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(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

S. Ritchie & Co.

MONTREAL.

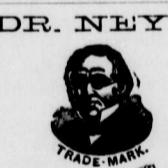
Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb. Plug, 10c.
1/2 lb. Plug, 20c.

THE
RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

"Mungo"
"Kicker"
"Cable."

Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

S. DAVIS AND SONS,
Montreal,
Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufacturers in Canada.



ANTIDIARRHOEAL PILLS.

A sovereign remedy for Bilious Affectations: Torpidity of the liver, Excess of bile and other indispositions arising from it: Constipation, Loss of appetite, Headache, Etc.

Dr. D. Marsolais, a renowned physician of many years' practice, writes as follows:

I am always with pleasure to receive your Antidiarrhoeal Pills for several years past and I am quite satisfied with their use.

I cannot say too much praise the composition of these pills which you have made known to me.

Containing no mercury, they can be taken without danger in many causes where mercurial pills would be dangerous.

Not only do I make considerable use of these pills in my practice, but I also prescribe them at any time for myself, with great satisfaction.

Dr. D. Marsolais to those who require a MILD, EFFECTIVE AND HARMLESS purgative.

Lavatory May 1st 1887. Dr. D. MARSOLAIIS.

For sale everywhere at 25 cts. per box.

FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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STAINED GLASS
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SILVERED, BENT, PLATE, ETC.

MCGAVIN & CO. TORONTO

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Manufacturers of
CHURCH,
SCHOOL
AND HALL
FURNITURE.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices.

BENNET FURNISHING CO.,
London, Ont., Can.

At Night.

"Why linger to-night in the shadow?
Has the crooked, once so gentle and tender,
Pressed deeper the thorns in your crown?
Come hither! hot tear drops are falling;
Come hither! for I've promised the heavily laden
For I've promised the heavily laden
Shall find in My Presence, sweet rest."
The cross and the weariness—all
The cloud that hung over the sunshine—
Obscuring its light like a pall;
Here My yoke is light and sweet.
Let go thy burden, let go thy pride,
Cast thy haughty will aside.
And the friendship, own your own,
That has held and held the brown—
(Hardly could all to bear!)
Place it calmly in My care.
Now I'll bless you; still repeat
You have felt the thorns—now rest
In the heart that loves you best."

GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CRICHTON, AND THE CRICHTONIANS.

The delicate exuberance of a New England spring was making amends for the rigor of a New England winter, and for its own tardy coming. Up through the faded sward pushed multitudinously all the little budding progeny of nature; out through rough bark burst the tender foliage; and all the green was golden-green. Light winds blew hither and thither; light clouds chased each other over the sky, now and then massing their forces to send a shower down, the drops so entangled with sunshine as to look like a rain of diamonds. Birds soared joyously, singing as they flew; and the channels of the brooks could scarcely contain their frolicsome streams. Sometimes a scattered sisterhood of snowflakes came down to see their ancestresses, and, finding them changed into snowdrops, immediately melted into them an ecstasy, and so exhaled.

This vernal freshness made the beautiful city of Crichton fairer yet, with curtains waving from open windows, vines budding over the walls, and all the many trees growing alive. It set a fringe of grasses nodding over the edges of three yellow paths travelled out from a new road that, when it had travelled about a mile westward from the city, gave up being a road for the present. One of these paths started off southward, and sank into a swamp. In summer, this swamp was a purple as a ripe plum with flower-de-luce, and those who loved nature well enough to search for her treasures could find there also an occasional cardinal flower, a pink arbutus, or a pitcher-blossom full to the brim with the last shower, or the last dew-fall. The second path ran northward to the bank of the Cocheeo River, and broke off the top of a cliff. If you should have nerve enough to scramble down the face of this cliff, you would find there the most romantic little cave imaginable, moss-lined, and furnished with moss cushions to its rock divans. A wild cherry-tree had in some way managed to find footing just below the cave, and at this season it would push up a spray of bloom, in emulation of the watery spray beneath. Fine green vines threaded all the moss; and, if one of them were lifted, it would show a line of honey-sweet bell flowers, strung under its round leaves.

The third path kept on westward to a dusty tract of pine-woods about two miles from the town. No newly-sprouting verdure was visible amid this sombre foliage; but there was a glistening through it all like the smile on a dark face, and the neighboring air was embalmed with its fine resinous perfume.

Out from this wood came sounds of laughter and many voices, some shrill and childish, others deeper voices of men, or softer voices of women. Occasionally might be heard a fidal song that broke off and began again, only to break and begin once more, as though the singer's hands were busy. Yet so dense was the border of the wood with thick, low-growing branches that, had you gone even so near as to step on their shadows, and slip on the smooth hollows full of cones and needles they had let fall, not a person would have seen.

A girlish voice burst out singing:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning at seven;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—which may be called making a post out of a poem.

A young man's voice spoke: "All will soon be wrong in a part of the world, Pippa, if I do not call the sheep to fold." And immediately a loud bugle-call sounded through the forest, and died away in receding echoes.

Presently a Maying-party came trooping forth into sight.

First, stooping low under the boughs, a score of boys and girls appeared, their cheeks bright with exercise and pure air, their silken hair dishevelled. After them followed, more sedately, a group of youths and maidens, "Pippa," otherwise Lily Carthusen, and the bugler, among them. All these young people were decked with wreaths of ground pine around their hats, waists, and arms, and they carried hands full of May-flowers.

Lastly, two gentlemen, one at either hands, held back the branches, and Miss Honora Pembroke stepped from under the dark-green arch.

If you are a literal sort of person, and make a point of calling things by their everyday names, you would have described her as a noble-looking young woman, dressed in a graceful brown gown, belted at the waist, after a Grecian fashion, and some sort of cloudy blue drapery that was slipping from her head to her shoulders. You would have said that her hair was a yellowish brown that looked bright in the sun, her eyes about the same color, her features very good, but not so classical in shape as her robe. You might have added that there was an expression that really—well, you did not know just how to name it, but you should judge that the young man was romantic, though not without sense. If you should have guessed her age to be twenty-eight, you would have been right.

I, on the other hand, you are poetically Christian, ever crowning with the golden thorns of sacrifice whatever is most beautiful on earth, and there seemed to be no one who perceived that beauty but herself. She would have liked to be alone, with no human witness, and to give vent to the delight that was tingling in her veins. A strong impulse was working in her to lift a fold of her dress at either side, slide out that pretty foot of hers now hidden under the hem, and go floating round in a dance, advancing as she went, like a planet in its path. It would have been a relief if she could have sung at the very top of her voice. She had looked backward involuntarily at Mr. Schoninger, expecting some sympathy from him; but, seeing him engrossed in his little charge, had dropped her hand, and walked on, feeling rather disappointed. "I supposed he believed in the creation, at least," she thought.

Then they scattered, dropping into the different roads, one by one, and two by two, till only three, heavily laden with their fragrant spoil, were left walking slowly up South Avenue, into which the unfinished road expanded when it reached the city. They were to take tea at Mrs. Ferrier's, and afterward go to the church; for this was the last day of a warm and forward April, and on the next morning the exercises of the Month of Mary were to begin. At the most commanding spot on the crown of the hill stood Mrs. Ferrier's house; and she was to go to it to understand at once why mademoiselle is a person of influence.

Seven years before, those who knew them would have imagined almost any change of fortune sooner than that the Ferriers should become people of wealth. There was Mr. Ferrier, a stout, dull, uneducated, hard-working man, who had not talent nor ambition enough to learn any trade, but passed his life in drudging for any one who would give him a day's work. A man of obtuse intelligence, and utterly uncultivated tastes, but for the spark of faith left in that poor soul of his, he would have been a clod. But there the spark was, like a lamp in a tomb, showing, with its faint and steady light, the wreck of the beautiful, and the noble, and the sublime that was man as God made him; showing the dust of lost powers and possibilities, and the dust of much accumulated dishonor; showing the crumpling skeleton of a purpose that had started perfect; and showing also, carven deep, but dimly seen, the word of hope, *Resurgam!*

Miss Pembroke took the child's hand, which thus formed a link between the two, and continued her singing: "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini." She felt almost as if the man, thus linked to her by that transparent, innocent nature of the little girl between them, were spiritually joining her in the Hosanna. How deep or bitter his prejudices might be she knew not. Their acquaintances had been short, and they had never spoken of their theological differences. That his unbaptized could be profound, yet gentle and tolerant toward her belief, had never occurred to her mind. She would have been scarcely more shocked than astonished to have known she the thought that almost escaped his lips. "She is too noble to be a worshipper of strange gods," he thought. "When will this miserable delusion be swept away?"

A slim, slight hand stole into Miss Pembroke's arm on the other side, and Miss Carthusen's cheek pressed close to her shoulder. Miss Carthusen was a foundling, and had been adopted by a wealthy and childless couple. Nothing whatever was known of her parentage.

"Lady Honora," she whispered, "this scene reminds me of something I am like Mignon, with my recollections gathering fast into a picture; only my past is further away than hers. I almost know who I am, and where I came from. It flashes back now. We were dancing on the green, a ring of us. It was not in this land. The air was warm, the sward like rose-leaves; there were palms and temples not far away. I had this band stretched forward to one who held it, and the other backward to another who held it, and so we danced, and there were wreaths on our heads, vine-leaves tangled in our hair. Suddenly something swept over and through us, like a cold wind, or a sharp cry, or both, and we all became fixed in a breath, the smile, the wreath, the tiptoe foot, and we hardened and grew less, and the air inside the ring died with our breaths in it, and the joy froze out of us. The broad lids would drop over those changeful eyes of his, and one saw only a blank where the moment before had shone a cordial and vivid soul."

