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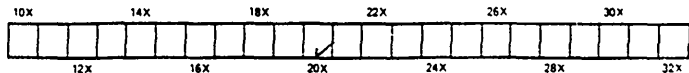
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OUR IRISH LETTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

DUBLIN, Oct. 23.—We have an art repository in Dublin exclusively devoted to church decoration: Bell's, of Suffolk street. Their collection of statues, pictures and altar ornaments, is simply an artist's dream of the classical loveliness of the place where God's glory dwelleth. I was in there yesterday with a friend who wanted to get some white and gold silk for vestments, and while she selected a pattern, I remained looking at a charming copy of Millais' "Angulus." With what a depth of soul the artist has endowed these two homely peasants, how vividly they stand out against the monotonous background of field and sky! You catch yourself studying first the man's face, then the woman's, and somehow you seem to learn the whole story of their simple lives—the story of cheerful toilers, content to take the world as they find it, and thank the good God it is no worse. The unconscious grace of their prayerful poses, the perfect faith which illumines their devotion, the fusion of purely human affection and divine worship which the whole picture suggests, give the keynote to their content. Sweetly will thou talk thy rest, if thy heart is touched by the thought I have seen on "Angulus" in a little Irish village that, although there was no woman in it, was quite as pathetic. Borsariokano is one of the most picturesque rural spots in north Tipperary. It lies in the valley of the river, a mile or two from the foot of the hills of Kinsalebeg, of which "Devil's Bit," Keener, to Kiltarron. Its long, wide street lies between the soft, greenest of meadows, through which the mill stream ripples, before it flings itself in mimic fury over the weir at the foot of the village above. One day in May as I stood in a friend's doorway, the mid-day Angulus ran out. It was an ideal May noontide. A sky all blue and gold, across which were wafted feathery white clouds like angel's wings; the level meadows, like a carpet of green, of Portland stone, the trees dipping their long arms into the river rejoiced in the loveliness of virgin foliage, the air was so still that between the chiming of the bell, one could hear the soft splash of running water under the bridge. At first I thought I was the only creature abroad in the street, but looking up towards the fair green, I saw a young policeman standing beside the village pump, his helmet lifted slightly off his head and his face turned in earnest prayer. He was a tall, thin, beardless youth fresh from the depot—a spot where none serve a probation to virtue or vice, just as much as to the ranks of the R.I.C. May we not hope that when a man pays such spontaneous homage to the Virgin Mother, his intention to God is pure and upright.

Some time ago I heard the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., give a lecture on the art of reading. He especially insisted on the significance that necessarily of each individual exercising his own discrimination when perusing the portentous utterances of the editorial "V." "This 'V,'" said Father Finlay, "does not stand for an inspired oracle, it is often sermons to me no infallible man, who would be considerably astonished could he perceive the effect created by his studied phraseology. Sometimes the most fiery articles are written by the mildest nuns." His words sent my creative mind wandering among the editors whom I have known. Foremost amongst them, as a personality most utterly at variance with the tone of his paper, comes Mr. John "Vino" Power, the editor of the Evening Herald. By no stretch of imagination could you realize his soft, low voice defining one of his own leaders. He is the most carefully dressed man on the staff, wears his tall hat tilted to the back of his head, and is never seen without a cigarette. Tall, well built, with a profusion of auburn beard and hair, framing a face that is good-natured almost to weakness, he receives you with a cordial handshake. Read his leaders, and you would say he must be a stern dictator. Against his genial offer of a cigar in his office, and see the half-smiling, half-nervous manner in which he keeps arranging his papers while chatting unaffectedly with you, now and again meeting your remarks with a half-questioning smile, and then to one as you wish him "good-by" you are telling yourself that such a kindly, amiable man could not possibly indite those scurrilous attacks on his countrymen who refuse to accept John Redmond as a leader. But his unassuming manner nor he possesses splendid ability. Before the split he was chief leader-writer on the Freeman. To this day his words can hit as straight home as ever when his pen is not hampered by the meshes of party politics.

During the general election the attacks of the Redmondite press on the Roman Catholic clergy drew forth the public condemnation of even their own supporters. It was the independent through all presence of deacons to the winds and published cartoons that were an outrage to Christianity. Even Redmondite town councils and other public bodies passed resolutions condemning these productions. The astonishing part is that the brothers Redmond are constantly making public profession of their allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. I have heard William Redmond say that he never in his life attended a religious service of a priest; and yet he and his brother are the acknowledged organizers and directors of a set of journals whose fronted invectives of the Roman Catholic clergy can be compared only to the denunciations which a noble knight and runaway nunns toiled the Church they have foresworn.

The editor of the Weekly Independent is one of the Mannings of Waterford, an Irish giant—and to judge from appearances not a very amiable giant at that. Once in the course of conversation with a Sister of Charity I mentioned the Herald. For mention to the poor of

Dublin made her very convenient with public affairs. When I uttered the word Herald the man drew back a step, her face grew pale with horror, and she half raised her hand as if to make the sign of the Cross. "Oh!" she said in a pained tone, "what a dreadful paper. The Canon would not allow it to be mentioned in his presence; but what can you expect, the editor is an Orangeman." In vain I assured her the editor was a Catholic, who professed the most respectful veneration for nuns. "It cannot be," she retorted impressively, "no Catholic would sanction such language being used towards our beloved Archbishop. Just think of all the harm that this abuse of the clergy has done. There are always people who are only too ready to avail themselves of the slightest pretext to throw off the restraint of religion, and when men of public influence see the masses an example of disrespect to the sacred ministry they start them on the road to unbelief. Ah, we come face to face with the sad fruits of it every day."

The very antithesis to the editor of the Herald is Mr. Taylor of the Telegraph. He is a gentleman keenly alive to his own importance, with a manner that veers to brusqueness rather than courtesy. He is a remarkably stout man, quite broad across the chest, and his hair is of a pale, dark brown and moustache, liberal display of shirt-front and black coat impress you as a study in black and white. There is a metallic ring in his voice, and his eyes are shrewd rather than sympathetic. Somehow you feel that his tongue is to be sharp as a surgeon's lance. You would expect no mercy from him, even on paper. Still the men all say "Taylor is a rattling good fellow," and any one who has seen the Telegraph need not be told that its leading articles are the mildest things in type.

