Memory Office and High Mass for the late Rev. Robert Foran, P.P., took place, on December 22d, in the parish church of Ballynoby. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P.P., V.G., SS. Potor and Paul's, Clonmel, presided, and the chapters were the Rev. M. Flynn, P.P., Dunmore, and Rev. T. McGrath, P.P., Clogheen. At the High Mass the celebrant was Rev. D. O'Connell, St. John's College; deacon, Rev. P. Cusack, C.C., Cahir; sub-deacon, Rev. M. McGrath, C.C., Clogheen; master of ceremonies, Rev. C. Flavin, P.P., St. Mary's, Clonmel. Over fifty clergymen of this and adjoining dioceses were present; and the church was crowded during the solemn ceremonies with the parishioners and friends of the late parish priest.

Tyrone.

On December 22d, a melancholy drowning accident occurred in the Blackwater, near Claremont. A lighter was proceeding up to Moy from Maghera, with a cargo of turf, when, through some mishap, a young man named M. Eilhenry fell into the water and was drowned. Efforts were made to save him, but without success. Deceased was about 27 years of age and unmarried. He resided in the townland of Derryloughan.

Waterford.

We regret to record also, the death of Mrs. R. S. Blee, which occurred, after a brief illness, at Beau street, Waterford, on December 19th. Much sympathy is felt with Mr. Blee and the members of the family.

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Dobbyn, widow of the late Mr. L. Dobbyn, V.S., which occurred, after a lengthened illness, at her residence, Parnell street, Waterford, on December 20th. Deceased was an estimable lady, and her death is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends. After High Mass and Office at the Cathedral, on December 22d, her remains were taken for interment to Ballygunner, followed by a large concourse of citizens.

Westmeath.

Dr James O'Connor has been unanimously appointed medical officer of the Clonmellon Dispensary district. A good deal of interest was attached to the election. Dr O'Connor some years ago acted as *locum tenens* there, and since then he had an appointment in Clonslee, in Mountmellick Union.

Wexford.

With much regret we record the death of Mrs. Ryan, mother of Miss M. K. Ryan, Slaney street, Ennisclorthy, who passed away on Sunday evening, December 17th. She had been ailing since the Thursday previous, and her death consequently came with surprise to her friends. Mrs. Ryan was good natured and charitable, and led a very exemplary life. Her son, the late Rev. Patrick Ryan, M.S.S., was a member of the House of Missions for some time, and is interred in the Shannon Church, Ennisclorthy.

We regret also to announce the death of Mr. Albert W. Whitney, which occurred, suddenly, at his residence, Beafield House, Ennisclorthy, on December 27th. Mr. Whitney had a very wide circle of friends, particularly in Wexford, where he carried on a very extensive drapery business in the fine establishment now occupied by Mrs. Lee. About eight years ago he retired to Beafield, and has since been engaged farming, in which he took a deep interest. He came of a very old Wexford family, who originally belonged to the Society of Friends.

The death of Mr. Patrick Browne, which occurred, on December 18th, at his residence, King street, Wexford, has caused deep sorrow to his many friends. Mr. Browne's health had been failing for some time past, but it was not until quite recently that he became seriously ill. He was a native of Bessmount, near Ennisclorthy, and had reached his 77th year. In conjunction with his lamented brother-in-law, the late Alderman Peter Murphy, he carried on an extensive brass and iron foundry in Wexford, and as large employers they were over characterised by their consideration for their employes. They did a very extensive business for many years, and erected the machinery in many of the principal milling concerns in Ireland.

Inactivity of the Stomach.

Persons having impoverished blood or suffering from enervation of the vital functions, or of inactivity of the stomach, or of pallor and debility, should use Almoxia Wine which contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis of Professor Heya. Giavelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

R.C.U. Knights of St. John.

The regular meeting of O'Mahony Commandery, No. 211, was held in St. Anne's Hall, Power street, on Friday, Jan. 10th. The following Officers for the ensuing year were installed in office: President, Robert Soillard; Vice-President, P. J. Jennings; Rec. Secretary, Richard Hawkshaw; Fin. Secretary, Edward Smytho; Treasurer, J. W. Mogan; Sergeant-at-arms, Charles Hall.

Before the installation the retiring President, Wm. H. Cahill, reviewed the work of the past year, and congratulated the members on the harmony and good-will that had at all times prevailed amongst them. He thanked them for their kind assistance given during his term of office, and bespoke a like treatment for his successor.

The Installing Officer, Sir Knight Kennedy, 1st Vice-Supreme President of the Union, in a forcible speech set forth the many advantages to be derived from being a member of the R.C.U. Knights of St. John, and urged the members to be ever mindful of the interests of the Order. At the close of his remarks he was loudly applauded.

Upon taking the chair the new President, who was warmly received, addressed the members in a few well-chosen remarks, thanking them for the confidence they had shown him by electing him as President, and promising to faithfully perform the duties of his office, and exhorting them to take a warm interest in the work of the Commandery, and to always keep its advancement in view.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring President, who responded with a very eloquent and pleasing address.

Sir Knight McCarthy, of St. Mary's Commandery, who was present during the evening, expressed the pleasure it gave him to be amongst them, and hoped that many fraternal visits might be interchanged between the various city commanderies during the coming year.

The regular order of business having been disposed of, a very pleasant hour was spent in songs, recitations, &c., all of which were rendered in a pleasing manner.

Concert at Brockton.

A very pleasing and successful entertainment was given in Brockton Hall, Tuesday, 16th inst., by Branch 111, C.M.B.A. The object in view was the raising of funds to assist the deserving poor of St. Helen's Parish.

Having by their zeal and energy realized one hundred dollars, Branch 111 handed the amount over to the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul for distribution according to the ordinary methods of the Conference.

