

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 11.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JUNE 1, 1889.

NO. 554

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References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia, London, Bradford, Molloy, Ingersoll, Corcoran, Parkhill, Twy, Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., June 1st, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The new St. Paul's Church, Toronto, was designed by Mr. Joseph Connolly, R. C. A., under whose superintendence it is being carried out.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahoney returned from Los Angeles to Toronto on the 22nd May, much improved in health by the trip. The Toronto people gave him a greeting as hearty as it was deserved. We hope His Lordship will live long to enjoy the esteem and love of the people of Toronto.

VERY REV. FATHER DINAHAN, O. P., late Prior of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Minneapolis, has been chosen Prior of the Convent of St. Dominic, Washington, D. C. Father Dinahan is a native of this city, and he has fulfilled with zeal and success the important positions in which he has been placed. His many friends here will be pleased to know by his promotion that his works have been duly appreciated by his superiors in the illustrious order of St. Dominic.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in a letter to the Times threatens that if Canadian Orangemen are not allowed to have their way in reference to the Jesuit Estates Act, they will raise the flag of rebellion, and will go over to the United States, thus effecting a "union with the main body of the English-speaking race." The Liverpool Catholic Times says that Mr. Smith "lets the cat out of bag," and adds: "Englishmen are beginning to understand that this is what Orange loyalty means: 'We mean to rule; and if we cannot rule, we shall rebel!'"

His Grace Archbishop Dabanel conferred orders on five theological students of Ottawa Theological Seminary on the 25th ult., as follows: The order of priesthood on the Rev. C. Deslauriers. The four minor orders of porter, reader, exorcist and acolyte on the Rev. Jas. Quinn, O. M. I., of Salem, Mass. The initiatory order of tonsure was conferred on the Rev. Father Murphy, O. M. I., British Columbia. Rev. Father Langevin, Director of the Seminary, was assistant. The following clergy took part in the celebration of the solemnity: Rev. Fathers Foley, Dunne and others. At such parts of the services as the rubrics permitted organ preludes were played, accompanied by harps and violins.

SYDNEY SMITH said there were four classes of opponents to the Catholics of Ireland: "The no Popery fool, the no Popery rogue, the honest no Popery people, and the essentially base." He reminded those of the first class that they were made tools of by the rogues, who would leave them "to roar and bellow no Popery to vacancy and the moon." As to "the honest no Popery people," he contended himself with expressing his astonishment at their existence. But with the "no Popery rogues" he employed some of the very finest of his satire. This is how he scourged the "Deadly Livellas" of his day: "Sweet children of turpitude, beware; the old anti-Popery people are fast perishing; prepare a place for retreat; get ready your equivocations and denials. It is safest to be moderately base, to be always ready for virtue, when anything is to be gained by it."—London Universe.

The above may also be classed as an admirable picture of the lay and clerical no Popery madmen of Canada. The Mail, Wild, Hunter, Hughes, etc., will recognize a life-like picture of their precious selves in the second class.

The policy of the Mail and its Orange following, if it has any following, is being carried out by Prince Bismarck toward the Poles in Prussian territory. Mr. Craig, when introducing into the Ontario Legislature his motion which was intended to prohibit the French Canadian children of Prescott and Russell from receiving instruction in French, made no secret of the fact that he was particularly opposed to their receiving religious instruction in their own tongue. In Prussian Poland all pupils are obliged to learn their religion and everything else in German, and the Kurjer Poznanski says: "The Polish scholars are dislocating their tongues and not getting one quarter of the benefit they would receive from religious instruction in their own language. . . . Polish children, unless the family home takes pity on them, will grow up without knowing their native language or being able to use a Polish prayer-book. Where in all Europe is such a state of things to be found in primary schools, unless, perhaps, in the Great Empire of the Czar of Russia?" German teachers have been imported into these localities; but as they did not know a word of Polish, and the Polish children knew no German, in

many places the schools were worth absolutely nothing. In other places the teachers were obliged to learn Polish so as to be able to give some kind of teaching to the children.

The Montreal Gazette thus disposes of the ridiculous pretensions of the Toronto Citizens' Committee, who desire to force the Governor General to dissolve Parliament and to govern the Dominion in accordance with their petitions, instead of through the Government of the country, sustained by the almost unanimous vote of the House of Commons. If their prayers were accorded to we should have a Government made up of the notorious bakers' dozen, without any other policy than to suppress a lawful association of priests whose work is to educate the young and convert the savages of the Dominion to Christianity. The Gazette says:

"Government by petition would be a novel and startling innovation, calculated in practice to produce remarkable results and some beautiful dissolving views of ministries. If, for instance, His Excellency the Governor-General accepted the new constitutional principle the Citizens' Committee of Toronto has set up, he would be compelled by regard for consistency, to dismiss his advisers, summon a Cabinet of gentlemen outside Parliament, and appeal to the people every time a bundle of petitions to that effect was dumped in his office. It is of no consequence, as Mr. Toole would say, in the opinion of the Citizens' Committee whether the signers of the petition are a majority of the electors, or whether their signatures are genuine, or whether any measure of responsibility attaches to them. The House of Commons under the new rule is to be dominated by any set of some heads who can succeed in stirring up a transitory excitement among the masses; the Governor-General is to be guided not by the advice of ministers responsible to the Commons, whose members, in turn, are responsible to the people, but by petitions signed by no one knows whom and representatives of no one knows what."

AUSTRALIA TO IRELAND.

JOHN DILLON ESCORTED BY AN ARCHBISHOP IN HIS ROBES. Adelaide, South Australia, April 13 1889.

A wonderful ovation was given to the Irish Home Rule delegates and members of Parliament, John Dillon, Sir Thomas Esmonde and J. Deasy on their appearance in the Town Hall last Friday evening. It was their first address to the Australian people. From an early hour a dense crowd set in towards the Town Hall, and long before the time fixed for the opening of the proceedings standing room was at a premium. Men and women of every nationality, of all grades and religious beliefs, were to be observed making their way to the Town Hall, where indeed a more respectable gathering has never assembled. The band, belonging to the Guild of St. John the Baptist were located on the balcony, and from about 7 o'clock played stirring Irish national airs. All the Irish societies in Adelaide paraded for the meeting, and lined the street as a guard of honor.

About ten minutes after eight o'clock the band containing Mr. J. Dillon, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr. J. Deasy and Mr. Glynn arrived from the Botanic Hotel, and they were cheered again and again by the dense crowd assembled in the street. As they entered the hall the vast audience rose to its feet and cheered to the echo. Hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs waved, and the scene was certainly one of the most enthusiastic that has ever been witnessed in Adelaide. A short retirement to an anti-chamber then took place, and on the delegates making their re-appearance the audience again rose and cheered for several minutes, the band playing that stirring national air "The Wearing of the Green." Mr. Dillon led the way, being conducted to the platform by His Grace Archbishop Reynolds, wearing his archiepiscopal robes, and followed by Mr. Deasy and Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr. P. McM. Glynn, Mr. H. H. Nash, M. P., Mr. M. L. C. Messrs. B. Nash, M. P., L. Cohen, M. P., F. E. H. W. Kirchoff, M. P., H. Bartlett, M. P., Archdeacon Russell, V. G. the Rev. J. B. Stephenson, the Rev. J. Bickford, Mr. J. C. Wharton and Mr. M. McDonald.

The cheering having at last subsided, Mr. Glynn, M. P., who occupied the chair, rose to address the meeting, his rising causing an outburst of renewed enthusiasm. He said: "Your Grace, ladies, and gentlemen—The object of this meeting tonight is to hear the case of Ireland stated by one of the best known and most respected of her patriotic sons (cheers). Mr. Dillon has come to Australia in the interest of peace. He has come to gain your hearts for the cause at his heart, not by delusive appeals to your passions, but by a plain statement of the Irish question. He has come, if I may speak for him, to plead what he believes to be the cause of not alone the Nationalists of Ireland, but of the people of Great Britain also (hear, hear), and of every British subject who would put an end to the troubled relations of the two islands and the everlasting strife of centuries by the full and generous application of the methods of conciliation (cheers). The verdict of Australia upon the Irish question cannot fall to have an influence upon opinions at home. Mr. Dillon and his colleagues have come to ask for your verdict by a plain statement of the case of the Irish Nationalists. The success of his appeal to the honest

heart of the English democracy must have taught him that the ignorance of the real merits of their case has hitherto been the main force with which the leaders of Irish opinion have had to contend. He will find here, as he found in Great Britain, that when an Englishman sees clearly he can act justly" (cheers).

JOHN DILLON'S SPEECH. When John Dillon was introduced he received an ovation that lasted five minutes of cheering and applause. He made a great speech, going right to the point in sentiment and argument. I can only give a few of the most telling passages. He said:

"At the very threshold of the attempt which I shall make to lay before you the facts of the situation in Ireland, I must endeavor to meet the objection which I have always found to exist in the minds of people who have for the first time turned their attention to this question. The objection is this: 'People say, "Have you not in Ireland the same government, the same law, and the same privileges as the people of England? If you have, why cannot you be law-abiding and contented?" Well, now, I don't want you to take the answer to that objection on my authority alone. My answer is that we have almost none of the privileges so dearly valued by the English people; that we have none of the rights on which the fabric of English greatness, power, wealth and glory has been built—those privileges for which Englishmen rebelled against the law, and even rebelled against their sovereign the 17th century, and which they won for their children and their children's children at the cost of much bloodshed and two rebellions, and for which if tomorrow any man attempted to rob or deprive them of such rights he would be met with other rebellions (cheers)—I say these privileges are denied to us to-day in Ireland exactly as they were denied to the people in England when the Stuarts were the sovereigns of that country (cheers). We have not in Ireland liberty of public meeting; we have not in Ireland in its true sense trial by jury; we have not in Ireland, above all things valuable to a liberty-loving people, the administrators of the law responsible to the representatives of the people (cheers). We have a centralized government, under which the people are deprived of every local liberty. All the local business of the country which here in Australia, in America, or in any other free democratic country is done by the localities for themselves, is done in Ireland by the Castle of Dublin (hisses, and cries of "shame")—and with out the smallest reference to the wishes of the people themselves. The police of Ireland are a military body, controlled by the Castle and organized under military officers, who act without consulting even with the local representatives of the country (cheers). You have in Ireland the local taxation of the country (cheers). We have a centralized government, under which the people are deprived of every local liberty. All the local business of the country which here in Australia, in America, or in any other free democratic country is done by the localities for themselves, is done in Ireland by the Castle of Dublin (his-

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Mirror.

One of the most significant things in connection with the recent national celebration of the Washington inauguration centenary was the fact that in New Hampshire, the only State in the Union where Puritanic prejudices against Catholics find expression in the statute books, the sole patriotic commemoration of the event was the celebration held in Manchester under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Societies. We respectfully refer this matter to the attention of those loud-mouthed individuals whose professions of patriotic devotion are nullified by impudent un-American assertions that the only true Americans are Protestants.

Buffalo Union. Even the cold, heartless world that knows nothing of the spirit of self-sacrifice looks with amazement upon the sublime charity of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers, whose self-sacrifice and apostolic charity have been honored by the Church from the days when proto-martyr Stephen was stoned; and it will continue to do so until the end of time. Men and women who—like the martyr of the Molokai—have, with joy, laid down their lives for stricken humanity, because of Him who died to redeem it, are as countless jewels upon the Church's crown.

Ave Maria. M. Gabriel Monod, in his latest paper on the condition of France, insists that the Catholic Church has only grown stronger by the persecution she has undergone in that country. M. Monod is an impartial observer, and not biased either way. He declares that the French people cherish a deep reverence for the Church, in spite of present appearances. The middle classes are thoroughly religious, and the moment a leader appears they will assert their convictions. The most hopeful prospects concerning the restoration of religion in France have recently come, not from monarchists or from those devout Catholics whom it is the fashion to call "Ultramontane," but from men like Jules Simon and Gabriel Monod.

Boston Pilot. One of the strongest proofs of Balfour's miserable failure to conquer Ireland by coercion is the fact that the great and lucrative office of Viceroy of Ireland has gone a begging for a month, and no English nobleman can be found to take the place. The Viceroy is the figure head; the Secretary is the steersman. Balfour's latest report of his "success" is that ten Irish Members of Parliament are in prison, and that "all are in good health."

The annual council of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, in solemn convention assembled, at Lynchburg, last week, decided, by a vote of two to one, to admit no more colored men to membership, and will probably pass an amendment to its constitution expelling the few colored men now belonging to it. Some of the members took strong grounds against this un-Christian act of intolerance, and one minister, says the press report, going so far as to boldly declare that he wanted all the negroes in the Council who went qualified for the position, and would admit them to seats promiscuously in his church." Thus it is that the Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia shows its superiority to the lessons of twenty-five years of Emancipation, a hundred years of free government, and eighteen centuries of Christianity.