Both Telegraph and Herald take fits of advocating employment for women. It never seems to occur to either party that if they would only be liberal enough to engage two women to wash the dishes in the kitchen, they would be highly beneficial to the offices and good for the charwomen. Like homo manufacture, employment for women is an excellent thing to talk about in the newspapers. It would be most unreasonable to just now to expect politicians to practice what they preach, even in such a trifling detail as helping some poor creature to earn a much needed shilling. No one expects an editor's office to be as neatly arranged as an old maid's bureau. Still it ought to be commonly clean.

The Irish Times office shines like a new pin. There is not a dingy corner on the whole premises. On dit, that the split in the Irish party added £20,000 per annum to Sir John Arnott's income. All last winter priests in different parts of the country made use of his columns to appeal for relief for their famine-stricken people. Sir John Arnott is a very practical philanthropist, and he is always ready to help in any good work. The poor of Dublin were indebted to the Irish Times for the starting of the Sir John Arnott coal fund during last winter's terrible frosts. The distress at that time in the city was appalling, only God knows how many helpless women and children this time, but for the coal fund, which, in politics the Irish Times is out-and-out conservative, but it treats social and religious questions in the most liberal spirit.

"How long ago is it since Catholicism was first introduced into this country?" she was asking me. She was sitting in the "hug" with her hands folded on her black silk gown, and that inward expression of face which tells that the mind's eye is looking backward; down a long list of years. "My eldest sister often told us that she remembered well seeing public meetings held to celebrate Emancipation. Many a time she related how when my father was preparing for one she heard my mother say to him: 'Now, when you are about it, speak up to have the bell rung for the dead!'" I commended this simple reminiscence to those who like to think out for themselves what Ireland was like in pre-Emancipation days. Respect for the dead from time immemorial has been a right natural of the Celtic race. The volume of poetry told more eloquently how fondly the memory of those "gone before" was cherished in the nation's heart than those few pathetic words which sprang to the lips of a Fapisk woman in the first moments of her sorrow. It is privileged to walk abroad in open day. Seventy years ago "men must work, women must pray," prevailed, I wonder which side does the praying now?

A funeral in West Clare is certainly the most grotesque sight on our earth. My first experience of one was on a Sunday in June. We were taking an afternoon walk over the cliffs to the Spa. There is a very good iron spa half way between Lahinch and Moy. It dribbles through clefts in the rocks, making streaks of rich iron-mould down their black sides, and throwing an iridescent film over rock-bound pools, which lends a perfect brilliancy of rainbow tinging to the shallow pools. The cliffs are deep depths. Seldom in Ireland have we a day of such radiant sunshine as that Sunday in June. The deep corulean sky seemed to deepen into glowing bronze in the distance. It was high tide, and the sea beat against the rocks, hissing and lashing landward like billows of sapphire silk. A fresh breeze tempered the intense heat. The air was so clear that across the bay one could almost count the workmen's cottages scattered about Lahinch, and trace the line of the young green corn which stretch to the very water's brink. Sunday excursions trains had brought crowds of holiday-makers from Limerick, Ennis, Kiltarron, Liscadouna, braves deposited Liscadouna quays, and from the fields of the hills. On the Milltown road an itinerant shooting gallery rested for the mid-day meal. The horses were unyoked from the caravan and tethered in the meagre shadow of a by-land. It was a honey caravan. Two gold-finch in cages hung at each side of the door, the proprietor sat on the steps eating huge sandwiches and drinking bottled port, while an Irish terrier

with two rollosona puppies took a lively interest in his work. Cliffs, fields, strand, every place was alive with the throng of bright faced men, women and children. The whole scene was instinct with the godlike prerogative of sunshine to make joyous the hearts of men and gladden the infants world." Slowly from the Moy hills as a blot on the smiling landscape emerged a dark procession—a long line of country carts that moved so slowly, they seemed to move silently between the low green hills. The carts were placed on the first cart, and to a woman with shawls on their heads sat on it. Even now it is gruesome to think of. A dead man going to his last home, and two muffled female figures accommodating themselves with seats on his coffin. Motionless they sat, and the unshaded folds of their heavy drapery made as perfect a picture of woe as the most artistic funeral sculpture from Foley's chisel. The driver let his legs dangle over the side, and held the reins so indifferently that the horse was left to select his own pace. The people on the carts behind were all soberly dressed—not out of deference to etiquette. Irish peasantry generally affect dark colours for their Sunday attire—a peculiarity which takes kindly to going far to festivals, but has a rather depressing effect at festive gatherings. "Keening"—lamentations over the dead—is still practised in Clare. A friend told me he witnessed it only last year. One old woman averted her face as the wail of the lamented one, and the entire funeral procession joins in the responses. I confess I admire the practice of bearing a farmer to the tomb on his own cart rather than in a hired hearse. A soldier's coffin is not one with more dignity than a farmer's last ride on an old dray that perchance bore him to church on his bridal morning, witnessed the baptism of his children, and for some score years was part and parcel of the simple joys and sorrows, the national hopes and fears of a toiler's domesticity. Only the picture would be infinitely more harmonious if these shawled women would get down and walk.

CHARLES DALTON.
HIS SHOP OPENED UP.
Closed for Two Months in the Expectation of Death.
A Richmond, Ont., Harness Maker Unexpectedly Turned Up and Resumed Business at His Old Stand After Using Cured of Bright's Disease with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond, Ont., Nov. 4.—Thus not very distant suburb of the Canadian capital has been highly wrought up during the past few days over the recovery of a well-known business man here, Mr. J. McCarthy, who being declared to be in an advanced stage of Bright's disease of the kidneys, had been given up to die.

Curious to know the particulars of a case creating so much local interest your correspondent made haste to call and introduce himself to Mr. McCarthy, and found in his shop and willing to talk of his case.

"I have called to see Mr. McCarthy; are you 'hat gentleman'?"
"Yes, sir," said he, "what can I do for you?"