The Committee of management invited the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy to take the chair. In accepting the invitation the Very Rev. gentleman expressed his great pleasure at the large attendance enlisted by this appeal to their charity, as well as his personal gratification in being able to greet them after his recent illness.

The entertainment was somewhat varied in character introducing magic and mesmerism, in addition to the charm of music and her sister, song. As a prestidigitateur Mr. Mottram was a decided success; he might class as a professional in most circles, and we did not hear even an attempt to explain his feats of slight of hand. Professor Corner, in the exercise of the mesmerist art, made some of the boys act in a ridiculous and automatic manner, but we feel inclined to caution Catholic Societies against the introduction of this feature into their entertainments.

The musical part of the programme was very well received, especially the comical vagaries of Messrs Forbes and Bennett. The "Wearing of the Green" was very effectively rendered by Mrs. D. S. Small. Want of space prevents extended reference to other deserving numbers in a very pleasing programme.

At the close thanks were tendered the audience by Mr. L. Corcoran, President of Branch 111, C. M. B. A., Mr. John Woods, Treasurer of St. Helen's Conference, expressed his acknowledgments on behalf of the Conference, both to the audience and to Branch 111, for the generous help extended to them in their charitable efforts.

Penetanguishene.

The officers of Branch 75, C.M.B.A., elected for the current year are:

Rev. T. F. Laboureau, Spiritual Adviser; Thos. Hartford, Chancellor; P. T. McDonald, President; M. Gendron, 1st Vice-President; H. York, 2nd Vice-President; J. B. Strathearn, Rec. Secretary; E. Gendron, Assistant Rec. Secretary; W. R. Parker, Fin. Secretary; L. Dussemc, Treasurer; J. O'Byrne, Marshall; John Quigley, Guard; D. J. Shanahan, A. R. Carter, M. Gendron, Trustees; Thos. Hartford, Delegate to Grand Council; L. Dussemc, Alternate.

The Committee in charge of St. Paul's Fancy Fair have decided to postpone it to the week after Easter. The societies of the parish are working hard for the success of the enterprise.



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

**AYER'S Cherry Pectoral**  
Prompt to act, sure to cure

HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVEN.  
NOTICE.

FRIDAY, the 23rd day of February next, will be the last day for presenting petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 2nd day of March next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 15th day of March next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.  
CHARLES CLARKE,  
Clerk Legislative Assembly.

Toronto, 15 Jan., 1894.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close		Duz.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.20	7.15	10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.15pm	8.50
	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
G. W. R.	noon	9.00	2.00	7.30
	6.15 4.00		10.30 8.20	
	10.00			
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
	4.00		10.30 11pm	
	10.00			
U.S. West'n States	6.15	12 n.	9.00	8.20
	10.30			

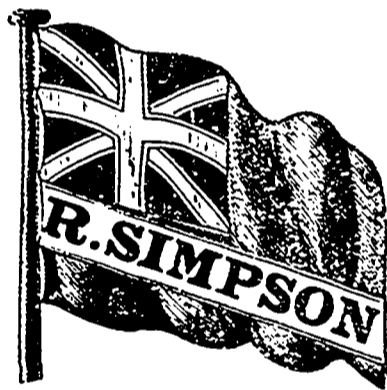
English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post-offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Post-office.  
T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

**COTTOLENE**  
What is it

It is the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter, or both. Costs less, goes farther, and is easily digested by anyone.

★  
AT ALL GROCERS.  
★  
Made only by  
**N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,**  
Wellington and Ann Sts.,  
MONTREAL.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.  
ABOUT BOOTS.

A good time when the weather is uncertain to consider the matter of proper footwear. No one will do as well for you as this house, and a study of the lists that follow is proof:

- Infants' Dongola Kid, button, turned, 50, 60, 75c.
- Infants' Dongola Kid, Strap Slippers, 65c.
- Child's Polish Calf, spring heel, button, 75c.
- Child's Dongola Kid, spring heel, button, 85c.
- Child's Oil Pebble, spring heel, button, hand riveted, 75c.
- Child's Polish Calf, Little Tramp, best make, \$1.
- Girl's Oil Pebble, spring heel, button, hand riveted, 85c.
- Girl's Dongola Kid, spring heel, button, dongola tips, \$1.
- Ladies' American Kid, patent leather tips, button, \$1.
- Ladies' Oil Pebble, sewed, button, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Oil Pebble, sewed, balmoral, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, Picadilly last, tip, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, extension sole, \$1.50.
- Ladies' Over-lap Vamp, Picadilly last, \$1.75.
- Ladies' Kid, hand-sewed, opera toe, \$2.
- Ladies' Kid, hand-sewed, common sense toe, \$2.
- Ladies' Vici Kid, C last, button, for wide feet, \$2.25.
- Ladies' Vici Kid, C or D last, button, patent tips, \$2.50.
- Men's Whole Fox Sewed Balmorals, \$1.25.
- Men's Whole Fox Sewed Congress, \$1.25.
- Men's Whole Fox Hand-riveted Balmorals, \$1.50.

Rubbers are certainly comprised in footwear stocks. We sell rubbers cheap.

Order anything in any department of the house by letter.

**R. SIMPSON,**  
S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto.  
Entrance Yonge at Queen street.  
Entrance Queen at W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street.  
Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the above League was held in their hall on Sunday afternoon last, President Duffy in the Chair. The usual routine business was gone through, after which an excellent programme was listened to with much attention.

The Rev. Dr. Treacey is working hard training the young men of the singing Class, and an excellent chance is thus offered the young men of the parish, and it is to be hoped that they will not neglect the opportunity thus offered, but rally to the call of the Rev. Doctor and show their appreciation of his efforts on their behalf.

During the afternoon a sincere resolution of sympathy was passed, condoling with Mr. Patrick Boyle in the great loss sustained by him in the death of his wife.

