

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Benediction.

From the French of Francois Coppée, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine, That we took Saragossa. What a day Of untold horrors! We were gassed then, All shut up close and with a treacherous Raining down shots upon us from the windows. "Tis the priests' doing" was the word passed round, So that although some daybreak under arms— Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths Bitter with kissing cartridge ends—puff puff! Rattled the musketry with ready aim, If shovels and long black cloaks were seen, Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street My company worked on. I kept an eye On every house-top right and left, and saw From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth.

Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-loops Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped, Entering the low-pitched shade. When they came out, With bayonets dripping red, their bloody banners Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound In such dangerous detail not to leave Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat, No ordered march. Our officers looked grave. The rank and file uneasy, joggling elbows As do recruits when marching.

All at once, Rounding a corner, we are halted in French With cries for help. At double-quick we join. Our hard pressed comrades. They were grenadiers. A gallant company, but beaten back Ingloriously from the raised and flag paved square.

Fronting convent. Twenty stalwart monks Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns. The cross in white embroidery on their frocks, Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished Our men went down before them. By platoons Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered This terrible group of heroes, no more soul Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done— And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted Under the huddled masses of the dead Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps. While in the background solemnly the church Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went In. It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred The inner gloom with points of gold. The *capucins* were on the pavement. At the upper end, *in the heroic battle* that had raged, a priest, White-haired and tall of stature, lay close. Was bringing tranquilly the Mass. So stumped Upon my memory is that thrilling scene, That as I speak, it comes before me now. The convent built in old time by the Moors; The hunched brown corpses of the monks; the *capucins* Making the red blood on the pavement gleam; And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest; And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine; And there ourselves, all halting, hesitating, Almost afraid.

It is, certes, in those days, Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record That once, by way of sacrilegious joke, A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe At a wax candle burning on the altar. This time, however, I was awed—so blanched Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our Captain cried. Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round, He faced us, with the elevated host. Having that period of service reached When on the faithful benediction falls. His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings. And as he raised the pyx, and in the air Set upward, and indomitable stern, "Pater et Filius!"

Caught the words, What frenzy, What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done. The monk, with the one hand on the altar's ledge, Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete His benediction, in the other raised. The consecrated host. For the third time Tracing in the air the symbol of forgiveness, With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low. But in the general hush distinctly heard, "Et Sanctus Spiritus!" He said; and, ending His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood, Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded, And shuddering horror in our hearts at sight Of such a shameful murder and at sight Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh, "Amen!" Drawled out a drummer-boy.

Don't Blame the School. The neglected lessons of the first part of a school session are seldom, if ever, learned. The careless and idle student imagines that there will be plenty of time during the year to make up all deficiencies, but that time never comes. The consequence is that valuable time is wasted, parents are deceived and offended, and the student ends the school year as he began it, knowing very little or nothing at all. Indulgent parents will not fail to blame the school for these results, and circulate the old and weary accusation: "The brothers and sisters only know how to teach children their prayers, and our child could not learn anything from them."

The moral is for every student to take advantage of every moment for study from the first of the school year to its close.—*Catholic Youth*.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "IN LETTERS OF GOLD."

Extracts From "Some Dangers of American Civilization."

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS. (By Special Permission from the October North American Review.)

We want our children to receive an education which will make them not only learned, but pious men. We want them to be not only polished members of society, but also conscientious Christians. We desire for them a training that will form their heart, as well as expand their mind. We wish them to be not only men of the world, but, above all, men of God. A knowledge of history is most useful and important for the student. He should be acquainted with the lives of those illustrious heroes that founded empires—of those men of genius that enlightened the world by their wisdom and learning, and embellished it by their works of art. But it is not more important to learn something of the King of kings who created all these kingdoms and by whom kings reign? Is it not more important to study that uncreated Wisdom before whom all earthly wisdom is folly, and to admire the works of the Divine Artist who paints the lily and who glides the cloud?

The religious and secular education of our children cannot be divorced from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. The usual consequence of such a separation is to paralyze the moral faculties and so foment a spirit of indifference in matters of faith. Education is to the soul what food is to the body. The milk with which the infant is nourished at its mother's breast, feeds not only its head, but permeates at the same time the heart and other bodily organs. In like manner the intellectual and moral growth of our children must go hand in hand; otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing.

How many social blessings are obtained by the due observance of the Lord's Day! The institution of the Christian Sabbath has contributed more to the peace and good order of nations than could be accomplished by standing armies and the best organized police forces. The officers of the law are a terror, indeed, to evil doers, and arrest them for overt acts, while the ministers of religion, by the lessons they inculcate, prevent crime by appealing to the conscience, and promote peace in the kingdom of the soul.

The cause of charity and mutual benevolence is greatly fostered by the sanctification of the Sunday. When we assemble at church on the Lord's Day we are admonished, by that very fact, that we are all members of the same social body, and that we should have for one another the same lively sympathy and spirit of co-operation which the members of the human body entertain towards each other. We are reminded that we are all enlightened and sanctified by the same spirit; "There are diversities of graces," says the Apostle, "but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, Who worketh all in all." We have all diverse pursuits and avocations; we occupy different grades of society; but in the house of God all these distinctions are levelled and the same spirit that enters the golden mean between rigid Sabbatarianism on the one hand, and lax indulgence on the other.

The Lord's Day should always be regarded as a day of joy. We should be cheerful, without being dissipated; grave and religious, without being sad and melancholy. Christianity forbids, indeed, all unnecessary servile work on that day; but, as "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," she allows such work whenever charity, or necessity may demand it. And as it is a day, not only of religion, but also of relaxation of mind and body, she permits us to spend a portion of it in innocent recreation. In a word, the true conception of the Lord's Day is expressed in the words of the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein."

A word must be added on two other pregnant evils: The ballot is the expression of the will of a people, and its purity should be guarded with the utmost jealousy. To violate that purity is to wound the State in its tenderest point. The repeated cry of "election frauds" is one full of warning. In many instances, undoubtedly, it is the empty charge of defeated partisans against the victors; yet enough remains, of a substantial character, to be ominous. In every possible way, by tickets insidiously printed, by "stuffing" the box, by "tissue ballots," and "repeating" and "personation"—frauds are attempted, and too often successfully, upon the ballot. It is the gravest menace to free institutions.

Defective registration laws and negligence to secure the ballot box by careful legal enactments, in part account for such a state of affairs, but a prime cause is that the better class of citizens so often stand aloof from practical politics and the conduct of campaigns. It is one

result of universal suffrage that elections very frequently turn upon the votes of that large class made up of the rough and baser sort. To influence and organize this vote is the "dirty work" of politics. Gentlemen naturally shrink from it. Hence it has gotten, for the most part, with the general political machinery, into unrespectable hands; and from these hands issue the election frauds, which thicken in the great cities, and gravely endanger our institutions. The ballot is the ready and potent instrument which registers the will of a free people for their own government, and the violation of its purity leads directly to the point where there is either loss of liberty or revolution to restore it. We all remember what happened in 1876, when alleged tampering with election returns affected the Presidential succession, and a great cloud arose and for weeks hung dark and threatening over the land. It was a tremendous crisis, and perhaps only the memories of recent war averted disastrous strife.

We hail it with satisfaction, that a more healthy public opinion in this quarter seems developing, that reputable citizens appear more disposed to bear an active part in practical politics, and that "reform," "free ballot," "fair count," are becoming, under the pressure, more and more party watchwords. It is a purifying tendency in a vital direction.

Yet another crying evil is the wide interval that so often interposes between a criminal's conviction and the execution of the sentence, and the frequent defeat of justice by the delay. Human life is, indeed, sacred, but the laudable effort to guard it, by going beyond bounds, of late years has difficulty to convict (in murder trials, especially) has greatly increased from the widened application of the plea in bar—notably, that of insanity. When a conviction has been reached innumerable delays generally stay the execution. The many grounds of exception allowed to counsel, the appeals from one court to another, with final application to the Governor, and the facility with which signatures for pardon are obtained, have combined to throw around culprits an extravagant protective system and gone far to rob jury trial of its substance and efficacy. A prompt execution of the law's sentence after a fair trial had, is that which strikes terror into evil doers and satisfies the public conscience. The reverse of this among us has brought reproach upon the administration of justice and given plausible grounds for the application of Lynch-law.

—JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

## FATHER LAMBERT'S NEW BOOK.

Father Lambert's new book, "Tactics of Infidels," published by Peter Paul & Bro., of Buffalo, N. Y., is—thousands will be glad to hear—now ready. The first edition of 5,000 will not, however, be sufficient for the advance orders, which amount to fully 7,000. This book, like its predecessor, the "Notes on Ingersoll," is written in a popular style, and will be read with pleasure and interest. Ingersoll's work was a record well known especially amusing. About a year ago the *Monitor* gave its readers an item stating the occasion of the new work. Briefly, it is as follows: At the end of the "Notes" Father Lambert issued a challenge for any infidel to step forward who thought he could rehabilitate Ingersoll. B. W. Lacy, a Philadelphia lawyer, thought he could do so and brought out a work in the attempt. Particularly in reply to Lacy, Father Lambert wrote the "Tactics." It was first published by weekly contributions in the *Seneca Falls Review*.

All admit that in his victory over scoffing infidel, Father Lambert has done invaluable service to the cause of Christian truth. The little book "Notes on Ingersoll," which for keenness of thought and force of diction a Protestant critic compares to the *Lectures of Junius*, has had a sale of more than 150,000 copies in the United States. Eight editions have been brought out by the Catholic Publication Company of Buffalo. The book has been published in Canada and in London, while editions have also been made in other languages. The "Notes" is a production that is gaining new readers and new admirers every day.

It was by chance that Father Lambert conceived the purpose of writing a reply to Ingersoll. When Ingersoll's second article appeared in the *North American Review* and the publishers refused Judge Black, as they actually did, the privilege of accompanying the article with a reply, a gentleman in Waterloo, N. Y., knowing the ability of the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, gave him a copy of the objectionable article and asked him to make some marginal notes as he read it. Father Lambert soon found the margin too narrow for the criticisms which he wished to make. He accordingly wrote a series of logical, and caustic charges. But, from the "marginal notes," Father Lambert hit upon the happy scheme of bringing out a reply in the form of a dialogue in which Ingersoll speaks for himself, and Father Lambert shows, each time, how many falsehoods Ingersoll is able to put into two or three lines.

It must be remembered that the "Notes" is a reply only to the article in the *Review*. Father Lambert was asked to answer Ingersoll's other malicious effusions, but found upon investigation that each of Ingersoll's attempts is only a rehearsal of the same stuff, and that his "several lectures" was fully answered in the "Notes." Ingersollism is vanquished. The "Tactics" will destroy it completely. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The work can be procured by addressing Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Price 30 cents.

To acquire purity of soul, it is necessary to guard against passing judgment on our neighbor, or useless remarks on his conduct.—St. Catherine of Siena.

## IRISH NEWS BY CABLE.

Dublin, Oct. 3.—Several branches of the Irish National Land League held meetings on Sunday in the Mitchellstown district. In one case hundreds of people evaded the police and went to a fortified house outside the town, where a meeting took place. Mr. Manville, who was tried with Mr. O'Brien for using seditious language, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment but released on bail, presided and made a speech, in which he declared that it was impossible to destroy the League. Resolutions were passed strongly condemning the Government's interference with public meetings and the freedom of speech.

Dublin, Oct. 3.—Wm. O'Brien has written a public letter, in which he says: "On the day of my conviction at Mitchellstown the Solicitor-General telegraphed in cipher to the Crown counsel: 'Mistake O'Brien will beat us. Harrington will be defeated at our next meeting.' This explains why I received three summonses. The plot for ruining Mr. Harrington is here disclosed with brutal candor."

In an interview Mr. Harrington says: "Perhaps some of my words at the Mitchellstown inquest were too strong for some of our English friends, but nothing else could elicit the facts from the police. It was only by breaking down the evidence of the earlier witnesses that I could change the story told by the police. I was informed that the policy had previously been determined upon to give me all the insolence possible in the witness chair. Sergt. Dyder pledged himself to his companions to strike me. This was borne out by the demagogue in the witness chair. The Inspector, however, restrained himself. Regarding Mr. O'Brien's letter, I would be surprised if the Benchers were all such fools, as the Solicitor-General thinks. I would not be surprised if Dublin Castle finds itself in an awkward fix when all the facts regarding the refusal to permit Constable Sullivan's report in evidence are placed before the English people. I attribute the serving of summonses upon Mr. O'Brien and Mayor Sullivan to a desire on the part of the civil authorities to suppress the evidence of their defeat by the proclaimed branches of the National League, whose meetings continue as before. The Government will doubtless prosecute other journalists than those named. Should Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Sullivan be thrown into prison, it will be a strong plea in England, where the greatest jealousy is felt regarding the rights of the press."

## THE IRISH UNION.

GLADSTONE'S CRITICISM OF AN UNWORTHY HISTORY.

Mr. Gladstone has a critique, in the *Nineteenth Century* on Ingram's history of the Irish Union. He says the work is not history at all. It offers no inquiry into grave charges against the authors of the Union: it does not show even rudimentary knowledge of leading facts in Irish affairs. Gladstone says he himself, after long striving to obtain a just estimate of the merits of the authors of the Union, has been disappointed. He writes to the Pope, May last. The Holy Father writes of the pleasure afforded him by the prelate's letter, in which he was informed of the plans and objects of the Congress, its concerted action with eminent Catholics from Belgium and from foreign lands, to study and discuss questions bearing on the condition and the wants of society.