Mr. Abram Hewitt, late Mayor of New York, defeated candidate for reelection, known as an aspirant to the presidency, and crank at large, is at present sojourning in London and advertising his failure to receive the social attentions to which he is entitled for his services to England and its aristocracy. The Tory Unionists have not given him the banquet which he was expecting. He has not been invited to visit the Duke of Marlborough, whom Mr. Hewitt helped, with much flunkeyish servility, to commit bigamy. Queen Victoria has not asked him to carry his grip sack over to Windsor Castle and stay a few days. The eminently practical Englishmen have no use for a defeated politician, and consequently they waste no courtesies on him.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

T

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RACE.

The morning of the race dawned bright and clear, and Tralee, despite the excitement caused by the approaching trials of the Fenian prisoners, six of whom beside Carroll O'Donoghue were confined in the county jail, seemed to be equally excited about the coming race.

All the town appeared on its way to the course; from gigs driven tandem, to carriages, and painted jaunting cars moving on springs, family carriages, and innocent of springs or paints, every description of vehicle was employed, and laughing faces and bright eyes looked from every one of them.

The road leading to the course was crowded; and between the salutes of good natured drivers, the imprecations of jostled pedestrians, and the laughing repartees of some of the occupants of the various vehicles, all was a scene of happy confusion.

The stand reserved for ladies and gentlemen of high social position was already full, and still each moment brought a fresh accession of gay gallants and rosy-cheeked, martial damsels.

The Widow Moore, stout, fair, and resplendent in a light robe that set off her clear complexion, and admirably displayed her fine form, was foremost among a bevy of beauties, and surrounded by a half dozen admiring masculine satellites.

Garfield was there, considerably removed from her, but where his eyes could devour her. His jealousy, as he observed the gracious, familiar manner with which she accepted the attentions of her admirers, would have been more violent but that he remembered, and now fondly believed, all that Tighe had told him.

He was fully persuaded that she liked him in secret, and that she was anxious for the success of his horse in the race. And Carroll O'Toole was there, in his antiquated costume, and as near the place whence the horses were to start as it was possible for him to get, in order that he might have a close view of Joe Canty's discomfiture; already it was rumoured that Canty was well nigh insane because of the non-appearance of the animal he was to ride, and that messengers and runners were hurrying in every direction to obtain some tidings of the absent groom.

A telegram had been despatched to Mr. Maloney, but no answer had been received thus far, and it was within a few minutes of the starting time. Canty danced with passion, swearing that he was the victim of some trick, and all his backers looked blue with consternation.

"Time!" called the starter. Everything became bustle and expectation. One by one the horses were called, and led out to their respective places, their jockeys standing beside them ready to mount.

"Brian Boru" was the last called, and a buzz of admiration followed the appearance of the magnificent steed. Timothy O'Carroll, in true jockey style, every garment a perfect fit, and his form cunningly made up to reach the required weight, stood beside him.

The horse "Charmer," not appearing, was withdrawn. The jockeys mounted, the signal was given, and the horses started. They kept well together for the first stretch, neck and neck, with even speed and equal mettle.

Intense excitement and eager expectation prevailed, even among the fair sex, who, as enthusiastic as the most interested of their masculine friends, leaned forward, clapping their hands, waving their handkerchiefs, and making their own shrewd guesses as to the power and endurance of the animals.

Neck and neck they flew, now one horse leading, now the other, now another, cunningly lagging for a moment, then recovering lost ground by a sudden feat which brought him the length of a neck ahead; but "Brian Boru" seemed to continue at the same rate of speed with which he started, nor did his rider appear to be making any extra effort.

With a careless grace Tighe, with an easy manner, leaning forward, slackening his bridle rein, notwithstanding himself to hold in the animal, but doing all with an easy manner which proclaimed his perfect skill and confidence. There was none of the nervous dash about him that marked his fellow riders, and his horse-ship, so easy, so apparently careless of effort, was more calculated to make an unfavorable impression.

Carroll O'Toole was beside himself with joy. He threw up his hat, and he executed waltzing, to the intense amusement of wandering spectators, and then, even before he would see Tighe a Vohr, he went in search of Joe Canty, who, some one said, was being held by main force within one of the booths. Carroll's pleasure would not have been complete without a sight of the humbled and discomfited sport, and perhaps, also, with an opportunity of making some mocking triumphant speech to the latter.

The report of Canty was not wrong; four of his own class were sent him, seeking to detain him from rushing out madly upon the track. "I shall catch Carter!" he shrieked; "this is all an infernal trick to make me fail, and that fellow Carmody, whom nobody except Garfield seemed to know anything about, is at the bottom of it—

he, and Maloney, and that jackass that came with the message to me the other day!" "How can that be," answered one of his friends, "when Carter and Maloney both will be heavy losers by this affair?" Just then Carroll O'Toole thrust his head into the inclosure. "The jackass'd like to congratulate you, Mr. Canty, on the success of your knavery, and tell you you'd better spare your powder on Carter—I'll do you little good."

"Let me at him!" shrieked Canty, striving desperately to release himself, and to spring after Carroll. His rage was so violent that froth issued from his mouth; but he was firmly held, and Carroll O'Toole, with a mocking chuckle, disappeared as suddenly as he had thrust himself into their sight.

Excitement reigned everywhere, and on different parts of the course shillalaha and whiskey had a due measure of attention. The bettors were busy with their important interests, and Garfield was in too much demand to be able to seek the Widow Moore, as he desired anxiously to do.

Now, in the flush of that success for which he fondly believed he also ardently had hoped, he thought he might venture to approach and address her; but his presence was necessary in the sporting circle whose interests were so intimately concerned with his own, and thither he was reluctantly borne by his friends.

Tighe a Vohr, now that so much had been successfully accomplished, began to think somewhat of what the consequences must be to himself. Breaking away from his admiring friends, many of whom had been astounded to recognize in the successful jockey the well-known Tighe a Vohr, and who now, in their ardent friendship, would have detained him by main force, he sought the stall of "Brian Boru," and there, attending to the horse, he encountered Arty Moore, the groom, whom he had left in the little country place where the horse had been stabled, with an injunction to remain there till he, Tighe, should return with the animal. There was a knowing look in Arty's eyes, and a boldness of manner very different from the cringing, humble air which had previously marked his deportment to Tighe.

"How dare you disobey me orders?" asked Tighe, with an assumption of indignation authority that would not have done discredit to Lord Heathcote himself. Arty nodded with provoking familiarity, and returned Tighe's stare with one of equal fearlessness. Coming close to Tighe a Vohr he whispered: "I know all about it, Mr. Carmody, and it was a very clever trick indeed, you played; I have not said a word to anybody here, and I won't, providing you share halves, you know."

Tighe gave a prolonged whistle, then reverting to be dumfounded, and awed as well. "Tell me how you found it all out, Arty?" "Well, do you see, I had a great mind to witness the race—a great mind indeed; and when you told me to remain where I was, it seemed very hard. Besides, Mr. Carmody—you'll forgive me for saying so—but when you were so determined on my staying behind there, and not coming forward with the horse, I began to have suspicions of my own. I waited till you were well gone, and I followed. It all seemed right enough till the horse was led out as 'Brian Boru.' I knew he had been entered for the race as 'Charmer,' that opened my eyes a bit, and it wasn't very long till I heard the people talking of the dreadful state Mr. Canty was in because his horse didn't arrive, and then Mr. Maloney's name began to be mentioned; it all flashed on me, and faith I couldn't help admiring you for the clever trick you played on old Maloney. I resolved to keep my counsel, for I thought you'd be generous, Mr. Carmody."

"An' I will be, Arty," said Tighe, extending his hand, and assuming an expression as if he was just released from a show-bath. "But the shankers are not paid up yet, so that I haven't received he amount they're to give me. But can I trust you Arty, to help me, if I say a fair half?" "With all my soul!" and the groom's hand clasped Tighe's.

"Well, then, it's reported that a tily-graph, or some divilment, has been sent to old Maloney, an' I'm afeard o' what that'll bring forth—now I'd loike to have the horse out o' the way, an' meesle' too. Will you run away wid the beast for a couple or three days, till I see what turn matters will take? On the third day from now I'll mste you in Dick O'Carroll's shebeen, the same that stabled 'Brian Boru' for us. You can purtind to payple that you're takin' the horse to his master—no, that'll be no lie, for so you will take him to his master, only we'll try first what we can knock out o' the old miser. I'll swell our gains. Do you understand me, Arty?" And Tighe looked with a wonderfully anxious gaze into the snapping eyes of the groom.

"Do, Mr. Carmody, perfectly; and I'll do it. On the third day from this say at noon, I'll wait for you in Courcy's."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, but even if it were not, everybody who approached the stall was in too much haste and excitement to give it any attention.

"Away with you, thin!" urged Tighe; and it was with a smile of intense satisfaction that a few moments after he beheld the groom, mounted on "Brian Boru," riding quietly away from the course, and in an opposite direction to the town.

In one portion of the course the excitement had received a new and extraordinary impulse in the sudden appearance of a man so tall in form as to inspire awe by his unusual height, and with so sinister and repulsive an expression as to win no brief nor pleasant observation, and dressed in so dirty and strange a garb that many shrunk from his approach. He was screaming at the top of his voice, and gesticulating wildly.

"My horse! my horse! I sent him here; he was to run; somebody has stolen him!" A crowd gathered about him, and by degrees sufficient of his story was learned for some one to volunteer to conduct him to one of the stalls.

Tighe a Vohr, armed in arm with Carroll O'Toole, beheld the approaching crowd—for every one who had heard the man's strange account now followed in his wake; he ventured near enough to ascertain the cause of the gathering. "Blood an' ouns! Corry, if it isn't old Maloney! oh, where'll I go at all, at all!" he cried, as he saw the man.

Corry became unexpectedly equal to the occasion. "Get to my room as fast as you can, and stay there; if they do discover enough to put the police on your track, they will not find you awhile. I'll stay here and see how things go."

"But they'll be after you too, Corry; can't you tell how you talk the message?" "The devil a one fear of their getting anything out of me; I'll badger them. Tighe, till they'll think they've got enough of Corry O'Toole, jackass, as Mr. Canty politely called him."

Tighe a Vohr followed the little man's advice, and was soon safely housed in the bachelor apartment, much to the delight of Shaun, who had been confined there a very happy prisoner since early morning. He immediately began, with the help of sundry garments of Corry's wardrobe, to end-avor to change his dress, and thus to disguise effectually his appearance.

At that same time the train which came down from Dublin brought Carter; he was in a flurry of excitement, having expected to reach Tralee in time to witness the race. He hired a conveyance, and was driven rapidly to the course. He mentally cursed Lord Heathcote, who had been the cause of his unlucky detention, and with a wildly beating heart he ordered the driver to urge his horse, that at least he might be in time for the settling of the stakes.

He was met on the grounds, as he expected, by a crowd, and he descended, perspiring and panting from the vehicle, by one of his intimate sporting friends. "Gone—Carter—we've lost!" "Lost!" Carter appeared transfixed; his eye almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes; your horse didn't appear, and a magnificent animal named 'Brian Boru,' and ridden by one Timothy O'Carroll, distanced all the others without an effort." "Timothy O'Carroll!" repeated Carter in a dazed way.

"Yes; those who know him say he's always called Tighe a Vohr." "Tighe a Vohr?" Carter threw up his hands, and gasped for breath. "It's the queerest piece of business that ever happened on a course," resumed the first speaker; "all the morning Joe Canty's been swearing and fuming like a madman, and after the race was over an old man, acting as mad as a March hare, came rushing on the course, screaming for his horse, and saying that it had been stolen. They have got him now in one of the rooms, and he declares that you sent Tighe a Vohr for the horse, which he says is the one that Canty was to ride; and they have dispatched me to find Canty; so you had better hurry in yourself—indicating the room he had just left—and gasped for breath.

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"Where is your horse?" yelled Carter? "Why didn't he run?" "Where is my horse?" screamed Maloney, this time a little more discomfited; "you scoundrel, tell me where he is!" and he shook his bony fist in Carter's face.

At this juncture Carter entered, and seeing the attitude of Maloney, and fuming himself to be able to revenge his disappointment and humiliation, both of which in his blind passion he attributed to Carter, he rushed forward, and before any one could intercept or even devise his intention, planted a well-directed blow full in Carter's face. It staggered the latter, and but for the friendly support of some one in his rear he would have fallen. The friends of Carter, indignant at the outrage, fell upon Canty; but the latter was not without his sympathizers, and they immediately assisted him in true fighting style; Carter and Maloney, the reluctant centers of the struggle, were obliged to strike in their own defence even though the courage of neither was of the stanchest kind.