The Rev. Dr. Treacey will be the speaker next Sunday afternoon. All will be welcomed.

Stratford.

The following officers of Branch 13, C.M. B.A., have been elected for the year 1894:

President, J. J. Hagarty; 1st Vice-President, Jas. Markey; 2nd Vice-President, William Daly; Rec. Secretary, James O'Connor; Asst. Rec. Secretary, E. J. Kneitel; Fin. Secretary, M. J. Dillon; Treasurer, J. B. Capatin; Marshal, J. D. Hergott; Guard, P. McDonald; Trustees, J. Hoy, D. J. O'Connor; Rep. to Grand Council, E. O'Flaherty; Alternate, J. Hoy.

Peterborough.

The Separate School Board of Peterborough held its inaugural meeting on Friday, the 12th ult. Dr. Brennan was re-elected Chairman and Mr. John Corkery was appointed Secretary-Treasurer; Rev. Father Collins, Local Superintendent, and Messrs. Kelly and Hoory, Auditors. The financial statement for the year 1893 was read, the receipts being \$4,967.93, and the expenditures \$4,630.50, leaving a balance on hand of \$337.43.

Omission.

In last week's issue the following donations were omitted from the list of those for which thanks were returned by the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of St. Michael's Hospital:—A Friend, a box of oranges; Mrs. McKenzie, 2 turkeys, 3 cauliflowers, a bag of potatoes; Miss L. Coffee, a box of oranges.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

Stale bread will clean kid gloves. Coaks warmed in oil make excellent substitutes for glass stoppers.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, January 24, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 44	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 39
Peas, per bush.....	0 57	0 58
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 23
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	0 22	0 23
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, now, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Radishes, per doz.....	0 20	0 25
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 20	0 35
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 53	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 65
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 50
Straw, sheaf.....	3 00	3 50
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan. 23.—There was a fair local inquiry, but butchers confined themselves to fair cattle in their operations. The top figure to-day was 3½c per pound, most of the sales being made in the vicinity of 3c and 3½c. Common sold down to 2½c.

Good calves sold at from \$5 to \$7 per head. Prices ranged at from \$25 to \$56 for milkers, and from \$30 to \$45 for springers.

L mils sold at from \$2.50 to \$3.75 each, or about 3½ to 4c per pound.

There was a fair local demand for good sheep, which sold at from \$4 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Hogs brought \$5 to \$5.10 per cwt. Most of the transactions were made at from \$4.50 to \$5 per cwt.

**A Voice from Afar.**

*Cardinal Newman.*

Weep not for me;  
He blithely as wont, nor tinge with gloom  
The stream of love that circles home,  
Light hearts and free!  
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;  
Nor miss my face, dear friends.  
I still am near,  
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,  
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;  
Now, too, I hear  
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
Low prayers and musings sweet.  
A sea before  
The Throne is spread—its pure, still glass  
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass;  
We, on the shore  
Share in the bosom of our rest  
God's knowledge, and are blest.

**Selected Receipts.**

**SAUCE.**—Half cup butter, one cup of sugar, beaten to a cream, add slowly one cup of sherry, one egg well beaten, stir also in slowly. Put all in a jug over steam.

**LEMON FILLING.**—One egg, one cup of white sugar, one cup of boiling water, juice and rind of one grated lemon. Let this come to a boil, then add one tablespoon of cornstarch. This makes a delicious filling for the above cake.

**LAYER CAKE.**—Three eggs well beaten, one cup of light brown sugar, three tablespoonful of water, one cup of sifted flour, flavor to taste. Beat this well for five minutes, then add three teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in three separate layers.

**RYE MUFFINS.**—Mix one cup of rye meal (not flour) with one cup of white flour, one quarter cup of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg light, without separating; add to it one cup of milk, and slowly pour this on the dry material, beating all the while. Add one teaspoonful of baking powder, put in greased muffin tins and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

**VEAL LOAF.**—Chop three pounds of uncooked veal very fine. If you are without a meat chopper have a butcher chop it for you; add to veal half a pound of lean ham, also chopped. Beat two eggs without separating; add to meat; then half a teaspoonful of pepper, same quantity of powdered sage, ground cloves and allspice, one cup of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Mix all well together and press tightly into a square mold. Turn out carefully in a baking sheet or pan; brush with beaten egg.

**RICE GEMS.**—A good way to use a cupful of cold boiled rice is to put it into gems for luncheon. Separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs, beat the yolks light, and add to them a pint of sweet milk and three cupfuls of flour. Mix thoroughly, then add a tablespoonful of butter melted (which is not one tablespoonful of melted butter), a tablespoonful of salt, and the cupful of boiled rice. Beat vigorously, then add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Grease the gems-pans thoroughly and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven.

**CREAMED CODFISH.**—Boil a pound of codfish, taken from the middle in order to get a solid cut, in the following way: Put it on in cold water, let it come to the boiling point slowly, drain and cover again with cold water; let it simmer very slowly until tender, as salt meat or fish that is boiled rapidly is tough; drain the fish and flake it with a fork. This should be done the day before. The next morning make a sauce of one pint of milk, two tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; lay in the dish with one cup of mashed potatoes; mix it through with a fork and serve as soon as hot.

**TO FRY FISH.**—"Small fish should swim twice, once in water and once in oil." Perch, brook, trout, catfish, and all small fish are best fried. They should be cleaned, washed well in cold water and immediately wiped dry, inside and outside, with a clean towel,

and then sprinkled with salt. Use oil if convenient, as it is very much better than either dripping or lard. Never use butter, as it is apt to burn and has a tendency to soften the fish. See that the oil, lard, or dripping is boiling hot before putting in the fish. Throw in a crumb of bread; if it browns quickly it is hot enough and the fish will not absorb any grease.