"Such an effort is the object which it is sought to attain, to discover which are the fittest means, having regard to local circumstances, to relieve the evils which press upon the workmen, and to avert the dangers which their numbers and the misery of their condition create for governments and for the charity of their fellow-citizens; furthermore—that your labors may not be without result—to apply resolutely and actively the remedies which shall be recognized as the most suitable to meet this double evil.

"But these remedies cannot be thoroughly known, they cannot be applied with love and with zeal, save by those who appreciate the sovereign importance of the help which the Christian religion furnishes, who are illuminated by the light which comes from on High, and who arm themselves with the force which is divine.

"Following then, with confidence and courage the work which you have undertaken; may the Spirit of the Lord preside over your meetings; may He enlighten your intelligence with the rays of His wisdom, and unite your wills in one holy accord! As a gauge of these divine favors, receive the Apostolic Benediction, which we bestow on you with the affection of our heart; on you, venerable

## THE POPE ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

N. Y. Catholic Review. There is a vast amount of Socialism in the air in these times of ours. It rises like a mist from all civilized lands, darkening the earth and obscuring the face of Heaven. It takes on all sorts of vague and threatening forms, shapeless in the mass, yet one in the spirit and essence of its generation. Men look with dread upon it, impending over all and menacing the established orders of law and civilized social life. No man is found strong enough to seize and control and work to a good end the strong forces that are generating and hidden away in the womb of this moral and social cloudland.

One power, and one power alone, can meet and combat, or direct, what we call Socialism, that is to say, the modern gospel of unrest and discontent, and that power is the Church and the organization which Christ planted in the world to be the everlasting teacher and guide of all nations and peoples, as well as of every individual man. To the Church of Christ was committed the deposit of truth and the commission to teach and propagate that truth through all the world until the end. All that is good in every human movement will find the principle by which it is actuated clearly defined, openly taught and fully developed in Catholic doctrine. To the Church is given the knowledge and the power which enables it to sift the wheat from the chaff. Social Utopias may be all well and good in dreamland; but the world of man is made up of a complex system of checks and weights and balances and measurements, which absolutely precludes anything like a dead level in human affairs. It should be the purpose and the duty of the wise and good men to aim at the better regulation of this system so as best to apply it to the needs and changes of time and circumstance. It may be taken as an axiom that no hard and fast law can bind human society in all its various relations. Our world is a moving and a changing world. Principles live forever, but the ways and methods of working out principles are manifold. Men who would reduce all human society to one level are fanatics or fools. No tyranny would be so awful as the tyranny of universal leveling. In these days, then, when multitudes of every class and kind in human society are looking eagerly for light and guidance, it is well to turn to that light of the world which shines forever from the Rock on which Christ built His Church. There is a constant attempt on the part of the unwise and the misled to antagonize and raise an insuperable barrier between the Church and the laboring and working classes, who from various causes are the most inclined to follow the will-o'-the-wisp guides who set themselves up as the leading light of modern Socialism. That attempt is malicious, for there can only be one true and lasting social organization in the world, the Socialism inspired by Christianity and built upon the Ten Commandments.

No man is more to the movements of the time than our Holy Father, Leo XIII. This very month a great Catholic Congress assembled at Liege, and in advance of the meeting of the Congress the Holy Father has addressed a letter full of sympathy and fatherly counsel to Mgr. Doutreloux, Bishop of Liege, in reference to a letter of the late Cardinal, which he wrote to the Pope, May last. The Holy Father writes of the pleasure afforded him by the prelate's letter, in which he was informed of the plans and objects of the Congress, its concerted action with eminent Catholics from Belgium and from foreign lands, to study and discuss questions bearing on the condition and the wants of society.

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brother, as on all your dear children who will take part in the labors of the coming Congress.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, July 30, 1887, in the tenth year of our Pontificate. Leo XIII., Pope."

Labor and social congresses which meet for such aims and under such sanction can hardly fail to be productive of much good, both to themselves and others. Over here one might learn a useful lesson from them. It is the province of the Catholic Church and the will of its head not to rebel, but to win Socialism into right paths, to justice to all, and to good works.

## PERSONAL.

Dr. David O'Brien, for fourteen years a respected resident and leading medical practitioner of Renfrew, Ont., has, in response to repeated urgent calls from prominent citizens of Ottawa, removed to the Dominion Capital. The Dr. is a gentleman of more than marked ability and has in his profession achieved a truly enviable success. We can readily understand the regret felt by all classes in Renfrew at his departure, and feel safe in saying that the City of Ottawa has in the person of Dr. O'Brien gained a citizen whose worth will soon be as highly prized as it was by those amongst whom he spent the first fourteen years of his professional life. We bespeak for Dr. O'Brien the hearty support especially of the Irish Catholic population of Ottawa, and wish him long years of unqualified success in that city.

## THE JESUITS AS FOREIGN MISSIONERS.

On a former occasion we briefly reviewed the earlier foreign missionary work of the Society of Jesus. It therefore now only remains for us to show the after development and the present state of the Jesuit apostolate by placing our readers in possession of the latest missionary statistics.

Starting with Syria, we find that there are 86 Jesuit priests, 14 scholastics, and 45 lay brothers working in the vicariate of Aleppo, and at Beirut directing two seminaries, a university, and a flourishing school of medicine. Traveling still further east, and entering India by the great seaport of Bombay, we come at once into the jurisdiction of a Jesuit archbishop, Dr. Porter, who, with 31 Jesuit missionaries, evangelized the vast archdiocese of Bombay. Whilst in the archdiocese of another great port, Calcutta, we meet a second Jesuit archbishop, Dr. Goethals, with a staff of 52 Jesuit priests; 31 scholastics and 17 lay brothers engaged in the conversion of the heathen. The ancient diocese of Madras, again, stands under a Jesuit bishop, Dr. Cano, with 81 priests of the society, 24 scholastics and 6 lay brothers; whilst another Jesuit bishop, Dr. Pagan, aided by 24 Jesuit priests, 9 scholastics and 6 lay brothers, administers the diocese of Mangalore; and a third bishop of the Society, Dr. Belderlinden, with some 30 Jesuit missionaries, has charge of the diocese of Poona committed to the society in 1854.

Leaving India and crossing over to China, we discover that the Society of Jesus is there strongly represented. The vicariate of Hankin, with 233,513 Catholics has no fewer than 53 Jesuit priests under Bishop Garlier, S. J., whilst in the vicariate of Tche-Ly, with its 34,535 Catholics, there is another Jesuit Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Balte, and 43 Jesuit missionaries.

The Dark Continent, too, falls within the missionary field of the Society of Jesus; and in the Zambesi, Father Weld, S. J., assisted by 20 of his fellow priests, and 23 scholastics and 24 lay brothers, propagates the faith among the Africans. Off the coast of Africa lies Madagascar, and there again is a Jesuit Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Cazet, and 60 apostles of the society.

In British North America the sons of St. Ignatius are actively at work. The archdiocese of Quebec has given them a home, the archdiocese of St. Boniface has claimed their aid in the cause of education, the diocese of Peterborough employs 12 of their missionaries, and the archdiocese of Montreal has several more.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—We have received the American edition of the *Illustrated London News*. The paper holds first place as an illustrated weekly, and is far in advance of any publication of the kind on this continent.



Only a Song.

It was only a simple ballad, Sung to a careless throng; There were none that knew the singer, And few that heard the song.

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

THE RESOLVE OF THE TWO YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

The post from which he started lies perhaps three or four hundred miles away, he may have to pass two or three days without food (one Oblate father, Father Lacomb, was on one occasion six days without eating food).

Sometimes the missionary and his team lose themselves, and keep straying for a whole day and night over the frozen surface of some ocean lake, a willowiness of ice spreading out from horizon to horizon.

On July, 1848, Father Tache was joined at L'Isle a la Croise by Father Farand, who was afterwards to become a true apostle in the lone north of America.

They were informed by their superior, Father Aubert, that owing to the decrease in the receipts of the "Work of Propagation of the Faith" in France caused by the revolution of the preceding year, it was probable that their missions would have to be abandoned in consequence of there being no means of supporting them.

At that hour, in their distant homes fond hearts would beat quickly with joy at the news of their return. Mothers with delighted welcome would hail the coming back of their sons from their distant missions after an absence of years.

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usual abode; and they declare their continued preference for the society of those poor wild children of nature, whom they are seeking to reclaim from ignorance and vice, to all the endearments of home and to every prospect of earthly pleasure and enjoyment.

The position of Father Tache is about to undergo an important change, his virtues and merit mark him out as the fitting coadjutor to Mgr. Provencher, vicar apostolic of the North Western district.

At the approach of evening the strength of the whole party, dogs, Indians and bishop, being exhausted they halt for the night. An hour's labor suffices to prepare a mansion wherein his lordship will repose till the next morning.

Having taken possession of their mansion, the proprietors partake of a common repast; the dogs are the first served, then comes his lordship's turn, his table is his knees, the table service consists of a pocket-knife, a bowl, a tin plate and a five-pronged fork which is an old family heirloom.

It is thus precisely, said M. de Mazenod, "I wish you to do." But is not, rejoined Father Tache, "the episcopal dignity incompatible with religious life?" "What," replied M. de Mazenod, "is it to be supposed that the plenitude of the priesthood excludes the perfection to which the religious man is called?"

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Monsieur Tache, on taking his departure for his far distant home in the midst of the Indian tribes of L'Isle a la Croise knelt to receive the blessing of Monsieur Provencher. The latter aged and saintly prelate gave expression to the following prophetic words: "Oh, it is not customary for a bishop to ask for another bishop's blessing, but as I am soon to die and you shall never again meet in this world, I will bless you once more on this earth, whilst awaiting the happiness of embracing you in heaven."

Monsieur Provencher breathed his last at St. Boniface, on the 7th of July, 1853, when he was succeeded by his coadjutor, Monsieur Tache. At the request of the latter when in Rome, the Holy Father gave to the whole of the North-western diocese the title of St. Boniface. Monsieur Tache continued to reside for some years after his consecration at L'Isle a la Croise. From this point he made frequent and distant missionary excursions to visit different tribes at certain places of rendezvous.

The privations which he habitually had to endure, not only when journeying through his own vast diocese but also when at home in his episcopal residence at L'Isle a la Croise, are in some measure revealed to us in the following playful but truthful description of his dwelling place and of his mode of travelling: "My episcopal palace is thirty feet in length, twenty feet in width and seven in height. It is built of mud, which, however, is not impermeable, for the wind and the rain and other atmospheric annoyances find easy access through its walls. A few panes of glass and some pieces of parchment constitute its luminary system. In this palace, though at first glance, every thing looks mean and diminutive, character of real grandeur nevertheless, pervades the whole establishment. For instance, my secretary is no less a personage than a bishop—my valet is also a

bishop—my cook himself is a bishop. These illustrious employes have countless defects, but as they are all so much devoted to me personally, I quietly endure their shortcomings. When they grow tired of their domestic employments I give them some work to do out of doors, and I give orders for the whole establishment of Monsieur Tache to get ready for a journey of some months in the wilderness. The travelling party consists of his lordship, two Indians, and a half breed, who conducts a team of four dogs.

The team is laden with cooking utensils, bedding, a washbowl, a portable altar and its fittings, a food basket and other odds and ends. Instead of ordinary episcopal shoes, his lordship puts on a pair of rackets, or snow shoes, which are from three to four feet in length; laced in these his feet glide without sinking into the snow surfaces over which he advances at first very painfully at the side of his baggage team.

At the approach of evening the strength of the whole party, dogs, Indians and bishop, being exhausted they halt for the night. An hour's labor suffices to prepare a mansion wherein his lordship will repose till the next morning.

Having taken possession of their mansion, the proprietors partake of a common repast; the dogs are the first served, then comes his lordship's turn, his table is his knees, the table service consists of a pocket-knife, a bowl, a tin plate and a five-pronged fork which is an old family heirloom.

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progress on its waters. On the morning of the 2nd of July, at 2 a. m., after a journey of ten days, he arrived at Our Lady of Victories. At the sound of their bishop's voice asking for admission in the early morning, Father Grollier and Grandin and Brother Alexis rose with out delay to receive him. Tears of joy at the happy meeting were abundantly shed on both sides.

When the news of the arrival of the "great man of prayer" reached the neighboring tribes, they flocked in crowds to the mission to do honor to him who had been the first to preach to them, seven years previously, the message of salvation. The arrival at the same time of Father Farand, resulted in the good news he brought of the success of his mission at the great Slave Lake completed the joy of the missionaries of Athabaska. They spent there one of those delicious weeks which one rarely privileged to enjoy on earth.

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region of pseudo-national philosophy I was too well grounded in natural theology, the evidences of Christianity, and the knowledge of the Bible to be swept off from those foundations into infidelity.

It was during the first year after my graduation that a crisis occurred which I look upon as really my "conversion." I was shut up in solitude with my law-books, and looking forward to my worldly career. My thoughts and aspirations were irresistibly turned from this earthly vision, which vanished like "a castle in the air," toward God and eternity.

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obtained a wide circulation among Episcopals in this country. It obtained many adherents and advocates, and the so-called Anglo-Catholic movement not only rose to a great importance in England, but attracted general attention and exerted great influence in America.

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next day I went to prayers at the General Theological Seminary and for the first time the poetry seemed fit and natural.

Mr. Polignac, runs thus: "Not by chance the currents flow: Error mazed yet truth directed, to certain goal thou art."