When we say that Mr. Schoninger

was a Jew who had all his life been associated more with Christians than with his own people, this guarded manner will not seem unnatural. He glanced over the company, and was hesitatingly about to join Miss Pembroke, when one of the children left her playmates, and ran to take his hand. Mr. Schoninger was never on his guard with children, and those he petted were devotedly fond of him. He smiled in the upturned face of this little girl, held the small hand closely, and led her on.

The order of march changed as the party advanced. Those who had been last to leave the wood were made to take precedence; the youths and maidens dropped behind them, and, as both walked slowly forward, the younger ones played about them, now here, now there. It was like an air with variations.

"Silly child!" said Honora, smiling but shrinking a little. The girl was too clinging, her imagination too pagan. "It is said that, at the birth of Christ, that wall was heard through all the hosts of pagan demons—'Pan is dead!' they cried, and fled like dry leaves before a November wind. Pan is dead, Lily Carthusen; and if you would kindle his altars again, you must go down into the depths of perdition for the spark."

She spoke with seriousness, even with energy, and a light blush fluttered into her cheeks, and faded out again.

Miss Carthusen was clever, and rather pretty, and she liked to talk. What was the use of having ideas and fancies, if one was not to express them? Why should one go into company, if one was to remain silent? She considered Mr. Schoninger too superb by half.

The sun was setting, and it flooded all the scene with a light so rich as to seem tangible. Whatever it fell upon was not merely illuminated, it was gilded. The sky was hazy with that radiance, the many windows on the twin hills of Crichton blazed like beacons, and the short green turf glistened with a yellow lustre. Those level rays threw the long shadows of the flower-bearers before them as they walked, dazzling the faces turned sideways to speak, turned the green wreaths on their heads into golden wreaths, and sparkled in their hair. When Miss Pembroke put her hand up to shade her eyes in looking backward, the ungloved fingers shone like a bombshell.

On Sundays and holidays, they all walked two miles to hear Mass, and each one put a penny into the box.

On Christmas Days, they each gave a silver quarter, the father distributing the coin just before the collector reached them, all blushing with pride and pleasure as they made their offering, and smiling for some time after, the children nudging and whispering to each other till they had to be set to rights by their elders. Contented souls, how simple and harmless they were!

But Lily has such taste," was the reluctant answer. "And she may be pleased if we do not ask her."

"Our Lady thinks more of devotion than of taste, Annette," Miss Pembroke said earnestly. "It seems to me that every flower ought to be placed there by the hand of faith and love."

The other yielded. People always do yield when Miss Pembroke urged.

And Miss Carthusen, fortunately, saved them the embarrassment of declining her assistance by walking on, engrossed in a gay conversation with the German. When she recited, they were already far apart.

She and her companion were close to the town, and the others had stopped where the three paths met.

The children gathered about Miss Ferrier, and began piling their May-flowers and green wreaths into her arms; for the flowers were all to decorate the altar of Mary in the beautiful church of St. John the Evangelist. These children were not half of them Catholic; but that made no difference in Crichton, where the people prided themselves on being liberal. Moreover, Miss Ferrier was a person of influence, and could reward those who obliged her.

Then they scattered, dropping into the different roads, one by one, and two by two, till only three, heavily laden with their fragrant spoil, were left walking slowly up South Avenue, into which the unfinished road expanded when it reached the city.

They were to take tea at Mrs. Ferrier's, and afterward go to the church; for this was the last day of a warm and forward April, and on the next morning the exercises of the Month of Mary were to begin. At the most commanding spot on the crown of the hill stood Mrs. Ferrier's house; and she was to go to it to understand at once why mademoiselle is a person of influence.

Seventeen years before, those who knew them would have imagined almost any change of fortune sooner than that the Ferriers should become people of wealth.

There was Mr. Ferrier, a stout, dull, uneducated, hard-working man, who had not talent nor ambition enough to learn any trade, but passed his life in drudging for any one who would give him a day's work.

A man of obtuse intelligence, and utterly uncultivated tastes, but for the spark of faith left in that poor soul of his, he would have been a clod.

But there the spark was, like a lamp in a tomb, showing, with its faint and steady light, the wreck of the beautiful, and the noble, and the sublime that was man as God made him;

showing the dust of lost powers and possibilities, and the dust of much accumulated dishonor; showing the crumpling skeleton of a purpose that had started perfect; and showing also, carven deep, but dimly seen, the word of hope, *Resurgam!*

Those human problems meet us often, staggering under the primal curse, ground down to pitiless labor from the cradle to the grave, losing in their sordid lives, little by little, first, the strength and courage to look abroad, then the wish, and, at last, the power, the soul in them shining with only an occasional flicker through the debris of their degraded natures.

But if faith be there buried with the soul in that earthly darkness, the word of hope is still for them *Resurgam!*

There was Mrs. Ferrier, a very different sort of person, healthy, thrifty, cheerful, with a narrow vein of stubborn good sense that was excellent as far as it went, and with a kind heart and a warm temper. The chief fault in her was a common fault—she wished to shape and measure the world by her own compasses; and, since those were noticeably small, the impertinence was very apparent.

She was religiously obedient to her husband when he claimed his *fat*; but, in most matters, she ruled the household, Mr. Ferrier being authoritative only on the subject of his three meals, his pipe and beer, and his occasional drop of something stronger.

And there were five or six young ones, new little souls in very soiled bodies, the doors of life still open for them, their eyes open also to see, and their wills free to choose.

These little ones, happy in their rags, baked mud pies, scabbled and made up twenty times a day, ate and slept like the healthy animals they were, their greatest trial being when their faces were washed and their hair combed, on which occasion there was an uproar in the family. These occasions were not frequent.

The Ferrier mansion had but one room, and the Ferrier embellishing was simple. The wardrobe also was simple. For state days, monsieur had a statu costume, the salient points of which were an ample white waist-coat and an ancient and well-preserved silk hat which he wore very frequently on his head, with these articles being part of his wedding gear.

Madame had also her gala attire, with which she always assumed an expression of placid solemnity.

This toilet was composed of a dark-red merino gown,

SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

ANGLICAN CLAIMS UPON "CONTINUITY."

London Universe, Aug. 27.

On Sunday night the Rev. Father Grosch, preaching at SS. Mary and Michael's, Commercial Road East, took for his subject "The Marks of the Church." He said Catholicity meant universality in time, place and doctrine; for the Catholic Church was the mouth-piece of God, and therefore in her doctrine could never suffer any change. The holy deposit of truth, placed in the Church on the day of Pentecost, was not to be added to nor taken from, for the Holy Ghost was to teach not partial truths or portions of doctrine, but the whole truth. That the apostles realized the sacredness of their trust, that they realized that the doctrine they were to preach was Christ's doctrine alone, that they understood the importance of guard its purity and maintaining its unity, was shown by the words of St. Paul, when speaking to the Galatians. He said: "But if I or an angel from heaven shall preach a gospel to you beside that which I have preached let him be anathema." There was no mistaken sound in these words; neither might men attribute their utterance to the fiery ardent spirit of the Apostle of the Gentiles, for St. John, who had learned gentleness and forbearance upon the bosom of His who was meek and humble of heart, became stern, resolute, and unbending—

WHAT THE WORLD WOULD NOW-A-DAYS CALL BIGOTED

—when there was a question as to the maintenance of the purity of the Gospel of his Master. "Look," he said, "that you lose not the things which you have wrought, but that you have a full reward; whosoever revolteth and continueth in the doctrine of Christ hath not God, but he that continueth hath both the Father and the Son. It a man come to you and bringeth to you a doctrine other than this receive him not into your house nor give him God-speed, for he who giveth him God-speed communicateth with his wickedness." Therefore unchangeableness in doctrine—universality with regard to dogma—must be a mark of God's Church. And this mark is not to be found in any Church save in that built upon the rock—Peter. It might be asked, however, whether the Church from time to time had not defined doctrines of faith, and had there not been innovations and novelties? Certainly the Church had from time to time laid down principles which she desired her children to know as God's reveleth truth. But a declaration of the truth was no more an invention than the position of Euclid which laid down a definition. And this declaration was given in the day of the Church's solicitude when the foul breath of heresy swept over the land and had threatened to carry away the children of her bosom. No doctrine, then, was propounded different from that which was placed in the Church on the day of Pentecost. Referring to the Church's Catholicity in time and place, Father Grosch said the very enemies of Christianity admitted that the Catholic Church was the oldest of the Christian Churches, and that the Founder of the Catholic Church was the Founder of Christianity. And even in the days of Tertullian there were the marks by which the true Church could be distinguished from the false. "You are older than we," said he, "therefore your religion is false." A thousand years ago and many of the ancestors of those present that night believed the same truth which fell from the lips of blessed Patrick in Ireland, and Catholics in England believed to-day what their forefathers believed a thousand years ago; they believed the self-same doctrine which St. Augustine preached when first the Kentish sands kissed his sacred feet. Yet these saints took their doctrine from the one centre and source of Christianity—the Papal See.

HONOUR UPON HONOUR, AND SUCCESS UPON SUCCESS.