"Hearing that there was something very unusual about your recovery from a seemingly fatal illness I have called to learn the facts," said I.
"Well, sir," replied he, "I am never too busy to talk about my doctor, I read Dodd's Kidney Pills, for, with the blessing of God, they have saved my life."

"Is it true that you had been given up to die, and that your doctors both named your trouble Bright's disease?"
"Yes, sir," he answered, "although ailing for some time it was only about seven months ago that my case became serious. After doctoring here and in Ottawa about four months I had to close my shop fearing that I must die of Bright's disease."

"About ten weeks ago Mr. McCord, a farmer living out near here, advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as they had cured him of diabetes, and so I commenced. After using two boxes all distress left me. I have used twelve boxes in all; have just re-opened my shop and expect to do business at the old stand for some years yet, as I am just coming 60 years of age. There is no use trying to describe my sufferings. You can understand and I tell you that my weight ran down from 165 to 120 pounds. I am nearly up to my old weight, but feel as well as ever in my life, and I am perfectly cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine ever known to cure Bright's disease.
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G. T. R. West.....7.45 9.00 7.20 9.40
G. T. R. East.....7.20 9.25 12.10 8.00
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T. G. and B.....7.00 4.30 10.55 8.50
Midland.....7.00 3.35 12.50 9.30
C. V. R.....8.30 3.00 12.30 9.20
G. W. R.....6.30 4.00 10.45 8.30
a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.....6.30 12.10 9.00 5.45
U. S. N. Y.....4.00 10.10 6.00 9.30
U. S. West's State.....6.30 12.10 9.00 5.30
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There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Branch post offices should trace their savings bank and money order business at the post office nearest to their residence, taking care to note the hours of business and the orders payable at such Branch Post Offices.
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

- November 7—Of the Octave. 8—Of the Octave. 9—Dedication of St. John the Baptist. 10—St. Andrew the Apostle. 11—St. Martin the Bishop. 12—St. Nicholas the Bishop.

The question of Christian re-union is coming up at all the diocesan conferences throughout England, and without exception, the speakers pledge themselves to do nothing to hinder the possibility of unity in the future. Then, they must hope for it.

We owe The Globe an apology for saying it did not publish a letter when it did—or says it did, which is quite the same—on its editorial page. The explanation is obvious; The Globe editors are so cleverly written that they throw everything else appearing on that page into the shade.

Mary Anderson de Navarro in the account of her girlhood, which The North American Review publishes, gives plenty of evidence of her Catholic training. Her mother's marriage was a runaway one, and her father died when she was but three years of age. After the mother's second marriage, the little girl, who was then eight, was sent to the Ursuline Convent near Louisville, of which, although she appears to have been an indolent student, she speaks with great fondness. The convent was stricken with fever, and, she says: "I was taken away from its friendly shelter just as I had begun to love it." It was her stepfather, Dr. Griffin, who touched the spring of genius in her nature when she was twelve, and it is evident that all her girlhood was blessed by the love of Dr. Griffin as well as her mother. It is amusing to learn that when she would read "Hamlet" to the family, she evaded a "swear" by reading a well known line thus: "Be thou a spirit of health or goblin's damne."

On Oct. 14 the Pope gave a special audience to Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O.S.A. Superior of St. Patrick's Roman Legion, which was founded last year on the feast of the Apostle of Ireland to build in the Eternal City a church in honor of St. Patrick. During the audience the Holy Father made a touching reference to the faith of the Irish people, saying: "No people had ever given stronger testimony to the name of Christ, even unto the shedding of their blood, than the Irish people converted by St. Patrick, and no one can call into question the gratitude which they felt towards their Apostle. The circumstances of dire persecution and extreme poverty, continued during many years, had prevented their plea from reaching the Eternal City a fitting monument which would commemorate not alone the glory of their great Apostle, but the sacrifices and holiness of the children of Ireland. The church in course of erection will not only serve as a national monument, but will also meet the needs of the faithful living in the vast and populous Ulster quarter." For these reasons," he said, "I have contributed \$50,000 francs, both to show our love for St. Patrick and his Irish children, and to do our duty of pastoral solicitude as Bishop of Rome." "If there should be any person unacquainted with the circumstances which make a church so sadly needed in that portion of our city, tell him in our name that there is the greatest need of a church to the precise locality where St. Patrick's is being erected, and that the Bishop of Rome is thoroughly alive to the needs of his flock."

Hon. G. E. Foster's reference to the Manitoba School question at the Conservative meeting in London, on Friday last, was mainly and to the point. He said: "The Constitution has been made. The Conservative is the bond of this country's permanence and stability, and the Conservative party propose to abide by the Constitution of this country, and to keep the compact that that Constitution imposes. (Applause.) In doing that, sir, it may be that prejudices may be run against, and that prejudices that are not run against may be excited, but after all I submit to the Conservatives here before me, and to the Conservatives of the country, that we

must take the conditions in which we live, geographical, racial and religious, all into consideration, and in taking these into consideration we must remember this, that by mutual conciliation and compromise it became possible for us to become a confederation, and it is only by mutual conciliation and by compromise, and a broad toleration, that we can hope to remain a confederation. (Applause.) And, sir, whatever prejudice my education may have instilled into me as a public man, and a keeper of an executive trust which is bestowed upon me in common with others by the Constitution of the country, I must say to prejudice, I must say to strong feeling, "you must remain quiescent for the time, when the rights and liberties of any section of the people of this Confederation are being dealt with, and the rights and liberties of the people of the constitution; rights and liberties, the cool and calm consideration of which is necessary for the very maintenance of the compact of the Confederation, and of our remaining a people united and progressive as we are."

This is the only position for the men at Ottawa to take.