It may seem strange to some that the current did not bear straight into the Catholic Church instead of by the bend of Anglicanism. Yet, strange as it is to the view of those who stand in position to see the bend, others who are in it do not perceive the curvature, did not regard the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church. Neither did I regard it as the entire Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation.

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next day I went to prayers at the General Theological Seminary and for the first time the service seemed flat and tame.

A scrap of Arabic poetry, quoted by Mr. Pagnieu, runs thus:

"Not by chance the currents flow: Error mazed yet truth directed, to their certain goal they go."

It may seem strange to some that the currents did not bear me straight into the Catholic Church instead of by the head of Anglicanism. Yet, strange as it is to the view of those who stand in a position to see the bend, others who are in it do not perceive the curvature. I did not regard the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church. Neither did I regard it as the entire Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illustrate my concept of the Church by a figure taken from a material temple, I looked on the Roman Catholic Church as the choir and nave, the Greek Church as a great transept, and the Anglican Church as a side chapel with its porch opening on another street. As I was born, bred, and then dwelling on that street it was more natural and easy to go by this side porch to the chapel than to go all the way around to the grand front entrance. If the chapel was served by priests, and one could have the sacraments and other privileges of the Church in it, he would not need to pass through into the nave or to distress himself because the passage was barred.

So long as one holds such a vague and imperfect conception of the essence of the Catholic Church, he can approach indefinitely near to it in his other conceptions of doctrine and discipline without perceiving any practical reasons for passing over to the Roman communion. The late Leonard Woods, Jr., D. D., and others have made a similar approximation, and have still remained—some for a long time, some until death—in one of the various Presbyterian churches. So long as one considers that intellectual, moral, and spiritual community in ideas, sentiments, sympathies, together with the reception of the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, in what he conceives to be a lawful and valid manner, make up the essential bonds of Catholic unity—i. e., that the tie which binds is invisible—he can agree with the Church of Rome very closely in faith and love he devotedly without thinking of stirring from his nook in the Protestant sect he belongs to. He may recognize the apostolic origin of the limited primacies of Alexandria and Antioch and the universal primacy of Rome, and may lament and condemn in great measure the so-called Reformation. And yet he will not admit that he is a heretic or even a schismatic, as he is held to be in the *foro externo* of the Roman Church.

The one practical and decisive point which is the pivot on which all turns is this: There is but one flock and one shepherd, the successor of Peter, and those bishops, priests, and people who are under his supreme pastoral episcopate. All who are not in this fold, whether they be gentiles, sheep and lambs, or wolves in sheep's clothing, are only scattered aliens and wanderers. There are bishops, priests and baptized Christians in great numbers who are outside the fold of Peter. But although these are gathered into communities, and even though their doctrine may be in great measure in accordance with the Catholic faith, none of these communities are organic portions of the Catholic Church. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Protestant Episcopal Church, through the Church of England, had preserved the apostolic succession and an external connection with the ancient Catholic Church in England, and had retained the essentials of the faith, this would not suffice to establish the claim which is made for it by its so-called Anglo-Catholic members. It is not in this fold, whether they be gentiles, sheep and lambs, or wolves in sheep's clothing, to be a member of a religious society whose clergy have received a valid ordination. The law of Christ requires, moreover, that we should profess the faith and receive the sacraments in the one true church whose pastors have a lawful authority under the supreme jurisdiction of the Chief Pastor of the Universal Church, the successor of St. Peter.

As I have said, I was about three years in reaching this conclusion. At first, I regarded the Anglican branch, as I esteemed it to be, of the Catholic Church, as being, in its ideal theory according to the interpretation of the most advanced High Churchmen, the nearest to the primitive standard. Next to it was the Greek Church, and the most removed by human additions and alterations the Roman. By a gradual change I came to regard, first, the Greek Church, and then, in order, the Anglican branch, as a member of a religious society whose clergy have received a valid ordination. The law of Christ requires, moreover, that we should profess the faith and receive the sacraments in the one true church whose pastors have a lawful authority under the supreme jurisdiction of the Chief Pastor of the Universal Church, the successor of St. Peter.

Protestant Episcopal Church. I replied that I supposed the basis of agreement must be laid on the foundation of the first six councils, and that the Greeks would have to give up the seventh, and their doctrine and practice concerning the cultus of the Virgin Mary, the saints, and images. Upon this the doctor argued very strongly and conclusively that the same reasons which establish the canonical authority of the councils of Lyons and Florence, and prove that the Greeks, and a fortiori the Anglicans, have no case against the Roman Church.

There were other things said by Dr. Seabury which I cannot distinctly remember, the effect of his whole conversation being to set my mind on a course of thought and reading which carried me onward to the last position which I rested in, so long as it seemed to be tenable. It has been, and still is, a position occupied by a certain number of the so-called Orthodox Orientals and Western Protestants—viz., that certain Christian communities separated from the communion of the Roman Church are in an irregular and anomalous condition, a state of secession and revolt which is wrong and unjustifiable, but not destructive of the essential Catholic unity, the organic identity of what they call the universal Church in all its parts and members, which, though severely wounded, are not severed. It is argued in this plea that individuals are not responsible, and not to blame for the misfortune which was caused by the sins of their ancestors. They may, and even ought to, remain where they are, desiring, promoting, and waiting for corporate reunion.

Surely this notion that the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church are essentially one and the same is chimerical, and needs only a second common sense to vanish like a bubble. However, we who were playing an ingenious dramatic performance as Catholics were living in a visionary, and not in the real world. It needed time and hard blows to break the spell of illusion. In my case experience proved that our Catholicism was an affair of books, of the imagination, of a certain set of individuals, and not the genuine religion of the Church of England and the American sect which has chosen for itself the name "Protestant Episcopal." These communities are Protestant, although, along with extreme rationalism, they tolerate a kind of Catholicism. They are not only estranged from the Roman Church, but engaged in an "irrepressible conflict" with it. I soon perceived in my bishop (Dr. Whittingham) an intensity of animosity against the Roman Church which was really violent. He, like many of hers of his kind, was anxious to make proselytes, and when one fell into his hands he would reconfirm him. This is but one instance among a multitude of facts which proved that a cordial sympathy with the actual, informing spirit of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in diametrical opposition to the Catholic spirit.

I will not analyze more minutely the process which wrought my total and final severance from the Protestant connection. John Henry Newman had just been received into the Catholic Church. I had been sent to a plantation in North Carolina, with symptoms which threatened a fatal issue within a few months. During that winter I had leisure to mature the results of study and thought of the several preceding years, and with the strongest possible motive to make a decision, which would endure the test of the divine truth and justice. From the last spot of sand on which I had found a temporary footing I made the leap across upon the Rock, an act which, of course, I was only enabled to make by a special aid of divine grace, but which, none the less, I consider as a perfectly reasonable act, and one which can be justified on the most satisfactory rational grounds.

In the foregoing matter I have sketched the progress of my religious convictions from Protestant Christianity pure and simple, in the form commonly called "orthodox" and "evangelical," through the middle ground of "High Church" and "Anglo-Catholic" Episcopalism to the perfect and integral Christianity of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. The justification of this process in a rational sense consists simply in this: that it is consequent and logical from the premises that God is; that the Godhead is in the Person of Christ; that Christ has proclaimed and established a religion of doctrines and precepts which is obligatory, universal, and perpetual in a manner which is certainly authenticated. In respect to these premises there was no process to be narrated, since I began with and from them as undoubted certainties. Neither does the justification of the process of concluding the logical result from the admission of the premises belong to a mere piece of psychological history. I have not in view to prove the validity of the inferences which I draw from the assumed premises any more than to prove the truth of these premises. I aim only at relating in the manner in which the process went on in my own mind. And, in conclusion, I will sum up by a simple statement of my own religious convictions and beliefs as they are now, the result of nearly fifty years of study and thought, taking in the Theistic and Christian premises as well as the Catholic conclusion. I do not doubt my own ability to make satisfactory justification of all these convictions by evidence and reasoning, and I have heretofore written a great deal on several points of this argument of justification. But just now I merely intend to indicate the theses and order in which they are arranged in the general prospectus, which I should undertake to defend if I were writing a complete treatise of apologies, and which I am convinced have been amply defended by many men of greatly superior intellect and knowledge to my own moderate measure of these endowments. I mean this in respect to what is essential and substantial, for in respect to details and the relations which change with the varying conditions of times, there is always a new labor of progress and adaptation to be carried on, which is never actually complete and finished; just as in the case of science of military defence and attack there has been a continual change and improvement in artillery and fortification.

The general prospectus is included within the terms of these theses.

First. Every rational and instructed man ought to believe in God.

Second. One who believes in God ought to believe in Christ and his revelation.

Third. Whosoever believes in Christ and Christianity ought to believe in the Catholic Church, whose centre of unity and seat of sovereignty is the Roman See of Peter—Augustine F. Healy, in N. Y. Catholic World.

MR. WM. O'BRIEN'S LECTURE.

"The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry."

United Ireland, Sept. 7.

An immense assemblage of people gathered in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Thursday night week to hear Mr. O'Brien's lecture on behalf of the Sacred Heart Home. The chair was occupied by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, and on the platform were several Irish and English members of Parliament. His Grace having opened the proceedings, Dr. Kenny, M. P., read a telegram from the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, "praying God to give all needful strength to the pure-minded patriot who lectures this evening, so that he may come forth from his prison well, now open to receive him, as sound in health as he is brave in heart and unflinching. God Save Ireland."

Mr. O'Brien as he rose was greeted with a tremendous outburst of applause. After some preliminary observations, he proceeded to say—I remember not so very long ago "democracy" used to be thought an awful, almost a naughty word among gentle people in Ireland. Some of us had no more conception what sort of uncounted animal a democrat was than Mrs. Partington had of the attributes of the allegory on the Nile. Irishmen were supposed to be nothing if not admirers of the old aristocracy. If you were to believe Charles Lever's novels, a man, if he were only one of ancient lineage, might, without detriment to his popularity, despoil a whole countryside, he might beggar his tenants and mortgage his property up to the eyes, he might get drunk every night of his life, and put a bullet through an unfortunate tradesman if he asked for payment of his bill. The Irish people were supposed rather to like that sort of thing from a gentleman of spirit, and the people put their hands to their hats for him, and voted for him, and fought for him, as if it were the best fun in the world to be evicted and swindled by one of the old stock. It is irony of fate that the very practices which the Irish gentry rebuke with a celestial grace in the Irish peasants of to-day as crimes of the blackest dye are only faint imitations of the pastimes of their own fathers and grandfathers. Tarring a bailiff and making him swallow his own latrines is a proceeding copied from the highest aristocratic precedent. Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald was by no means the only man who mounted the rostrum upon his hands to give the ministers of the law a hotter reception than they encountered at Bodyske and Congreany. It was the regular way of discharging honest debts in well-bred circles. The noble family of Kingstou, who are at this moment so horrified by the people of Mitchels town barricading their homes and defending them, were themselves for many a day "Sunday men" and kept their castle provisioned for a siege. It is, indeed, because they did so, and left their debts unpaid—the debts they incurred to pauper their own bodies and fuddle their brains—that their noble descendant is now engaged in exterminating the unfortunate tenantry of Mitchelstown, not for repudiating any honest debt, but because they will not surrender the homes in which their fathers lived, and which their hands had made as watered with their sweat to the poor and the disinherited of those old "Wolves of the Galtees." But undoubtedly the people did not like the Irish gentry the less for their contempt for the law and their way of dealing with bailiffs. Aristocracy was respected almost to adoration point. I remember when we were young fellows long ago in my native town of Mallow we used to think the Clubhouse there a kind of seventh heaven inhabited by beings of quite another order from mere people who worked for a living. It seemed as much a dispensation of Providence as that the sun should rise in the heavens every day that the gentry should lord it over us and look down on us. It seemed part of the order and arrangement of the universe. Well, I think we have somewhat moderated these gentlemen's estimate of their own importance. I can hardly ever pass that Clubhouse now without thinking that there is not a cabin in the poor suburb of Ballydaheen whose inmates have not as much influence upon the current of affairs as the whole galaxy of gentlemen who assemble on the Clubhouse steps put together. Now, what is the reason of this extraordinary transformation? I often think that one of the bitterest reflections of the Irish gentry in these days of humiliation and helplessness must be that it is all their own fault—that they had the country and people for hundreds of years like potters' clay in their hands. If they had chosen to be the people's chiefs and leaders instead of being their slave drivers the Irish aristocracy might have had a great career. Unquestionably, rank and brilliancy and chivalry, and all the qualities that appertain to a privileged, favoured class, have always had a fascination for the Irish people. Men of that class who, instead of standing apart in cold and haughty isolation, have given their hearts and lives to the rescue of their downtrodden nation are the heroes and idols of our history—men like Sarsfield, Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Davis, Smith O'Brien, and Charles Stewart Parnell. Did the Irish people ever ask what was these men's religious faith, or in what century their ancestors came over? The Geraldines when they settled long ago in Mallow Castle did not shut themselves up in a clubhouse, and give themselves airs. They fraternized with the people, they made themselves bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh; they fought for them and died with them. And I wonder which is the nobler field of ambition—which is the most likely to shed lustre upon our glory stability to an aristocracy—the career of one of those old Geraldines ruling like