Advices have reached the Toronto office of Sunlight Soap that the manufacturers, Lever Bros., Limited, of Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, Eng., have been honoured with the appointment of Major Warre as one of the principal buyers of Sunlight, an honour and a privilege enjoyed by no other laundry soap manufacturer in the world. (Sunlight Soap has been in use in Canada for over twenty years.) It is also worthy of mention that such has been the unparalleled increase in the sales of Sunlight Soap, that the firm has given structure to its works, and doubled the double size of their works, already the largest of their kind in existence. When it is remembered that the present works were only established in 1881, it is plain that the firm has covered four acres, some idea may be formed of what colossal premises the forthcoming enlarged works will occupy. It goes without saying that with such phenomenal success throughout the civilized globe must be more than ordinary soap. Sunlight has the world's record for purity and durability, and has been won principally by the acknowledged superiority and purity of the soap. In Canada the sales of Sunlight are increasing at a rate which must be gratifying to those concerned in its success. —Toronto Mail.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending this suffering relief, astringent, and astringent, astringent, etc., to all. Pile-Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cents to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

MONTHLY PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month from now until October, 1892, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2d, \$8; 3rd, \$4; 4th, \$3; 5th to 10th, \$1 each. The greater the number sent to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 46 Queen St., Toronto. The names of the winners will be published in the "Toronto Mail" on first Saturday in each month.

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

The work of educating the public to a thorough knowledge of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters as a cure for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, has been completely successful. The remedy is now known and used in thousands of homes where it always gives instant relief.

This is the only "Virginia" gruel the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The loaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice leaf of the world, which through some combination of local influences, produces a better quality than any other. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

TIMELESS WISDOM.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

mark its words. You will find them important in dealing with this question to-day. It declared to the Queen that the Commons of Canada had observed with feelings of profound regret and concern the distress and discontent which had for some time prevailed in Ireland; that the Irishmen of Canada were amongst the most loyal and most prosperous and most contented of her Majesty's subjects; the Dominion which offered the greatest advantages and attractions for fellow-subjects, did not receive its fair proportion of immigrants from Ireland, and that this was largely due to feelings of estrangement towards the Imperial Government, and was undesirable in the interests of the Dominion and of the empire; that Canada and Canadians had prospered exceedingly under the Federal system allowing to each Province of the Dominion considerable power of self-government, and it expressed hope that if consistent with the integrity and well-being of the empire, and if the rights and status of the minority were fully protected and secure, some means might be found of meeting the expressed desire of so many Irish subjects in that regard, and that Irishmen might become a source of strength to the empire, and that Irishmen at home and abroad might feel the same pride in the greatness of the empire, the same veneration for the justice of the Queen's rule, the same devotion to and affection for the common flag as are now felt by all classes in the Dominion. It also asked for clemency for the political prisoners then lodged as suspects at Kilmainham. I do not pretend that the language of that address altogether pleased me. Then, as on all subsequent occasions, I would have preferred a more decided tone, but I state that now historically only, not controversially, because I am well aware that there were difficulties in the way of Mr. Costigan and his friends, of which they were better judges than I could be. Such as the address was I supported it with all my might. I felt that it was a great help to the cause, and I assisted in its passage. Mr. Gladstone did not think the question was at that time one of

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

but I believe that our action was one of the many forces that were bringing it into the realm of practical politics.—(hear, hear, and applause)—and I believe, at any rate, that it was well for Canada that she should show, as she did show, a deep interest in this Imperial concern, which so closely touched the interests and the honor of the empire, and the welfare of Canada herself. (Cheers.) Time passed, the Irish masses obtained popular representation, and as a result four-fifths of the Irish seats were taken by Nationalist representatives. (Applause.) Mr. Gladstone acted, and in 1886, in a Parliament not elected on the question, and in a condition of public opinion—ripened for action upon it, he brought in the bill of that year. I could not give my assent to some of the provisions of that bill, notably to that which excluded the Irish from the Westminster Parliament.—(hear, hear and applause)—and many British Liberals were of the same opinion. But Mr. Gladstone's offer as to the term upon which he asked the second reading before acceded to by the supporters of Home Rule was that it should be taken as a simple agreement to the general principle of an efficient measure of local government for Ireland, reserving all details, including that very important detail of the question of representation at Westminster. The question, notwithstanding, hung in the balance. The decision of those who later became, as they called themselves, Liberal Unionists, but as I believe, dis-Unionists and Separatists—(hear, hear, and applause)—was at that time still uncertain. I thought the occasion critical and our help morally important. A new Canadian Parliament had in the meantime been chosen. I moved accordingly, and my friend, Mr. Costigan, who had since the former occasion succeeded to Ministerial honors, carried an amendment—not, I once again confess, an improvement. I dare say I was a little partial to the child of my own brains, but he carried what he called an amendment. That having been carried, I voted for the proposition as so amended with the whole House that voted at all, save only six recorded votes. One of them voted against the resolution, not because he was not a friend of Home Rule, but because he thought the amended resolution was not strong enough. That was my friend Mr. Mitchell, who is on the platform here. (Laughter and applause.) The other five I am afraid did not vote for that reason, and I fancy the most of them belonged to the association to which I have referred—(laughter)—though, on the other hand, I am glad to say that many prominent members of that association voted with the majority on that occasion. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Thus, by a practically unanimous resolution in the year 1886 we rested and reaffirmed our resolution of 1882, and thus a second Canadian House of Commons spoke in the same sense, with all the advantage given by four years' confederation, by a fresh election, by the advance that the question had made throughout the world meantime and by the circumstance that an Imperial bill was on the carpet. During that debate I took occasion to state my principle of action on this question, and I quote it to you now so that you may see how early it has been guarded since I said this:

"What is required is the assurance, not one, but of all classes; not of a section, but of the people; not of a Minister of the Crown, but of a

Commons of Canada; not of the Irish Catholic members, but of the French and English, Scotch, Irish and German, of all creeds and of all nationalities. * * * * * I therefore speak, but not as a Reformer or as a party leader; I speak as a Canadian and a citizen of the empire to brother Canadians and fellow-citizens of the empire. This is not a Protestant or Catholic question; they are enemies of their country who would make it so. It should not be, in Canada at all events, a Conservative or Reform measure. I regard those as enemies of their country who would try to make it so. I hope that we may, by our own action this day, show ourselves united in the redress of wrongs and in the advancement of the cause of liberty."

THE DARK TIMES.

So, substantially, we did act, though with less decision than I, for one, could have wished, but Mr. Gladstone was beaten by thirty votes. The times looked dark indeed. Our Parliament about the same time was also dissolved, and a new House fresh from the people met in both countries, and in England the deplorable Crimes Bill was introduced. Seeing its introduction Mr. Curran, a Canadian Conservative, moved in the Canadian House of Commons a resolution looking to the reaffirmation by the new House of the views already expressed twice as to local government for Ireland, but mainly directed against the Crimes or Coercion Bill then pending.

There was a division of opinion as to the propriety of moving against the Crimes Bill. Mr. McNeil proposed an amendment, which declined to deal with the Crimes Bill and reaffirmed the expression of the former House as to Home rule. Mr. McCarthy proposed an amendment which, without any such re-affirmance, declined to express an opinion on the Crimes Bill. These amendments were defeated by overwhelming majorities. Then Mr. Davin moved an amendment, expressing the regret of the House at learning that it was considered necessary to pass a coercive measure for Ireland; and reaffirming the conviction as expressed in the resolutions of 1882 and 1886, that a plan of local government for Ireland, which would leave unimpaired the links connecting Ireland with the British Empire and guard the rights of the minority, would be conducive to the prosperity of Ireland and the stability of the Empire. To this amendment Sir John Thompson lent his powerful support. It numbered, however, only 60 votes, while against it were no less than 128.

I had pointed out early in the debate some improvements which I thought might be made in Mr. Curran's resolution. These he adopted, and his resolution was carried by 100 to 47. But mark this, that majority is imposing, but it was not the real feeling of the House in favor of home rule, for the adverse minority was opposed only to dealing with the Crimes Bill; out of the 47 who voted in the minority, no less than 44 were present and voted for Mr. Davin's amendment, which was in favor of home rule, and thus proclaimed their continued adhesion to home rule for Ireland, so that once again there was continued unanimity in the last of the three Canadian Houses in favor of home rule. Now, what was this last expression, so far as it relates to the only presently material question, home rule? After referring to the former resolutions it says:

"The House again expresses the hope that there may speedily be granted to Ireland a substantial measure of home rule which, while satisfying the national aspirations of the people of Ireland for self-government, shall also be consistent with the integrity of the empire as a whole. The granting of home rule to Ireland will fittingly crown the already glorious reign of her Most Gracious Majesty as a constitutional sovereign, will come with special appropriateness in this her jubilee year, and, if possible, render her Majesty more dear to the hearts of her already devoted and loyal subjects."

These hopes were not realised. The jubilee year was not so crowned. The odious Crimes Bill was passed. The efforts of Lord Salisbury to deal with Ireland on anti-home rule lines lasted for six weary years. The Irish people on the whole, though with exceptions, showed during that time great patience and moderation. (Applause.) Feelings born of a new emotion, that of hope in a great English party, of hope in the British democracy, of hope in the moral force of the opinion of the world, restrained them. (Cheers.) The blessed work of healing and reconciliation went on. Belief that Britain would ultimately be just and generous, knowledge that British statesmen and British masses were looking at Ireland for themselves, and were determined to heal the sore if possible, soothed and sustained the Irish people.