A deeply interesting article appears in The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 23. The embalmed head of Cromwell is still preserved in an English family as an article of personal property, and the history of the gruesome relic can be satisfactorily traced down to the present day from 1658. The Protector died on Sept. 3, and the body had to be immediately embalmed, such was the loathsome disease that attacked it. On Sept. 26 the body was deposited in Westminster Abbey, in a vault at the east end of Henry VIII's chapel; and all kindly honors were paid it. The Commons' Journal of Dec. 8 1660, contains the order of the Legislature prescribing that the regicides Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton, be haled from their tombs, drawn on hurdles to Tyburn and hanged in their coffins. The sentence was carried out on Jan. 26 and 30 1661. Pepys records that on Feb. 5 he saw the heads of the three set up at the further end of the hall, and the heads of Cromwell and Bradshaw were transfixed by a spike on the south gable of the hall, where the Protector's head remained till it was blown down into the street one stormy night about the closing year of the century. A sentry picked it up, carried it home and hid it; and it was sold by this man's heirs to one of the Russells. Sir Joshua Reynolds bought it from a needy scion of the ducal house in 1786, and in 1790, as advertisements in the papers of that day show, it was on exhibition of James Cox, the British Barnum of the period. He sold it for £280 on retiring from business; and from the purchasing syndicate of three it descended to notices of those persons, who handed it to Mr. Wm. Arthur Wilkinson, a medical man of Beckenham. At his death in 1832, it passed to one of his sons, in whose family it remains to this day. The spike still sticks in the skull, and there is a good deal of hair about the face, tucked up under the chin, by the oaken staff to which the spike was affixed, the neck shows plain signs that the axe of the headman struck two blows upon it, the famous wart can be traced near the angle of the nose and eyebrow, and the nose has been flattened against the cheek. The relic is said to be in safe custody.

The Globe and Judge Curran. The Globe on Tuesday defended itself against our charge that it had attacked Mr. Justice Curran because he is a Catholic. We cannot expect that The Globe will openly admit the case as we have made it out, but we cannot congratulate it upon the line of defence taken, viz.: that we deny the right of free criticism where Catholics are concerned. This is quite of a piece with the declaration of our contemporary that it "distinctly put the religious question aside in discussing Judge Curran's appointment." Now what are the facts? In Montreal, where Judge Curran is known to all classes of citizens, the only objection made to his appointment, in any quarter, was on the ground of his religion. That objection was made publicly by responsible persons, and presented to the Government as the only ground of dissatisfaction with the appointment. It remained, then, for the political press in Ontario to discover that the new Judge lacks "commanding ability as a lawyer." An ignorant class of people in Ontario who hate Catholics—and who do not know any better—and whose political leaders fatten in the atmosphere of the hate, are easily and frequently imposed upon, whenever a political exigency demands representations of injustice to the Protestant minority in Quebec be made for their edification. This is what The Globe has done; not through bigotry, for The Globe is no bigot, but for a partisan advantage; and, although it did not endorse the position assumed by Bishop Bourne and others in Montreal, all its statements have been calculated, with far more cleverness, to impress the anti-Catholic party here with the idea that a wrong has been inflicted upon the Protestants of Montreal. We ask The Globe to point to one sentence in our former article, or to draw one reasonable inference from its general tenor, showing that we object to criticism of any public man solely because he happens to be a Catholic. What we have done in the case of Judge Curran is to point out his long, honorable, active and able service as a public man, as well as the regularity of his appointment according to British practice, citing a fresh precedent in the case of the Solicitor-General of Ireland, who had been in office only a few weeks, and who was appointed to the first vacancy occurring on the bench; and for the rest we deplored any tendency to subordinate the judiciary to the clamor of intolerance. The Globe says this is conducting the Judge's case very badly. Is not this the most discreditable insinuation of all? We hold no brief for Judge Curran; the editor of this paper is not known to the Judge, has never had any communication with him, or with his friends, and did not need to have any in order to see his way when such an unworthy attack was being made. The Globe is surprised that we should use pretty long words in speaking of it. But surely here is justification for using long and strong words again. It also invites Judge Curran's friends to compare his abilities with those of the late Sir John Thompson. If The Globe has put the religious question aside, why in all its articles, have made no other than Catholic comparisons? Again is no Catholic in this Dominion, especially no Catholic of Irish name, to aspire to honorable service in Canada unless he can tip the scale at the late Sir John Thompson's record. We have no desire to follow the example of The Globe, and demand that the judges of this country shall come down to the newspaper offices for certificates of their capacity. But, we ask: why compare Judge Curran only with Sir John Thompson? If all our judges must come up to that standard, we had better dismiss the benches at once and go in for pulling our judges out of the ballot boxes. If they are not to be above the people let them be as much under the heel of Demos as they are in the United States. Without going to Quebec, without attributing motives, and without any intention to single out this judge or that, let us ask how many Sir John Thompsons there are on the bench in Ontario. They are all good, worthy, honorable men, who administer justice impartially, who have the respect of the public who go to seek justice and law at their hands. And that is all we are bound to look, too, for from Mr. Justice Curran. But when Ontario judges were appointed did the Dictator and Protector who sits in the office of The Globe insist that they come down "with a mass of testimony" as to their "commanding ability" as lawyers. This sort of toy Cromwellism is enough to make a horse laugh, although it may impress a peculiar race of burros who pasture here in Ontario, and who are always available for service coming on election times.

Reply to The Christian Guardian. We have waited long for the answer of The Christian Guardian to our article of September 5 on the question of religion and public education. After due deliberation The Guardian does not find it convenient to combat more than two of our statements, and one of these it reserves for another issue. The single point taken up after two months' study of the whole matter is this: "The State has no right from heaven to educate the child." We said so, and The Guardian, frankly accepting Socialism for its ground, takes issue with us. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, and, indeed, every notable writer and thinker of the day, admits that the principle of Socialism underlies our education legislation; but Mr. Kidd (Social Evolution, new ed., p. 134.) says: "It may be remarked that over no other question is the struggle between the old

spirit and the new likely to be more severe and prolonged than over the question of education. It is in reality one of the last principal strongholds of the retreating party."

The Christian Guardian believes that the stronghold must be captured, because it says: "All government should be paternal or parental"—and Socialism can go further than this. But there is still—thank God—a wide gulf between Socialism and practical politics; and let us see how far this position is supported by the views of practical statesmen. When we invited The Guardian to this controversy we undertook to rely for our arguments entirely upon Protestant sources, and that engagement we shall cheerfully abide by. The present Premier of Great Britain neither believes nor intends that the last stronghold of parental freedom shall be captured; in a speech delivered at Preston in October, 1893, he declared:

"There is only one sound principle in religious education to which you should cling, and that is that a parent, unless he has forfeited the right by criminal act, has the inalienable right to determine the teaching which his child should receive upon the holiest and most momentous of all subjects (prolonged cheer). That is a right which no expediency can negative, which no State necessarily ought to allow to sweep away."