a king over every peasant from Listowel to the Galtee Mountains, or the career of the present head of the Geraldines, barricaded in his castle at Carton, composing pamphlets for the L. L. P. U. and unable to return a Poor law guardian for his own electoral division? I venture to think that though the present Geraldine is a duke, and the old Geraldines used sometimes get a head chopped off, most of us would prefer to take chance with the valiant old chiefs who died with their faces to the foe and with their clans around them, fighting for their God and for their native land. If ever man were puffed as leader, and brought to become leaders of the Irish people it was the Irish gentry. It was fine of this folk, perhaps one of the vices of the Irish people, their fondness and yearning for leaders of birth and station. The aristocrats who led the Volunteers of '82, with the glorious exception of Grattan and half dozen others, were bigots and rick renters who had very little to recommend them except their voluntary uniform; yet their popularity knew no bounds. O'Connell tried to keep the Catholic lords and aristocrats in the van of the Emancipation movement until his heart was sick of their cowardice and meanness and sympathy—they have never to this day been emancipated in their souls. The Young Ireland movement was very largely a novel-made aristocratic aspirations. Mitchell and Lalor, indeed, knew the Irish gentry were made of, but most of the generous-hearted young men who sang and spoke in those days did not despair of bringing the gentry into the National ranks, and building up a nation in which landlord and tenant would clasp hands and blend as harmoniously as orange and green. One of the most dazzling things we learn from Sir C. G. Duffy's book, "Four Years of Irish History," is that up to the very eve of the revolt of '48 Smith O'Brien and some of his colleagues nourished the extraordinary delusion that the Irish gentry were meditating going over on *massé* to the young men who were counting their pikes and guns for an insurrection. It was O'Brien's noble fault to believe everyone to be as open-hearted and as chivalrous as himself. He actually wrote, in letters which he thought that the gentry would be found honest and the insurrection at the very moment when these same gentry were entreating Dublin Castle to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and only a few weeks before his own brother, Sir Lucius O'Brien, denounced and disowned him as a traitor on the floor of the House of Commons. Every opportunity the Irish aristocracy ever got of identifying themselves with the people, when all was said and done, was when their leaders they spurned with insult and disdain. They repaid their popularity in the Volunteer times by their murderings and burnings and floggings in '98. Their answers to all the melting appeals of the orators and singers of Young Ireland was to seize the crops for the rent while two millions of people were dying of famine, and then to exterminate a million more of them between 1848 and 1855, when all national spirit was extinguished and when the country lay gasping and helpless at their feet. Even in our own day, in the midst of the angry rush and roar of the revolution which their own folly brought about their ears, the Irish gentry obtained at least three separate opportunities of harmonizing their interests with those of the country of their birth and the people from whom they derived their living. It is a pity that the most astounding facts of the history of human fatality that the immediate and proximate cause of the Land League movement in the county Mayo was a confederacy of four of the greatest landowners in the county—Lord Lucan, Sir Roger Palmer, Sir Robert Blosse Lynch, and Lord Sigo—refuse a wretched abatement of only 10 per cent. to a tenantry on the brink of starvation. They kept their rents, and they founded the Land League. I remember with what shrieks of laughter the landlord newspapers received the first project of the Land League under Mr. Parnell's hand to buy the landowners out at twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation. I wonder what they would give to catch Mr. Parnell's signature to such a bill under date of this present month of grace, September, 1887. I am afraid it is only an ardent desire to be reborn in a new country that has furnished them with such a document. Again, several years ago, in a remarkable paper read before the Statistical Society, Lord Montagu suggested to the landlords of Ireland the two conditions, and the only conditions, on which they could still lead lives of comfort and honor and of usefulness to their native land—first, that they should cease to be landlords; second, that they should cease to be the English garrison. That is, of course, the landlord way of putting it. What acting as the English garrison really means is using the power of England to garrison their own rent-offices and to make the name of England detestable, for I deny that the landlords of Ireland have ever been either loyal or an efficient garrison of England, whenever their own interest or their own fears prompted them to be rebels or runnaways. Well, Lord Montagu's warning fell on headless ears. Mr. Gladstone's great Bills of last year came. They offered the most splendid avenue to power and honor that ever opened its arms to a dethroned and fallen oligarchy. The Irish gentry might have had prices for their estates which, in a cheap country like Ireland, would have insured them silence. They might have had in the Parliament of the country the power for which they hunger and which they travel all the way from the Riviera to retain in even a local board of guardians. Farsighted men have estimated that in an Irish Parliament, constituted according to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, a wise and capable and patriotic Conservative party might not only have been a potential minority, but might have found their way to an Irish Treasury condition of fasting their interests and sympathies with those of the body of their countrymen instead of forever fevering and distemping their country like an angry pustule or like a poisoned spear-point. Did the Irish people look sultry or naggle about the price? On the contrary, they pined and yearned for peace and brotherhood in the great task of building up a happy Irish nation. And the Irish gentry? With a few noble exceptions, such as Lord Powerscourt and Lord Greville, their answer was to smite the hand

that was extended to them. Their answer was to summon the demons of religious bigotry from their dens, and to circulate eleven millions of scurrilous libels on their fellow countrymen through the printing-press of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. They played a great deal in now-a-days of our setting class against class. It was they themselves, in their blind arrogance and folly, in spite of the prayers and the warnings and the entreaties of Irish Nationalists—it was they themselves who first set class against class, or rather set up their own selfish and pampered class against the interests and the sympathies and the aspirations of every other class in the nation. They never, as a class, established one idea in common with the people upon whose industry they lived. They remain to this day as distinctly foreigners in face and language and sympathy as when their ancestors came over throat-cutting and pealin singing with Cromwell. They had three hundred years of unbroken power to make history, and the history they made was a history of famines and rack rents and penal laws and misery—a history of millions plundered and degraded in their own land under the heel of a few thousand foreigners—a history during which the gentry of Ireland never did an act of justice that was not wrong from them, and never did one act of unadulterated grace so long as England gave them her bayonets to enable them to refuse it. Nemesis came at last in the shape of an Irish democracy, and it is a singular fact that democracy is a Frankenstein of their own raising. Democracy has sprung from the two very sources which England relied upon to rid her of the Irish difficulty—National education and emigration. The National system of education was founded for the express purpose of undermining the faith and destroying the nationality of the youth of Ireland. Men like Archbishop Whately and Mr. Carlisle, who devised that system, and who composed the school books, were dead certain that they had discovered a machine for turning the youth of Ireland into sowers in faith and West Britons in politics. Things have not turned out quite to their satisfaction. Sir R. Peel relied upon two instruments to demoralize Ireland—the policeman and the schoolmaster. Whatever the constabulary system did to enchain the limbs of the Irish people his system of national education did still more to emancipate their minds and souls. The policeman proved to be an efficient ally of England, but the school-master did not turn out so satisfactorily, and the school-master is the most potent man of the two when all is said and done. It is the young fellows whom the governing classes sent into the National schools to be turned into flunkies and slaves—it is these very young fellows who have broken the power of the privileged classes in Ireland, and pushed them from their thrones, and bore them at the Poor-law boards and the municipal boards, and even on the floor of the House of Commons. In the same way the Irish gentry believed that the policy of emigration was a stroke of genius to deliver them from a troublesome population. They believed that once the Irish peasant was embarked in a colliery they were done with him for evermore. But there came back from America a power more fatal to aristocracy and to privileged idleness than if these Irish emigrants had come back in line of battle ships and armies—there came back the principles of democracy and freedom which the emigrants embedded in the great Republic of the West. Every American letter that came home was a lesson in democracy. From the time that American principles took root here in the soil that was prepared for them by education, it was all over with the ascendancy of the Irish gentry for the moment free inquiry began to be focussed upon the Irish people, and the land set away like wax before a fire. People began to ask themselves who were these gods who wrapped themselves up in cold and haughty majesty, and looked down upon the people whose industry gave them rents to squander, and purple and fine linen to bask in. To our surprise we found that they were not gods, but men, with blood very much the same colour as other men's, and with a by no means alarming preparation against the gods who melted away like wax before a fire. The gods were, in fact, a squad of Cromwellian troopers a few generations removed. As somebody remarked—I think it was O'Connell—the Irish gentry have nothing ancient about them but their prejudices, and nothing modern but their pedigrees. These so-called "old families" were but things of yesterday compared with the ancient race they despised and lorded it over. The real old families of the land are to be found not in the landlords' mansions, but in the cabins of their serfs. To have remained rich and flourishing during a history such as ours is the greatest reproach a native family could incur. In a history like that of the Irish race poverty is the best sign of nobility, and rank is the best evidence of shame. When thoughts of this kind began to worry and burn in the minds of the young men of Ireland, their revolt against the supremacy of this alien caste began as sudden as their submissiveness had been complete. I remember even within my own time the first of the elected Poor-law guardians who were taken from the ranks of the people—how they used to slouch into the board room in a shame-faced, apologetic kind of way, how they used to slide into a seat as far away from the edge of the chair and vote like sheep and hardly ever venture a remark. I saw the new spirit of manhood and of self-respect that came into these men until they rose and measured themselves like men with these noble lords and gentlemen, and routed them from their dignities, and told them to their faces that the day of aristocratic privilege was gone, and the power of the people, and the welfare of the people must henceforth be more important than coronets or Norman blood. If you go into the Irish boardroom of an Irish Board of Guardians now you won't find the elected guardians trembling under the frown of the *ex officio*; it is rather the other way. If you listen to a debate in the House of Commons you won't find men of the people, like Mr. Haly or Mr. Stinton, grovelling at the feet of the King Harcourt or Sandersons, or speaking with broad breath because every second man who is listening to him has a title or a million of money. I never will forget the

expression of a little old Western peasant at one of the Land League meetings, when some speaker was describing the oppression and the haughtiness of Irish land-agents in the past, "Bogob," says the old fellow, "we'll make them put their hands to their hats for us yet." That really only describes in a comically exaggerated way the change that has come over the face of the country; for though the Irish people are not so generous and forgiving and Christian in character ever to desire to retort upon their opponents the indignities that were inflicted upon themselves, still it was necessary to enforce the lesson—and I think the lesson is beginning to impress itself upon the comprehension of the most fossilized old gentleman in the land—that a man's importance and his place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen will depend for the future in Ireland, not upon the length of his purse, nor the length of his pedigree, but upon his usefulness to the community and his readiness to labour and to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. Up to the present, by an extraordinary perversion of the laws of nature, a man's amount of misery he created, for the future it will be measured by the amount of happiness he can confer—the amount of good he can do in protecting industry, rewarding toil, and raising up the poor and lowly. The Irish gentry have, fortunately for human rights, left us no alternative but to be democrats and to draw our strength from the great heart of the people. There is one thing upon which I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves in reference to the spread of democracy, and that is, that the democracy as it is rooted in Ireland to-day is almost altogether free from the features of blood-thirstiness and rabid class hatred and irreligion which have sometimes made revolution a name of dread and horror in other lands. The Irish people have not the slightest dislike to a man merely because he has a good coat to his back, or because he comes of an ancient family. The objection to Mr. Parnell's class is that it produces only one Mr. Parnell to ten thousand aliens and enemies and oppressors of the people. If in the morning the Irish gentry proposed frankly to draw a wet sponge over the past, there is not a prominent politician in Ireland who would answer with a shrill or contentious word. They would be welcomed. They would be honored. The Irish nature has the softness of our own honeyed meads. "There is dew at high noontide there and springs in the yellow sand." On the far hills of holy Ireland, Irish forgiveness is to be had to this hour for the honest sinner. A single Smith O'Brien redeems a whole pedigree of Murrough the Burners and Black Inchi-quins. The change which the wizardry of one great old man has wrought in the course of a single year in the feelings of the most extreme of us towards the English people is an assurance that no prejudices are too ancient, no wrongs too cruel, no grudges too deep seated, to yield to the first appeal of genius and sincerity to the infinite tenderness of the Irish heart. There shall be false gods no more in Ireland; but for good men and capable men who have a heart for the miseries of their countrymen and the will to labour for their alleviation, there is still, and there will be always, welcome, honour, and gratitude, no matter what his class, or from what race he may be sprung. But the longer the Irish gentry continue in enmity with the Irish people the harder will be the terms of their inevitable surrender when it comes. Forty years ago they might have become Nationalists without ceasing to be landlords. It is perfectly possible that if the Irish landlords had been wise enough to band themselves enthusiastically with the proletarians at that time to win an Irish Parliament, and had flooded and dominated that Parliament with their own territorial influence, their rack rents unabridged for many a day, and the enforcement of popular rights might have been indefinitely retarded. At present the Irish people can dispense with them as Nationalists, and are determined to dispense with them as landlords. I have claimed that Irish democracy is not bloodthirsty or vengeful if those who are so fond of magnifying the deeds of violence which have blotted our history here and there for the last few years would once examine the dark story of revolution in other lands, and think of the seas of suffering and bloodshed which engulf the beaten side—if they will only remember how their own class used their victory when they tortured and trampled to death tens of thousands of the West-Indians in '98—they will have to confess that there never was a revolution involving the overthrow of so rooted and so detested an oligarchy which was effected at so small a cost of bloodshed and crime as ours, and they will have to confess that whatever crime lurked in the train that great and memorable peaceful revolution was not the outgrowth of democracy, but was a remnant of the barbarism that oppression had begotten. Finally, the revolutionary spirit in Ireland is not sullied by treachery upon one side, or by sectarian bigotry on the other. It has a heart equally large and equally warm for Protestant and for Catholic—for every man who has a heart or a hand for Ireland. It is, at the same time, in the highest and deepest sense religious, spiritual, and above the ignoble empire of materialism, and contains no taint or germ of that crazy continental fanaticism which assails the Altar as ferociously as the Bastille, which breaks up the very foundations of society, defiles the sanctity of the Christian household, breaks down the glorious faith and hope that surrounds this fleeting world with the wonders of eternity, and counts the very Author of the Universe among the enemies of man. From the black abyss we have been saved by the deep and yearning spirit which teaches the Irish people that, even when all has been done that human devotion can do to reward industry, to alleviate suffering, and to brighten human life, there still remain in this wondrous spiritual nature of ours aspirations and capacities which will never be satisfied in this material world, and which will never consent to be stilled in the grave. We have been saved, furthermore, by the enlightened fortitude of some of those who have guided the religious life of Ireland, one of whom is not

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THE MITCHELSTOWN MASSACRE.