Everything became confusion and clamor; it was the first *mele* of the day, and the hot young bloods, that of class whose chief sport seemed to be breaking heads and disfiguring faces, hailed the affair with delight. Sticks flew, chairs were overturned, and the pewter mugs, which stood on the table still reeking with the remains of Beausish and Crawford's porrier, were hurled among the combatants. Maloney was knocked down, and Carter was shoved heavily upon him so that the frantic cries of the miser, in which the word horse was incessantly uttered, were somewhat smothered by the heavy weight. The fight speedily attracted attention without its own immediate precincts, and shortly almost every one on the course had arrived at the scene of the excitement. The police followed, and peace

was only restored when arrests had been made of the leaders in the affair—Mortimer Carter, Joe Canty, Ned Maloney, and a couple of others who seemed to have taken the part of instigators. In vain Carter protested, saying that the fight was a mistake, and the origin of a misunderstanding; in vain Canty swore, and in vain old Maloney pleaded on his knees to be released that he might look for his horse; all were borne in triumph to Tralee bridewell, and Corry O'Toole, a spectator from a distance of the whole affair, grew so red from laughing that his yellow complexion, to which Mrs. Carmody objected, quite disappeared for the time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FIGHA A VOHR'S SWEETHEART. Garfield, and the betting circle of whom he was now the popular center, had gaily pocketed their winnings—a proceeding which might have been unpleasantly delayed had it not been for Mortimer Carter's incarceration. He was now out on bail, having been confined but a few hours; and Canty, having given surety, was also at large.

Old Maloney was not yet released, owing to his inability to procure a bondsman; he was utterly unknown in Tralee, and if he sent to Drogheda he would be as little likely to find any surety there. In this despondent state he was visited by Carter, at sight of whom he was raved like a wild beast. "My horse! my horse!" he cried, and incessant cry. It required time for Carter to quiet him sufficiently to gain a coherent statement; but at length he learned all the visit of Tighe a Vohr with the note, the extraordinary tale of Canty's forthcoming arrest, the line of conduct prescribed by Tighe for the miser in the event of Mr. Canty's actual visit—all of which Maloney related divinely now without a regard for the oath of secrecy he had taken—his yielding of the horse and groom to Tighe, and his remaining in quiet certainty of all being right—a certainty which the fact of his receiving no visit from Mr. Canty rather strengthened. The old miser did not suspect, and he cunningly raved at Drogheda, each of whom was too ardent a friend of Tighe a Vohr to disobey him in the slightest particular, did not tell him that the excitement and terror into which he was thrown one afternoon by the horde of yelling people in front of his door was due to the occasion of Mr. Canty's visit. He had no suspicion of anything being wrong until the arrival of the telegram on the morning of the race. The contents of that, which ran:

"Your horse, 'Charmer,' has not arrived; have you sent him?" and which was signed Joe Canty, put the old man into a fever. His horse not arrived, when a week ago the animal was supposed to be stabled in Tralee! Horrible fears immediately crowded on his suspicious and sinister mind. Like a madman he locked up his abode, from which he had not been absent for years before, and took the first car to Tralee. He arrived on the course to find the race over, and that his horse was not among those in the stalls; nor had any animal by that name been seen.

Carter was in as violent a rage as the miser; all the more that the payment of the stakes to the fortunate winners was the occasion to him of no inconsiderable loss. Maloney's grief for his forfeit was somewhat absorbed in his greater distress for the abstraction of his horse. "It's all the doings of that devil of a Tighe a Vohr," said Carter striding the prison floor; "I wrote a note telling of my intended journey to Dublin, in the assurance of which I should be prevented from going down to Drogheda, and bidding you bring him up yourself; and that note I gave to a little runner at Hoolahan's, who was going down your way, to give you."

"He never came near me!" protested Maloney. "No, Carter?" asked Carter, though he had already heard a second time from Maloney that there had been no visit of the sporting man to his place.

The miser answered testily: "I told you before he didn't come." "It's past understanding," resumed Carter; "but there's nothing too big nor too base for that infernal Tighe a Vohr to go to hell to serve Carroll O'Donoghue, and I'll warrant he's had some object that was to benefit his master at the bottom of all this. At all events, we have a clear case against him;—he obtained the horse on false pretenses, and, if it is the same animal that he entered for the race, he entered him without any right to do so, and now it looks as if he had stolen him. I'll get out a warrant for his arrest immediately."

"And the horse?" broke in Maloney, trembling; "will the warrant recover him?" "To be sure; if we find Tighe, the horse will think it not far off; but I'll go off to Canty now, and find out why he didn't go down to Drogheda as he promised."

"And me?" whined the miser; "how long will I stay here?" "Be still, you old fool! you'll be out to-morrow." And Carter hastily departed to procure a warrant for Tim Carmody's arrest, and immediately after, to seek Canty.

Canty, not altogether convinced that he was not the victim of a trick originated by Carter, met the latter somewhat haughtily, and seemed inclined to maintain his proud and moody reserve throughout the interview. Carter explained and protested, and swore that he was as innocent of any part in the transaction, and as deeply injured, as those of the duped party, and then he retaliated by denouncing, in no easy terms, Canty's faithless omission to see the horse prior to the race; upon which followed from the sporting man, in graphic and violently indignant language, an account of the message that was sent to him by Maloney, the messenger being described by Canty as "a little old yellow fool," and a description of his visit to Drogheda, with enlarged details of the reception that was accorded him by the people of that memorable village.

Carter was shrewd enough to detect in all that further evidence of Tighe a Vohr's work, and it made him more

madly eager for the arrest of Tighe. Venting his rage in loud, deep oaths, he left Canty's presence, the latter at last satisfied that Carter had been as badly tricked as any one else.

Tighe, arrayed in some old-fashioned garments of Corry O'Toole's, the said garments being much too wide and too short for their present wearer, presented a more odd and droll-looking figure than he had been wont to do in his own old costume before he exchanged the latter for a valet's outfit. He was listening with every evidence of delight to Corry's animated description of the fight on the grounds and the arrest of so many of the parties, but when Corry ceased Tighe became suddenly despondent.

"They'll make out a clear case agin me," he said, "an' they'll put me in jail; an' begorra that won't suit at all—to be losin' me toime in prison whin the master's trial is so near comin' off." He bowed his curly head on his hand for a moment. Corry, in deep sympathy, but unable to afford any aid, looked at the face of what he felt to be the truth, was silent; suddenly Tighe looked up: "Corry, just write a bit o' a note to Carter in my name; tell him I'd loike to see him a few minits on business that's o' life an' death importance, an' I'll run down wid it to Hoolahan's; I think I'll find him there."

"Sure that'll be putting your head in the trap at once," said Corry; "if you trust yourself out of here before night fall, you'll not stand much chance of an escape from the peelers."

"I have an idea, Corry, an' it's that idea that's drivin' me to what I'll do; but the help o' God, maybe, it'll come out all right, but for fear it shouldn't, do you kepe Shaun here for a while."

At the mention of his name the dog roused from his sleepy attitude near Tighe, shook himself, and drawing closer to his master, looked very expressively into the latter's face. Tighe returned the look with one of admiring affection.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FRENCH CATHOLICS.

WHAT BOULANGER SAYS HE WOULD DO FOR THEM. Gen. Boulanger was recently interviewed by the representative of an English Catholic paper. After a few remarks about the general's visit to the House of Commons, the conversation turned upon the position of the French Catholics at the present crisis. The reporter told the general, that as a Catholic journalist, he was naturally most interested in this aspect of the question, and he asked the general if he considered the count upon Catholic support at the elections.

"Yes," he replied. "At every election I have the Catholic vote on my side, and this for no personal reason, but because the Catholics have been oppressed, and they hope to get rid of the oppressors. I am, it so happens, their rallying point against the policy of persecution."

"And you mean, if you can, to put an end to that policy?" "Yes, certainly, I am for liberty as I have seen it practiced in the United States, where each one can follow the religion he professes without being interfered with, so long as he does no harm to others. Unfortunately, there are many people in France who do not understand as liberty in this sense. For them liberty means that if they do not care to go to church themselves, they must have the right to prevent other people from going there. But, I say, let us have done with the policy of persecution, and let men be free to act as their conscience directs, whatever this one or that may think of their opinions. That is simple enough, is it not?"

"Yes, and in the present case quite sufficient. But do you not think, general, that the men who are actually in power in France are trying to come to terms with the French Catholics, and to take up a more tolerant attitude?" "They cannot do it," he replied promptly; "first, because those who are behind them, the men who pull the strings, will not let them; and secondly, because the Catholics have been deceived before by their promises and will not trust them again. No, the present government will not succeed in making peace so easily, and the Catholic vote will go solid against them."

"I suppose not much will be done till the autumn?" "Naturally. But in the autumn the general elections will decide everything."

"And you hope to succeed, general?" "I have no doubt about it. I am absolutely certain," he replied with an emphasis. "All," he said, "so far you have made good your prophecies. I see there was a vote in your favor at some local election on Sunday at St. Ouen."

THE CUREFW AND THE ANGELUS.

A DEVOTION THAT IS DEAR TO THE CATHOLIC HEART. We were much pleased with the copy in words of Millet's beautiful painting, "The Angelus," by Miss Emma Howard Wright, in last week's Mirror. It was an exquisite production, and what the lady says of the picture, viz, that while gazing upon it "you can almost imagine you hear the sound of the Angelus bell coming softly through the still evening air," we may say of her description; for to him who does not read merely with his eyes, the picture and the suggestion are all before him.

There is, perhaps, no devotion more dear to the Catholic heart than the Angelus, that overarches the dawn, noon, and dewy eve with meditation and prayer. We hear the bell, and no matter where we are, or what we are doing, we turn at once our attention from earthly pursuits, to the contemplation of heavenly things; and while other lips may hesitate to utter the prayer, no one who sees but must feel edified. The very sound of the bell sends a thrill through the heart. Especially is this the case at evening. Now is the hour, sings Dante—

"That wakes fond desire In men at sea, and melt their thoughtful heart; Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell; And sighs to see his road with love Thrill, if he hears the vesper bell from far That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

And Longfellow, who delighted so in portraying Catholic customs and devotions, says:—

"Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a sun-red hearth, the homes of peace and contentment."

Such is the Angelus bell! It may be true that few of us heed it; that "the noise of the busy world" drowns its soft pleading, and hurry and rush leave no time to respond to their silvery tones; yet will we venture to assert that never did an Angelus bell peal forth its music but some one was made better by the thought it inspired. The seeds of suggestion it casts about oftentimes fall and take root where we least expect them.

There appeared in the columns of the Mirror not long since a poem by a Protestant clergyman that was inspired by these peals from a neighboring belfry. And we once heard a priest tell a story of a fallen Magdalen, who was called from her ways of sin to a purer and holier life by the sound of the Angelus bell.

With the rise of Protestantism all devotion to the Mother of God was looked upon as a superstition. Indeed, we are at times surprised that men were allowed to honor their parents at all, for not only was it taught that Jesus was lacking in obedience to this law of the Decalogue, but that no honor whatever is to be given to any creature. The Angelus bell was no longer heard in England. But as it had taken such a deep root in the hearts of men, they must have a bell of some kind to take the place of the sublimated Angelus. Poets, therefore, substituted the Curfew. Poets, I said; I should have said one; for the only poem in which the Curfew figures as a substitute for the Angelus is Grew's Elegy:—

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day." That this is the Curfew only in name must appear to the reader, when he bears in mind that the Curfew was rung several hours after the day was, figuratively speaking, a corpse. The poem must therefore have already honored the departed in the sight. Were we inclined to find fault with the poetry, we would further add that the verb tolls is entirely inappropriate. The Curfew was not tolled, it was rung.

"Curfew was rung—lights were set up in haste." It was, moreover, rung loudly, that no one could say he had not heard it. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!" is much more in the spirit of this ancient custom than the famous but faulty line of the poet's masterpiece. Moreover, even if it did toll, it would not tell the knell of parting day. A knell is not tolled for the departed, but for the part.

The word Curfew may have suited his rhythm better than Angelus, or as Carey and Byron translate it, the vesper bell; but that it involved his description in confusion and contradictions we hope we have made apparent to the reader. And how different the picture which Millet paints of the Angelus. Every image is an improvement on Gray's labors. He does not homeward plod his weary way, like the cattle described in the line before—no! the ringing of the Angelus awakens in their hearts a heaven of hope and trust in God and His mercy. And we might, in connection, say the entire clergy is more in the spirit of philosophy than religion. The climax of the poem, as Poe would call it, is the famous couplet:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air." The climax should have been Christian hope!—Frederick J. Hahn in Catholic Mirror.

"GOD BLESS HER, SHE IS AN ANGEL." Erie Dispatch. A feeble old man stood at the corner of Nineteenth and Peach streets the other afternoon, when a number of persons had congregated in waiting for the west-bound Nickel Plate train. His clothes were clean, but covered with patches of different colors, and his form was bent. He said that his daughter lived near Geneva, O., and that she was dangerously ill. In answer to a question whether he had money enough to pay his fare, he said he had just enough to buy a ticket to Girard, and that he would try to walk from there. A laughing-eyed, sweet-faced young lady, who was standing near and overheard the conversation, slipped into the waiting-room and purchased a ticket to Geneva, which she quietly slipped into the hand of the old man and then started up street before he could realize what she had done. His fervent "God bless her, she is an angel!" found a hearty response in every heart in that motley company, and brought tears to eyes unused to weep.