And what does the greatest statesman of the century on the other side of politics say? Mr. Gladstone, in a letter published on the eve of the London School Board election, made the case for parental liberty more clear even than Lord Salisbury. Here it is:

"The State has no charter from heaven such as may belong to the church or to the individual conscience."

But we might fill this whole page with authorities equally explicit and to the point. Fortunately, however, there is no need for being so diffuse.

A secular system of primary education has been generally and officially condemned by the people of Great Britain. We will quote for The Guardian Mr. Fitch's memorandum, found in the report of the Committee of Council on Education, 1, p. 252:

"A secular system it would appear is incapable of becoming a purely national system. Prior to the passage of the Education Act of 1870, it was seriously contemplated to experiment with a system of secular education upon the people of England. The Non-Conformists were in the van of religious opposition to the proposal, and Mr. Gladstone, who was behind it, retreated from the storm. The state, however, took education into its hands, and the country consented to compulsory education accompanied by the proposal that all efficient voluntary schools be maintained out of the state funds. But now the Non-Conformists are organizing a campaign which denies even-handed justice to the Church of England and Roman Catholic schools, and from the anti-Socialist position of twenty-five years ago they have, by a complete evolutionary process, come to what The Christian Guardian is today—pure Socialism. But they are in bad company and they know it. Let our contemporary The Guardian turn up and read The Methodist Times of recent issues. Here is one little nut from that paper which we think is certainly a hard one for The Guardian to crack. Dear in mind The Methodist Times is speaking for the Non-Conformists only as opposed to the Church of England and Roman Catholic combination:

"We shall have no allies against such a combination except atheists and agnostics, and we shall be hopelessly beaten."

There is no doubt they shall be hopelessly beaten, because they are opposed to the fundamental law upon which the structure of our civilization stands, and is not this latter paragraph quoted also an acknowledgment that the struggle for what is non-sensationally called "non-sectarian Christian education" in all state-aided schools is founded upon the vain imagination that the state shall aid the Non-Conformists to stuff their peculiar religious views down the throats of people of different religious convictions.

Protestant Convents. We never had much faith in the stability of so-called religious communities of men or women established under the auspices and authority of Protestant denominations. The very elements are lacking in them which make for perpetuity and uniform success. Protestant education and training are not intended to begot that

spirit of self-renunciation and devotedness to the sacred cause in view, and to the general welfare, with which the Catholic religious must be thoroughly imbued before she is permitted to take her final vows. But let us even suppose that the Protestant lady is a woman of self-denial and devotedness to God's interests—on the day of her entrance to conventual life—and that she is all zeal and earnestness at the beginning of her self-imposed career of usefulness and daily sacrifice. How is she to persevere? She has entered upon the ways and practice of a spiritual life, spiritual food, spiritual help, and direction shall be found absolutely necessary for the sustenance of the new life she has undertaken to live; and to live without faltering to the end. The Catholic nun finds all these essentials ready prepared. She has been educated up to them from childhood. Spiritual aid, spiritual direction, strength and comfort are found in abundance. She may kneel morning and evening, and at any time, in the presence of Him whom she has chosen for her spouse, and drink deep, and with joy, from the very fount of all grace and holiness—hauret saltem unum gaudio de fontibus salvatoris. The food of angels is present to console and to fortify; that living bread coming down from Heaven, of which, "if one eat, one cannot die." Should human frailty, that causes the just one to fall seven times, tempt her to look back on the false world she has forsaken, as the Israelites turned back longing eyes to Egypt, her spiritual director is at hand to warn, to guide, to comfort and pardon.

Submission to spiritual authority, however, which is the keystone that upholds the arch of every spiritual edifice, must be the rule that sustains and prolongs conventual life. Independently of submission to such authority, no ecumenical organization can possibly exist. But Protestantism inculcates a spirit of freedom or emancipation from all restraint of a spiritual nature, the supposition being that the divine Legislator has not delegated the authority of imposing restraints to any institution or body of men; or that He meant anything in particular when He said to His Church: "He that heareth you heareth Me, and whosoever contemneth you contemneth Me, and whosoever contemneth Me, contemneth Him who sent Me."

The possibility of a religious sisterhood, living independently of church authority, while pretending to advance the interests of the church, is inconceivable. It would be just as possible to expect a happy result and success from a lot of masons, who would undertake to erect a large and elaborate new building contrary to the orders and the plan of the architect. We have been led to these remarks by reading an editorial in The Evangelical Churchman headed, "The Kiburn Sisterhood," which states that when the Archbishop of Canterbury resigned his position, on account of the insubordination of the Sisters, that Miss Ashdown, the secretary of the convent, made public the statement that "the Sisters had taken action already, and had removed the names of all patrons, including the Archbishop."

In a letter to The Times the Archbishop says that very serious charges had been brought against the sisterhood as to their treatment of children and their methods of administration. The Evangelical Churchman goes on to say:

"The whole affair was enveloped in mystery, but a new light has been cast upon it by the recent publication in The Times of a memorandum by the Archbishop, in which he explains his action relating to the sisterhood."

From this archiepiscopal statement we learn that very serious charges had been brought against the sisterhood as to their treatment of children and their methods of administration. To the Archbishop's proposal, that he should be allowed to inspect the various institutions by a competent deputy, the Superior at once assented; but when it came to selecting the deputy the Superior rejected, in turn, each of the three gentlemen suggested by the Archbishop. Then, the Archbishop and all major patrons were removed by the sisters from their office of trustees. The Archbishop said that the sisters did not want to compromise friends—a gratuitous suggestion for which there was not the slightest foundation. The Archbishop now obtained an interview with Lord Nelson, the president, laid several points before him, and asked that a constitution should be framed and a visitor appointed. Lord Nelson seems to have favored the proposal, with the result that he was arbitrarily deposed in the same way that the Archbishop had been deposed. Still another attempt was made by the Archbishop. On May 27th he related to the Superior the points on which he hoped for an answer; but from that day to this his letter has remained unacknowledged.