According to the "Catholic Directory" there are now 62 Cardinals, and as the full number is 70 there are eight vacancies in the Sacred College. Out of the whole body of Cardinals 34 are Italians, ten are Austrians, Germans, or Hungarians, four are Spanish, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one of the United States, and three are British subjects. These last-named are Cardinals Vaughan, Logue, and Moran, Archbishops respectively of Westminster, Armagh, and Sydney.

All who are troubled with Constipation will find a safe, sure, and speedy relief in Ayer's Pills. Unlike most other cathartics, these pills strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels, and restore the organs to normal and regular action.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.



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Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.



That stout man was made by K.D.C. He was lean, lank, gloomy and dyspeptic. You see him now cheerful, happy, contented and stout. Do you envy him? You can be like him. Use K. D. C.

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**Pure Beeswax Candles.**  
The manufacturers have, after 23 year's experience, succeeded in producing a perfectly pure moulded Beeswax Candle, which for evenness, finish and extraordinary burning qualities, defy competition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, being made from selected Beeswax, clear and unadulterated.  
The Candles are symmetrical and burn with a bright, steady flame, while our ornamented Candles cannot be excelled for beauty. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb., neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 26 lb. wood boxes.  
**Moulded Beeswax Candles.**  
Second Quality.  
Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb. Wax Snatches, Unbleached.  
Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb.  
**Stearic Acid Wax Candles.**  
Made of pure Stearic Wax only, and exceed all others in hardness, whiteness, beauty of finish and brilliancy of light.  
Four to the lb.—13 inches long.  
Six to the lb.—10 1/2 inches long.  
**Paraffine Wax Candles.**  
Six to the lb.—9 inches long.  
Large Candles, 30 inches long.  
**Sanctuary Oil.**  
Quality guaranteed.  
**Incense for Churches.**  
Extra Fine Incense Incense, 75 cents, Artificial Charcoal.  
For Censers.

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Of Lime and Soda.  
Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

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## THE GLADIATORS:

## A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WILLYE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

It was in a softened tone that she again addressed him, moving on her couch to show an ivory shoulder and a rounded arm to the best advantage.

"You are a confidential servant of my kinsman's? You are attached to his person, and always to be found in his household?" she asked, more with a view of detaining him than for any fixed purpose.

"I would give my life for Licinius!" was the prompt and spirited reply.

"But you are gentle born," she resumed, with increasing interest; "how came you in your present dress, your present station? Licinius has never mentioned you to me. I do not even know your name. What is it?"

"Esca," answered the slave, proudly, and looking the while anything but a slave.

"Esca!" she repeated, dwelling on the syllables, with a slow soft cadence; "Esca! 'Tis none of our Latin names; but that I might have known already. Who and what are you?"

There was something of defiance in the melancholy tone with which he answered:

"A prince in my own country, and a chief of ten thousand. A barbarian and a slave in Rome."

She gave him her hand to kiss, with a gesture of pity that was almost a caress, and then, as though ashamed of her own condescension, bade the Liburnians angrily to 'go on.'

Esca looked long and wistfully after the litter as it disappeared; but Hirpinus, clapping him on the back with his heavy hand, burst into a hearty laugh while he declared:

"'Tis a clear case, comrade. 'Come, saw, and conquered,' as the great soldier said. I have known it a hundred times, but always to men of muscle like thee and me. By Casar and Pollux! lad, thou art in luck. Ay, ay, 'tis always so. She takes thee for a gladiator, and they'll look at nothing but a gladiator now. Come on, brother; we'll drink a cup to every letter of her name!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE WORSHIP OF ISIS.

It was the cool and calming hour of sunset. Esca was strolling quietly homewards after the pursuits of the day. He had emptied a wine-skin with Hirpinus; and, resisting that worthy's entreaties to mark so auspicious a meeting by a debauch, had accompanied him to the gymnasium, where the Briton's magnificent strength and prowess raised him higher than ever in the opinion of the experienced athlete. Untiring as were the trained muscles of the professional, he found himself unable to cope with the barbarian in such exercises as demanded chiefly untaught physical power and length of limb. In running, leaping, and wrestling, Esca was more than a match for the gladiator. In hurling the quoit, and fencing with wooden foils, the latter's constant practice gave him the advantage, and when he fastened round his wrists and hands the leathern thong or *cestus*, used for the same purpose as our modern boxing-glove and proposed a round or two of that manly exercise to conclude with, he little doubted that his own science and experience would afford him an easy victory. The result, however, was far different from his expectations. His antagonist's powers were especially adapted to this particular kind of contest; his length of limb, his quickness of eye, hand, and foot, his youthful elasticity of muscle, and his unflinching wind, rendered him an invincible combatant, and it was with something like pique that

Hirpinus was compelled to confess as much to himself.

At the end of the first round he was satisfied of his mistake in underrating so formidable an opponent. Ere the second was half through, he had exhausted all the resources of his own skill without gaining the slightest advantage over his antagonist; and with the conclusion of a third, he flung away the *cestus* in well-feigned disgust at the heat of the weather, and proposed one more skin of wine before parting, to drink success to the profession, and speedy employment for the gladiators at the approaching games in the amphitheatre.

"Join us, man!" said Hirpinus, dropping something of the patronising air he had before affected. "Thou wert born to be a swordsman. Hippias would teach thee in a week to hold thine own against the best fencers in Rome. I myself will look to thy food, th, training, and thy private practice. Thou wouldst gain thy liberty easily, after a few victories. Think it over, man! and when thou hast decided, come to the fencing-school yonder, and ask for old Hirpinus. The steel may have a speck of rust on it, but it's tough and true still; so fare thee well, lad. I count to hear from thee again before long!"