WRITTEN FOR CATHOLIC RECORD.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. MENSAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

Bishop Galdes was still able to continue his literary labors, and with his busy activity, Dr. Gleig alone kept him busy, and at work of the most agreeable kind. This indefatigable writer had just prepared an article on purgatory for the "Catholic Review," and the learned doctor answered it. In this essay the writer perfectly showed that the doctrine was perfectly harmless and not peculiar to the Church of Rome. There appeared in a former edition of the Encyclopedia an account of purgatory which he considered very absurd. But the doctrine he thought, when fairly stated was exceedingly reasonable. He requested that the bishop would write for him a short paper on canonization under the word saint, or such as he remembered having seen in Bishop Hay's Scripture Doctrine of Miracles Dr. Gleig, moreover, consulted the bishop in regard to the Roman Catholic view of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, which he proposed inserting under the word, transubstantiation, or the Lord's supper. It must be owned that the non-juror's edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica freely expend its pages, with most exemplar impartiality, to a fair statement on both sides of every vexed question.

We now find diplomacy at work. Mr. Hippley, as powerful at Rome as ever, applied with his wonted energy, to the apparently hopeless task of obtaining national superiority for the British College. Mr. McPherson, as representing the Scotch Bishops, cordially seconded his endeavors. What may be called an accident, held out for some time a prospect of success. Serious difficulties occurred in the Irish college, consequent upon the departure of its Italian masters. The students applied to Mr. Hippley. The diplomatist promptly took up their cause, and addressed Cardinal Liviuzzi, the protector of the Irish. The Cardinal replied in polite terms, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. Hippley, who, in turn, expressed his regret that for Irish superiority to be obtained with His Emancipation, adding, moreover, that "he trusted to the wisdom and justice of the venerable Sovereign whose moderation, sweetness and goodness he gained for him so much glory, and won all hearts." The British envoy lost no time in carrying the case to the Pope, pleading earnestly for Irish superiority to the college, and for justice to the students. He also addressed to Cardinal Albani, Dean of the College of Cardinals, a letter in which much kindness of heart was mingled with the politician's instinctive love of negotiation and diplomacy. The vigorous appeals of Mr. Hippley, meanwhile, backed by his threats of asking his own Government to interfere, gave the matter a fair prospect of success to the cause for which the bishop had been so long contending. The death of Campanelli, the English protector, destroyed this prospect. Albani and others concerned in the matter condemned the proposal to make any change. The support of Cardinal Antonelli at Propaganda was lost to the advocate of national superiority by his resignation, at the time, in consequence of his increasing infirmities. His successor, Cardinal Gerdi, although good and able, was too aged and too little acquainted with Scotch affairs to efficiently to replace him. The English college, notwithstanding, obtained a sort of promise that a national superior would be appointed at the next vacancy.

Some difference having arisen between the two priests at Aberdeen and Bishop Hay, the mistrust entertained by the latter was done away with by the peace-loving Bishop Geddies, who assured the senior bishop that there were no two ed gymen in the country who had his welfare more at heart. It was a source of consolation to Bishop Geddies to contribute towards peace and unanimity.

This year (1798) Mr. Ratray and Mr. John Sharp, so favorably known for their wards in the missions, were expected from Spain, and the same year Mr. Andrew Carruthers and Mr. Andrew Scott, both at a later date, bishops, the former at Edinburgh and the latter at Glasgow were ordained priests by Bishop Hay at Aberdeen. Mr. Charles Gordon, destined to be the superior of the popular priory of Aberdeen, and who at the time wanted two or three months of the age required for priests' orders, was on the same occasion promoted to the rank of deacon. The day after the ordination the bishop conducted Mr. Scott to the mission of Desides, for which he was destined, and introduced him to the congregation. The bishop on returning happened to pass a man who was leading a young horse, and at the moment the bishop was passing the animal turned suddenly round and kicked him on the shin. The blow was at first very painful, but he thought nothing of it till he reached Aberdeen, when it was found that he had been kicked in the head for several weeks. He was prevented from giving any assistance with the duties of Easter tide.

During the reign of terror in France considerable anxiety was caused to the bishops by the imprisonment of M. Alexander Innes, who had been temporarily appointed Principal of the Scotch college at Paris. When some kind order was restored, however, he was at liberty.

Mr. Farquhar, lately appointed Glasgow, as successor to Mr. Alexander McDonell, gave at this time a very favorable account of the mission there. In a letter to his friend, Mr. McPherson he stated that he had been ten days duty in the western city. There was lack of work; everything was quiet and prejudice was wearing off. Andrew Carruthers, recently ordained, was to his neighbor in the mission of Drummond. There was an emigrant French priest at Glasgow, one at Dundee, several in Glasgow. They all enjoyed their duty, and on the conclusion of peace, to turn to their own country. Bishop Hay, Mr. Farquhar adds, was about to return to the North and spend the summer there. He was heartily tired of managing the pecuniary business of the mission, and he had a great deal to do to make up, in consequence of losses, the late increase of missionary

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In this essay the learned doctor showed that the doctrine was perfectly harmless and not peculiar to the Church of Rome. There appeared in a former edition of the Encyclopedia an account of purgatory which he considered very absurd. But the doctrine he thought, when fairly stated was exceedingly reasonable.

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That so eccentric an individual as Mr. Charles Maxwell should have done so little to be wondered at. He appears to have been connected with a little club of censors, and signed himself K. G. K. (Knight of the Gordian Knot). He was known among his more intimate associates as "Sir Neil." He wrote letters to Mr. MacPherson filled with bitter reproaches against Bishop Hay, his arbitrary measures and his overbearing temper.

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and bank stock calls. He intended in three or four years to retire from office giving up all concern with the mission's money concerns. But, who would descend, after him, to undertake the charge? In the same letter Mr. Farquarson says that Bishop Geddes could not be better cared for. His nephews are all attention to him, especially, the younger of them, Mr. Chas. Gordon. One of them is constantly day and night, beside him. Bishop Hay forwards orders for him whatever is thought beneficial.

He is greatly and almost constantly pained all over his joints, legs, thighs and arms. In a short time he will not be able to get the spoon to his mouth. His head and trunk of body are still sound. His intellectual faculties are better than ever. His appetite is rather too keen; and he is becoming bulky and astonishingly weighty. He dictates commonly, an hour, every day, either for the Encyclopedia or the history of our missions. He is always in good humor and deems himself, in all respects, extremely happy, yet longs for death. His wishes, I assure him, being contrary to those of all others, will not be heard for some years.

The ardent of Mr. Farquarson's predecessor had carried him a little too far when at Glasgow. There were embarrassing pecuniary difficulties; and the congregation were in danger of losing their church for arrears of rent. It was finally agreed that the rent should be reduced to £30 instead of £40. It was also decided to ask the congregation to pay this lesser sum and the rent of the priest's house, but nothing else.

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The annual letter to Rome this year (1795) was dated from Aberdeen. In a letter to the Holy Father the bishops informed him of their purpose to establish a larger seminary at home, to supply for their losses in France. In October Bishop Hay consulted the agent at Rome, Mr. MacPherson, on the subject of a coadjutor. In his reply, the agent recommended Mr. Farquarson, an ex-administrator, as a man, he humbly thought, in whom nothing was wanting to fit him for so important an office.

orders that the men should attend the churches of their respective denominations. The Saturday after their arrival at Dundee he addressed them in the following terms: "You that are Roman Catholics divide, and stand at my right; you of the Church of England on my left; and let the Presbyterians remain where they are. You Roman Catholics will go to-morrow to the Seagate where the Roman Catholic priest, Mr. Pepper, lives; you of the Church of England to the English chapel; you of the Church of Scotland, to the Kirk. But see you, go all of you, from the parade ground, in rank and file, with a drummer and fife at the head of each division." The name of the officer who thus acted was Colonel Billie.

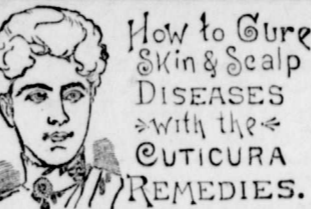
Bishop Geddes, at this time, December 1795, wrote at some length to Bishop Hay notwithstanding the increased severity of his ailment. Among other things, he requested that the Bishop would send his "Life of St. Margaret" to the Society of Antiquaries. The signature, the only part of the letter in his own hand writing, is weak and unsteady, still, however, retaining much of the character of his old style.

As the English bishops had applied for restitution through the British Government of their properties at Paris and Douai, with the best hopes of success in the event of peace being concluded between the two countries, there was no reason why the bishops in Scotland should not make a similar application. The Lord Advocate and Mr. Henry Dundas, whom they first addressed on the subject, returned a very favorable answer and promised to keep their application in mind when the proper time came. They also memorialized Mr. Brodie, M. P., on the subject of their losses which they estimated at 20,000 livres of annual income. They, at the same time, directed the attention of this gentleman to another grievance for which they sought redress. Their fellow Catholics in England, according to the recent act, repealing so far the penal laws, were now free to erect seminaries at home for the education of youth. By some oversight, however, in the Scotch act, the clause which was intended to prohibit them from educating the children of Protestant parents was so worded as to amount to a prohibition against their educating their own children.

For some years there had been a great demand among the Catholics of Scotland for copies of the Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, in English. So far back as 1790 Bishop Geddes spoke of this matter to Bishop Hay who, in consequence the bishop suggested that Dr. Challoner's New Testament, at least, should be reprinted. To meet the expenses of such a reprint, Sir John Lawson, of Brough, whom Bishop Geddes described as the flower of the English Catholic gentry, offered to subscribe £50 on condition of Bishop Geddes superintending it. Mr. Robertson, a Benedictine priest of Ratisbon, would willingly undertake the editorial duty. Bishop Hay was satisfied that a great demand for the English Scriptures had existed for eight or ten years previously. In 1782 he had consulted Calmeyer, the Aberdeen printer, about a reprint. Calmeyer, after a few days' delay, refused to reprint for £250 an edition of the whole Bible in every respect similar to the London edition, so that the four volumes of the Old Testament might be sold at 5s. bound. The Bishop was well pleased with the coadjutor's proposal to have a reprint, but his financial condition would not allow him to advance any money.

With the aid of Sir John Lawson's subscription, however, Bishop Geddes was enabled to commence the work of reprinting the New Testament. He resolved that the type, paper and binding, should be good, as everything connected with religion ought to be; and he hoped to see it sold at 2s. His intention followed Bishop Challoner's edition with as few alterations as possible. Bishop Hay was particularly averse to changes, whether in the text or in the notes. People had been long accustomed, he said, to Bishop Challoner's edition, and they might be started at finding alterations. More than this, Benedict XIV., in his famous pleasant Latin Epigram, made honorable mention of the translation. This was some sanction, surely, the Bishop thought, although not a formal document.

TO BE CONTINUED. The Electric Light is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Poisson's Nervine is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. It is pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far-reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nervine. Day-to-day a ten cent bottle can be had, even by mail, from the druggists and country dealers everywhere.



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AGNOSTICISM.

In our last issue we made some remarks on Professor Huxley's article on Agnosticism in the Nineteenth Century. We mentioned that as an objection to the reliability of the Gospels, while admitting that the four Evangelists are evidently sincere, the Professor states that there are discrepancies between them which show that they have a very imperfect knowledge of the facts which they relate, so that no reliance can be placed upon their narratives.

We may in the first place remark that even if such discrepancies existed, at all events, by all the rules of evidence, such facts as sincere witnesses relate, and which are public and quite palpable to the senses, must be true, when the witnesses are eye witnesses, or contemporaneous witnesses who have taken the trouble to ascertain from a number of eye-witnesses the truth of the matter.

And this must therefore be the case, at least as regards those things on which the witnesses are in agreement. When they disagree on some points, it may justly be said that on those points there is a doubt, but the main features of the narrative will remain indisputable, especially those which are related by several of the witnesses.

Now, it cannot be denied by the most sceptical, that by far the greatest part of the Gospels consists of statements concerning which there is no appearance, even, of a discrepancy. The salient facts ought, therefore, to be admitted as certain, even by Professor Huxley and his followers, and there will be enough, even then, to substantiate the divinity of the Christian religion.

We shall have the birth and early life of Christ with many miraculous circumstances attending His missionary labors interspersed with continuous miracles, His healing those afflicted with every malady, His raising the dead to life, His admirable doctrine, the truth of which is attested by these miracles. His death and resurrection and His final ascension into Heaven in presence of His apostles and disciples are facts concerning which none of the bystanders could be deceived, and these, told by sincere witnesses, become undeniable. Let it be granted that some of the details are related differently. Still these main facts will remain unimpeached and unimpeachable, and Jesus Christ will have proved the divinity of His mission by His works, which are beyond the power of man.