The lawless and defiant spirit of the sisterhood is but too evident. Its doctrinal teaching puts the highest estimate upon the episcopal order; but whenever that order opposes its workings, it does not hesitate to repudiate and defy the authority of the bishops and the whole order of the church.

PASTORAL LETTER. (Continued from Page 1.) world to come." These words manifestly imply that sins may be forgiven in the world to come, and, therefore, there must be a middle place wherein this forgiveness could be meted out, as it could not take place in either heaven or hell, and this is the meaning which the Holy Fathers, with a striking unanimity, attach to this text. The last scriptural authority to which we shall call attention in proof of a middle place, or Purgatory, in the next life, is from St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, (ail, 13-16), where the apostle says: "The day of the Lord shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's works abide he shall receive a reward. If any man's work be burnt, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so, as by fire." Here the apostle draws a distinction between perfect works done in charity, which stand the test of fire, and imperfect works and venial sins, which are burnt by purgatorial fire, whilst their authors are saved by those purgatorial fires. The General Council of Florence, held in 1458, and in which the Greek and Latin churches were united, teaches that these words are to be understood of the fires of Purgatory, and so do all the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the constant tradition of the Church. In fact, the unbroken tradition of the Catholic Church, and of all the Christian ages down to the sixteenth century, testifies that a belief in a middle state of purgatorial expiation in the next life was a doctrine of Christian faith, firmly, constantly and universally held and acted upon. The east and west, the north and south—in other words, the universal Church of Christ, from the earliest ages downwards, held and taught the doctrine of purgatory and, the farther and co-relative doctrine, that those therein detained could be assisted, relieved and freed by prayers, alms-deeds, and by the unbloody sacrifice of the altar. Hence, the Council of Trent, basing its teaching on the words of God and the unanimous traditions of the Christian ages, defined and decreed that "there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar." And this brings us to the consoling doctrine that those prisoners of hope may be helped, relieved and freed from their purgatorial prison by our prayers, alms-deeds and other good works, but chiefly by the holy sacrifice of the mass. No doctrine of our holy religion has more undeniable proofs of its antiquity than this of the duty of praying for the dead in Christ, and the benefits they derive from this holy practice. No proof of the existence of a middle state could be more convincing than this of the unbroken tradition and practice of the Church. Of what use, without the existence of a middle state, could be prayers for the dead? They could be of no use to the just in heaven, for as St. Augustine says, "He who prays for a martyr does injury to the martyr" of none to be damned, for out of hell there is no redemption. Tertullian, who lived in the age next to the apostles, speaking of a pious widow, says: "She prays for the soul of her husband, and begs refreshment for him." St. Cyril, in the following age, is, in several pages of his writing, a witness to this belief and practice of the Church in his day. As far back as the fourth century, St. Cyril testifies that it was the custom to pray for those who had departed this life, believing it to be a great assistance to those souls for whom prayers are offered while the holy and tremendous sacrifice is going on." St. Chrysostom, who flourished within three hundred years of the age of the apostles, writes as follows: "It was not without good reason ordained by the apostles that mention should be made of the dead in the tremendous mysteries, because they knew well that these would receive great benefit from it."

All the other great Christian writers and teachers of antiquity, down to St. Ambrose, St. Jerome and St. Augustine, prove that the doctrine and practice of the Church in this important regard were the same then as now, and, therefore, that they are apostolic authority, and warrant, according to the maxim of St. Augustine, "that which the universal Church holds, which has been always retained, and not instituted by councils, is justly believed to have been not otherwise transmitted than by apostolic authority." (De Bapt. contra, don.) St. Augustine, who flourished in the fifth century, is most explicit on this subject. In one of his sermons (serm. clix.) he says: "Funeral pomp and a gorgeous mansolemn, without being of the least service to the dead, may, indeed, offer some kind of consolation to the living. But that which cannot be doubted is that the prayers of the Church, the holy sacrifice, alms, bring them relief, and obtain for them a more merciful treatment than they deserved. The whole Church, instructed by the traditions of the Fathers, takes care that at the part of the sacrifice in which the dead are mentioned, a prayer and an oblation are

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(Continued from Page 1.) world to come." These words manifestly imply that sins may be forgiven in the world to come, and, therefore, there must be a middle place wherein this forgiveness could be meted out, as it could not take place in either heaven or hell, and this is the meaning which the Holy Fathers, with a striking unanimity, attach to this text. The last scriptural authority to which we shall call attention in proof of a middle place, or Purgatory, in the next life, is from St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, (ail, 13-16), where the apostle says: "The day of the Lord shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's works abide he shall receive a reward. If any man's work be burnt, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so, as by fire." Here the apostle draws a distinction between perfect works done in charity, which stand the test of fire, and imperfect works and venial sins, which are burnt by purgatorial fire, whilst their authors are saved by those purgatorial fires. The General Council of Florence, held in 1458, and in which the Greek and Latin churches were united, teaches that these words are to be understood of the fires of Purgatory, and so do all the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the constant tradition of the Church. In fact, the unbroken tradition of the Catholic Church, and of all the Christian ages down to the sixteenth century, testifies that a belief in a middle state of purgatorial expiation in the next life was a doctrine of Christian faith, firmly, constantly and universally held and acted upon. The east and west, the north and south—in other words, the universal Church of Christ, from the earliest ages downwards, held and taught the doctrine of purgatory and, the farther and co-relative doctrine, that those therein detained could be assisted, relieved and freed by prayers, alms-deeds, and by the unbloody sacrifice of the altar. Hence, the Council of Trent, basing its teaching on the words of God and the unanimous traditions of the Christian ages, defined and decreed that "there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar." And this brings us to the consoling doctrine that those prisoners of hope may be helped, relieved and freed from their purgatorial prison by our prayers, alms-deeds and other good works, but chiefly by the holy sacrifice of the mass. No doctrine of our holy religion has more undeniable proofs of its antiquity than this of the duty of praying for the dead in Christ, and the benefits they derive from this holy practice. No proof of the existence of a middle state could be more convincing than this of the unbroken tradition and practice of the Church. Of what use, without the existence of a middle state, could be prayers for the dead? They could be of no use to the just in heaven, for as St. Augustine says, "He who prays for a martyr does injury to the martyr" of none to be damned, for out of hell there is no redemption. Tertullian, who lived in the age next to the apostles, speaking of a pious widow, says: "She prays for the soul of her husband, and begs refreshment for him." St. Cyril, in the following age, is, in several pages of his writing, a witness to this belief and practice of the Church in his day. As far back as the fourth century, St. Cyril testifies that it was the custom to pray for those who had departed this life, believing it to be a great assistance to those souls for whom prayers are offered while the holy and tremendous sacrifice is going on." St. Chrysostom, who flourished within three hundred years of the age of the apostles, writes as follows: "It was not without good reason ordained by the apostles that mention should be made of the dead in the tremendous mysteries, because they knew well that these would receive great benefit from it."