The great work of popular education went on in Britain; its progress became manifest; everything pointed to decisive victory. Then came the discovery of Mr. Parnell's fault, his lamentable fall, with all the unhappy episodes and divisions that accompanied it. Thus for a time all energies seemed paralysed, all hopes blighted. The prospects of the election were seriously affected, and no doubt, anticipating for the moment, but for this and certain other minor divisions, the majority actually obtained in the end would have been largely increased. As that election approached, under those difficult circumstances, I received the call, my acceptance of which is the occasion of this demonstration. (Prolonged applause.) The objection has been taken to my course that every man owes a first duty to his own land,

and that I should instead of going to England have taken part in public life in Canada. I wholly agree as to the first duty of every citizen of a country to his own land, and I hope that in earlier years and more fortunate circumstances I have shown myself not wholly negligent of that duty to my countrymen. (Cheers.) In pursuance of that view I have on former occasions always disengaged and rejected flattering suggestions which have occasionally been made of my removal to what was thought a wider sphere. My own country was and is good enough for me—(tremendous cheers)—and I clung to her service while I could. But circumstances, which it is needless now to detail, had divorced me from that service, and after full consideration I had concluded that time must either settle or eliminate the difference of opinion which subsisted between me and those with whom I had acted, and upon all other than one question was still desirous to act in Canadian public life. (Cheers.) Thus it had happened that when this invitation reached me I had turned to those other spheres of usefulness which remained open to me, of our university, not far from here, and the Law Society, of which I was the head, and so giving to them the time which I had formerly devoted to politics. I had also engaged for a year or so in the pleasing task of making the acquaintance of my own family, which your service had prevented my accomplishing for twenty-five years before and of resuming some slight connection with the profession which your service had also divorced me from for a very long period. There were ties enough, then, of relationship and friendship, business and affairs, minor, but still important duties, to make me feel in every nerve and fibre the loss involved in acceptance; but I deny, for the reasons I have already given, that there existed that prior tie of political duty which has been invented by my critics, and I did not hesitate. Why? Because I thought that next to that supreme duty came my public duty to the country of my origin, and to the empire of which I was a humble citizen. (Cheers.) I believed that the election was

A CRITICAL ONE.

I invite all friends to take care that the cause suffers no damage from any incautiousness on our part. I respected the judgment of the Irish leaders who called me; I did not choose upon my own unaided judgment to overrule it, and I believed that in some aspect, at any rate, my knowledge and experience in the practical working of Home Rule would enable me to give some help in instructing and expounding a scheme of Home Rule. I had a deep love of and sympathy for the Irish race and an honest pride in the empire to which I belong, and I believed from my soul that Home Rule was essential to the well-being of both. (Continued applause.) Some have professed to read my mind and attributed to me as motives expectations of a lead in the Irish party, of a place in Mr. Gladstone's Government, or of a judgeship or some particular honor. I might, I think, pretty safely appeal to my public career amongst you as the best evidence that I have never wished either lead or office, or honors. (Loud and continued cheering.) I have renounced them as often as I could. I have accepted them as seldom as I could and have resigned them as soon as I could. (Laughter and applause.)

But the idea of stepping into the Irish lead over the heads of able and devoted men, familiar with the ground, who had fought the battles and suffered the loss and all won the victory, is too preposterous for serious discussion. The idea of political office is even more absurd. The very foundation of that Irish party which I was asked to join was absolute independence, until home rule should be won, of all English political parties and refusal of all political office. (Hear, hear.) Judicial office was equally absurd for I was not even a member of the bar. None of these things were attainable by me if I had desired them; nor were they desired had they been attainable. It was too late for me to open a new career in such a sphere. I might indeed lose. I was certainly risking an acquired reputation of which I thought I had some right to be proud, but I could not hope at my time of life, and under those circumstances, to gain a new one. And had all these things been otherwise with me?

MY TIES TO HOME AND COUNTRY were too numerous and too strong for me to dream of severance. I have enlisted, indeed, for a campaign, but its most joyful day for me will be that which releases me to return to my own fireside. But there was, I will admit, a feeling which animated me which I have not yet stated. I make no profession, God forbid that I should, to be in any sense the delegate or representative of any Canadian interest or party, even of any single man, still less of this great country. I claim to have no title to speak in your name or on your behalf abroad, but I did think and hope that I was going to help to further a cause dear to the hearts of the great body of the Canadian people—a cause which had stirred their noblest feelings and which it would be pleasing to them that one of their own sons should, however slightly, promote. And now, forsooth, because you have been good enough to greet me on my return amongst you for a few weeks and to express your favor for home rule, I am told that I have done wrong in accepting this kindness at your hands and that I am responsible for bringing strife and division among

THE COUNTER DEMONSTRATION.

I am told that Canada has nothing to do with home rule; that Canada does not in truth, favor home rule; that I am connected with a disgraced and failing cause; that some counter demonstration must be held at once to wipe out the stain of this reception and to signify to Britain the true opinion of Toronto and of Canada as to home rule. Sir, I think we may afford to treat this action with great good humor. (Applause.) We may differ indeed as to its taste, but apart from the question of taste it is not of very much import, I know, as I have told you, that Canada is not literally unanimous for home rule. I know that in this great city, where certain elements are so strong, it is the easiest thing in the world to gather a meeting against it. I know that many members of the association to which I have referred, and some others are opposed to home rule, but this I also know, that the Liberal party is very unanimous in favor of home rule. (Applause)—that of the Conservative party a very large majority are in favor of it, that in all more than four out of every five Canadians, as I said before, are in favor of Home Rule. Now, I have not the least objection in the world to the meeting of the small minority against us; I have not the least objection in the world to their resolutions and expressing their views, but I respectfully decline to accept their verdict. (Cheers.) Why this distinction to ventilate this question here; why this crying out about strife and division? You know it is because the objectors know that they are but an insignificant fraction of our whole people, and they don't want the decision of the Canadian people freely given. Sir, I appeal unto Cesar: I invite friends of Home Rule of whatever creed or race or party to take care that next session of the Canadian Parliament, in the fourth house elected since the question became a burning one that House shall, like its predecessors, give an expression of the opinion of the Canadian people upon this question. (Cheers.) I appeal from the murmurs of the Auditorium to the voice of the nation. (Renewed cheering.)

ZEAL MUST NOT SLACK.

I invite all friends to take care that the cause suffers no damage from any incautiousness on our part. I respected the judgment of the Irish leaders who called me; I did not choose upon my own unaided judgment to overrule it, and I believed that in some aspect, at any rate, my knowledge and experience in the practical working of Home Rule would enable me to give some help in instructing and expounding a scheme of Home Rule. I had a deep love of and sympathy for the Irish race and an honest pride in the empire to which I belong, and I believed from my soul that Home Rule was essential to the well-being of both. (Continued applause.) Some have professed to read my mind and attributed to me as motives expectations of a lead in the Irish party, of a place in Mr. Gladstone's Government, or of a judgeship or some particular honor. I might, I think, pretty safely appeal to my public career amongst you as the best evidence that I have never wished either lead or office, or honors. (Loud and continued cheering.) I have renounced them as often as I could. I have accepted them as seldom as I could and have resigned them as soon as I could. (Laughter and applause.)

A VOICE—YOU HAVE GOT IT.

Mr. Blake—And I claim with confidence from you that great moral support which you can afford from renewed expression of sympathy by Canadian people through their representatives addressed to the situation as it stands to-day. Let not whispers or intrigues of a baffled and beaten minority be potent to check or hush the voice of the nation, but speak your mind with freedom. I appeal to my old political friends to co-operate as need may lead them to co-operate with my old political opponents, and to see that Canada accepts again with a quiet and determined voice, as she spoke in the days gone by. (Hear, hear.)

THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

These are days of public opinion and moral force. Do not underestimate your power; do not neglect your solemn duty. So much I have said to my fellow-countrymen, to all creeds and races. To my fellow-countrymen of the Irish race I have to make a further appeal. While they and I ask for sympathy and moral support of all, we do not choose to beg of those of other races that material aid which we may freely claim from our own people. And you who are my fellow-countrymen in the sense in which I speak, you of the Irish race, to which I belong, will readily see that the consequences of the schism, including the detention of the large Paris fund, and the injurious effects at home and abroad, have greatly impaired the resources of the national federation. The demands on it for evicted tenants, pending inquiry into their cases, and the legislative action which we expect next session; the demands upon it for elections and protests, for organization and maintenance are heavy and urgent. I fear that the Irish crops are

not so favorable or promising as they were a few weeks ago. The prices of cattle and sheep are desperately low, and this will affect the capacity of Ireland herself to help, as she helped according to her power in times gone by. Other sources of supply formerly available are not available now. I ask

not only those in this gathering, but all those to whom my words may go through the press, the Irish race through Canada, to recognize this emergency, to remember that our struggle may still be protracted for two or three years, and help the cause. I am giving to the cause those two or three years of my life, and I may fairly ask you to give what you can. I should but ill discharge the duty which your kindness imposed upon me if I did not say a few words as to some of the objects and characteristics of the great measure we advocate. It is em-

phatically called the legislative body of Ireland, or the consent of the corporation interested, the rights, property or privileges of any existing corporation incorporated by royal charter or local and general act of Parliament." (Applause.)