Let us now see the nature of the discrepancies which Professor Huxley discovers, or pretends to discover, in the gospels. He says: "I am of opinion that there is the gravest reason for doubting whether the sermon on the Mount was ever preached, and whether the so-called 'Lord's Prayer' was ever prayed by Jesus of Nazareth. My reasons for this opinion are, among others, these." We gave in our previous article the continuation which amounts to this, that three of the gospels, often called the "Synoptic Gospels," are merely comparatively modern attempts to give a synopsis of a previous documentary or traditional narrative, from which they strayed away, every one according to his own notions, in relating the details.

We already gave reasons which prove that the Evangelists are the original writers of Christ's life as recorded in their respective Gospels, and that the theory of a previous Gospel, the basis of the extant Gospels, is without foundation. We should now see wherein consist the supposed discrepancies in their account of the "Sermon on the Mount." St. Matthew relates it in the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of his Gospel, beginning thus: "And Jesus seeing the multitudes went up into a mountain, and when He was sat down His disciples came unto Him, and opening His mouth He taught them, saying."

It will be remarked that the disciples were present on the occasion, and as by this term the Apostles were designated, there is no doubt that St. Matthew himself was one of the listeners, and that he wrote what he himself heard Jesus say. There cannot, therefore, be a reasonable doubt of the accuracy of his statement,

as even Professor Huxley acknowledges that he is "perfectly sincere."

But in St. Luke vi. there is a shorter report of a sermon of our Lord, very similar to the sermon on the mount; and in both cases it is stated within a few verses afterwards that Jesus entered into Capernaum, and there are other indications that both Evangelists have in view the same sermon. It is further to be remarked that St. Luke expressly names Matthew as one who was present on the occasion, with the other Apostles.

Professor Huxley declares that both sermons "cannot be accurate," because while there is considerable resemblance between them, St. Luke's omits much which is in St. Matthew's version; and he disposes of both in the following cursory manner:

"Luke either knew the collection of loosely connected and apocryphal utterances which appear under the name of the 'Sermon on the Mount,' in Matthew, or he did not. If he did not, he must have been ignorant of the existence of such a document as our canonical Matthew, a fact which does not matter for the genuineness or the authority of that book. If he did, he has shown that he does not care for its authority on a matter of fact of no small importance; and that does not permit us to conclude that he believed the first gospel to be the work of an authority to whom he ought to defer, let alone that of an apostolic eye witness."

Is it, then, such an extraordinary matter that two writers should differ in their style of relating the same event, that when such a difference is observed, the whole transaction must be set down as fabulous? The thing is so preposterous that we are surprised that a writer of Professor Huxley's undoubted ability should virtually maintain the proposition. If Professor Huxley's reasoning be correct, St. Luke should not have written his Gospel at all, unless he transcribed everything just in St. Matthew's words. We already pointed out a difference in the purpose of St. Matthew and Luke in the writing of their Gospels. None of the Evangelists proposed to record all Christ's sayings and doings, for St. John tells us in the end of his Gospel that scarcely would the world contain the books that should be written, if all the acts of Jesus were recorded. Each Evangelist, therefore, selects those facts which best suit his particular purpose in writing; and as St. Matthew writes for the Jews in Palestine, who already have a knowledge of God and of His providence, he dwells especially upon the salutary doctrines of our Divine Saviour. St. Luke, who writes for Greeks, apparently for this very reason, deals more with the miraculous events of our Lord's career which would induce that philosophizing people to acknowledge Christ, because of those works which proclaim His divinity. There may, indeed, have been many reasons why the Evangelists wrote their Gospels differently, but we can only speculate upon what they may have been. A very probable reason, besides that we have already given, is that by not confining themselves to the narration of the same events the faithful have a more full account of the life of Jesus than they would have had if the evangelists had followed exactly in each other's footsteps. The professor can only see in St. Luke's contempt for the authority of St. Matthew in the fact that St. Luke narrates an event somewhat differently from the apostle. If this be so infidels must entertain for each other most supreme contempt, for no two of them agree in their manner of assailing the authority of holy scripture. Professor Huxley himself does not agree in his methods with either Tom Paine or Col. Ingersoll, and we are sure that Strauss, Salvador, and Raman would not thank him very cordially for his admission that the writers of the four gospels, whoever they may have been, were "perfectly sincere." The three last named writers are of one accord in maintaining that the gospels are a mere myth or romance. Such irreconcilable differences as exist between the adversaries of Christianity, who all profess to give the most certain results of scientific investigation, give very just reason for the belief that they are all equally deluding in the mire of error.

Professor Huxley has still another discrepancy to produce between the first and third gospels. St. Matthew says of the sermon of Christ that it was delivered "on a mountain," whereas St. Luke says: "coming down with them (the apostles), 'He stood in a plain or level place.'" This gives occasion to the Professor to display his wit, so he tells us that while the discourse recorded by St. Matthew is known as "the Sermon on the Mount," the same discourse as recorded by St. Luke may be called, by way of distinction "the Sermon on the Plain."

We cannot bring ourselves to think that the Professor really believes that there is a discrepancy here. There is certainly none, and the learned Professor must know enough about Palestine to know that "plain or level places" are frequent on its mountains. It might very easily have been that Christ delivered two discourses which resembled each other, and that St. Matthew spoke of one and St. Luke of the other, but we believe with the generality of commentators and with Professor Huxley, that both Evangelists write

of the same sermon. But is it impossible that on a mountain, or near its foot there should be "a plain or level place?" That there is no such impossibility is evident from the simple fact that such "plain and level places" are numerous on the sides of the mountains of Israel. St. Luke throws some light on the matter by informing us in verse 12 that Christ "went into the mountain to pray," and that there "He chose twelve whom He named Apostles." After the selection of His twelve Apostles, "coming down with them, He stood in a plain place, and in the company of His disciples, and a very great multitude of people from all Judaea and Jerusalem, and the sea-coast both of Tyre and Sidon were come to hear Him." St. Luke here certainly gives the impression that the sermon was delivered on the same mountain on which He prayed and chose His Apostles, but on a lower part thereof where there was a level spot, where He could be conveniently heard by the great multitude which had assembled.

Robinson states in his "Researches" that the mountains of Israel have on their sides "many terraces" which are "undoubted signs of former cultivation." There was no difficulty, therefore, in finding on almost any of them a plain or level place. Another traveller declares that he often counted forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy such terraces. In the presence of such facts, Professor Huxley's witticisms become very flat. The mountains of Palestine are numerous, but tradition points out a mountain near the sea of Galilee as that on which was delivered the sermon of our Lord. This mountain is still named the mountain of Christ, though called by the Arabs "the Horns or mountain of Hattin," from the village of Hattin which is near by. On the west side of this mountain there is a large undulating plain which is perfectly suited to the gathering of a great multitude of people, and which might very well be described either as St. Matthew describes it, on the mountain, or as St. Luke describes it, a plain place.

From what we have said it will appear that the statements made by St. Matthew and Luke, while differing in form constitute an undesigned coincidence, which is one of the strongest possible attestations to the truth of both Evangelists, and to the authenticity of their narratives. It is evident from the apparent discrepancy between them that they wrote independently of each other, and from sources of information quite distinct; yet the coincidence in each case with the nature of the locality to which they refer, proves that their sources of information were both correct. St. Matthew wrote as an eye witness, St. Luke as one who had taken pains to obtain authentic information, as he states in the beginning of his Gospel, ch. i, 2 to 5.

We have thought it advisable to enter upon this full refutation of Professor Huxley's greatest difficulty, as it will, undoubtedly, be one on which the rank and file of infidelity will love to harp. Our readers will thus be enabled to deal with it should it be brought forward in their presence as an argument against the strict accuracy of Holy Writ.

AGGRESSIVENESS IN NEW YORK.

Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, resembles in many respects the parsons in Ontario who are endeavoring to make the public believe that their impudent aggressiveness is caused by the aggression of Romanism on Protestant liberty. About twenty-five years ago the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer petitioned the Municipal Council for a building site, and the council granted the petition without selling the lot or giving any legal deed. The occupancy was expressly declared to extend during pleasure of the council. Later the trustees of the church determined to remove the old church and build a new one in such a position that it will cut off light and air from the establishment of the Sisters of Mercy, which is on an adjoining lot, but it so happens that the proposed site of the new church is on a piece of property which is not even included in the property which was temporarily granted to the Church of the Redeemer. The whole property granted consisted of ten lots, which were recently put up at auction, and eight of them were purchased by the church for \$87,500, about half of their value. Two lots remain unsold, but the site of the proposed church is on two other lots to which the trustees of the church have no claim whatsoever, except the claim of a squatter. These four lots are to be put up at auction in 1899, and the trustees of the church fear that the Sisters of Mercy will be competitors at the sale for their acquisition. Hence Bishop Potter's indignation. He sends to Dr. Shackleton, the rector of the church, a contribution of \$50, and at the same time complains that "owing to the desire of a hostile religious communion to get possession of what, by every rightful and equitable construction, was your own property, you are now compelled to pay thousands of dollars for continued possession of it. The whole history of this business, so far

as it relates to those who have been striving to dispossess you, is a thoroughly discreditable one, and it ought to awaken the generous resentment of every friend of religious liberty. For, certainly, it is a grave infringement of such liberty that any religious sect should be allowed to avail itself of a legal technicality in order to get possession, whether for so called religious or other purpose, of that which is not their own. And the conspicuous inconsistency of this action with that taken in the interests of those who have fattened upon State and municipal gifts and grants, would seem to indicate that Protestantism has still abundant *raison d'être*, and that Protestants may find in your case an object worthy, whatever their religious convictions, of their substantial sympathy."

Certainly if the city intends to put up the property at public sale the Sisters of Mercy have as much right as any other citizens to bid on it, and Bishop Potter's endeavor to cast odium upon them as "a hostile religious communion" for their supposed intention to do so is as unjustifiable as the attempt made in Ontario to impede Quebec legislation on the plea that the existence of Jesuits in Canada is "against public policy" in a British colony. That the course of the New York council was not dictated by a desire to curry favor with Catholics is sufficiently evident from the fact that the council determined on their course while Mayor Hewitt occupied the civic chair. Dr. Potter has taken the wrong method to gain public sympathy, and if his church should lose the property it will be a just punishment for the bigotry he displays.

CHURCH TROUBLES.

The above heading of an article on last Friday's Advertiser arrested our attention, so as to make us glance down the column for further and more precise information. Our apprehensions that some scandal, such as we read of cropping up occasionally in the Protestant churches of Toronto, were soon allayed, when we discovered that the cause of trouble this time, is an altercation between the choir and the pastor. The latter, Rev. H. D. Hunter, it appears, has ceased to "draw." Let him advertise all he may, and in the Saturday dailies promise any amount of hot fire and brimstone, or announce that he will illustrate "the machinations of Rome," or describe the avenging "angel pouring out the seven vials of wrath"—the multitudes will not come. He has ceased to draw. A few weeks ago, under the excitement of the Jesuit scare, and the expectation of something new and spicy in the lectures loudly advertised against "Jesuit intrigues," "The parson in politics," and "Protestantism in danger," the church was fairly crowded, and the Congregational Church was booming. But, alas! for Mr. H. D. Hunter's popularity and usefulness! The Jesuit card is no longer trumped, the "Parson in Politics" is played out, and no fear is apprehended by the general public that the Jesuit, armed with his misal, his cross and his sash, is about "to come down like a wolf on the fold." The excitement is abated, the reaction has been felt, and the poor man is driven back to the dry sources of an unimaginative mind, and a rebash of former sermons that will not strike oil—and that certainly refuse to strike fire—or kindle any, even the most evanescent enthusiasm. The great trouble, however, with the congregation and the church wardens is that while Mr. Hunter ceased to draw in one way, he is fully determined to draw the other way. He draws a big salary, and that he is determined, and his coteries, or the few friends who stand up for him are a unit in demanding that there shall be no diminution in his yearly allowance. They are bound he shall draw this no matter what objections there may be otherwise as to his popularity or effectiveness. In fact they will not admit that he is ageing and paling or adding to interest. The choir, they maintain, is to blame for the empty benches. Some few additions, a new soprano who would draw, a new baritone who has already started it in the Toronto pavilion, or an imported organist, would soon settle the whole difficulty. The climax was reached on last Sunday evening when it was announced from the pulpit that a grand organ recital would be held on the 3rd of June by the various local organists, "assisted by our friends in the rear," said the minister, pointing to the choir that was thunderstruck on hearing of the affair for the first time. Of course every member of the choir was indignant, and its leader, Mr. Allen, stated his intention of resigning, which he did subsequently. The rest of the choir, resenting the insult given their respected leader and themselves, unanimously decided to hand in their resignation. So that the church is now without a choir and Rev. H. D. Hunter has to do all the drawing himself. It is very evident this *status quo* of things cannot endure. That an ordinary Congregational minister should be able to keep his people together, or attract the loose fish who float around on the surface of society without owing allegiance to any religious organization, is a herculean task, fit only for the shoulders of

De Witt Talmage, Dr. Wild, or Professor Swing. Extraordinary men of acknowledged power, with an acquired reputation for genius and originality, if not for sound scriptural orthodoxy, may attract crowds and draw full houses any time independently of choir assistance. But from the turbulence raised in the Congregational Church of this city it would seem that Rev. Mr. Hunter has not reached the required standard for going it alone. It is not every week that a sensational scare can be furnished, and startling advertisements must have some nominal foundation. It seems to us that it was unwise policy for Rev. Mr. Hunter to overlook the advisability of securing the loyalty and attachment of the choir, instead of looking to other churches and strange organists for attractions that could not last unless "assisted and sustained by our friends in the rear."