The murder of the three unfortunate men at Mitchelstown has stamped with infamy the Salisbury Government, if indeed this act were needed to mark it as the worst Government which has for a long period misgoverned Ireland.

Before now Princes have "waded through slaughter to a throne," but we have yet to learn that, whether before or since the duties as well as the rights of rulers have been recognized, a throne was ever really consolidated by shedding the blood of the innocent.

The passage of the Coercion Bill was, in the first place, a crime. Nothing could excuse the deprivation of a whole people of the right of free speech, unless the most glaring and criminal abuse of it by the bulk of the people. Even intemperate language made use of by a very limited number of hotheaded persons could in no case be an apology for so sweeping a measure; for such cases could certainly be met by the common law, unless the government of the country be totally impotent and incompetent.

In the United States, it may be said, liberty of speech is allowed even to excess, but at all events in that enlightened and free land the rights of the people are fully recognized and respected. There even the Anarchists are permitted to air their theories, and to protest against the just government under which they live. It is true that there are at present seven Anarchists under sentence of death; but this is because they incited to crime, and the crime was committed; but the people of Illinois were not on that account gagged.

The laws of the United States were quite sufficient to meet the case without the arbitrary suppression of liberty of speech against the whole community. How different is the case of poor oppressed Ireland! Truly there is dissatisfaction in the country against the way in which it is governed, and that dissatisfaction is openly expressed. But what is the meaning, what the use of so-called "constitutional Government" if the grievances of a whole people are not to be talked of? It is not denied, it cannot be denied that the people of Ireland have been oppressed by the legislation of seven centuries.

Many of those grievances have been removed, some of them in our own day; but the hardship which is at the root of all the suffering of the oppressed nationality is still there, and till it be redressed fully the people ought to be discontented, and they have a perfect right to express their discontent in a way which cannot be misunderstood. If they ceased to do so, they would not deserve the rights for which they have so long contended.

Ireland has suffered; and to that degree must she look for reparation. However, for Mr. Gladstone there is this to be said: he has acknowledged his error, and he is now doing his utmost to repair it. He now recognizes the fact that if the nationalities composing the British Empire are to be consolidated into a united, prosperous, and strong people, it is not by the exercise of a grinding oppression that this will be attained.

The evils of alien Government in Ireland do not require to be proved at length here. They are too well known, and our readers have personally experienced them. The wholesale evictions, the periodical famines, the widespread poverty and distress, the universal discontent at English rule, speak in trumpet tones of the bad Government of her rulers; and for what is a Government established, if not to make a people prosperous and happy? Surely, then, the people have an inalienable right to meet in peaceful assembly to assert the only remedy which can ensure good Government.

On what pretext is this right withheld from them? "To suppress crime," say the supporters of the Salisbury Government. "A general demoralization exists through the County of Wexford," said Colonel King-Harmon. "There is nothing in the new act which is not directed against crime, and crime only," said Mr. Evelyn Ashley at Glasgow, on July 29th.

As regards the assertion of Col. Harman, the testimony of Justice Harrison at Wexford amply is a sufficient refutation. He said that "the number of cases for investigation of a criminal nature was fewer than he had known in any other County of the large extent of Wexford." To this may be added that the only agrarian offence reported in the assize returns from that County, presented to the House of Commons for the last six months was one, the writing of a threatening letter!

In the County of Dublin, which has also been proclaimed and deprived of the right of free speech, for nine months the record of crime was a blank, while for the six months previous only two crimes were reported: one, a threatening letter, another, an incendiary fire, which it is said never took place. In fact, the case throughout Ireland is similar; yet it is pretended that it was necessary to pass the Coercion Act "to prevent crime."

The pretext is a palpable fraud. In Fermanagh, Mr. Justice Murphy said to the Grand Jury, "Nothing can exceed the peace and quiet prevailing in this, as I trust I may call it, your prosperous county. The bills to go before you are only two in number." In Kildare, Mr. Justice Harrison said: "There is nothing in the statistics of the county or in any of the returns that calls for any remark from me as reflecting on the peace and good order of this fine county of Kildare." Yet these counties, where almost no crime exists, are they which are terrorized by an iniquitous "Crimes Act."

The circumstances attending the Mitchelstown outrage are peculiarly atrocious. Even under the Crimes Act, a meeting is legal unless it be previously proclaimed. The Mitchelstown meeting was not proclaimed: it was therefore a lawful assembly, and there was not the semblance of an excuse for the authorities to interfere with it. Just as the meeting had begun, a body of police endeavored to force their way through the crowd, escorting the same police reporter on whose testimony Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville had been arrested. It would seem that the object of this was precisely to exasperate the multitude, and provoke a conflict. This object was not thus attained; but as it is always difficult to open a passage through a dense throng, the police found themselves crushed, and began to use their clubs. This, of course, created a disturbance, in which the police, being worsted, took refuge in their barracks, and from the barrack windows, though there was no attack made upon the building, they began an indiscriminate fusillade upon the people, by which three persons have been murdered in cold blood. This is the unvarnished history of the conduct of the police, and it is this conduct which Mr. Balfour has formally justified in Parliament in the name of the Salisbury Government.

It is true, a police reporter has a right to attend a public meeting, but he has no right to interrupt a lawful meeting. Policemen have no more authority than private individuals to break the peace and excite to riot, and in doing this on the present occasion, they were evidently relying on the protection of the Government, and they have not been disappointed. Mr. Balfour has adjudicated by a declaration in Parliament that the reporter's escort were subjected to "an utterly unprovoked attack of the most violent and brutal character." That his representation of the case is false in every respect is evident from the testimony of eye witnesses, among them the English members of Parliament who were present, as Mr. Labouchere and the Member for Nottingham.

national agitation for the amelioration of the condition of its people. The Irish know this, but they have resolution enough not to be frightened by tyranny from the course which they are now peacefully pursuing, and we hope patience enough to keep them within the bounds of moderation and constitutional agitation. The moderation they have hitherto displayed has gained for them golden opinions both in England and Scotland, and consolidated a party in the three kingdoms which is marching to certain victory, a party which acknowledges the justice of the Irish claim to Home Rule. The more intolerable the tyranny of the Government may be, the more surely and quickly will come the day of retribution when it shall be ignominiously overthrown, and a new regime shall re-establish a Parliament in College Green. "The star of the west shall yet rise in its glory, and the land that was darkest, be brightest in story."

A SERIOUS SHOOTING AT THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER.

The many incidents occurring on the German and French frontier, annoying to France, are exciting great indignation, which may before long cause serious complications between the two countries. A telegram from Paris dated 26th September gives a new one which has excited the French people greatly. A lieutenant of dragoons, while shooting at Raon-Sarcelles, accompanied by a game-keeper and three others, was fired on by invisible marksmen in German territory, from which the Frenchmen were distant about seven yards. Three bullets were fired. The first did not strike any one. The second killed one of the beaters named Brignon, and the third killed a gentleman named Wanger, a pupil at the Saumer military school. The shots were fired by a German soldier named Kaufman, whose duty was to assist the forest guards in preventing poaching. He says he believed the party were on German soil, and that he shouted three times for them to halt before he fired. The sportsmen did not hear him call them. The matter has become the subject of diplomatic intercourse. Count Von Munster, the German Ambassador, in an interview with Foreign Minister Florens, expressed regret at the occurrence, and gave assurance that the German Government would do justice. The Temps says: "Public opinion is not justified in giving way to a hasty impression regarding the frontier affair. At the same time it is impossible to refrain from reflecting that if the series of incidents on the frontier be not stopped, it will lead to the belief that Germany is really harboring intentions which her Government disowns. It may be that the occurrences are the result of excessive zeal, but it is incumbent upon both Governments to prevent such excesses by moderating the rigor of their instructions, and selecting prudent agents."

It is worthy of remark that rents have fallen, and that the money market became visibly affected by the incident. This indicates that the recurrence of such incidents is leading to results which may become an explosion of wrath at any time. They may occur once too often for the preservation of peace between the two countries.

A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CASES.

The Mail of September 26th, says: "The nearest recent parallel to the case of Riel is furnished by the Chicago Anarchists. . . . The Anarchist leaders, seven in number, are now, for lack of crime, awaiting their execution. But they have no powerful race behind them. So no one pretends that they should get off because they are insane, or that they were justified in killing the policemen. For aught the average Canadian or American cares, they cannot be hanged too soon, and even a Rielite organ in Canada is out with the statement that, considering their offences, 'the vindication of law and humanity seems tedious.' If there was such a thing as a strong Anarchist vote, these prisoners would not be long in want of friends."

This statement of the case is quite unfair. The Anarchists now under sentence of death committed murder which has no palliation. Living under a paternal Government which gives equal rights to all, there was no shadow of a grievance which could even remotely justify their taking up arms to make war upon the United States Government. Yet even they have a party in the United States who claim mercy for them. The infidels and anarchists are loud in claiming that they should be set free, or at least pardoned; not unanimously, it is true, but to such an extent that their New York infidel organ is loudly in favor of this. Riel's case differs from this under every aspect. It is not denied that the poor Indians of the North-West were suffering under many grievances, and that these were not redressed. We do not seek to justify their rebellion, for we believe that in time they would have obtained justice in the ordinary course of law, by peacefully placing their case before the Government. But as a matter of fact this justice they had not obtained when they broke into rebellion. Riel threw himself into their cause, and when the rebellion was

crushed he should have shared that executive clemency which it is usual to extend even to arming political offenders, when their cause is lost. In the United States, mercy was shown to the rebel leaders when the Southern Confederacy was broken. It would have been vengeance, not justice, to have acted otherwise with them; and this was precisely the case in which Riel stood. Even if this view were not strictly correct, those who hold it are not to be considered as unpatriotic, and it is unfair to raise against them a race prejudice, as the Mail endeavors to do.

The fact is, there is little doubt that Riel would have been pardoned if there had not been a race of vampires in Ontario, thirsting for his blood, passing resolutions calling upon the Government to hang him, and bringing to bear every possible pressure to secure this result. It is no wonder that a large body of French-Canadians are indignant at even the suspicion that a half-fellow-countryman of theirs should suffer merely because an Association which hates them could move the Government to vengeance, where the circumstances of the case might reasonably have led them to show mercy. The Mail's innuendoes do not surprise us; for does he not row in the same boat, and hold the same flag with the Association alluded to? Has he not inscribed on his flag the same legend as they, "Death to French-Canadians!"

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P.

As a matter of course, Mr. Wm. O'Brien has been found guilty of the charges on which he was arrested under the clauses of the Coercion Act. The charges brought against him are, 1st, That he "on the 9th day of August, 1887, at Mitchelstown, in the County of Cork, being a proclaimed district, did incite certain persons to willfully and maliciously resist and obstruct certain sheriff's constables, bailiffs and other ministers of the law while in the execution of their duty, contrary to the statute." The second charge is similar to the above, with the exception of the date, 11th August, 1887. Being found guilty on both charges, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment on each, the periods being concurrent. Mr. Mandeville, who was arrested at the same time, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Appeal being made against these decisions, the prisoners were allowed bail. The Mitchelstown tenants were so situated that they were shut out from the benefit of successive Land Acts, they being leaseholders. While it was possible they had paid their full rent under the old oppressive burdens, while the tenants all around them had their burdens diminished by the operation of the New Law by which tenant rights have been recognized. The consequence was that they were on the verge of utter ruin and starvation. Under the "Plan of Campaign" they held out for the moderate reduction of twenty per cent, which was refused. The moderation of their demand will be seen when it is noted that under the New Act they will be allowed 45 per cent at least. At the very moment when the New Act was about to become law, the rack-renters and the Executive determined to deprive these tenants of its benefits by evicting them before the Act should receive the royal assent. This was the plot which Mr. O'Brien checked. He advised the tenants to resist eviction, and their victory would be sure. They did so; the Land Act became law, and the tenants were saved. This is why the whole power of the Government and the landlords is brought into action to crush Mr. O'Brien. After his arrest, while he was being conducted to prison, his progress was more like the march of a conquering hero than of one of Salisbury's or Balfour's prisoners. Members of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Sir Thomas Esmond and a host of distinguished gentlemen united in showing honor to the champion of the poor, and at every station between Dublin and Cork thousands assembled to wish him "God speed!" and groan for "Balfour and his murderers."

The government are quite aware that their days are numbered. The more venom they exhibit in their persecution of Irish patriots, the more surely and quickly will the day of retribution come. By the passing of the Land Act they have themselves acknowledged the injustice of the laws under which the people have hitherto groaned. It follows, then, that the prosecution of Mr. O'Brien is a piece of spleen from the beginning; and the vindictiveness with which he was treated while in prison, as if he were a common felon or a malefactor is proved to be an abomination of impotent rage which can only bring the Government into contempt. The government have it in their power, of course to treat as malefactors the hundreds, or rather the thousands, who for a while probably be immersed in their dungeons, under the Coercion Act, during the next few months, for loving their country; and they have through Mr. Balfour declared their intention of doing so. Their followers, rendered insane by the prospect of the certain annihilation which awaits them, and will soon fall upon them, may

encourage them in their course; but they will bring upon themselves and upon their country the condemnation and scorn of every civilized nationality. They seem lost, however, to all sense of shame. But not only are they now the scorn of foreigners: the people of England are looking at the matter; and every by-election which is taking place shows the indignation which is being aroused in all liberty-loving people at the brutal conduct of an impudent and despotic regime. These indications will grow more numerous till the next general election will bring its remedy by sweeping the real transgressors out of existence.