The gladiator accordingly rolled off with more than his usual assumption of manly independence, attributable to the measure of rough Sabine wine of which he had drunk his full share, whilst the Briton walked quietly away in the direction of his home, enjoying the cool breeze that fanned his brow, and following out a train of vague and complicated reflections, originating in the advice of his late companion.

The crimson glow of a summer evening had faded into the serene beauty of a summer night. Stars were flashing out, one by one, with mellow lustre, not glimmering faintly, as in our northern climate, but hanging like silver lamps, in the infinity of the sky. The busy turmoil of the streets had subsided to a low and drowsy hum; the few chance passengers who still paced them, went softly and at leisure, as though enjoying the soothing influence of the hour. Even here in the great city, everything seemed to breathe of peace, and contentment, and repose. Esca walked slowly on, lost in meditation.

Suddenly, the clash of cymbals and the sound of voices struck upon his ear. A wild and fitful melody, rising and falling with strange thrilling cadence, was borne upon the breeze. Even while he stopped to listen, it swelled into a full, harmonious chorus, and he recognised the chant of the worshippers of Isis, returning from the unholy celebration of her rites. Soon the glare of torches heralded its approach, and the tumultuous procession wound round the corner of the street with all the strange grotesque ceremonies of their order. Clashing their cymbals, dashing their torches together till the sparks flew up in showers, *to* their bare arms aloft with frantic gestures, the smooth-faced priests, having girt their linen garments tightly round their loins, were dancing to and fro before the image of the goddess with bacchanalian energy. Some were bareheaded, some crowned with garlands of the lotus-leaf, and some wore masks representing the heads of dogs and other animals; but all, though leaping wildly here and there, danced in the same step, all used the same mysterious gestures of which the meaning was only known to the initiated. The figure of the goddess herself was borne aloft on the shoulders of two sturdy priests, fat, oily, smooth, and sensual, with the odious look of their kind. It represented a stately woman crowned with the lotus, holding a four-barred lyre in her hand. Gold and silver tinsel was freely scattered over her flowing garments, and jewels of considerable value, the gifts

of unusually fervent devotees, might be observed upon her bosom and around her neck and arms. Behind her were carried the different symbols by which her qualities were supposed to be typified; amongst these an image of the sacred cow, wrought in frosted silver with horns and hoofs of gold, showed the most conspicuous, borne aloft as it was by an acolyte in the wildest stage of inebriety, and wavering, with the uncertain movements of its bearer, over the heads of the throng.

In the van moved the priests, bloated eunuchs clad in white; behind these came the sacred images carried by younger votaries, who, aspiring to the sacerdotal office, and already prepared for its functions, devoted themselves assiduously in the meantime to the orgies with which it was their custom to celebrate the worship of their deity. Maddened with wine, bare-limbed and with dishevelled locks, they danced frantically to and fro, darting at intervals from their ranks, and compelling the passengers whom they met to turn behind them, and help to swell the rear of the procession. This was formed of a motley crew. Rich and poor, old and young, the proud patrician and the squalid slave, were mingled together in turbulent confusion; it was difficult to distinguish those who formed a part of the original pageant from the idlers who had attached themselves to it, and, having caught the contagious excitement, vociferated as loudly, and leaped about as wildly, as the initiated themselves.

Amongst these might be seen some of the fairest and proudest faces in Rome. Noble matrons reared in luxury, under the very busts of those illustrious ancestors who had been counsellors of kings, defenders of the commonwealth, senators of the empire, thought it no shame to be seen reeling about the public streets, unveiled and flushed with wine, in the company of the most notorious and profligate of their sex. A multitude of torches shed their glare on the upturned faces of the throng, and on one that looked, with its scornful lips and defiant brow, to have no business there. Amongst the wildest of these revellers, Valeria's haughty head moved on, towering above the companions, with whom she seemed to have nothing in common, save a fierce determination to set modesty and propriety at defiance.

Esca caught her glance as she swept by. She blushed crimson, he observed even in the torchlight, and seemed for an instant to shrink behind the portly form of a priest who marched at her side; but, immediately recovering herself, moved on with a gradually paling cheek, and a haughtier step than before.

He had little leisure, however, to observe the scornful beauty, whose charms, to tell the truth, had made no slight impression on his imagination; for a disturbance at its head, which had now passed him some distance, had stopped the progress of the whole procession, and no small confusion was the result.

The torch-bearers were hurrying to the front. The silver cow had fallen and been replaced in an upright position more than once. The goddess herself had nearly shared the same fate. The sacred chant had ceased, and instead a hundred tongues were vociferating at once, some in anger, some in expostulation, some in maudlin ribaldry and mirth. "Let her go!" cried one. "Hold her fast!" shouted another. "Bring her along with you!" reasoned a drunken acolyte. "If she be worthy she will conform to the worship of the goddess. If she be unworthy she shall experience the divine wrath of Isis." "Mind what you are about," interposed a more cautious votary. "She is a Roman maiden," said one. "She's a barbarian!" shrieked another. "A Medo! A Spaniard!" "A Persian?" "A Jewess! A Jewess!"

In the meantime the unfortunate cause of all this turmoil, a young girl closely veiled and dressed in black, was struggling in the arms of a large unwieldy eunuch, who had seized her as a hawk pounces on a pigeon, and despite her agonised entreaties, for the poor thing was in mortal fear, hold her ruthlessly in his grasp. She had been surrounded by the lawless band, ere she was aware, as she glided quietly round the street corner, on her homeward way, had shrunk up against the wall in the desperate hope that she might remain unobserved or unmolested, and found herself, as was to be expected, an immediate object of insult to the dissolute and licentious crew. Though her dress was torn and her arms bruised from the unmanly violence to which she was subjected, with true feminine modesty she kept her veil closely drawn round her face, and resisted every effort for its removal, with a firm strength of which those slender wrists seemed hardly capable.