THE VETO QUESTION.

The Mail of May 25th contains another long winded editorial on the Jesuit Estates' Act, filling nearly three columns, and indeed there is scarcely an issue of that journal now which does not give to the public a treatise showing why the Act should be disallowed by the Dominion Government. Nearly two columns are taken up with an elaborate argument to prove, what we believe no one denies, that the Dominion Government have really the right, under the British North America Act, to disallow the Acts of the Canadian Provincial Legislatures.

It was scarcely necessary to quote Sir Alexander Galt, Sir John Rose, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, and others who took part in the debate on Confederation, to prove that this right ought to be exercised under certain circumstances; but it does not at all follow that it ought to be exercised merely to show that the Dominion Government has a certain amount of supremacy over the Provinces. If this be so, the Imperial Parliament, which also can override our Home Legislation, ought to be constantly interfering with the legislation of the Dominion, and Responsible Government, the glory of Canada, is a mere sham.

There is, however, in Sir Alexander Galt's words something very appropriate to the present occasion. Sir Alexander said:

"The veto by the Federal Government is the real palladium of Protestant liberties in Lower Canada. The educational rights of the people of that Province are only safe under its shelter. . . . and their representation guarantee will some day dissolve into thin air without its exercise." He adds: "It is in the firm but moderate use of this vast power that safety may yet be found from the undue encroachments to which both Catholics and Protestants are exposed."

It will be seen from this that Sir Alexander speaks here of the legitimate use of the veto power, when the minority either in Ontario or Quebec feel that an act of their Provincial Legislature inflicts undue hardship upon them. But in the present case, the Quebec minority have really declared through their representatives in both the Legislature and the House of Commons that their liberties have not been attacked by the majority, that their perfect educational equality has not been impaired, and that there has been no encroachment on Protestant rights in the Estates Act. It is difficult to conceive, then, how the Mail can twist Sir A. Galt's words to mean that the Dominion Government should interfere on the present occasion. To do so would be a most unwarrantable interference with the right of Quebec to govern herself.

It has been frequently pointed out that in the Jesuit Estates' Act the Quebec Legislature has done more than justice to the Protestant minority; for while acknowledging that the Jesuits have an equitable right to five times the sum which was voted for the extinction of their claim, the Protestant minority have received a gratuity for education, to which they had no equitable claim whatsoever, and this gratuity is fully equal to what they would have received if the Legislature simply made the whole sum of \$460,000 as an educational appropriation, without reference to the just claim of the Jesuits. There never was a case when bigotry had less reason to display itself than in reference to the Jesuit Estates Act. There is, indeed, a large Montreal faction which has allowed itself to be influenced by the Ontario Ministerial Associations, or Evangelical Alliance, to join in the anti-Jesuit cry; but the result of the Compton election has proved that the Protestant population of Quebec are really unmoved by it. We are aware that the Mail does not regard the Compton lesson in this light. It has declared that it does not prove anything as regards the feeling of the Protestants as to the Jesuit Estates Act, and the way it attempts to prove this is truly characteristic. It tells us that Mr. Pope, who sustains the Dominion Government, was elected because his Reform opponent was equally favorable to the passage of the Act! Why then did not some third party man contest the seat? Why

did not some adherent of "the noble thirteen" lead on the indignant Protestant population of Compton to a glorious victory, under the no-Popery banner? The reason is not far away. The Protestants of Lower Canada will not be dragged through the mire of a no-Popery cry; and in one of the most Protestant counties of the Province, to the credit of the Quebec Protestants be it said, there was not to be found a single man who would raise the standard of the anti-Catholic bigot.

The rest of the Mail's article is devoted to a rebash of the reasons against the Act, which have been over and over again refuted. We are told that the Pope is recognized as legislating for Canada. The Act has nothing to do with the Pope as a legislator. It recognizes him merely as a claimant to the property, and deals with him as any fair claimant would be dealt with. We are told that the celebrated Syllabus claims the prerogative of the Papal supremacy. The Pope's spiritual supremacy is an essential doctrine of the Catholic Church, but neither in the Syllabus, nor in any other doctrinal act of the Pope or of the Church is temporal authority claimed over the nations, whether Catholic or Protestant. The real reason of the Mail and those who follow it, for opposing the Estates Act, is that they dislike to see Quebec govern herself, independently of Ontario fanatics. Quebec is a Catholic Province, and therefore the parsons and the Orange-men cannot endure to see her exercise the same rights within herself which the Protestant Provinces of the Dominion enjoy without question. They would be as usefully occupied in beating their heads against the rocks of Queenston as in the agitation on which they are now expending their energies.

A FAIR STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

We have much pleasure in giving space to the following article from the *Sarnia Observer*. The wave of bigotry struck that town some days ago, and the parson took occasion to speak uncharitably as well as untruthfully of the faith of their Catholic neighbors, under cover of discussing the Jesuit Estates Bill. The cool common sense of the following article will be commended by all who are lovers of honesty and fair play, and is a fitting rebuke of the conduct of the erratic mountebanks of the Dr. Hunter stripe, who, instead of preaching Christ crucified, are willing to preach the gospel of hate when found to be more popular and profitable:

"The anti-Jesuit meeting on Friday evening differed in no respect from the generality of public political gatherings, and as a nucleus of leading and leading the people was as apt to be misleading as such meetings usually are. Rev. Dr. Thompson's address was a fair deliverance against Jesuitism, moderate in its language, but open to the objection that it contained attacks upon the Order, the truth of which have been denied and disputed over and over again by defenders of that body. Rev. Mr. O'Brien arranged the Catholic Church, the French of Quebec and the separate school system, all of which furnish fruitful subjects for discussion, and do not suffer for lack of defenders. The fruitlessness of attacking the Quebec Jesuit Estates Act on these lines ought to be readily apparent. Neither the Catholic religion, the Jesuits, the French language, nor separate schools are on trial before the people of Ontario or of Canada, and it is useless to arraign them, singly or collectively, for political purposes. That religion is the religion of the majority in the sister province; the language is the language of the majority; what ever may have been the law and the practice in Great Britain or France a century or more ago in regard to the Jesuits, at this day and in this country they are under no disabilities and possess the same rights as every other law-abiding citizen, and are entitled to all the privileges that the legislature of Quebec or any other Province chooses to bestow on them. Separate schools are not only the law of the land, but are beyond the power of legislatures or parliament in Canada to suppress. No political party nor combination of political elements could alter the status of the Catholic Church, the Jesuits, the French or the separate schools, by peaceful legislation, and no one, we believe, would seriously advise our people to attack these institutions in any other way. What good object can be gained, therefore, in arousing dormant passions and prejudices against any or all of the above named institutions."

"The question of disallowing the Estates Act must rest upon a broader basis than that which condemns it for favoring a religious order that in the dim past fell under the ban of Popes and royal potentates. If ancient edicts of suppression and expulsion are to stand as a bar against the enjoyment of civil rights and privileges at the present day, there would be few who could show a clear title to citizenship. The legality or illegality of the disputed Act depends not upon the fact that certain Jesuits or Church societies are benefited by the Act; but whether the Quebec Legislature had a right to dispose of the public domain affected by the Act and for the purpose specified therein. All other issues impinged into the controversy are extraneous, and would, if the case was brought before our courts, or the Privy Council, be ruled out of the argument as irrelevant. It is for these reasons that we deprecate appeals to the people on grounds that cannot be considered by governments or courts of justice in dealing with the subject, and that we advise a cessation of the agitation for disallowance on the lines so generally adopted

throughout this Province. None of the objects that appear so vital in the eyes of speakers at these public gatherings can be attained by making them political issues, and while we have the greatest confidence in the good sense of the majority of our people, much harm may be done, unintentionally too on the part of many of those who are taking a leading part in these discussions, by exciting national and creed prejudices among a mixed population such as ours."

THE RECORD OF THE JESUITS.

REV. FATHER FLANNERY MAKES ANOTHER REPLY TO REV. PRINCE PAL AUSTIN.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir—When at your suggestion, and according to the expressed wish of some of my Protestant friends in this city, I declared this controversy closed in my last letter—I had no idea that Mr. Austin would prolong the combat by opening up new questions and re-opening new sores. The defendant has always a right to be heard last, especially when the plaintiff has made unjust and malicious charges that should not be left unanswered. I shall be very brief, however, and as the plaintiff has quoted the organ of the Third Party, the Toronto Mail, I hope to be allowed space for a quotation from a good Protestant paper—the New York Tribune.

Mr. Austin's arraignment of the Jesuits as to their acknowledged record has been whitened down to a few garbled quotations from Escobar, a Spanish author, whose works on casuistry appeared in print about fifty years previous to the Battle of the Boyne. They are out of print now for over 100 years, and only a few extracts remain. These extracts were taken by Pascal, and garbled and distorted in such a manner as to make the author appear odious and opposed to good morals. For this is all Mr. Austin has to rely on for his attacks on the moral teachings of the Jesuit fathers. I suppose there is no use in proving how totally unreliable is Pascal in his attacks on the Jesuits. Mr. Austin will still hug to his bosom Pascal, and Pietro Sargi, and Pompadour, and a list of names of Paris, or Satan himself, if only arrayed, as his Satanic majesty is always arrayed, against the Jesuits. De Ravignan, an able and conscientious French author, says the answers to Pascal's Provincial letters have proved that those letters contain 300 alterations, or falsifications of passages.

Voltaire (Siec de Louis XIV.) says: "Pascal attempted to prove that the Jesuits had a design to corrupt morality, a design which no society ever had, or could have, but the point was not to be right, but to be amusing at their expense." Voltaire was no friend of the Jesuits, his cry was "Crush out the Jesuits, and the Church shall soon follow." But he was a critical historian, and an able rhetorician. Chateaubriand, the great upholder of Christian faith and morals in a corrupt age, said: "Pascal after all is only a calculator; he has bequeathed to us an immortal lie." To this lie and calculator is Mr. Austin indebted for all his knowledge of the morality of the teachings of Jesuit Fathers, who lived in the south of France and Spain in the days of Elizabeth, Mary and James I.

Mr. Austin cannot for the life of him, innocent man, see how the manner, customs and laws can be different here, here in Canada, from what was the accepted rule in those days, either in England or France. But *tempora mutantur, et mores eodem tenore*, and so do laws and customs, even with these changes, and notwithstanding the alterations in the passages, scarcely one case has been quoted from Escobar which is in order in a modern system. An ethics or moral philosopher, would not find favor in the eyes of a competent judge. For instance: Usury is condemned by Escobar as a great sin. But supposing I have \$500 invested in the bronze or any other manufactory, which brings me twenty per cent profit, and Mr. Austin comes along with a loan of \$500, I tell him my circumstances, and he says, "Oh, that's all right, I am going to make thirty per cent on a purchase of real estate, you must get twenty per cent." Why should I lose fourteen per cent to accommodate Mr. Austin. This is what Mr. Austin styles usury, and similar cases he calls usury, lying, perjury, but every case is different, and is altered and distorted in such a manner as to change the whole nature of the subject matter in contention. As Mr. Austin does not tell the name of the treatise in Gury, which he, or the man who is writing for him, criticizes, I can not say exactly whether or not Gury's Moral Theology is written in the original, or the chapter and page should be indicated. But Mr. Austin does nothing of this kind. He makes Gury say what he likes, or rather what the man likes who has found out those cases as the enemies of the Jesuit fathers, and the cases cited so triumphantly against Gury are open to judicial investigation. The public should understand here it is question of the internal court, or what is termed in foro conscientie—for instance, one of those cases given by Mr. Austin. If John, who is clerk in a store, bought a suit of clothes from his employer, and he sued before the court and condemned to pay a second time; if afterwards he comes to me in confession and tells me that, smarting under the injustice, he privately abstracted enough to indemnify himself, am I obliged to tell that man that he is guilty of theft, and that he must make restitution of what he has abstracted? Gury says "no," and I defy Mr. Austin to say in his conscience "yes." It is very easy, however, to garble cases of this kind to twist the meaning of one or two words in Latin, and then cry out, oh horror! Gury, a Jesuit, teaches robbery, murder, perjury, and every other crime from pitch and tins to manslaughter.