Now, these provisions may be argued to be inadequate. Let us discuss the objections when they are taken, and make them adequate if they appear inadequate. (Hear, hear.) At any rate, they show the principle which is agreed to. Again, the Irish people have agreed and the bill provides that they shall have no power to deal locally with trade, commerce or navigation, with customs or excise, with army, navy or militia, with peace, war, or foreign relations with the colonies and India, or with any other common and Imperial concerns. For all these, which are the true elements of union between Great Britain and Ireland, the union continues, and a common Parliament and executive will act still. (Hear, hear.) All they claim is the local management of their local affairs. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Doubtless, Mr. Chairman, these affairs will be managed on popular principles. Doubtless the present centralized and autocratic system, under which important county business is done by sheriffs and grand juries, chosen, not by the people and by Castle authorities, will be modified—hear, hear—the people will gain control of their own concerns. Doubtless there will be, but doubtless there ought to be a change in this direction, and this, though naturally not agreeable to the present ruling Ministry in these concerns, seems just to us. (Hear, hear, and applause.) We would not tolerate in Canada for 24 hours the condition that obtains in this regard in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) They say there will be oppression. How? By whom? In what? There have been oppression and ascendancy, and those who now express these fears were the supporters of that system. (Hear, hear and applause.) But I have shown you that in the points dreaded precautions are taken, and I ask that we should be shown any tangible, reasonable ground of apprehension, and I for one am prepared to make the effort to meet it. But the bottom of it all is this, and it is not unnatural—it is the lower side of human nature, but it is human nature.

THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.

is the reluctance of a minority to allow the majority to rule. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I am not for a divided Ireland for local concerns. I am not for that, more in the interest of the Protestants than the Roman Catholics, if I am to make a distinction, I am not for it in the common interest. I am convinced that the true interests of Ireland, and of each of the classes, creeds, races, so to speak, which there exist, will best be served by the common local concerns of that country being administered by a common Parliament and a common executive. (Hear, hear.) In truth, I am bound to say that although northeast Ulster speaks loud and strong, although she expresses her apprehensions with great freedom and force, she does ask for separation from the rest of Ireland. It would be a cowardly thing to do it, because if there were reality in the local apprehensions, if Ulster were likely really to suffer, if strong northeast Ulster, with its popular power, with its national power, were likely to suffer, what would become of the scattered and small minorities of Protestants through the rest of Ireland? (Hear, hear.) For shame sake they could not, if they would, ask to be separated. But they say: "We who are so strong, who can manage our own affairs, who control Belfast and the neighboring municipalities—and who manage them according to the well-understood principles of Protestant ascendancy—we are so afraid that we will be treated pretty much as we used to treat the others (cheers and laughter)—that there must be no Home Rule for Ireland at all." Now I maintain that these apprehensions are wholly imaginary. (Hear, hear.) I hold it to be important under any circumstances and most important having regard to these allegations, that we should give, as your address suggests we should give, all the guarantees, securities and restraints against injustice that can be reasonably devised. But removing the question of religion from the political arena, as we can do, as the bill proposes to do, I want to know what it is in respect of which opposition is to come in. I want to know what it is in respect of injustice to be done. I want to know how Protestant as distinguished from Catholic is to be injured. And I want to know whether it is reasonable that the men who declare that they to day constitute the majority of the people, and that they have wealth and intelligence and education and material power of the country in their hands, should be so very much afraid because what they declare to be so very small a numerical majority happen to be of another creed in the proposed common Parliament. That is the whole of it. I want to know whether our history and the history of other countries, with our notions of such matters, in these modern days, gives any reasonable color of truth to these apprehensions. My own opinion, which I have expressed in Ireland and in England, is that if they will but come in—I repeat the phrase which has been commented on—instead of being the oppressed, the Protestants will be the spoiled children of Ireland. (Loud cheers.) I shall not enter into any contrast, into which I might enter, as to the tolerance and liberality exhibited by the adherents of the two creeds in Ireland, in those matters in

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(2) IMPOSING ANY DISABILITY, OR CONFERRING ANY PRIVILEGE, ON ACCOUNT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, OR

(3) ABROGATING, OR DEROGATING FROM THE RIGHT TO ESTABLISH OR MAINTAIN ANY PLACE OF DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION OR ANY DENOMINATIONAL INSTITUTION OR CHARITY, OR

(4) PREJUDICIALLY AFFECTING THE RIGHT OF ANY CHILD TO ATTEND A SCHOOL RECEIVING PUBLIC MONEY WITHOUT ATTENDING THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AT THAT SCHOOL, OR

(5) IMPAIRING, WITHOUT EITHER THE LEAVE OF HER MAJESTY IN COUNCIL FIRST OBTAINED ON AN ADDRESS PRESENTED BY

A Withered Rose.
Among the cross-crowded mansions, where
Each house has its own life, a poor,
For peace (all peace excelling);
Through streets, whose solemn quietness,
A sad, mysterious charm possesses.—
We read and say—“It is well.”

Thou dost sit by thy door,
To bid us “welcome,” as of old;
But left us kneeling, lonely—
To read thy name,—and mute request,
“Please for an eternal rest”—only.

Then for my happy day, dear sake,
One we have lost for me did break
A Rose from thy bosom;
From out the wealth of plant and bloom,
With which his love had decked thy tomb,

A sweet and fragrant blossom.

Then for my happy day, dear sake,
But it is not, nor fades away;
Like my sweet perfumes fleeting;
But in a more enduring Home.

Where death and pain cannot come,
With whom their happler meeting.

Then, my dear soul, from where thou art,
Enclosed within our Jesus’ Heart,
With fervor unabated.

For us, who gaze with wistful eyes
On earth, and wait the joyful day;

In hope, and patience, waiting!

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

As we hear these familiar words, my brethren, some of us will perhaps be inclined to say, or at least to think, that this matter of humility is just a little threadbare, so to speak; but we have already heard pretty much all that can be said about it. I dare say this is true; but when a thing is very important, it has to be spoken of quite often. And humility is very important; after the love of God and of our neighbor, there is nothing more so. In fact, the difficulties in the way of loving God and our neighbor as we should, come, we may say, entirely from our inordinate love of ourselves; and this inordinate love of ourselves generally takes the shape either of pride or sensuality. In other words, pride and sensuality are the two greatest causes of our sins; what wonder, then, that our Lord should warn us so frequently about them?

And the very fact that we think we heard enough about humility shows that we are not so humble as we ought to be. If we think that we are well up in this matter, it is a good sign that we are not. Many people will say, especially when they are on their knees, “Oh! I am a miserable sinner; I am everything that is bad”; but when they get up from their knees, and look around them, you will find that they think themselves in point of fact pretty nearly as good as anybody else, and, perhaps, on the whole, rather better than most people whom they know.

It is not, however, after all, about the matter of goodness that pride is most sensitive. Most Christians, unfortunately, do not try very hard to be saints, and are not very much tempted to be proud of their achievements in that direction. But almost every one considers himself tolerably well gifted in the matter of natural common sense; he thinks his brains about as good as any one else’s, though he may hardly admit that he has not had so great advantages as another, or, in other words, that he is “no scholar.” So, to be thought or called a natural-born fool is a very hard trial for any one’s humility; almost all of us, I am afraid, would rather be called a rascal. To be considered bad-looking, that again is a great mortification to some people; or to have one’s birth and family despised, to be thought low and vulgar, how many can you find that will put up with that? That is the real reason why you so often hear some one find fault with somebody else for being “stuck up”; it is that when he or she is stuck up I am stuck down.

You notice, my brethren, that this matter of pride is mostly comparative, as I may say. We should not mind other people being stuck up, if we could only be stuck up too. And it is just there on this tender point that the parable of our Lord in to-day’s gospel touches. He says: “When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest, perhaps, one more honorable than thou be invited.” This is where the shoe pinches, this admitting that some one else is more honorable than we are; especially in this country, where every one shakes hands with the President, and all are made, as far as possible, equal. Still, we can manage to admit that there are some who are better entitled to the first place than ourselves; indeed, we cannot help that. But our Lord would have us go farther than this. He says: “Sit down in the lowest place.”

That is the great lesson of humility that is so hard for us to learn. Not to say, “I am a miserable sinner; I am blind, weak, and fallible.” Oh! yes, we can say that easily, because we feel that everybody else ought to say it of himself, and probably will say it. But to be ready to acknowledge, especially if the general opinion goes that way, that we are inferior to anybody else, whoever it may be that we may be compared with; to take this for granted, and not be surprised if others agree with us, this is that true humility which is exalted, not by being put in a place where it can be able to crow over others and thus be turned into pride, but by being granted the exaltation of being brought nearer to God.

“Tired all the Time.”

Is the complaint of many individuals, who know not where to find relief. Hood’s Saraparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave; it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood’s Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpority, to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

VARIETY IN DEVOTIONS.

Intense and Simple—Do Catholics Give Them Proper Head?

A convert is very apt to be deeply impressed by the abundance of devotions in the Church, as contrasted with the meagreness of devotion in those bodies which have separated from her. He is hungry for this abundance. His eyes are keen and eager for the loveliness which he has so long missed knowing.

In other organizations that bear the name of Churches there is generally a fixed and simple form of proceeding. This consists either of a definite ritual mainly borrowed from the Holy Catholic Church, as in the case of the Episcopalian; or of Bible reading (also borrowed from the Catholic Church), accompanied by informal comments by the reader; a sermon, a prayer spoken by the preacher just as it happens to occur to him, and some hymns (many of which are also borrowed from the Catholic Church). There is nothing supernatural in the service; no acknowledged presence of God upon the altar; and usually there is not even an altar. Yet even in these organizations the need of approaching God by every avenue of speech and thought is perceived to some extent. They have prayer-meetings in which men and women offer prayers aloud, according to their ability and in their own words, on the spur of the moment. Yet these same men and women who, in a crude and untrained sort of way, are trying to add richness and variety to the form of their worship, sometimes cry out against the richness and variety of Catholic ritual and prayer.