As the eunuch grasped her with drunken violence, bending his huge body and bloated face over the shrinking figure of the girl, she could not suppress one piercing shriek for help, though, even while it left her lips, she felt how futile it must be, and how utterly hopeless was her situation. It was echoed by a hundred voices in tones of mockery and derision.

Little did Spado, for such was the eunuch's name, little did Spado think how near was the aid for which his victim called; how sudden would be the reprisals that should astonish himself with their prompt and complete redress, reminding him of what he had long forgotten, the strength of a man's blow, and the weight of a man's arm. At the first sound of the girl's voice, Esca had forced his way through the crowd to her assistance. In three strides he had come up with her assailant, and laid his heavy grasp on Spado's fat shoulder, while he bade him in low determined accents to release his prey. The eunuch smiled insolently, and replied with a brutal jest. Valeria, interested in spite of herself, could not resist an impulse to press forward and see what was going on. Long afterwards she delighted to recall the scene she now beheld with far more of exultation and excitement than alarm. It had, indeed, especial attraction for an imagination like hers.

Standing out in the red glare of the torches, like the bronze statue of some demigod starting into life, towered the tall figure of Esca, defiance in his attitude, anger on his brow, and resistless strength in the quivering outline of each sculptured limb. Within arm's length of him, the obese, ungraceful shape of Spado, with his broad fat face, expressive chiefly of gluttony and sensual enjoyment, but wearing now an ugly look of malice and apprehension. Starting back from his odious embrace to the utmost length of her outstretched arms, the veiled form of the frightened girl, her head turned from the eunuch, her hands pressed against his chest, every line of her figure denoting the extreme of horror, and aversion, and disgust. Round the three, a shifting mass of grinning faces, and tossing arms, and wild bacchanalian gestures; the whole rendered more grotesque and unnatural by the lurid, flickering light. With an unaccountable fascination Valeria watched for the result.

"Let her go!" repeated Esca, in the distinct accents with which a man speaks who is about to strike, tightening at the same time a gripe which went into the eunuch's soft flesh like iron.

Spado howled in mingled rage and fear, but released the girl nevertheless, who cowered instinctively close to her protector.

"Help!" shouted the eunuch, looking round for assistance from his comrades. "Help! I say. Will ye see the priest mishandled and the goddess

reviled! Down with him! down with him, comrades, and keep him down!"

There is little doubt that had Esca's head once touched the ground it had never risen again, for the priests were crowding about him with wild yells and savage eyes, and the fierce rovelry of a while ago was fast warming into a thirst for blood. Valeria thrust her way into the circle, though she never feared for the Briton—not for an instant.

It was getting dangerous, though, to remain any longer amongst this frantic crew. Esca wound one arm round the girl's waist and opposed the other shoulder to the throng. Spado, encouraged by his comrades, struck wildly at the Briton, and made a furious effort to recover his prey.

Esca drew himself together like a panther about to spring, then his long sinowy arm flew out with the force and impulse of a catapult, and the eunuch, reeling backwards, fell heavily to the ground, with a gasp upon his cheek like the wound inflicted by a sword.

"Eugo!" exclaimed Valeria, in a thrill of admiration and delight. "Well struck, by Hercules! Ah! these barbarians have at least the free use of their limbs. Why the priest went down like a white ox at the Mucian Gate. Is he much hurt, think ye? Will he rise again?"

The last sentence was addressed to the throng who now crowded round the prostrate Spado, and was but the result of that pity which is never quite dormant in a woman's breast. The fallen eunuch seemed indeed in no hurry to get upon his legs again. He rolled about in hideous discomfiture, and gave vent to his feelings in loud and pitiful moans and lamentations.

After such an example of the Briton's prowess, none of her other votaries seemed to think it incumbent on them to vindicate the majesty of the goddess by further interference with the maiden and her protector. Supporting and almost carrying her drooping form, Esca hurried her away with swift firm strides, pausing and looking back at intervals, as though loth to leave his work half finished, and by no means unwilling to renew the contest. The last Valeria saw of him was the turr. of his noble head bending down with a courteous and protecting gesture, to console and reassure his frightened charge.

All her womanly instincts revolted at that moment from the odious throng with whom she was involved. She could have found it in her heart to envy that obscure and unknown girl hurrying away yonder through the darkening streets on the arm of her powerful protector—could have wished herself a peasant or a slave, with some one being in the world to look up to, and to love. Valeria's life had been that of a spoiled child from the day she left her cradle—that gilded cradle over which the nurses had repeated their customary Roman blessing with an emphasis that in her case seemed to be prophetic:

May monarchs woo thee, darling! to their bed,  
And roses blossom where thy footsteps tread!

The metaphorical flowers of wealth, prosperity, and admiration, did indeed seem to spring up beneath her feet, and her stately beauty would have done no discredit to an imperial bride; but it must have been something nobler than the purple and the diadem—that could have won its way to Valeria's heart.

She was habituated to the beautiful, the costly, the refined, till she had learned to consider such qualities as the mere essentials of life. It seemed to her a simple matter of course that houses should be noble, and chariots luxurious, and horses swift, and men brave. The *nil admirari* was the maxim of the class in which she lived; and whilst their standard was thus placed at the superlative, that which came up to it received no credit for excellence, that which fell short was treated with disapproval and contempt. Valeria's life had been one constant

round of pleasure and amusement; yet she was not happy, not even contented. Day by day she felt the want of some fresh interest, some fresh excitement; and it was this craving probably, more than innate depravity, which drove her, in common with many of her companions, into such disgraceful scenes as were enacted at the worship of Juno, Isis, and the other gods and goddesses of mythology.