Therefore the record is bad, and therefore the Jesuit Fathers, who were the first white men in Canada West, who first

planted the Gospels of Christ with their holy Fathers in Heaven," as eyes than in Ishmelites, than the heathen cathedra weeks ago in Globe. For "The moral Jesus is shooing standpoint, the society, wrong priest, immoral," etc. how low men attacks, such withal such have the choice choice of men distriety, entitled to exception art of repel unruined A chief denunciation sons with the rule and Mr. Austin this grievance untruly that conscience sacrificed to however, it hence the Herd could obedience to way comparat exist? Imp obedience in members of themselves What was a railroad if not enforced and pride or tantism to and one Jesuits are Catholic who people's ob and of His I might istry and as decide it in two two falling out earliest true young men not get the cipal of the the names a telegra Mr. Austin on that con warn him from and to act and if neede and discipl before Jud not before conscientia. Mr. Aus of standan testants th of by argu can not do have encour own authi Protestant attack the on more s calamities to falsify in order system. ethics or occasional perance virtue; that occur a proof of tion, off Faber, Mr. senting to the excusa is that Pro cared for hu humane tion, or There are but go of reason it more pro ments m superior tions. T says that make an establish port of w made. The qu an alleged saying to patient c sending should vent any duty. One only suo hospital Protesta but realy make an Catholic to ente The civi lessons yet lear this year rest up it was the Catholic member put on th quarters

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

THE POPE'S PRINTING HOUSE. The polyglot printing house attached to the Propaganda is worthy of the great cause which originated it.

FRUITS OF BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce says of Ireland in the Contemporary Review: "During the last fifty years, the reign of Queen Victoria, in spite of certain and occasional wrongs with difficulty from the British Parliament, we have the horrible record, under the cold arithmetic of which lies hid an aggregate of gross indecency."

THE CHURCH NOT OPPOSED TO AMUSEMENT.

I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some men have so associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth.

I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral straight jacket and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No, joy life whilst you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say: "Thus far and no farther."

A HABIT OF COURTESY THAT SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE TO OTHER PEOPLE.

It Mexico, a group of lads from seven to twelve will meet and each boy will decorously lift his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the rumbling and the laughter, the same as anywhere. Boys there treat their elders with respect. For the old people are reserved to the shades rest under the trees in the park.

PLENTY LEFT OVER.

In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. This occasion was his first appearance and he took for his text "The Feeding of the Multitude." He said: "And they fed ten people with 10,000 loaves of bread and 10,000 fishes."

A LAND WITHOUT LAUGHTER.

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light-hearted and rollicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—a well-to-do race of folk, equally ready to dance or to fight. I have not found them so. I found them in the west of Ireland a sad and dejected people; care-worn, broken-hearted and shrouded in gloom.

JERUSALEM'S GROWTH.

A German newspaper published in Palestine, states that the city of Jerusalem is growing in size and population at a remarkable rate. Its growth is all the more surprising because neither its situation nor its trade are favorable to a rapid increase.

with windows, but with no manner of adornment.

The Kitchin's have completed a new chapel. Close by it there is a new Abyssinian Church. The Russians are also great builders; they have erected a new church, consular lodging houses for pilgrims of the orthodox national churches, and a hospital. Near the Russian grounds is the "German House for German Catholics, from whose top the German and the Papal flags float side by side. The Russians have also built a high tower upon the Mount of Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and Dead Sea can be seen.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN.

The results of the great social changes consequent from the discovery of America and the French Revolution are more apparent now than ever in the education of young girls and the status of women. Our grandparents looked with horror on the probability of a woman's working for a living or working at all, except in the household. She could smelter hides, paint landscapes in which the cows might have been horses and the lambs, dogs; she was expected to be "sweetly pretty," and to like and cling to her proper dress was supposed to be white muslin; she wore thin slippers, and, on festive occasions, a ruffled gown.

THE STORY OF OLD PETER LARKIN, OF WOODFORD, IN HIS OWN WORDS.

The story of old Peter Larkin, of Woodford, is in itself enough to cover the Most Vile the Marquis of O'Connell with public bathing and contempt. Young Larkin, the old man's only son, the prop of his declining years, was convicted by a packed jury of Pether's at Silgo, and received the savage sentence of two years' imprisonment for lending a hand in the defence of a neighbor's house against the crown brigades. He died in prison of hardship and neglect. The old man who was hidden to Kilkenney by the gentle jail authorities that he might remove the corpse, failed to recognise his son, so worn and emaciated was that comely faced and strong young frame. At the funeral of his only son, he was brutally done to death, and Larkin was served with a process for rent by the considerate Cantlebridge. Since then legal processes have been literally showered upon him. Some little time ago the agent, Tener, swooped down with a flying squadron of the police on the poor man's holding and carried off every live animal he possessed. They were sold at a mock auction at the gates of Portumna Castle for what they fetched. They brought in £40, even in such a sale. The arrears of rent due were £47. The money realized by the sale, therefore, came within seven pounds of the amount due. For that seven pounds poor old Larkin's farm has been seized and sold to a Graham solicitor, a worthy tool even of such a master.

A TREMENDOUS TRIUMPH WAS ACHIEVED LAST WEEK BY THE "FORGER" AND HIS CHAMPION, SIR WRETCHED FIBSTER. THEY HAD CHARGED THE IRISH LEADER WITH THE APPROVAL AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF ASSASSINATION AND THE PAYMENT OF ASSASSINS, WITH THE ORGANIZATION OF OUTRAGES AND COMPLICITY WITH DYNAMIC CONSPIRACIES. THESE CHARGES WERE MALIGNANT CALUMNIES—SO PROVED. THE ACCUSERS WERE CONVICTED OF CONNIVANCE AT FORGERY IN THE ATTEMPT TO SUSTAIN THEM. NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH WAS THERE IN ALL THOSE HORRIBLE SLANDERS. BUT, BY WAY OF COMPENSATION, IN THE PRISON TRIAL, SIR WRETCHED FIBSTER, IN THE COURSE OF HIS CROSS EXAMINATION, DURING WHICH HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS PASSED IN REVIEW, MR. PARNELL WAS TRAPPED INTO AN ADMISION THAT, IN THE COURSE OF A FIERCE DEBATE ON A COERCION ACT, HE MIGHT HAVE MADE "AN EXAGGERATED STATEMENT," OF A MATTER OF OPINION, "TO MISLEAD THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

THE DECAY OF LYING.

The cleverest bit of writing in recent magazines is decidedly Mr. Oscar Wilde's essay in the December Nineteenth Century upon the "Decay of Lying." With much variety and wealth of illustration Mr. Wilde maintains that lying, the telling of beautiful, untrue things, is the proper aim of art, and that life imitates art far more than art imitates life. The first of these propositions seems to lie at the root of all the highest imaginative and romantic work, whether with brush or pen, and need not detain us. Only it is well to know when one is too grossly conscious of the painter's flattery, that his deviations from truth are in reality only a severe fidelity to the true principles of his craft. In support of the other canon we have the following examples: "The boy burglar is the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is fact; occupied as fact usually is, with trying to reproduce fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale through the work of life. Schopenhauer has analyzed the pessimism that characterizes a modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy."

What Mr. Wilde has to say of the Establishment will be accepted by many minds, and boy old women and girls—young men and maidens—all of them, without a solitary exception, were grave and haggard, and every household looked as if the plague of the first born had smitten it that day. Rachel, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoted among these warm-hearted peasants, or, if she had been noticed, they would only have said, "She is one of us."

A CONFECTOR'S CONFIDENCE.

"I can plainly state that I can find nothing better than Hagar's Yellow Oil. I have rheumatism occasionally, and Yellow Oil does me great good. You can use my name if you wish."—NORMAN H. DICKSON, Confectioner, St. Thomas, Ont.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.

Mr. Victor Anger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have detected for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

BITS FROM UNITED IRELAND.

Let Englishmen reflect for a moment, when their own members of Parliament were sent to jail, what did it mean? We have no doubt that Charles I. was quite ready to maintain that Hampden was a dishonest agitator, who intimidated the people into breaking the law by refusing to pay their taxes, and we have no doubt the Star Chamber was included in its day as the very model of a fair and impartial tribunal. There never was oppression yet that confessed itself oppression. We are two hundred years behind England on the road to freedom. Two hundred years ago the same outrages were committed by despots in England and the same excuses made. But they cut one king his crown and another his head.

MR. HARRISON'S COMMUNICATION TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION REGARDING THE BALFOUR SPEECH ON THE FALCONBURG PROSECUTIONS WAS EXACTLY WHAT ANY ONE WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF MR. BALFOUR'S METHODS MIGHT HAVE REASONABLY EXPECTED.

Mr. Balfour's method might have been reasonably expected. Mr. Balfour's great point in his speech justifying Mr. Harrison's arrest was that when the young Orionian was detected in the greivous crime of supplying a starving woman with bread he refused to give his name to the police. Mr. Harrison declares not merely that there was no such refusal, but that the policeman addressed him by name when he arrested him. The multitude of minor fibs which Mr. Harrison exposes need scarcely be considered in the face of this astounding falsehood.

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BALFOUR PHOTOGRAPHED.

Mr. Balfour has an infinite capacity for falsehood. He has been said the bravery of English soldiers in his fighting on and have Balfour's courage consists in lying on and never knowing when he is found out. There is an amusing story told of an ardent young mistress who had been deputed to catechise a vagrant of doubtful antecedents who had stumbled into the parish. "She knows nothing at all about the Sacraments," was the report, "and she never heard of the Ten Commandments. But she is great on the Seven Deadly Sins." So Mr. Balfour knows nothing of statesmanship, justice, or humanity, but in his department of flippant falsehood he is absolutely without a rival. His last speech at Manchester is a fine specimen of his peculiar methods. We do not intend to butter our own sides with this subject. The text of his speech was, and lies constituted the body of his discourse. His method is entirely his own. He is first guilty of some outrageous falsehood. He is contradicted, confounded, convicted. His falsehood is proved home. In many instances he is actually compelled to admit that he has been wronged. He then triumphantly repeating the exploded falsehood as an established truth, and denouncing its exposure as a malignant calumny. We could fill a volume with the bare list of the public lies of Mr. Balfour that have been publicly exposed.

MR. BALFOUR, WHO HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF MORE FALSEHOOD THAN ANY MAN THAT HAS EVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC LIFE, STRIVES TO HIDE HIS OWN SHAME UNDER AN ANDACIOUS QUO PRO. LET US FOR A MOMENT CONSIDER HIS SPEECH IN MANCHESTER AS THE LATEST AND ALMOST THE HAPPIEST OF HIS EFFORTS. THAT SPEECH ADMITTEDLY DEALT EXHAUSTIVELY WITH "THE FORGER" AND HIS CHAMPION, SIR WRETCHED FIBSTER. THERE WERE THREE SETS OF LIES ON WHICH HE PURPORTED TO DISCOURSE: THE O'BRIEN IMPRISONMENT LIES; THE Gweedore Eviction LIES; and the Forgeries Commission LIES. IN REGARD TO THE O'BRIEN IMPRISONMENT, HE MADE SOME LITTLE ABOUT THAT DISCRETION WHICH IS THE BETTER PART OF COURAGE. HE CALLED HIS PERFORMANCE IN MANCHESTER "A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS," AND LEFT IT THERE. HE DID NOT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO EXPLAIN TO HIS AUDIENCE THAT HIS ASSERTION THAT MR. O'BRIEN HAD RECALLED THE PRISON TORTURE, WAS NOT MERELY PROVED BUT CONFESSED TO BE A FALSEHOOD. NOR DID HE VOLUNTEER THE INFORMATION THAT THE NEWSPAPER REPORTS THE PRISON TORTURE, WHICH HE ANNOUNCED AS FALSE, WERE BUT WEAK AND TAME COMPARED WITH MR. O'BRIEN'S SWORN DESCRIPTION OF HIS TREATMENT, OF WHOSE ACCURACY PRISON INSPECTOR JOYCE, SPECIALLY SELECTED TO JERRYMANDER THE RELUCTANTLY GRANTED INQUIRY, DID NOT DARE TO INSTITUTE A DOUBT. THE BILFONIAN DESCRIPTION OF THE Gweedore Eviction, resolved itself into a repetition of the customary coercion axioms—that "the Plan of Campaign is responsible for the evictions." AS IF EVICTIONS IN IRELAND WERE NOT TEN TIMES MORE NUMEROUS AND TERRIBLE BEFORE THE PLAN WAS DEVISED. "THE MEN WHOM THE PEOPLE LOVE AND TRUST, WHO BRING PRISON FOR THEIR SAKES, ARE THEIR DEARLY ENEMIES." "THE BATTERING RAM IS THE IMPLEMENT OF PHILANTHROPY." "THE GOVERNMENT ARE IMPULSED SOLELY BY CHRISTIAN CHARITY TO EVICT, DETAIN, IMPRISON, AND STARVE THE POVERTY-STRIKEN TENANTS OF THAT DESOLATE REGION." ALL THESE PROPOSITIONS, AS IT APPEARS TO US, ARE ADMIRABLY FITTED FOR THE CONSUMPTION OF "FELONIOUS DAMES OR HOWE MARSHES." THE "FORGERIES" COMMISSIONER, MR. BALFOUR OFFERED IN MANCHESTER, WAS ACTUALLY A BOON GRACIOUSLY CONFERRED ON THE IRISH PARTY BY A MAGNANIMOUS COERCION GOVERNMENT FEVERISHLY ANXIOUS THAT THAT SHOULD CLEAR THEIR CHARACTERS. TO THIS END THE COERCIONISTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FREQUENTLY ASKED THE PRISON TORTURE, AND SELECTED THE THREE JUDGES WHOM THEY REGARDED AS THE MOST RELIABLE PARTISANS, IN DEFERENCE OF THE PROTESTS, NOT MERELY OF THE IRISH NATIONALIST PARTY, BUT OF THE LIBERAL PARTY OF ENGLAND. TO THIS END "OLD FRIEND SMITH" COLLOQUED WITH "OLD FRIEND WALTER" ABOUT THE METHOD OF PROCEDURE. TO THIS END THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL CONDUCTED THE PROSECUTION WITH UNEXAMPLED VIRULENCE AND MEANNESS. TO THIS END—STILL TO CLEAR THE CHARACTER OF THE IRISH MEMBERS—THE WHOLE FORCES OF THE IRISH EXECUTIVE WERE PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE "FORGER" THE FELONIOUS CELLS THROWN OPEN TO SUBORNERS TO PERJURY. PIGOTT, THE FORGER, SENT TO VISIT "DAILY" THE GRANDMASTER, AND THE POLICE OF IRELAND, BY "A VERY SECRET CIRCULAR," WHICH MR. BALFOUR HAS NOT THE HARDIHOOD TO ADMIT OR DENY, CONSTITUTED THE SPIES AND THE PIMPS FOR THE PROSECUTION. YET WHEN THE END WAS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED BY THESE KINDRED EFFORTS OF THE BENEVOLENT GOVERNMENT, WHEN THE CHARACTERS OF THE LETHAL LEADER AND THE IRISH PARTY WERE COMPLETELY VINDICATED AND THE SHAUNFELD DEVICES OF THEIR CALCULATORS LAID BARE TO THE SCORN OF THE WORLD, THE MAGNANIMOUS COERCIONISTS, FROM THE PRIME MINISTER DOWNWARD, MANAGED VERY SUCCESSFULLY TO DISSEMBLE THEIR EXULTATION AT THE RESULT. WE NEED NOT PURSUE THE ANALYSIS FURTHER. IT IS WITH STUFF OF THIS KIND, NONSENSICAL STATEMENTS THAT HAVE NO FAINT RESEMBLANCE TO THE TRUTH, THAT THE BRAVE BALFOUR FEEDS THE PREJUDICES OF