To my thinking, there can be nothing better fitted to lift the soul to God than the prayers and devotions of the Holy Church; and their infinite variety, beauty and gentleness are marks of their fitness. Take the collects and the “secrets,” changing with every day; Sunday’s festival occasions for rejoicing, or of sorrowing remembrance or adoration. It may not be practicable to follow all these in the Mass; but one can easily look them up in an English missal beforehand or afterwards, and reflect upon them with profit. For instance, one of those for Good Friday, referring to the punishment of Judas and the reward of the good thief on the cross: “Grant us the effect of thy clemency, that as our Lord Jesus Christ, in His passion, gave to each a different retribution, so He would deliver us from our old sins and grant us the grace of His resurrection.” Or, in contrast, the glad note of Easter: “Grant, we beseech Thee O Almighty God, that we who have celebrated the paschal festival may deserve by it to arrive at eternal joys.”

And then again the collect for Pentecost: “O God who on this day didst instruct the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit, grant us in the same spirit to relish what is right, and ever to rejoice in His consolation.”

Simple though the wording of most of these petitions is, they will be found to grow in depth and luminous power, the more they are studied and repeated. It is amazing to see how infinite grace can be compressed into so small a space; and yet it is quite natural when we remember the divine aid which has enabled the Church to mould these forms of utterance. Exalted, yet breathing the very soul of humility, such prayers are plain enough for a child to understand; yet they contain material which the life-long reflection of a mature man cannot exhaust. So, too, with the continual changes in parts of the preface, to suit the seasons of the Christian year, or to commemorate saints and martyrs and all great feasts; rising to a climax in the magnificent yet restrained preface for Trinity Sunday.

It is as though in these delicate, yet deep variations, eternal victory—the white light of truth—showed itself in every possible gradation of color; as flowers disclose to us the innumerable separate tints that may be derived from sunlight. The same law of beauty holds good in special devotions to Mary and to Joseph and other saints. It is necessary to dwell upon them here. I am led to write a few words on the subject, only because there are some Catholics who, though born and bred in the faith, have somehow taken to the idea that special devotions to the saints and a variety of such devotions are not quite necessary; that they are to be tolerated, but not especially encouraged. Now it may be confessed that in the minds of some converts, also, this notion lingers, up to the moment of their reception and even after. But it does not take long for them to perceive their mistake. A devout and most useful member of the Society of Jesus, once a Protestant, told me that, even at the time of his conversion, two forms of devotion were repugnant to him; but he accepted them because they were approved and taught by the Church. Those forms were the devotion to Our Lady and that for souls in Purgatory. To-day those are the two devotions which appeal to him, to enlist his prayers most strongly. A cultivated woman, a wife and mother, lately received into the true Catholic communion, was so antagonistic to the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin that for a time they formed an obstacle in her way. But, immediately after she had accepted the faith, she offered her gratitude to the Blessed Virgin as the chief instrument in bringing her into the fold.

Well, miracles will never cease. They are going on around us every day. And one of the greatest among them is the miracle of varied prayer and devotion. The more we use intellect and thought in our supplications, the more acceptable they will be to

God, so long as we do not thereby lose our humility. But it seems to me certain—from observation and experience—that the more we use our intelligence the more highly we shall value special devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and to the saints. These, also, may be just as well understood and as well employed by persons who make no pretension to intellectual accomplishment. For such devotions are the simple and perfect flower of faith, which contains all its essence and its perfume, and cannot be produced artificially.

It is one thing to dig into the grounds and examine the roots of faith. It is quite another and a higher thing to keep alive its perfect flower in our hearts, and to lay that flower on the altar as a pure offering.

Natural science delights in a country that contains the richest flora. Wealth of flowers reveals in greater measure the wonders of creation, the marvellous powers of God. The prayers and devotions of the Holy Catholic Church are a field of flowers unsurpassed in richness, amid which we may walk happy all our days.

George Parsons Lathrop in *Catholic School and Home Magazine*.

Prize Fighting and Fighters.

Prize fighting belongs to a degraded class; the greater number of those who have traveled hundreds or thousands of miles to witness the three contests at New Orleans being to—speaking most charitably of them—a doubtful lot. Aldermen suspected or convicted of brawling, race track men, variety showmen, and a few youths more ardent in admiration of muscle than of brain, formed the lesser and better part of the crowd that flocked from all parts of the world to the Crescent City. The worse—and the larger—part of the crowd was made up of thugs, confidence men, gambling-house keepers, owners of saloons with attachments in which viler luxuries than liquors can be had.

But it would be untruthful to say that the interest in the fight, and especially in the fight which has resulted in the ejection of John L. Sullivan from the champion’s place of honor, was confined to the vicious, or even the disreputable classes. The great newspapers of America would not have printed columns upon columns of news concerning the progress of the men while in training, concerning every incident of their travel to the place of battle, and to each detail of the battle itself, had they not known that a constituency which counts into the tens of millions was anxious to read them. There is something of the savage left in the most civilized of men. The story of strength always thrills. Good men very good men, deacons no doubt, and parents most likely, have read all that the newspapers printed concerning the great fight.

The story has its moral. “Who will pray for Logan now?” What is left for Sullivan?

“But yesterday an armed king,
Armed with kings to strive,
To day that most despised thing,
A king dethroned dethrone!”

In England the deposed monarchs of the prize ring generally become keepers of public houses. The American substitute of the public house is the saloon; a saloon is a place where drinks are swallowed rapidly; a public house is a place where drinks are imbibed slowly. The prize fighter of either country—and the prize fighter hardly exists outside of the British Empire and the American Republic—almost invariably is a man who drinks a great deal when he is not in training, or undergoes enforced abstinence while he is in training. Sullivan has been no exception to the rule. To such a man as he the passage from the bar to the grave is short. But for what other business than that of saloon keeping is he fit? His days as an actor are numbered. The prestige of the world’s champion no longer is his. The skill of an actor never was his. Curiosity no longer will draw crowds to the theaters at which he appears. No one is curious to see a beaten man.

From first to last, Sullivan has won hundreds of thousands of dollars in prize money or in receipts of exhibition in which he was the chief attraction. It is not believed that he has saved a penny. Moreover, he has been arrogant in the long hours of his prosperity, and has made few warm friendships. What is the moral of it? “Sin is the transgression of the law.” “The wages of sin is death.” The law of nature is that man shall earn his bread by work that benefits mankind. Sullivan has violated this law, his work has not benefited mankind. The sad wages of such work as his are likely to be paid to him without stint. Nature always pays every cent that she owes.

—Chicago *New World*.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.
Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Choulin, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

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—Chicago *New World*.

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Have just received a direct importation of the Choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be

SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES.

They hold a certificate, attesting its purity, from Rev. Emmanuel Olea, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Taragona. The rev. Olea is respectively invited to send for sample.

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Finest Class of Glass—Rolls, Biscuit, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Boiled Eggs, etc., etc.

D. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes tested. Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4.

COOK’S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

THE COOK’S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

COOK’S FRIEND

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COOK’S FRIEND

Her Happy Hour.

When the busy day is over,
And the twilight folds the flower,
O! how happy are the children.
For you know, the grandma's hour.

How the feet now gently patter
To the room they love the best!
Grandma's there, her beads reciting,
With a story, in their West.

How her face now beams with pleasure!
As she grasps the darlings all;
Then she gives them all around her,
And a story, is their call.

O! how swiftly pass the moments,
Time to say good-night is here;
Grandma's kiss and "May God bless you,"
To the children are most dear.

When sweet childhood hours are over,
"And the twilight folds the flower,"
Off in memory all united,
They'll be spending grandma's hour.

Catholic Youth.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

For a moment, madame debated on what was best to be done; then, finding herself equal to the emergency, she gently laid the unconscious woman on the bed, unfastened her dress, and slowly and softly removed her clothing. Although madame was lame, she was very strong, and in a few moments the sufferer was resting between the clean, cool sheets, while her child clung to her cold hands and sobbed piteously.

"Don't cry, my little dear, don't cry. Help me to bathe your mama's face; help me like a good child, and she'll be better soon, now she's comfortable and can rest."

With the thought that she could be of some assistance, Lady Jane struggled bravely to swallow her sobs, took off her hat with womanly gravity, and prepared herself to assist as nurse.

"Here's smelling salts, and cologne-water," she said, opening her mother's bag. "Mama likes this; let me wet her handkerchief."

Madame Jozain, watching the child's movements, caught a glimpse of the silver fittings of the bag, and of a bulging pocketbook within it, and, while the little girl was hanging over her mother, she quietly removed the valuables to the drawer of her armoire, which she locked, and put the key in her bosom.

"I must keep these things away from Raste," she said to herself; "he's so thoughtless and impulsive, he might take them without considering the consequences."

For some time madame bent over the stranger, using every remedy she knew to restore her to consciousness, while the child assisted her with thoughtfulness and self-control, really surprising in one of her age. Sometimes her hot tears fell on her mother's white face, but no sob or cry escaped her little quivering lips, while she bathed the pale forehead, smoothed the beautiful hair, and rubbed the soft, cold hands.

At length, with a shiver and a convulsive groan, the mother partly opened her eyes, but there was no recognition in their dull gaze.

"Mama, dear, dear mama, are you better?" implored the child, as she hung over her and kissed her passionately.