Lovers, it is needless to say, Valeria had won in plenty. Each new face possessed for her but the attraction of its novelty. The favourite of the hour had small cause to pique himself on his position. For the first week he interested her curiosity, for the second he pleased her fancy, after which, if he was wise, he took his leave gracefully, ere he was bidden to do so with a frankness that admitted of no misconception. Perhaps the only person in the world whom she respected, was her kinsu an Licinius; and this, none the less, that she possessed no kind of influence over his feelings or his opinions; that she well knew he viewed her proceedings often with disapprobation, and entertained for her character a kindly pity not far removed from contempt. Even Julius Placidus, who was the most persevering, as he was the craftiest of her admirers, had made no impression on her heart. She appreciated his intellect, she was amused with his conversation, she approved of his deep schemes, his lavish extravagance, his unprincipled recklessness; but she never thought of him for an instant after he was out of her sight, and there was something in the cold-blooded ferocity of his character from which, even in his presence, she unconsciously recoiled. Perhaps she admired the person of Hippias, her fencing master, a retired gladiator, who combined handsome regularity of features with a certain worn and warlike air, not without its charm, more than that of any man whom she had yet seen, and with all her pride and her cold exterior, Valeria was a woman to be captivated by the eye; but Hippias, from his professional reputation, was the darling of half the matrons in Rome, and it may be that she only followed the example of her friends, with whom, at this period of the Empire, it was considered a proof of the highest fashion, and the best taste, to be in love with a gladiator.

Strong in her passions, as in her physical organisation, the former were only bridled by an unbending pride, and an intensity of will more than masculine in its resolution. As under that smooth skin the muscles of the round white arm were firm and hard like marble, so beneath that fair and tranquil bosom there beat a heart that for good or evil could dare, endure, and defy the worst. Valeria was a woman whom none but a very bold or very ignorant suitor would have taken to his breast; yet it may be that the right man could have tamed, and made her gentle and patient as the dove.

And now something seemed to tell her that the void in her heart was filled at last. Esca's manly beauty had made a strong impression on her senses; the anomaly of his position had captivated her imagination; there was something very attractive in the mystery that surrounded him; there was even a wild thrill of pleasure in the shame of loving a slave. Then, when he stood forth, the champion of that poor helpless girl, brave, handsome, and victorious, the charm was complete; and Valeria's eyes followed him as he disappeared with a longing loving look, that had never glistened in them in her life before.

The Briton hurried away with his arm round the drooping figure of his companion, and for a time forbore to speak a word even of encouragement or consolation. At first the reaction of her feelings turned her sick and faint, then a burst of weeping came to her relief; ere long the tears were

flowing silently; and the girl, who indeed showed no lack of courage, had recovered herself sufficiently to look up in her protector's face, and pour out her thanks with a quiet earnestness that showed they came direct from the heart.

"I can trust you," she said, in a voice of peculiar sweetness, though her Latin, like his own, was touched with a slightly foreign accent. "I can read a brave man's face—none better. We have not far to go now. You will take me safe home!"

"I will guard you to your very door," said he, in tones of the deepest respect. "But you need fear nothing now; the drunken priests and their mysterious deity are far enough off by this time. 'Tis a noble worship, truly, for such a city as this—the mistress of the world!"

"False gods! false gods!" replied the girl, very earnestly. "Oh, how can men be so blind, so degraded!" Here she stopped suddenly, and clung closer to her companion's arm, drawing her veil tighter round her face the while. Her quick ear had caught the sound of hurrying footsteps, and she dreaded pursuit.

"'Tis nothing," said Esca, encouraging her; "the most we have to dread now is some drunken freedman or client reeling home from his patron's supper-table. They are a weakly race, these Roman citizens," he added, good humouredly; "I think I can promise to stave them off if they come not more than a dozen at a time."

The cheerful tone reassured her no less than the strong arm to which she clung. It was delightful to feel so safe after the fright she had undergone. The footsteps were indeed those of a few dissolute idlers loitering home after a debauch. They had hastened forward on spying a female figure; but there was something in the air of her protector that forbade a near approach, and they shrank to the other side of the way rather than come in contact with so powerful an opponent. The girl felt proud of her escort, and safer every minute.

By this time she had guided him into a dark and narrow street, at the end of which the Tiber might be seen gleaming under the starlit sky. She stopped at a mean-looking door, let into a dead-wall, and applying her hand to a secret spring, it opened noiselessly to her touch. Then she turned to face her companion, and said, frankly, "I have not thanked you half enough. Will you not enter our poor dwelling, and share with us a morsel of food and a cup of wine, ere you depart upon your way?"

Esca was neither hungry nor thirsty, yet he bowed his head, and followed her into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At an afternoon concert held a short time ago, an apology was offered for the non appearance of an artist. A substitute had been found, however, concerning whom the apologist made the momentous announcement: "Madam X, will sing 'For all Eternity.'"

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Register.

New York, Jan. 19, 1894.

I have just returned after spending a pleasant afternoon in the religious atmosphere of Barclay street, the Catholic Paternoster Row of New York. Grouped around old St. Peter's, that relic of the early fighting times of Catholicity in New York, are a dozen Catholic Publishing Houses, whose windows are replete with Catholic art and literature. The numbers and evident prosperity of these firms is a cheerful sign of the interest taken by Catholics in the rich storehouse of learning these words contain. On this occasion I was drawn thither by the news of the re opening of the Excelsior Catholic Publishing House of Mr. P. J. Kennedy. It certainly repaid the trouble. The energetic publisher has had his place completely refitted, and it stands now, in fixtures, appearance and stock, among the first in the publishing line in the whole city. Everything about it displays elegance of taste and a thorough knowledge in the selection of the valuable stock. A conversation with Mr. Kennedy soon showed why he has gained and why he deserves success. Rome, Ireland and America form points of a triangle in which his energies work, and Rome is at the apex. However, he has made a speciality of Irish literature, and his library of works bearing on Ireland affords a fund of learning for a student in that line. This fact has been appreciated by the lately established Irish Literary Society, as they have made him American publisher of "The New Irish Library." Two publications of the Society are now in his hands—"The Patriot Parliament of 1689," by Thomas Davis, and "The Bog Stars"—a series of tales of Elizabeth and Ireland by Standish O'Grady. Mr. Kennedy certainly deserves credit, not only for the ardent, religious spirit which characterizes him in common with the other "Apostles of the Press," but also for the zeal for Catholic literature and faith in its future which prompts him to enlarge his stock and beautify his premises in these hard times. Everyone will wish him the success his energy has merited.