LATEST PHASES OF THE LAND QUESTION.

While Mr. O'Brien was under arrest he refused most absolutely to accede to any conditions offered him by the Government, so as to lighten the severity of the punishment inflicted on him. The Government seem to be afraid of him. He would pass his parole not to go to England. He refused this humiliating condition. The severity of his imprisonment would have been relaxed if he had given his word that he would not address the people, but he refused to do this also. Hence on several occasions when the opportunity offered itself he made soul-stirring addresses urging them to firmness in the battle which is beginning to be fought for freedom of speech. Mr. Balfour endeavored to get an opinion from the Irish Crown Council that this speech-making by a person out of prison on bail is sufficient cause for a new prosecution, but failed. It is now the intention to prosecute Messrs. O'Brien, and T. D. Sullivan, 1st Mayor of Dublin, for publishing the proceedings of the League branches which have been suppressed. It is hoped that by this means the speeches of such powerful orators will be effectually stopped by a long imprisonment, as the Government cannot stand to have their deeds brought to light before the public. Discussion must, therefore, be squelched. It is said, however, that if these prosecutions succeed, the newspaper organs of the League will be published in England, where it is still lawful to discuss the acts of a bad Government.

The proposals of Archbishop Walsh to submit the differences between the landlords and tenants to the arbitration of a friendly conference are now attracting serious attention from both parties concerned. Mr. Villiers Stuart, on behalf of many landlords, has written to His Grace on the subject. His Grace indicates his willingness to be a mediator, if there be even a remote prospect of practical result from the conference. At all events a large number of landlords propose to hold a meeting immediately to consider the steps to be taken. Both parties have lost confidence in the capacity of the Government to effect a settlement of the burning question of the day, so that the only prospect left is for them to take the matter into their own hands. If an agreement can be arrived at legislation will be asked for to confirm it.

On Friday, 30th September, a large League meeting was held at Luggacurran, on the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne, without the knowledge of the authorities, and, therefore without police interference. Mr. O'Brien made a vigorous speech in support of the principles of the Land League, and of the Plan of Campaign. The League refuses to be intimidated.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

The American party is the title of a new party which has lately sprung into life in the United States. This party brings into life the principles of the long defunct Know Nothing party, which in bygone days declared war against all foreigners, but which aimed its shafts especially at the Irish in America, and the Catholic Church. They are opposed to the naturalization of foreigners, and advocate the restriction of immigration. It has been the policy of the United States to invite immigrants, and to give facilities to such to become "American citizens," and under this policy the country has prospered more rapidly than any other in the world. The naturalized foreigners and their children form, at the present day, the bone and sinew of the land, and are Americanis ipso Americano more American than the Americans themselves.

The New York organ of this new party, the American Flag thus sets forth some of its principles: "The soil of America should belong to Americans. No alien non-resident should be permitted to own real estate in the United States, and the real estate possessions of the resident alien should be limited in value and area." "An exchange asks if we intend to build a Chinese wall around the United States. We do, friend, we do. The wall referred to was built to keep out the Tartars. We are building one to keep out the sum of Europe." "There is an axe to grind in the American party. It is a large one and will be

ground sharp. When it falls, some political heads will roll into the basket." "We inform our correspondent that he cannot be a good Roman Catholic and a good American at one and the same time." "The American party advocates the absolute prohibition of immigration, until we educate and regulate the ignorant aliens we already have."

A convention of this party met in Philadelphia Sept. 16th. Representatives were present from all parts of the United States, even from the Pacific coast. The platform adopted is confined to the principles we have indicated above. There is nothing of the other living issues of the day, Prohibition, Protection, etc. A Philadelphia paper says:

"Where would be the use of restricting immigration, if we throw our ports open to the products of the labor whose competition on American soil we dread? Better bring the workman than his work; for in the former case he is a customer for American products to an extent far greater than in the latter."

THE LATE HON. WM. McMASTER.

The Honorable Senator William McMaster died at the age of 76 years, at his late residence, Toronto, Sept. 22nd, and was buried on Saturday afternoon, the 24th Sept. His career is one which shows what persevering energy and honest hard work can effect. He commenced his business life as a clerk, and years of indomitable perseverance made him one of the merchant princes of Toronto. He was universally respected and his funeral brought together many mourners from distant parts of Canada and the United States. The funeral services took place at the Jarvis street Baptist Church. Mr. McMaster's will leaves a large amount to purposes connected with Baptist and Methodist church and educational purposes, and the remainder to his heirs in the ordinary course. The total value of the estate is \$1,200,000. It is rumored that the religious and charitable bequests will cause the will to be contested, as they should have been made six months previously to the death of the testator to hold good in law.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. O'Brien, the mother of His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax. The sad event occurred at her late residence, Woburn River, P. E. I., on Sunday, 20th inst. The funeral took place on Wednesday following, and was largely attended. The Archbishop assisted at the services. Deceased was about 73 years old. May her soul rest in peace.

A MASS meeting of ten thousand persons was held on Sunday on Tower Hill. The police seized the placards and emblems of the assemblage and demanded the names of the promoters of the meeting. Speeches were made from six platforms condemning the action of the police and denouncing the government generally. The whole affair was carried on in an orderly manner.

The election to the office of Lord Mayor of London of Polydore De Kuper, Alderman from Farrington Without, was a genuine surprise. Mr. De Kuper is a Belgian by birth and a Catholic in religion. He is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Bridge street, Black Friars, and in the capacity of a Boniface is well known throughout England and the continent. He is the first Catholic to hold the office of Lord Mayor of London since the Reformation, and his elevation to the position is regarded by Catholics as a great victory.

IN THE course of his speech at Birmingham, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain blamed Mr. John Morley and Sir William Vernon Harcourt for not defining their Home Rule scheme, and he denied that a majority of the people of Ireland wanted Home Rule. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has said and has done very many foolish things since he broke away from the Liberal party of Great Britain. We think, however, this latest utterance of his the most unaccountable of all. Such a reckless wrestling with a stubborn fact will serve to create hearty laughter at the expense of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

THE Dublin Union asserts that since 1st January, 1887, the Irish National League received subscriptions amounting to £31,000, of which sum it has only doled out £4,700 to the entire tenantry of Ireland, leaving the balance unaccounted for. If the Coercionists could only succeed in making the people of Ireland lose confidence in the League, their task of oppressing would be much easier, as the organization by which Ireland will finally gain her liberty would be broken up. The Coercionists will therefore not omit to lie squarely and roundly, if thereby they have any hope of effecting their purpose. This is the plan of the Times, and the Union is following suit.

Even the Tories are obliged to admit that Mr. John Morley's speech at Templecombe Saturday evening was a brilliant effort. The Tories are in fact nearly as well pleased as the Liberals over the manner in which Mr. Morley

handled Mr. Chamberlain. The Birmingham politician is well nigh an Ishmaelite among statesmen at present. He is paying the natural penalty of being all things by turn and nothing long. Every man's hand is against him. The passage in Mr. Morley's speech which received most approval was that in which he declared that a policy of blind, indiscriminate, blundering force must, if it would not be permitted by the justice loving people of England. There were 20,000 people present at the meeting, and they displayed much enthusiasm.

IN CONCLUDING his speech on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate the other day Mr. Wm. O'Brien had this to say of the future of the Canadian Government General: "He never will receive one pound of rent in comfort from this estate until every hearth that he has quenched in Luggacurran shall be kindled again, and until every tenant that he has evicted shall be reinstated, and until the old race of ours shall be free to dwell and to thrive and to rule in the land that has been watered by the blood and the tears of our fathers."

DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

HIS LORDSHIP, THE RIGHT REV. DEAN CLEARLY, ADMINISTRATOR CONFIRMATION AND LAYS THE CORNER-STONE OF NEW CHURCH AT TWEED.

His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Clearly arrived in Tweed on Sunday, Sept. 18th in company with Rev. Father David, pastor of Madoc, and Father Kelly, secretary, for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of the new church now in course of erection, and administering the sacrament of Confirmation to the children of the parish. His Lordship having come from Madoc by Bridgewater, was met at that village a distance of five miles from Tweed and the boundary line of the parish by Father Fleming, pastor of Tweed, Father Quinn, Madoc, and a large gathering of the people of the surrounding country. Protestant and Catholic, who formed a grand procession, nearly two miles in length, numbering over two hundred and fifty carriages, headed by the brass band discoursing appropriate airs under the management of Mr. Silas O'Brien, and the organ of the parish.

His Lordship having blessed the people as the carriage slowly moved through the vast crowd, proceeded to Tweed to lay the corner stone of the new church. As the carriage conveying the Bishop crossed over the bridge, the entrance to the town, a beautiful arch was erected with the appropriate motto "Cead Mille Failithe" neatly worked in letters of white and gold. The procession, a very striking appearance to the grand procession following. In the center of Main st. and crossing from side to side was suspended a beautiful white silk stretching, floating in the air, bearing the inscription, "Welcome to our Beloved Bishop," as the end side of which were two beautiful flags with the harp and shamrock neatly worked, greeting His Lordship. The other flags rated in honor of the Bishop's visit were: Messrs. Stewart at Spalding, Stafford and Huyck Brothers.

Having arrived at the Presbytery, His Lordship, although not feeling well for the previous week, and the fatigue of the long ride, made as little delay as possible, and in company with Father Fleming, esteemed and energetic pastor; Father Kelly, His Lordship's secretary; Father Davis, Madoc; Father McCarthy, Rev. Father O'Garra, Belleville and Father Quinn, Madoc, proceeded in procession to the site of the new church, where he ordered and commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful lake and surrounding country, on which is to be erected the new church. Here were gathered an immense crowd, through which His Lordship could with difficulty pass. The imposing ceremony being never before witnessed in the parish, and the announcement that such a town and illustrious prelate of the Church, was to have addressed the people on such a joyful and memorable occasion failed not to attract an immense audience. The Protestants manifesting as much interest as their Catholic fellow townspeople in the solemn rite. Everything being carried out according to the ritual of the Church, the psalms and prayers being recited by the Bishop and clergy. The blessing and laying of the corner stone having been gone through, the Rev. Father Kelly, at the request of His Lordship, who regretted he was too ill to address the people at his great ill, eloquently thanked them for their attendance in such large numbers, and for their generosity of heart in laying their united offerings on the corner stone of the new church, on such an auspicious occasion. The amount received was very large. His Lordship promised to visit the people of Tweed often during the erection of their beautiful new church which speaks well for priest and people. The conclusion Father Kelly announced that Confirmation would take place at Tweed instead of Hungerford. Accordingly 10 o'clock on Monday over 115 candidates presented themselves to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. An address of welcome on behalf of the congregation was read by Mr. Stafford, to which His Lordship briefly, but feelingly replied, thanking the people for their loyal Catholic sentiments of welcome to himself as their Bishop and chief pastor. After Confirmation the Bishop spoke loving words of counsel to the children and parents.—Canadian Freeman.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Dundas, Sept. 29th, 1887. DEAR SIR.—Enclosed please find sum of two dollars for the year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD. I wish RECORD every success. I would like to see it in every Protestant home as well as Catholic. It would do good there, as it has done for me, for it would lead them to the true faith. Yours truly, JAMES RANGER.

Beaverton, Sept. 27th, 1887. DEAR SIR.—Enclosed find \$2.00 RECORD. I am well pleased with paper, and you may send it for another year. JOHN J. McDOUGALL.

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

Marshall Hill, Church Progress. Our boasted age of progress and reason is the golden age of gamblers. Our splendid civilization is a hodge-podge.

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Trenton, N. J., Catholic Journal. There is quite a stir in Newtown, N. Y., society circles over the recent conversion to the Roman Catholic faith and marriage of Miss Nettie Cox, daughter of Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D., rector of St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church. It appears that Miss Cox, who has been studying medicine in New York, met Dr. Thomas J. O'Connor, of East Forty-first street, at one of the college lectures, and an attachment sprang up between them which culminated in their being married on Saturday, September 3rd, in St. Agnes' Roman Catholic Church, in East Forty-third street, by the Rev. Father M. J. Murray. The only relative of the bride who was present at the ceremony was her sister, Mrs. Grossbeck, of Albany, her parents being decidedly opposed to her marriage to the Doctor. Prior to the marriage Miss Cox had undergone a course of instruction in the tenets of the Catholic faith and was received into the church a few days before. It is not known what course the worthy Father intends to take towards his daughter, but those who know his nature best say he will soon forgive her and receive her and her husband at his home.

London Universe. "For Heaven's sake don't attempt such a thing as to allow the Jesuits to come back." This prayer is addressed to Prince Bismarck by all the leaders of Protestantism, in every key, and at every hour of day and night. Why, then, are the followers of Luther so mightily in the German Empire, where but fifty years since Catholicism existed, and no Catholic priest durst show his face, there are now Catholics to be found by the thousand, and who built splendid churches of their own and out of their own means. All this is the work of the Jesuits. The last sentence is not correct, for many of the "splendid churches" complained of are to be found in places in which no Jesuit ever set his foot. But there is no doubt of the truth in the argument. It is the Jesuits that have put an end to the fool's paradise in which the Lutherans of Germany, like the Presbyterians of Scotland, had been living for ages. It only wanted an unusual degree of candour thus to let the cat out of the bag by admitting that the reason for keeping the Jesuits out of Germany is that they are a danger to Protestantism.