"You see she's opened her eyes, so she must be better; but she's sleepy," said madame gently. "Now, my little dear, all she needs is rest, and you mustn't disturb her. You must be very quiet, and let her sleep. Here's some nice, fresh milk the milkman has just brought. Won't you eat some rice and milk, and then let me take off your clothes, and bathe you, and you can slip on your little nightgown that's in your mother's bag; and then you can lie down beside her and sleep till morning, and in the morning you'll both be well and nicely rested."

Lady Jane agreed to madame's arrangements with perfect docility, but she would not leave her mother, who had fallen into a heavy stupor, and appeared to be resting comfortably.

"If you'll please to let me sit by the bed close to mama and eat the rice and milk, I'll take it, for I'm very hungry."

"Certainly my dear; you can sit there and hold her hand all the time; I'll put your supper on this little table close by you."

And lady Jane bustled about, apparently overflowing with kindly attentions. She watched the child eat the rice and milk, smiling benevolently the while; then she bathed her, and put on the fine little nightgown, braided the thick silken hair, and was about to lift her up beside her mother, when Lady Jane exclaimed in a shocked voice:

"You musn't put me to bed yet; I haven't said my prayers." Her large eyes were full of solemn reproach as she slipped from madame's arms down to the side of the bed. "Mama can't hear them, because she's asleep, but God can, for He never sleeps." Then she repeated the touching little formula that all pious mothers teach their children, adding fervently several times, "and please make dear mama well, so that we can leave this place early tomorrow morning."

Madame smiled grimly at the last clause of the petition, and a great many curious thoughts whirled through her brain.

As the child rose from her knees her eyes fell on the basket containing the blue heron, which stood quite neglected, just where she placed it when her mother fainted.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, springing toward it. "Why, I forgot it! My Tony, my dear Tony!"

"What is it?" asked madame, starting back in surprise at the rustling

sound within the basket. "Why, it's something alive!"

"Yes, it's alive," said Lady Jane, with a faint smile. "It's bird, a blue heron. Such a nice boy gave it to me on the cars."

"Ah," ejaculated madame, "a boy gave it to you; some one you knew?"

"No, I never saw him before."

"Don't you know his name?"

"That's funny," and the child laughed softly to herself. "No, I don't know his name. I never thought to ask; besides he was a stranger, and it wouldn't have been polite, you know."

"No, it wouldn't have been polite," repeated madame. "But what are you going to do with this long-legged thing?"

"It's not a thing. It's a blue heron, and they're very rare," returned the child stoutly.

She had untied the cover and taken the bird out of the basket, and now stood in her nightgown and little bare feet, holding it in her arms, and stroking the feathers softly, while she glanced every moment toward the bed.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with him to-night. I know he's hungry and thirsty, and I'm afraid to let him out for fear he'll get away;" and she raised her little anxious face to madame inquiringly, for she felt overburdened with her numerous responsibilities.

"Oh, I know what we'll do with him," said madame, alertly—she was prepared for every emergency. "I've a fine large cage. It was my parrot's cage; he was too clever to live, so he died a while ago, and his empty cage is hanging in the kitchen. I'll get it, and you can put your bird in it for to-night, and we'll feed him and give him water; he'll be quite safe, so you needn't worry about him."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Jane, with more politeness than warmth. "My mama will thank you, too, when she wakes."

After seeing Tony safely put in the cage, with a saucer of rice for his supper, and a cup of water to wash it down, Lady Jane climbed up on the bed, and not daring to kiss her mother good-night lest she might disturb her, she nestled close to her. Worn out with fatigue, she was soon sleeping soundly and peacefully.

For some time Madame Jozain sat by the bed, watching the sick stranger, and wondering who she was, and whether her sudden illness was likely to be long and serious. "If I could keep her here, and nurse her," she thought, "no doubt she would pay me well. I'd rather nurse than do lace; and if she's very bad she'd better not be moved. I'd take good care of her, and make her comfortable! and if she's no friends about here to look after her, she'd better off with me than in the hospital. Yes, it would be cruel to send her to the hospital. Ladies don't like to go there. It looks to me as if she's going to have a fever," and madame laid her fingers on the burning hand and fluttering pulse of the sleeper. "This isn't healthy, natural sleep. I've nursed too many with fever, not to know. I doubt if she'll come to her senses again. If she doesn't no one will ever know who she is, and I may as well have the benefit of nursing her as any one else."

"But has she got anything worth having? Enough to pay you for your trouble and expense?" he asked. Then he whistled softly, and added, "Oh, mum, you're a deep one, but I see through you."

"I don't know what you mean, boy," said madame, indignantly. "Of course, if I nurse the woman, and give up my bed to her, I expect to be paid. I hate to send her to the hospital, and I don't know her name, nor the name of her friends. So what can I do?"

"Do just what you've planned to do, mum. Go right ahead, but be careful and cover up your tracks. Do you understand?"

Madame made no reply to this disinterested piece of advice, but sat silently thinking for some time. At last she said in a persuasive tone,

"Didn't you bring some money from the levee? I've had no supper, and I intend to sit up all night with that poor woman. Can't you go to Joubert's and get me some bread and cheese?"

"Money, money—look here!" and the young scapgegrace pulled out a handful of silver. "That's what I've brought."

An hour later madame and Raste sat in the kitchen, chattering over their supper in the most friendly way; while the sick woman and the child still slept profoundly in the small front room.

CHAPTER V.

rollicking song. So she got up, and huddled toward him, for he feared he might waken the sleepers. He was a great, overgrown, red-faced, black-eyed fellow, coarse and strong, with a loud, dashing kind of beauty, and he was very observing, and very shrewd.

She often said he had all his father's cunning and penetration, therefore she must disguise her plans carefully.

"Hello, mum," he said, as he saw her limping toward him, her manner eager, her face rather pale and excited;

"What's up now?" It was unusual for her to meet him in that way.

"Hush, hush, Raste. Don't make a noise. Such a strange thing has happened since you went out!" said madame, in a low voice. "Sit down here on the steps, and I'll tell you."

Then briefly, and without much show of interest, she told him of the arrival of the strangers; and of the young woman's sudden illness.

"And they're in there asleep," he said, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the room. "That's a fine thing for you to do—to saddle yourself with a sick woman and a child."

"What could I do?" asked madame indignantly. "You wouldn't have me turn a fainting woman into the street? It won't cost anything for her to sleep in my bed to-night."

"What is she like? Is she one of the poor sort? Did you look over her traps? Has she got any money?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, Raste, Raste; as if I searched her pockets! She's got a fine watch and chain, and when I opened her bag to get the child's nightgown, I saw that it was fitted up with silver."

"What luck!" exclaimed Raste brightly. "Then she's a swell, and to-morrow when she goes away she'll give you as much as a fiver."

"I don't believe she'll be able to go to-morrow. I think she's down for a long sickness. If she's no better in the morning, I want you to cross and find Dr. Debrot."

"Old Debrot? That's fun! Why, he's no good—he'll kill her."

"Nonsense; you know he's one of the best doctors in the city."

"Sometimes, yes. But you can't keep the woman here, if she's sick; you'll have to send her to the hospital. And you didn't find out her name, nor where she belongs? Suppose she dies on your hands? What then?"

"If I take care of her and she dies, I can't help it; and I may as well have her things as any one else."

"But has she got anything worth having? Enough to pay you for your trouble and expense?" he asked.

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CHAPTER V.

LAST DAYS AT GRETTNA.

The next morning, Madame Jozain sent Raste across the river for Dr. Debrot, for the sick woman still lay in a heavy stupor, her dull eyes partly closed, her lips parched and dry, and the crimson flush of fever burning on cheek and brow.

Before Raste went, Madame Jozain took the travelling bag out of the kitchen, and together they examined its contents. There were the two baggage-checks, the tickets and money, besides the usual articles of clothing, and odds and ends; but there was no letter, nor card, nor name, except the monogram, J. C., on the silver fittings, to assist in establishing the stranger's identity.

"Hadn't I better take these?" said Raste, slipping the baggage-checks into his pocket, "and have her bag sent over?" When she comes to, you can tell her that she and the young one needed clothes, and you thought it best to get them. You can make that all right when she gets well," and Raste smiled knowingly at madame, whose face wore an expression of grave solicitude as she said:

"Hurry, my son, and bring the doctor back with you. I'm so anxious about the poor thing, and I dread to have the child wake and find her mother no better."

When Dr. Debrot entered Madame Jozain's front room, his head was not as clear as it ought to have been, and he did not observe anything peculiar in the situation. He had known Madame, more or less, for a number of years, and he might be considered one of the friends who thought well of her. Therefore, he never suspected that the young

woman lying there in a stupor was any other than the relative from Texas

madame represented her to be. And she was very ill, of that there could be no doubt; so ill as to awaken all the doctor's long dormant professional ambition. There were new features in the case; the fever was peculiar. It might have been produced by certain conditions and localities. It might be contagious, it might not be, he could not say; but of one thing he was certain, there would be no protracted struggle, the crisis would arrive very soon. She would either be better or beyond help in a few days, and it was more than likely that she would never recover consciousness. He would do all he could to save her, and he knew Madame Jozain was an excellent nurse; she had nursed with him through an epidemic. The invalid could not be in better hands. Then he wrote a prescription, and while he was giving madame some general directions, he patted kindly the golden head of the lovely child, who leaned over the bed with her large, solemn eyes fixed on her mother's face, while her little hands caressed the tangled hair and burning cheeks.

"Her child?" he asked, looking sadly at the little creature.