In political circles, strange to say, the question as to who shall rule Hawaii seems to be held of greater importance than the question of averting starvation at home. It looks almost like the ancient royal device of pursuing an erratic foreign policy to draw conversation from disagreeable topics which present themselves at the doors. If Mr. Cleveland was in earnest in his intention to restore the deposed Queen, he must be weary of his undertaking before now. The New York press is almost a unit against him, even such a thorough Cleveland organ as the *World* censuring his course of action. All of which shows how a convenient opportunity of territorial acquisition destroys the virtuous self containment of our neighbors here. Labouche had better send over a few of his apostles of the gospel of "stay at home and mind your own business" to convert the people on this side the ocean. It would, indeed, be consonant with British precedent if he did. Editor Stead is even now instructing the Chicagoans in the alphabet of civic government, having, we presume, quite finished the good work in London, and the *Times* newspaper, between sobs over the fate of the men whom the poor Matebeles killed in defence of their country, praises the magnanimous conduct of the President in the Hawaiian affair. We are none of us consistent, and in view of these examples we can scarcely blame people here for forgetting that the "Monroe Doctrine" ought to cut both ways.

In Catholic circles there is little news, except the announcement of two lectures at the Catholic Club, one by Frederic Couderc, U. S. Counsel at the

Paris Arbitration, and another by Chauncey Depew on his impressions of the Pope. Our "separated brethren," however, furnish us a little news which we have beatowed on them gratis these many years. A Persian Presbyterian writes in the *Saturday's World* that the missionaries in his country have spent their money on a fine house and easy living, and have consequently lost touch with the people. He shows, in fact, that for a man of merely ordinary talent, it pays to go into the missionary business. A conclave of leaders of different sects held in the Methodist Book House is not so outspoken as the old Persian, but they censure the extravagance of their missionaries severely enough to show they have grave reasons for so doing.

I clip from to-day's *World* a record of one day of persecution and retaliation in the West. It requires no comment. These are but the ordinary consequences of such a campaign in a free country, and Catholics would be far more or far less than men if they did not resent the attempt to deprive them of all political or social rights in this or any country. We may deplore the fact that human nature is too weak to tolerate this bullying in the spirit of the martyrs. The fact remains that honest freemen, conscious of innocence, will strike back when attacked by lies, or treachery, or blows. Whether such scenes will happen in Canada depends solely on how far the secret plotters are prepared to go. They have assumed the offensive, and Catholics will surely retaliate if driven to desperation, like their brethren in the West. Here are the despatches:

OMAHA, Jan. 18.—Roundsman Charles Bloom, one of the best-known and most efficient officers in the city and the recognized head of the anti-Catholic circle in his district, handed in his resignation to-day, being charged with writing a letter to Mayor Bemis in which the lives of the Mayor, the Chief of Police and Republican National Committeemen Rosewater were threatened. The letter was signed "Guiteau-Prondergast," and the writer declared that he would kill the Mayor if certain things were not done.

The matter was kept quiet for a day or two, and then it was referred to the Chief of Police. The result was that to-day the Chief preferred the charges against Officer Bloom. He was taken before a meeting of the Commissioners and required to write the letter as it was dictated to him by a member of the board. Not only was the handwriting found to be identical, but the same words were misspelled in both letters.

Bloom's trial was set for to-morrow. Some time ago the Chief of Police ordered all of the force to desist from mixing in politics. This was deemed to be necessary in view of the activity of the American Protective Association members on one side and the Catholics on the other. Bloom is said to be a member of the A.P.A.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 18.—W. A. Sims, the American Protective Association lecturer, was stoned by a mob at Kaukauna, Wis., last night. The mob got beyond the control of the police, and Gov. Peck was called on for troops. During the lecture stones were thrown through the windows and several persons were hurt. At the close Sims demanded the protection of the police. The crowd at the stairs learned where he was going and followed, arriving at the bridge by a different route almost at the same time that Sims did.

Another demonstration was made, but the officers held the bridge against the mob, and all they could do was to throw stones and other missiles at the lecturer as he ran across the bridge. Gov. Peck was not at Madison and did not get the message until this morning. After hiding with friends last night, Sims, escorted by a bodyguard of his A. P. A. friends, armed with rifles, was escorted to the depot this morning and took a train for Ashland.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 18. A subpoena has been issued for J. V. McNamara, the ex-Catholic priest, to whose lecture last Tuesday night the riot at Turner Hall was largely due. The complainant is J. F. Mullin, whose arrest McNamara caused in the hall the night of the lecture because he was said to have called the ex-priest a liar. It is believed that McNamara has left the city.

EMORIA, Kan., Jan. 18.—The A. P. A. excitement has reached this city. Judge J. F. Culver, who admits he is President of a lodge that numbers nearly eight hundred members in this city, says he has received a letter threatening him and Wm. J. Murray with death. It was decorated with a skull and cross-bones. Lodges are being formed in all the surrounding cities, it is said. Yesterday a man named Bradley went to Burlington and attempted to organize a lodge, but was chased out of town.

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