made for all those who have departed this life in the communion of the body of Jesus Christ."

A most touching incident is related by this same grant suit, which gives us a glimpse into the life and practice of the Church in his day. When his saintly mother Monica was dying she said to him: Lay this body anywhere; but do not concern yourself about it; only I beg of you that whosoever you be, you make remembrance of me at the Lord's altar. And the saint goes on to tell how he fulfilled this request, and how, after her death, the "Holy Sacrifice of our Ransom" was offered for her, and how fervently he continued to pray for her soul.

The constant and unbroken tradition of praying for the dead, prevailing at all times and in all countries, is, without doubt, one of the strongest, even if less direct than other proofs, of the truth of the doctrine of the Church as to the existence of a place of purgation and probation in the next life. This practice of praying for the dead presupposes also the doctrine of the communion of saints.

The Church Catholic is a living organism—it is the body of Christ. It exists in Heaven in a triumphant state, on earth in a militant state, and in Purgatory in a suffering state. "As in one body," says St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, "there are many members, but all the members have not the same office, so we being many, are one body in Christ, and the communion of saints is a great fact attested by the revealed word of God, and embodied as an article of faith in the Apostles' Creed. The Church is a vast society of the children of Christ, embracing the saints in Heaven, the suffering souls in Purgatory, and its members still detained in the flesh. There is a bond of union, of sympathy, and of charity, binding all these children of the Church in one great family of God. Death cannot separate these souls, nor raise up an impassible barrier dividing them, for Christ, who is our peace, hath broken down all the walls of partition which sin and death had interposed between God's children, and hath made both one; that is, hath embraced and united the saints in Heaven, his children on earth, and his suffering prisoners in Purgatory, into one body, which is His Church. And, as in the human body, all the members are interdependent and the members are each other's wants, and each for each other's sufferings, and contribute to the well-being of the whole body. So in the Church of God which is the body of Christ, the various members thereof do, by the divine appointment and according to their position and the measure of their capacity, minister to each other's spiritual needs, interchange kindly and merciful offices, are bound together by the bonds of active charity and friendship, which defy the powers of death and the ruin and wreckage of the grave. We here on earth invoke the prayers of the saints—they intercede for us with God—and by prayers, almsdeeds and other good works we bring relief and comfort, and we hasten the day of their freedom and happiness for the prisoners of God in Purgatory. This is the communion of saints in the fullest sense of the word. It presents the whole world of souls who are at friendship with God, whether they still remain in the flesh, and are reigning in Heaven or suffering, with unquenchable longings for home, in Purgatory; bound together in the golden bonds of sympathy, friendship and love—bonds which death itself cannot rend asunder; for love is stronger than death—fortis est amor delectio. In the Catholic system the love of friendship and of charity is not killed or extinguished by death. It survives its awful ravages—it smiles above the wreck of mortality, like the blessed light of hope upon a death bed—like the rainbow of promise over the retiring waters of the deluge. Soul lives in hisseful communion with soul—friend here with departed friend—and nor death nor the grave can part them. This is and ever has been the belief and practice of the Church, and hence we find in every Christian age, from the catacombs to this nineteenth century, prayers and sacrifices offered up by the living for the souls of the faithful departed. We find this belief and practice recorded on the damp walls of the catacombs—on mural tablets in churches—on the tombs that affection or pride has raised to the memory of the departed. We find them enshrined in the immortal pages of the Fathers—embodied in the liturgies of the eastern and western Churches, and in the plaintive music and wailing dirges of the Church—in the "Dies Irae," and "Liberaas," they have come echoing, sounding down the ages, soothing and healing broken hearts, drying the tears of those made widows and orphans by death—and, in accents of tenderest pity and compassion, pleading at the mercy-seat of God for the rest and peace and happiness of the departed ones. Oh, far more heart-reaching than the Messiah's song of sorrow amid the ruins of his beloved city—far more touching and overpowering than the lamentations of Rachel for the lost children of Rama—are the sorrow-laden dirges of the Church when pleading to God for comfort and strength and patience for the living bereaved ones, and forgiveness and mercy for the departed

dead. All the sighs and sorrows of broken hearts—all the crushing afflictions of widows and orphans—all the heart anguish and agony of bereaved mothers—all the fears and hopes of the living for the dead—are taken up and given voices in the liturgy of the Church, and, in union with the pleadings of the precious Blood, ascend to Heaven, and in accents more fearful, more piteous, and more touching than ever else pleaded for the remission of guilt or the alleviation of sorrow, cry out to God for comfort for the sorrows of the living, and for mercy and pardon for the departed.

The Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their dead, and thus preserved them incorrupt for centuries. The Church embalms the memories of her departed children, and makes them immortal in her offices and liturgies, and she never fails and never ceases to offer supplications and oblations for them to God. Even though the mother should forget the child of her womb, the wife her husband, and thought men should cease to remember the friends of their youth and manhood, yet will the Church never forget the children she bore to Christ. She treasures up their memory in her mighty heart, and, even though centuries may pass away—even though the marble monuments raised to their memory should have passed into ruins, she will ever pray and plead for them to God, and she will never surrender her hold on them and her abiding and loving interest in them, until that day when she herself will look her last on the perishing world, and will be taken up into Heaven—to be there the New Jerusalem—where God will wipe away all tears—where death shall be no more, nor mourning nor weeping shall not be any more.