"Yes, the only one. She takes it hard. I really don't know what to do with her."

"Poor lamb, poor lamb!" he muttered, as madame hurried him to the door.

Shortly after the doctor left, there was a little ripple of excitement, which entered even into the sick-room—the sound of wheels, and Raste giving orders in a subdued voice, while two large, handsome trunks were brought in and placed in the corner of the back apartment. These two immense boxes looked strangely out of place amid their humble surroundings; and when madame looked at them she almost trembled, thinking of the difficulty of getting rid of such witnesses should a day of reckoning ever come. When the little green door closed on them, it seemed as if the small house had swallowed up every trace of the mother and child, and that their identity was lost forever.

For several days the doctor continued his visits, in a more or less lucid condition, and every day he departed with a more dejected expression on his haggard face. He saw almost from the first that the case was hopeless; and his heart (for he still had one) ached for the child, whose wide eyes seemed to haunt him with their intense misery. Every day he saw her sitting by her mother's side, pale and quiet, with such a painful look of age on her little face, such repressed suffering in every line and expression as she watched him for some gleam of hope, that the thought of it tortured him and forced him to affect a cheerfulness and confidence which he did not feel. But in spite of every effort to deceive her, she was not comforted. She seemed to see deeper than the surface. Her mother had never recognized her, never spoken to her, since that dreadful night, and, in one respect, she seemed already dead to her. Sometimes she seemed unable to control herself, and would break out into sharp, passionate cries, and implore her mother, with kisses and caresses, to speak to her—to her darling, her baby. "Wake up, mama, wake up! It's Lady Jane! It's darling! Oh, mama, wake up and speak to me!" she would cry almost fiercely.

Then, when madame would tell her that she must be quiet, or her mother would never get well, it was touching to witness her efforts at self-control. She would sit for hours silent and passive, with her mother's hand clasped in hers, and her lips pressed to the feeble fingers that had no power to return her tender caress.

Whatever was good in Madame Jozain showed itself in compassion for the suffering little one, and no one could have been more faithful than she in her care of both the mother and child; she felt such pity for them, that she soon began to think she was acting in a noble and disinterested spirit by keeping them with her, and nursing the unfortunate mother so faithfully. She even began to identify herself with them; they were hers by virtue of their friendlessness; they belonged to no one else, therefore to her. In her self-satisfaction, she imagined that she was not influenced by any unworthy motive in her treatment of them.

One day, only a little more than a week after the arrival of the strangers, a modest funeral wended its way through the narrow streets of Gretna toward the ferry, and the passers stopped to stare at Adraste Jozain, dressed in her best suit, sitting with much dignity beside Dr. Debrot in the only carriage that followed the hearse.

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C. M. B. A.

Official Recognition.
Brookly, Sept. 13, 1892.

To This, Coffey, Esq., Proprietor of the Catholic Record, London:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—By authority vested in me per resolution of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, I have the honor to inform the CATHOLIC RECORD, of London, Ont., an official organ of said association in the jurisdiction of said council, for the term of two years, or until said appointment is cancelled by me, or by my successor in office, or by said Grand Council.

Witness my hand and seal this thirteenth day of September, 1892.

O. K. FRASER,
Grand President.

Officers of the Canada Grand Council.

Archbishop Walsh, Toronto, Grand Spiritual Adviser.

John A. MacCabe, LL.D., Ottawa, Chancellor.

O. K. Fraser, Brockville, Grand President.

George Landry, Dorchester, N. B., First Vice-President.

M. F. Hackett, M. P. P., Stanstead, Que., Second Vice-President.

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Committee on Finance and Mileage—John R. Hamilton; J. E. Morrison, Quebec.

Representatives to Supreme Council—D. J. O'Connor, Stratford; R. J. Dowdall, Almonte; Judge Rioux, Sherbrooke, One.

Supervising Medical Examiner—E. Ryan, M.D., Kingston.

Guelph, Sept. 17, 1892.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 31, Guelph, the following resolution was adopted:

Moved by Brother E. O'Connor, seconded by Brother C. C. Collins.

Whereas our esteemed brother, Mr. M. J. Burns, has met with a sudden and unexpected accident, at Detroit, on the 23rd of Aug., last.

Resolved that the members of Branch No. 31 hereby express their heartfelt sympathy and condolence with Brother Burns, his wife and other members of the family, on account of the unfortunate casualty which deprived them of a loving and beloved son and brother.

Resolved also that this resolution be engrossed on the minutes of the branch and that copies be sent to the official Canadian organs of the C. M. B. A.

JAMES KENNEDY, Sec.

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW BRUNSWICK

To the Editor of the *Catholic Record*:

DEAR SIR—To men holding authority the most difficult duty, perhaps, which devolves upon them is to decide what men will be acceptable to the entire, or, at least, larger portion, of the community whose rights may be safeguarded or jeopardized by the one fortunate enough to receive the call to high and important responsibilities.

New Brunswickers, the question now most discussed is: Who will be our next Lieutenant Governor? The Canadian press generally has taken up the cudgels for one or the other of those whose names are mentioned in this connection.

Present amongst those who are regarded as likely winners in the struggle is Mr. K. F. Burns, M. P. for Gloucester County, Mr. Burns is a man in every way qualified for the position. His long parliamentary experience will give him a knowledge of the duties that fall to the lot of provincial governors; his business capabilities will provide him with prudence and a loyal support of the Conservative party and loyal support of that party. A Parliament, deserve reward when Mr. Burns should be without protest or hesitation, summoned to accept the important office of Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. We will believe that the Irish Catholic there have not been treated with fairness. So, very important public position is held by an Irishman; and the injustice of this will become apparent to us when we consider the position of the present Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, who would regard the appointment of Mr. Burns as a just, though tardy, acknowledgement of their rights.

This last contention finds its justification in the fact that Mr. Burns is a man who, in his judgment, deserves reward. He has never faltered in his loyalty, but lent his willing aid to extricate it from the meshes of troubous emergencies; and this in no blind spirit of partisanship, for he believed strongly that Canada's destiny could be most easily secured by the union of the two countries under the helm of the stateship. His consistent advocacy of party, must complete admiration, and should certainly merit recognition. In addition to this, if we turn our gaze to the West, in New Brunswick, we will discover that the Irish Catholic there have not been treated with fairness. So, very important public position is held by an Irishman; and the injustice of this will become apparent to us when we consider the position of the present Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, who would regard the appointment of Mr. Burns as a just, though tardy, acknowledgement of their rights.

In speaking thus the writer knows whereof he speaks. He is prompted by no blind attachment to the man whose cause he is upholding; the motive of his utterances is the welfare of a province that is dear to him. The writer, however, does not mean to disfavor the appointment of Mr. Burns, but to say the least, childish. The principal, and I might say sole, opposition to him is that he is what some are pleased to call a monopolist. Why is such an epithet attached to his name? For example, the *Advertiser* of Portland, Maine, says: "In 1874 the plan of building the Company railway from the junction of the I. C. R. near Bathurst, to Shippagan was first devised, but not until 1882 did it take any definite shape. In that year the present company was formed, and Mr. Burns as president. The share list was

opened, but speculators did not seem anxious to invest. Time went by, and still the funds for the completion of the road were not forthcoming, though ample opportunity had been given to all for becoming part contractors of the proposed road. In this interval, Mr. Burns, who approached him as a man of means. He had confidence that the scheme would be a success, and he had also the strong conviction that the building of the line would benefit his county. This latter consideration it is that has kept the scheme afloat, and given the substance that it had taken years of hard and anxious toil to acquire, in order that his fear of financial ruin might not stand in the way of the road's advancement." The building of the road was completed with much difficulty, and Mr. Burns was principal shareholder—not through choice, but through necessity. By means of that road the county has largely developed: knowledge of iron and steel has increased a hundred fold. The plans carefully considered in 1874, were realized, and the scheme was a success. The remains were consigned to their last resting-place in the cemetery. —*Almonte Gazette*.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Deady will be learned with deep regret by all friends in London and Seaforth. She was a sister of Dr. Wm. Hanover, formerly of this city.

MONSIGNOR ROONEY.

The Pope Confers upon the Vicar-General the Dignity of Prelate of the Papal Household.

Toronto Globe, Sept. 19.

Archbishop Walsh yesterday confirmed about 120 children at the 11 o'clock mass in St. Mary's Church. In the course of his sermon he remarked that parochioners of St. Mary's would no longer call their pastor by the familiar name of Father Rooney, that

there are those, no doubt, who will strive to obstruct his appointment, but they are guided by unmanly motives. Where interests are concerned these are the danger that seducers will forget, in their desire to see personal aims triumphant, the fact that right may, and does exist beyond the narrow circle in which they find themselves.

These are the trials of the federal Catholic to the best of his knowledge, and that he need be no less than the Pope's spiritual benefactor.

In view of the fact it seems to be the duty of our federal ministers to calmly consider the evidently just claims of Mr. Burns to the position of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

There are those, no doubt, who

will be greatly annoyed by the Pope's

action:

"To our well beloved son, Francis Patrick Rooney, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Toronto health and apostolic benediction:

"It is always pleasing to us to give special thanks to you for your frequent ecclesiastic actions who have distinguished themselves by virtue learning and zeal. Now, since we have the most weighty testimony of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto regarding the remarkable success with which you have discharged your duties as Vicar-General, we wish you to continue in the interests of His people, and shield them from the machinations of hidden tricks which wily politicians may endeavor to practise."

And such a Governor will Mr. K. F. Burns be.

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