English bigots. Coercion is secured from attack solely by an outbreak of lies which must be battered to pieces before we can come to close quarters.

CATHOLIC MORALITY AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE LIVES OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Rev. R. L. Everett, an English Protestant minister, visited Ireland recently, and wrote for the Christian World his impression of Catholicity in that unhappy land. After praising the Irish observance of Sunday, he writes: "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Lord of all Christians, speaking to His disciples. Apply this text to the Catholic Irish. In their religion all forms and superstitions, or has it a real hold upon their hearts and lives! Take the text of the Ten Commandments. Is purely a Christian virtue. Where is the Protestant Britain in comparison with Catholic Ireland in regard to this? Simply where. All statistics and all testimonies affirm this! A young man who sits against a woman in this respect in Ireland is so condemned by all his neighbors that his life is made a burden to him, and he is forced to emigrate. Even in the wild outburst of 1848, it is admitted on all hands that not a woman was wronged at the hands of rebels, while both before and after it, sins against Catholic women on the part of the troops were shamefully frequent. What stronger testimony can we have to the power of the Catholic religion than its ability to hold in restraint the strongest passions of human nature. The condition of life under which the Catholic religion obtains the conquest in Ireland increase our admiration for its power. The people live there crowded together in their poor cabins, and thus necessarily are in the way of temptation; and their land too, is full of priests sworn to a single life, yet in so familiar and constant intercourse with family life and with the other sex.

THE ISLAND IS FULL OF INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL AND OF DANGEROUS SITUATIONS, YET IT IS THE PUREST LAND UNDER THE SUN, AS REGARDS THE CATHOLIC PART OF ITS POPULATION. HOW CAN ANY FAIR-MINDED MAN WITHHOLD HIGH PRAISE TO THE CATHOLIC RELIGION FOR HIS GOOD PRACTICAL FRUIT, WHICH HIS TEACHINGS BEAR. THEN, AGAIN, TAKE THE TEST OF FAMILY AFFECTION. HE THAT PROVEIETH NOT FOR HIS OWN, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE OF HIS OWN HOUSE, SAYS THE APOSTLE, HAS DENIED THE FAITH AND IS WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL. I HAVE HEARD STEADY, WELL-CONDUCTED, RELIGIOUS MEN IN ENGLAND, IF CALLED UPON TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUPPORT OF THEIR COMPANIONS, COMPLAINT BITTERLY OF HAVING THE OLD FATHER OR MOTHER HUNG AROUND THEIR NECKS. THE FEELING AND CONDUCT OF THE IRISH TO THEIR AGED PARENTS MIGHT SHAME SUCH AS THESE, AND I HAVE QUOTED ACTUAL WORDS HEARD FROM THE LIPS OF AGRICULTURAL LABORERS DECIDEDLY ABOVE THE AVERAGE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE HISTORIES OF EVICTIONS IN IRELAND THREE GENERATIONS ARE GENERALLY FOUND IN THE CABINS; A PLACE BY THE TURF FIRE HAVING BEEN KEPT FOR THE OLD FOLKS. THEN LOOK AT THE MONEY SENT FROM AMERICA TO THE FATHERLAND BY THE EXILED IRISH. HOW MANY A RENT WHICH THE LAND WOULD NOT CARRY HAS BEEN PAID OUT OF THE WALLETS OF SONS AND CHILDREN IN AMERICA, SENT OVER BY THEM TO THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME? THERE WAS NO POOR LAW IN IRELAND TILL 1838; UNTIL THEN THEY HAD TO KEEP THEIR OLD AND SICK, OR SEE THEM STARVE. IN THE EARLY PART OF THIS CENTURY THE SUPPORT OF THESE WAS ACTUALLY ESTIMATED TO COST THE POOR OF IRELAND SOME \$3,000,000 A YEAR OUT OF THEIR INCREASINGLY SCANTY EARNINGS. NO DOUBT THE POOR LAW HAS BEEN A BAD SCHOOL MASTER IN ENGLAND, AND THE ABSENCE OF IT MAY HAVE STRENGTHENED FAMILY TIES IN IRELAND. BUT THE POOR LAW HAS NEVER, WE BELIEVE, BEEN CHOSEN BY CATHOLIC MODES OF RELIEVING THE POOR.

AND IN CATHOLIC IRELAND IS CERTAIN THAT FAMILY AFFECTION AND FAMILY MENTALITY ARE EXTENDED TO THE CATHOLIC BRITAIN. THIS AGAIN IS A FRUIT OF NO MEAN ORDER. TAKE AGAIN, THE TEST OF ORDINARY CRIME. OUTSIDE OF AGRARIAN OUTRAGES THERE IS LESS OF MURDER AND SAVAGE BRUTALITY, OR OF STEALING, OR LIFE BEATING, OR OF DRUNKENNESS, THAN IN ENGLAND. THE RECORDS OF THE COURTS SHOW THIS. IN OUR OWN TRAVELS IN THE COUNTRY WE SAW ONLY THREE DRUNK MEN, AND THEY WERE EACH OF THEM AN ENGLISH SOLDIER. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE LAND QUESTION THEY WOULD HARDLY NEED ANY POLICE IN IRELAND. EVEN WITH THE CRIMES WHICH SPRANG OUT OF A BAD SYSTEM AND BAD GOVERNMENT THERE IS LESS CRIME PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION IN IRELAND THAN IN ENGLAND. SO THAT WHEN TRIED BY THE TEST OF OBEDIENCE TO THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, CATHOLIC IRELAND AGAIN CARRIES AWAY THE PALM FROM PROTESTANT BRITAIN. I AM TOLD BY THE PROTESTANT RESIDENTS IN IRELAND THAT, AS HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS, CATHOLIC GIRLS ARE PROVERBIALY PREFERRED, EVEN TO PROTESTANT GIRLS. IT IS NOT MERELY MORAL IN ALL THIS FOR THE AFFECTIONAL RELATIONS ON THE PART OF THOSE OF US WHO HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP TO REGARD POPERY AS A CHILD OF THE DEVIL."

A SEVERE TEST.

When a manufacturer, from years of observation, has so completely satisfied himself of the universal satisfaction given by his products, that he feels fully warranted in selling them under a certificate of guarantee, it is very natural to believe that such a producer has implicit confidence in the merits of his good, and that, too, not without good reason. Such confidence is possessed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., in Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and hence his "Favorite Prescription" sold by druggists, as no other medicine for similar purposes ever was, under a positive guarantee that it will in every case give satisfaction, or money paid for it will be refunded. It cures all those distressing and delicate ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is not necessary to enumerate the long catalogue of derangements, both functional and organic, of the female system which this marvelous remedy overcomes. They are, alas! but too well-known to most females who have attained womanhood, to need more than a hint to make them plain to their understanding.

TO INVIGORATE THE BODY AND THE BRAIN, USE THE RELIABLE TONIC, MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Office of Charles A. Stedler, Breeder of Cleveland Bay and Trotting Blood Horses, 150 Broadway, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1888. Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, and have found it to be the best I have used for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavin, and I have found it to be a cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

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FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

"That man," says Dr. Nevil (a Protestant divine), "can not be right at least whose tongue falters in pronouncing Mary the Mother of God."

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest, cherish reflection, dispose to tranquillity, and produce an agreeable melancholy, which of all dispositions of the mind is the best adapted to love and friendship.—Hume.

Toward that home where dwell the loved ones who have gone before, let us unwaveringly fix our eyes, determining that nothing shall retard us in our heaven appointed task of forming and perfecting our characters. If there be a wrong which we have committed, let us repair it; if there be a debt owing, let us pay it; if we have offended us let us forgive us; we hope to be forgiven; let us strive without ceasing to rise above unworthy ambition, envy, and all vicious tendencies; that when the angel of death comes to lead us from the fleeting joys of our earthly homes, we may be prepared to enjoy the inconceivable and steadfast bliss of eternity.—Mrs. H. O. Ward.

I was in Cologne some years ago, had been wandering all day about the city, and was quite tired and very cross; for it seemed as if the whole city had made up its mind to pick my pocket. I was going to my lodging when my guide said, "There is a picture I want you to still see." "Anything to pay?" I asked grimly. "Yes," he answered, "no much." "Then," I said, "it will not go. I am sick of the whole business and tired out. I will go home." But the man had his way after all, and I went to see the picture painted by Rubens for his own parish church. It was an altar piece, and they were ready to show it after I had paid my money. No man in this world could have offered me that picture. They turned it to the light and I stood half a minute I suppose in the silence, with the setting sun shining on it, and then I was sobbing and striving to choke back my tears. It is a terrible picture, as some of you will remember—the death of his Simon Peter on the cross, with his head downward. The man never made a grander work than that picture. The pain of it smites you with a solid stroke, but the secret of its greatness is in the eyes—those are wonderful gray eyes—the eyes of the prophet, in which the palmer has hidden such depths of victory and glory that, as I stood there amazed through the power of his agony, I seemed to hear the angel singing. The man was looking from the cross right into the heart of heaven. The light was more than the shining of the sun; it

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

"That man," says Dr. Nevil (a Protestant), "can not be right at heart..."

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting.

I was in Cologne some years ago, had been wandering all day about the city, and was quite tired and very cross.

THE SALUTARY MAXIMS OF ONE OF THE MARTYRS OF THE COMMUNE.

"Sacrifice everything to duty, and duty to nothing."

THE LOSS OF ONE COMMUNION.

GUARD THE PORTALS OF SIN—THE THOUGHT.

IN 10 DAYS TIME.

with the whisper of Religion.—Bulwer Lytton, Lucrèce.

ON THE PRESENCE OF GOD. "Walk before me and be thou perfect."

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF GOD TO faithful Abraham. Whoever walks in Thy presence, O Lord, is in the path of perfection.

CONFESION. This whole institution, it cannot be denied, is worthy of the Divine wisdom.

THE POPE AND BRITISH PROTESTANTS. Cardinal Lavigne, presiding over a charity meeting in Algiers Cathedral.

THE LOSS OF ONE COMMUNION. On one occasion Father Lacordaire, who was at the time director of a college which he had founded.

GUARD THE PORTALS OF SIN—THE THOUGHT. Guard well, O Heir of Eternity, the portal of sin—the thought!

IN 10 DAYS TIME. "Was troubled with headache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicine without success."

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The feast of the founder of the Passionist Congregation, St. Paul of the Cross, was celebrated at St. Joseph's Retreat, High-gate, with befitting solemnity on Sunday last.

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