Boston Pilot. The London Standard states that Michael Davitt is leaving Ireland on the eve of troublous times, saying: "It is opportune that considerations of health lead him to transfer himself to the repose of American society." Never was a cowardly insinuation levelled against one whose record so signally contradicts it as does that of Michael Davitt. If there is a man on earth for whom prison or gallows has no terrors, it is he who has spent nine of the best years of his manhood in English gaols and has expressly promised the brutal tyrants of Ireland that he will go back to share the fate of his fellow-patriots in good season. He may be privileged for reserving to himself the privilege of fixing the date. Of one other thing the oppressors may be equally sure, that the imprisonment and murder of Irishmen shall never go on with the old impunity again. An O'Brien or a Davitt cannot be slowly done to death by the scientific resources of an English prison, without evoking reprisals. Bal-four and his fellows are using all the infernal arts in their power to drive a peaceable people to desperation. Nothing would please them better than the breaking out of a mad, unorganized insurrection which could be put down with an iron hand and made the excuse for a long reign of coercion. The Irish people will not be led into such a trap; but if they will use the privilege of the challenged by choosing the place and the weapons.

Ave Maria. Blair's College, Edinburgh, possesses a full length portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which is recognized as authentic. It was formerly the property of one of Mary's attendants at the execution, and was bequeathed by her in 1630 to the Seminary or Scots College at Douai, her brother being at the time one of the professors there. At the breaking out of the revolution in France (the reign of Terror), the inmates were obliged to fly, and the portrait was taken out of the frame, rolled up and hidden in a chimney of the

refectory, the fireplace being afterwards built up. In 1814 it was removed from its hiding-place and transferred to the English Benedictine College in Paris, and was brought to Scotland in 1830 by the late Bishop Paton, and deposited in Blair's College. The painting is eight feet by five.

As our readers are aware, the month of October has been consecrated by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to that most salutary of all devotions, the Mother of God, the Holy Rosary. It must be the source of great encouragement and confidence to the faithful soul who follows the exercise of this month to realize that with him are united millions of fellow-Christians throughout the world, in every spot where the light of the Gospel has reached. Our Blessed Lord has said: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." What efficacy then must be attached to the aspirations of such a multitude of devout souls, who, in unnumbered tongues, are sending up to Heaven the same prayers and for the same objects! How strikingly, too, must not this fact impress even the non-Catholic, who reflects upon it, with the thought of the universality of the Catholic Church,—that she alone numbers her children in every land under the sun, and can embrace the whole world in a unity of faith, sacrifice, and prayer!

"Lie boldly, something will stick," is said to have been one of Voltaire's favorite maxims. "Ignorance has it been carried out in practice not only by Voltaire, but by a host of traducers of Catholicity before his day and after it. Historians have been, perhaps, the most unblushing in their disregard of truth when they have to speak of Catholics and the Catholic Church and clergy. Attention is drawn by a Fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries in a letter that appears in the Tablet to an interesting statement in Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages," to the effect that "not one priest in a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another." Fortunately the historian gives a reference to his authority, which enables us to correct this impudent perversion of truth. The passage from Mabilion which Hallam cites in support of his statement, simply says that the priests of the time referred to gave so much attention to Arabic and Chaldean literature that they neglected the Latin tongue, which was then the only language of correspondence. Mr. Hallam in this instance did not lie with sufficient boldness: he should have omitted the reference. Colorado Catholic. St. Francis de Sales says that the sun of spiritual exercises is the holy, sacred and sovereign sacrifice of the mass, centre of the Christian religion, heart of devotion, soul of piety, ineffable mystery, which comprehends the abys of divine charity, and by which God bestows upon us every kind of peace and favor. These considerations should be strong enough to prompt every soul that values time less than eternity to hear mass as often as possible, which, in the case of very many Catholics, is every morning in the week.

Vacant churches! Why vacant! There are ministers idle, waiting because no man hath hired them. Idle ministers! Why are they idle? Vacant churches and idle ministers! It is not most unseemly that each should be waiting, waiting, waiting for while they are waiting the enemy is busy sowing tares. If a church is dying because it has no field, because it is an intruder in a field already occupied, let its congregation join the stronger church, even though it be of another denomination. It is better to live for Christ under another name, than to die for Him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Independent. The Independent is right. Let the congregation that hungers for the bread of life come into the stronger church, the Only Church, the church which, true to its Divine Founder, supplies all with the way, the truth, and the life. With an earnest prayer we invite all our dissenting brethren to enter the secure fold of Peter.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. It is now some forty-three years ago since a mob of "Protestant citizens" of Philadelphia and indulged in a three days' religious riot full of hate and outrage. Perhaps some of the participants in these Know-Nothing riots of 1844 were present on Saturday when in the same city the assembled dignitaries of the nation celebrated the centennial of the constitution, and the presiding officer took the arm of Cardinal Gibbons, who, with the sun pour, the "red hat" so lately placed upon his head by Leo XIII., recited the closing prayer of the occasion and repeated the Pater Noster in the Catholic manner. All this transpired in the spirit which moved a leading Protestant paper, the New York Independent, to remark: "Our Government is not a Protestant Government, nor is our Constitution a Protestant Constitution, any more than they are Catholic. Catholics are as much citizens as Protestants, and the acceptance of Cardinal Gibbons ought not to be made the occasion of hostile criticism."

Catholic Review. Women who take husbands by telegraph are apt to leave them by telegraph. Such marriages are, we believe, what some foreign critics would call a strictly American institution. The husband who is rash enough to contract marriage under such circumstances richly deserves the fate that generally befalls him. Both parties enter a contract which, on the face of it, is irrational, and yet royalties are married pretty much after this fashion. Possibly that may be the reason why royal marriages too often turn out to be unhappy for one or both of the contracting parties. The marriages which, as our grandfathers used to tell us, were made in Heaven, were made neither by telegraph nor proxy.

Some of the masonic sects in Europe approach diabolism in their hatred of the Catholic Church and in the activity and ingenuity of their propaganda against the Church. They have declared a war to the knife against it, or, to be more in keeping with their teaching and practice, a war to the dagger and the poison-bowl, their favorite weapons. They manifest a fiendish greed for the apostolate of wickedness, and leave no stone unturned, no in-

famous device exhausted, that may tell against the Church and draw souls away from her. They are more encouraged in this warfare because it appeals to the worst passions of men, and because it is sanctioned, if not actually directed, by a government which is Masonic to the core. Buffalo Union.

In the course of a public speech in Dutchess county, last week, the Rev. James Nolan, irremovable rector of St. Peter's Catholic church, Poughkeepsie, declared that "monopoly in land and monopoly in whiskey are twin fraternal fiends which devour mankind. The one makes the honest and hard-tilling farmer a slave to the idle and cunning speculator, takes away the natural opportunities which would enable the artisan and mechanic, as well as the toiler in the lower walks of industry, to enjoy fully the fruits of his labor, and directs the stream of wealth from the natural course into an unnatural channel. So, too, another drain on the earnings of the industrious is that which melts his scanty gold into the poisonous liquids destructive of mental, moral and physical equilibrium. Remove those two gods of modern civilization, and you free mankind from insupportable burdens pressing fatally upon its steps in its onward course."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. We are glad to notice that the Freeman's Journal's paragraph on the unhealthy custom of enforcing silence in colleges and boarding-schools during meals has been widely copied. It is not from over-study that so many American children break down, but from inattention to the laws of health. A boy or girl in good condition can stand a good deal of work; but a boy or girl who rushes through dinner, supper or breakfast, in order to escape the irksome silence sometimes insisted on, will not long remain in good condition. The requirement of dyspepsia, under such a rule, is almost certain.

A certain Presbyterian Journal printed a seven-column article against the Philadelphia Centennial Commission for having invited Cardinal Gibbons to offer up the closing prayer. President Kasson, of the Commission, makes answer to this arrogant tirade in very cool reasonable language. "The Presbyterian Journal cannot stop the tide of progress. The dust of intolerance and ignorance which old John Knox and other 'Reformers' raised in clearing away, it blinded a great many men a long time; but their eyes are keener than they were. There are not many people now believing in the old Presbyterian myth that Calvin and John Knox discovered the Sacred Scriptures. The Reformers in preaching their doctrine of private interpretation were not far sighted enough to see that it was a two edged sword. To day it is cutting away the old Protestant mythology; the grim and musty Presbyterian gods, to which all that was innocently beautiful and pleasant in life was sacrificed, are going. The Presbyterian Journal may rail against the 'scarlet lady.' The world moves; and, wherever the best forces in society are gathered, they represent the Catholic Church; and, as the world moves, receive the respect of the enlightened."

BISHOP WALSH AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

On Sunday last His Lordship Bishop Walsh, accompanied by Father Walsh, assisted at High Mass in St. Mary's Church. This visit of their good Bishop was looked forward to with great pleasure by the people of St. Mary's. Especially as he is about to go on his decennial visit to Rome, they wished to hear his parting words of fatherly advice and counsel. His Lordship preached after the first gospel in his usual eloquent style. The choir, under the management of Mrs. Cruickshank, rendered St. Clare's Mass in an exceptionally artistic manner. Where everything was really grand it would be invidious to make distinctions, but we think it would not be out of place to say that Mr. J. T. Dalton sang in excellent style through the Mass and also rendered a beautiful hymn at the end.

It is truly edifying to note the great interest taken in the work of advancing our holy faith by the Rev. L. A. Dunphy, who has for some time been in charge of this mission, and his efforts are cheerfully seconded and appreciated by his faithful flock. The church itself is really creditable in every regard. A feature which at once impresses the visitor is the remarkable group of statues displayed in the ornamentation of the altar and the great cleanliness observable in every portion of the sacred edifice.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

The following appeared in the Montreal Post of Thursday 29th: MR. J. J. CURRAN, M. P. "Some time ago, before the animosities of the late general election had subsided there appeared in the Herald an article, in which Mr. J. J. Curran, member for Montreal Centre, was alluded to as the enemy of Irish Home Rule, and a coadjutor having made the visitor is the remarkable group of statues displayed in the ornamentation of the altar and the great cleanliness observable in every portion of the sacred edifice."

The article of the Herald which occasioned the above apology having been reproduced in the columns of the Post and True Witness, it is only fair that the management of this paper should publish the disavowal. On the other hand, they also published strictures on the member for Montreal Centre, and to end, if possible, all causes of dispute with that gentleman, they deem it proper to make the following statement: The Herald says that Mr. Curran is an up-

right Canadian politician. The management agree with that paper. He is an honorable and honest man. The charges made against him in this paper relative to coercing poor laboring men were, they now believe, unfounded, and the management regret any such allegations having been made.

The management of the Post are, therefore, prepared to admit that where a difference of opinion exists on public questions, it is possible to advocate the views of either side without having recourse to epithets. The management of this paper feel that some of the language made use of by their writers in the heat of the discussion of public questions gave Mr. Curran just cause of complaint, and they desire to make the amende honorable in this connection.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY, in thirty-one meditations, prayers and examples, suitable for the months of May and October, with prayers at Mass, Devotions for Concession, and other Prayers. Translated from the German of Rev. W. Cramer, by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. S. S. R. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

ST. THOMAS MANUAL, or Devotion of six Sundays in honor of the mother of the school, St. Thomas of Aquin. From the German of Father Henry Joseph Fluzberg, O. P. Published by Fr. Paulet & Co., New York and Cincinnati. Price 25c.

SERMONS, Moral and Dogmatic, on the Fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, by Rev. Math. Jos. Frings. Translated by J. E. Robinson. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE OF EVENING, a collection of stories for young folks. Reprinted from the Ave Maria. Published at the office of the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.

COERCION TACTICS.

THE LISDONVARNIA AFFAIR.—"PADDY M'KEWISM" AGAIN.

Dublin, Sept. 29.—The action of the branches of the National League, in the supposed districts on Sunday, has brought matters to an issue. They utterly disregard the proclamation suppressing them. They met, just as usual, and expelled the police from their rooms wherever the police attempted to intrude. Fully ten thousand members of the National League, by their meeting in defiance of the proclamation, deliberately rendered themselves liable to prosecution; but nobody has been prosecuted. Mr. Balfour must prosecute or become a laughing stock. Prosecution is just what these men sought, when they met on Sunday, and what they will seek when they meet next Sunday, as they will again. They are ready to go to jail in defence of the rights of free speech and free meeting. If Mr. Balfour begins prosecuting he will fill up all his jails in a time; and the work of the National League will be going on just the same as ever. So does this dilemma and he hesitates. So does the Coercionist's press; and it confesses to-day that Coercion is a failure, and must be amended when Parliament meets again. They are all now clamoring for civil war. It was the only chance for them; but it takes two to have a war; and the Irish people are determined not to be one of the two. They see they are battling their enemies by their present tactics, and they mean to stick to them.

You may look out for very interesting doings within this week or two. If I am not misinformed, we are on the eve of having a most striking proof of the efficiency which the people's organizations can maintain in spite of Coercion, wherever the people display only a resolute spirit.

I hear that the great dispute on the Ponsonby estate is likely to be settled on terms which will make it far and away the most important victory yet scored for the "Plan of Campaign." The evictions which were to come off to-day have been postponed; and I know that the landlord is at the present moment parleying with the tenants with a view to accepting their terms. The only thing likely to prevent a settlement is the action of his fellow-landlords in Cork, who have been making him their scapegoat in this struggle, up to this, and who are now moving Heaven and earth to keep him from backing out of it. A contrast to this attitude of Ponsonby is that of Lord Lansdowne, who is preparing to carry out the remainder of the Loggacurran evictions to-morrow.

Perhaps the coolest and most atrocious specimen of the policy of bloodshed yet is the murder, by Emergency men, on the Coolgreany estate, in Wexford to day. A gang of these hired braves, armed to the teeth, sallied forth to seize tenants' goods and cattle, on distress warrants. They had no police with them, and simply prowled around like a band of robbers. They came to one farm house, and the tenant and a small group of friends met them at the gate. A struggle ensued, and the Emergency men were driven back. They thereupon, fired a fusillade from their rifles and revolvers upon the tenant and his friends, shooting one man dead and wounding several others.

The inquest on the Mitchelstown victims is developing sensational features. The officer (second in command) of the police force, yesterday, got on the witness table and gave away the whole case for the police. His evidence compromises the chief officer in command, who, he swears, was in a state of panic in the barracks, and grossly transgressed the regulations of the code in sending his men upstairs and leaving them by themselves to fire as they pleased from the windows.

The moonlight outrage near Lisdonvorna, out of which arose the murder of Constable Whelan, now turns out to be, what we all suspected it was from the beginning, a put-up job, in order to furnish the Chief Secretary with a counterblast to Mitchelstown, on the evening of the debate in the House of Commons. This may seem a wild statement, but if you knew the intricate working of the Castle system in Ireland it would not seem anything of the kind;

and I will warrant that, before the trial of the arrested men is over, the statement will be thoroughly proven. One of the arrested men—the man who got up the whole affair—turns out to be an "informer," and the prisoner's solicitor declares he has no doubt that this man planned the attack on the land-grabber's house, for the evening before the debate, in collusion with the police. Of course the murder of the unfortunate constable was not in the programme. This was an unforeseen contretemps, due to the determined efforts of the "moonlighters" to escape.

One of the Woodford men who defended Saunderson's farm against Lord Clanricarde's evicting army has died in prison. The barbarous severity of Irish prison treatment preyed on his health and unquestionably was the cause of his death. His parents were never told about his illness. The first news they received of anything being wrong with him was the news of his death. T. P. GILL, M. P.

HYMNICAL.

At 9 o'clock, Monday, Sept. 25th, in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, the marriage ceremony of Miss Mary Malloy and Mr. James Whelan was celebrated by Rev. Joseph Kennedy, of London, uncle of the bride. In the sanctuary were Rev. Dr. Kilroy and Father Quigley. The bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Louise Whelan, and the groom by Mr. Denis Kennedy. After Mass, Rev. Dr. Kilroy addressed the newly married couple upon the sacred and onerous step they had freely taken and expressed the wish that they would imitate the Christian examples their parents ever endeavored to set before them as their children. The wedding party, after the nuptial mass at the church, returned to the residence of the bride's father, where breakfast was prepared, after which, and their healths being proposed, the happy couple took the train for the West. The wedding presents were rich, beautiful and numerous. We tender our heartfelt congratulations and wish them every prosperity and happiness through life.

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

DEATH OF MRS. MARTIN M'DONALD, OF QUEEN STREET.

There peacefully passed away at ten o'clock last evening the spirit of Mrs. Mary McDonald, wife of Mr. Martin McDonald, proprietor of the Wellington Hotel, Queen street. The deceased lady's demise was somewhat of a surprise to many who did not expect it would be so sudden, she being up a few days before, able to walk about her own apartments. Her health, however, had been in a precarious condition for some time past and everything that a loving husband and kind relatives could do and the best medical skill devise was done to restore it, but in vain. Her redeemer called her to Him. If she died in His bosom, full of sweet faith and resignation, only as a good woman in every sense of the word meets her Creator. Mrs. McDonald was the daughter of Mr. Walter Johnson, of Napan, in which township she was born 46 years ago. Her amiable qualities and charitable disposition were known near and far, and in her poor and needy unfortunates ever found a pitying heart and a warm nature, always ready to assist her kind-hearted spouse in relieving their wants. Her death will be sincerely regretted by all and her bereaved husband and relatives have the sympathy of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance and her death in the dark hour of their affliction.—Ottawa Free Press, Sept. 26

A GOOD SISTER GONE TO REST.

Sister Irene of St. Joseph's Convent, of this town, whose death took place last Friday morning, was one of the four sisters of St. Joseph, who came here four years ago with the present Lady Superior, Mother Austin, to take charge of the children attending the Catholic School of this town. The senior nuns of the school were under her direction and she through her training that several third and second-class certificates were obtained by those who subsequently testified how dearly she was loved and what a blank is made in their lives by her sudden death. The large numbers who accompanied the remains to the Grand Trunk station on Monday morning for their interment in St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto, was a sincere manifestation of the high esteem in which Sister Irene was held by the Catholic congregation of this town. By her companions in her retired convent home, her many great qualities of heart and mind were best known. Around her dying couch they faithfully watched during the three weeks of her painful illness and for them, in their great sorrow, is now left the enduring consolation that it is well worth living such a life of virtue to merit such an edifying and holy death. At a regular meeting of the Board of Separate School Trustees the following resolutions were passed:—"Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God, in His wisdom, to remove from our midst by the hand of death Sister M. Irene, who, for the past four years, has been connected with our Convent School,—while humbly submitting to the will of God, we cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing the deep regret we feel at the loss of so estimable a lady, who, by her teachings and Christian example, endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance; and her death has caused a void which cannot be easily filled.— Be it therefore resolved:— That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the Lady Superior and the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, to Mother Austin and her companions, the Sisters of St. Joseph of this town, and also to the afflicted parents in their sad bereavement; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Lady Superior, Toronto, to Mother Austin of St. Joseph's Convent of this town, and to the bereaved parents." Signed, D. ROONEY, Chairman, W. DOHERTY, Sec.

—Cobourg World, Sept. 19.











NEW SCOTCH SUITINGS, NEW FALL OVERCOATS, 4 CASES NEW SCARFS. PETHICK & McDONALD 325 Richmond St.

In Memoriam. MATTHEW CASBEN DIED, SEP. 1887. His friends will be glad to see a few lines in the Catholic Record...

C. M. B. A. The following letter appeared in a late issue of the Record, as an "Appeal to Catholic Fathers..."

DEAR SIR—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to address a few lines to the Catholic Fathers...

Stop for one moment and think when you are on your death bed, and your poor, heart-broken wife and helpless little children are crying around you...

Where is German Lutheranism. Dr. Stoeker, domestic chaplain to the German Emperor, in his German paper, the Evangelical Times...

Report of the Supreme Finance Committee for the year ending September 1st, 1887. Cash on hand in Beneficiary...

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ing the establishment of branches of the C. M. B. A. in these places would report progress. He also requests that any person who can give him any information...

Branch 63 of Canada was organized by Grand President O'Connor, at St. Mary's, on Tuesday evening, 4th inst.

A LAY SERMON FOR THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

One of the most astonishing things in the world, when we come to think of it seriously, is that men, and even women, God save the mark! calling themselves Christians and Catholics...

The season for Bazaars began early, and those affairs are numerous, and what is better, have been so far successful. The Bazaar in aid of the building fund of the St. Peter's cathedral led the way.

The ladies of St. Jean Baptist parish have been busy for weeks past arranging for their bazaar in aid of the parish church. It opened yesterday under very favorable auspices.

The bazaar lately held in Portland for the benefit of St. Peter's Church resulted in a net profit of \$3,569. The pastor and congregation must be congratulated on the success attending their efforts...

On Sunday, 25th inst., Rev. Father Bell, C. S. R., of St. Peter's Church, Portland, preached his farewell sermon, prior to his departure for Philadelphia, Pa.

On Sunday, 25th ult., the election of officers for the ensuing year took place at the rooms of the St. Joseph Social Society. The following were elected:

For the best photos made in the city go to EDY BROS., 380 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paravants...

PERSONAL.—Miss Anna and Nettie Jacobson have left for their home in Detroit after spending a month's visit in the old "Rock City" of Quebec...

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. FROM MONTREAL.

Rev. Lord Archbishop Douglas arrived here on the 24th. On Sunday, the 25th, the Rev. Father sang High Mass at St. Anthony's Church. The church was crowded to its utmost extent...

Across from Fredericton are the villages of St. Mary and Gibson. At the former place a church is being erected, and later on a presbytery. It will be one of our prettiest churches in the province...

BORN. At Niagara Falls, Ont., on Sunday, Oct. 2nd, the Rev. Father, O'Connor, Rev. Sec. Branch 18, C. M. B. A., of a daughter.

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INFORMATION WANTED. OF HENRY BARNETT, ELIZA BARNETT and Mary Ann Barnett, by their father, James Barnett, Henry street, St. Catharines, Ont. Their father and mother died in the West Indies. Father's name and rank. He was Color-Sergeant in the 56th Regiment.

LAW PRACTICE FOR SALE. A CATHOLIC BARRISTER, WITH A large business, practicing for last six years at populous county seat in central Ontario, desiring to retire, offers for sale, satisfactory reasons given. Excellent opportunity for a Catholic. Address, "BARRISTER," care Catholic Record.

TFAOGER WANTED. APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED until the 1st of Nov. 1887, for a male teacher holding a second or third class certificate for the Brechin Separate School, at Upper Brechin, Scotland, 1887-8. J. F. POLY, Secretary.

PARNELL. Messrs. CALLAHAN & Co., GENTLEMEN: The Obituary of Mr. Parnell, issued by you, appears to me to be an excellent likeness, giving as it does the substantial expansion of an Irish leader.

LOCAL NOTICES. For the best photos made in the city go to EDY BROS., 380 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paravants...

THE GENERAL DESIGN OF THIS School is to impart a liberal education, on the lines of the English Schools, to the sons of gentlemen destined for careers in the world. It comprises a Lower School for younger boys, an Upper School, and a Select Division of Senior Students.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. FROM FREDERICTON, N. B.

Rev. Father Casey, late assistant to Father McDevitt, now of St. John's, was presented last week with a handsome gold-headed cane by the Children of Mary of this city. Father Casey was formerly Chaplain to the Society.

Fredericton is as fine a city of its size as can be found in the Dominion. It is beautifully situated on the St. John River, in the midst of one of the finest agricultural districts of New Brunswick. It is the capital of the Province.

Across from Fredericton are the villages of St. Mary and Gibson. At the former place a church is being erected, and later on a presbytery. It will be one of our prettiest churches in the province...

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\$100,000 FOR \$2.50. MUNKAO'S GREAT OIL PAINTING CHRIST BEFORE PLATE. Has just been sold for over One Hundred Thousand Dollars. We offer a fine engraved Engraving, which is an exact reproduction of this masterly work of art (noting excepted), for only two dollars and a half.

THE SUPERNATURAL AGENCY OF BISHOPS. A SERMON PREACHED BY THE RT. REV. J. VINCENT CLEARY, S.T.D. ON OCCASION OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. J. T. DOWLING, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH. May 1st, 1887, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

D. & J. SADIET & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers. 115 Church St. TORONTO. 1669 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE. seventh year of the course. First prize in plain and ornamental penmanship at London and St. Thomas Fairs. Attendance 90 per cent. ahead of last year.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. For further particulars apply to REV. L. FUSCONE, O.S.A., D.D., President.

NATIONAL LOTTERY. The Monthly Drawings take place on the THIRD WEDNESDAY of each month. The value of the lots that will be drawn on WEDNESDAY, the 21st Day of Sept., 1887, will be \$80,000.00.

HAVANA CIGARS. 25 lines of the finest in the market, AT OLD PRICES. FANCY GOODS! not usually found in a Tobacconist establishment. Reading Room containing the leading papers in connection.

THE ABBEY SCHOOL. FORT AGUSTUS, SCOTLAND. CONDUCTED BY THE BENEDECTINE FATHERS. THE GENERAL DESIGN OF THIS School is to impart a liberal education, on the lines of the English Schools...

NOTICE. We have purchased the stock of Mr. C. H. Switzer, Tobacconist, my friend and the public generally will find the Largest, Finest and Freshest stock of goods in the city.

NOTICE. We would respectfully announce that we have bought the coal and wood yard lately occupied by James Sloan, as agent for G. H. Howard & Co., and are prepared to furnish coal of all kinds and hard and soft wood cut, split and delivered.

NICHOLAS WILSON & HAVE REMOVED 118 DUNDAS NEAR TALBOT. The Angel of the Annunciation FROM KATHERINE TYRAN'S NEW VOL. "SHAMROCK."

Down through the village street, Where the white doves were sweet, Swiftly the angel came; His face like the star of even, When night is gray in the heaven; His hair was a blown gold flame.

REV. L. A. LAMBERT, -BY THE- "NOTES ON INGERSOLL." Price, 30 Cents. FOR SALE BY THOMAS COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

ST. PAUL'S Church Corner Stone Laid by His Eminence. LARGE ATTENDANCE OF SPECTATORS—MON BY BISHOP WALSH, OF LONDON. PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS AT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL—VISIT TO LORRETO ABBEY—DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

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FINE GUNS. DALY HANMERLESS. DALY THREE BARREL. MANHATTAN HANMERLESS. SPIDER GREEN BARREL. Send for Catalogue of Specialties. SCHWENNINGER, DALY & GALLAGHER, 64 and 66 Chambers Street, New York.

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