O, dearest brethren, let us not fail to pray for the dead. Death has more parted them from us as to their bodily presence, but he has not severed their immortal souls from communion with us, nor from the graces and mercies of Christ. "The souls of the faithful departed," says St. Augustine, "are not separated from the Church, which is the Kingdom of Christ, for otherwise there would not be a commemoration made of them at the altar of God in the communion of the body of Christ." The souls in Purgatory are in the Kingdom of Christ in finite mercy and compassion, as well as of His justice. Pray for them as though they were your dead brother, and obtain for them the life of glory which they have lost. Being them in faith and hopefulness before the mercy seat of our Lord, even as the widow of Naim carried her dead son to Him, and He will have compassion on them, and will say: "I say to you arise." And the dead will hear the voice of Christ releasing them from prison and from pain, and they will arise to the company of the just, to the citizenship of Heaven, to the home of God, where, in the words of holy writ, "they shall be before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell over them, and they shall not hunger nor thirst any more, neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Apoc. viii., 16, 6, 7, 16.)

Among the suffering souls there may be some whom we are especially bound to aid. There may be some who have shared the joys of our past life, and some who have shared our sorrows. There may be some whom we have injured by our example harshness or indulgence, and to whom, perhaps, we have even been the immediate cause or occasion of the sins for which they are suffering. There are some, mayhap, whose death occurred under such circumstances that we have reason to fear that their sufferings are peculiarly terrible, and that their absence from God will endure long. Possibly, too, these suffering souls have during life been very near and dear to us. They may be our relatives, our brothers or sisters, our children, our fathers or our mothers. God loves them and desires their speedy admission to heavenly happiness; yet He makes this depend on the amount of love we may manifest for them. He will not admit them to eternal glory, until our fervent prayers open to them the heavenly gate. That our works of charity, whereby we relieve the poor on earth, performed for Christ, and raised in value by His merits, cancel many sins, is attested in the Holy Scripture; for "alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sins and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting." (Tobias xii., 9.) If then so great a reward is promised to those who relieve the suffering on earth, will not the reward be proportionally greater, if by our good works we relieve from much more intense suffering the souls in Purgatory?

1st. In conclusion, then, we must strongly recommend to our Catholic people a special devotion for the relief of the souls in Purgatory. Let their prayers and good works, and especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be frequently offered to God for this purpose.

2nd. For this end we exhort our people to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, with their families, for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. We may well imagine that these souls appeal to us constantly for

the help that we can so readily afford them. We may imagine them addressing us in the words of holy Job (xix. 21). "Have pity on me, have pity on me, you at least my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." We do feel that the Church will be tolled at seven o'clock each evening during the month, to remind the faithful of the sacred duty of praying for the departed.

This pastoral shall be read in all the Churches and Chapels of our Archdiocese, and in the religious communities, (the Sunday after its reception.

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By Order of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

JAMES WALSH, Secretary.

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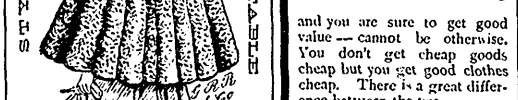
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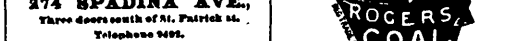
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The Highwayman and the Fool.

[MANCHESTER CHRONICLER.]

At the point where the range of mountains which divide the northern from the southern half of Donegal approaches nearest to the innermost extremity of Donegal Bay there is a wild and rocky pass, which from a distance shows as a saddle-shaped hollow in the sky-line, giving the impression of a bite taken by the mouth of a giant etc. out of the mouth of the mountain. This gorge is still, as it always has been in the past, the main artery of communication between the level and fertile plains of Tyrone and Londonderry, and the tract of country south of the mountains, extending as far as Lough Erne. It is called Barmore Gap, and the following is the legend current upon the country-side as to the origin of the name.

At the beginning of this century, when Mr. Balfour's light railways were not thought of, and even the Finn Valley Railway was yet to be, its place was taken in the internal economy of the country by the high-road running through the Gap, which forms the basin of the River Finn. Great then was the congestion of traffic, and the indignation of traders far and wide against the highwaymen who selected the part of this road which lay amidst the mountains for the scene of his depredations, and looted upon all comers. Men of peaceloving disposition, or with time to spare, diverted their course round the southern extremity of the range; and as time is the least valuable commodity in Ireland, and usually the least considered, the general stream of commerce followed this direction. But there were cases where urgency or impatience led to the use of the old route, and of these the highwayman made his profit.

When this state of siege had continued for some time, a gentleman of Enniskillen, of the name of O'Connor, had need of two hundred pounds within a certain time. This money he had to get from Derry. But he could not trust the mail, which was generally robbed, and it would not reach him in time by any route but the shortest, that through the Gap. None of the servants would run the risk of a halting with the highwayman, and he had determined to take the journey himself when a half-witted hanger-on about the house, named Blazing Barney, from the color of his hair volunteered for the service. The man was a "natural," or a "bit daff," as they say in Scotland, but his master knew that he could be sharp enough upon occasion, and no one would dream that such a half-witted creature would be trusted with such an important commission. Altogether this was the best chance of deceiving the highwayman, so he decided to risk it.

He offered Barney the pick of his weapons and his best hunter, but the omnidawn preferred to go unarmed and mounted upon the worst-looking horse in the stable, an old grey, that was blind of one eye and lame of one leg, but could still do a good day's traveling. As he abruptly remarked: "Fwath 'ud I be doin' on a gran, uplandin' baste the likes of ye on; that thes' beaynt wud rise to the trick in no time."

For Barney's silliness only came on in fits at the season of the moon. The present was a lull interval, so he could be trusted to take care of himself. So Barney jogged along on his way towards Derry, through Fernagh and Donegal, without fear of any ill, and only had to seek for what he wanted in the way of food and shelter in order to get it. The simple-hearted peasant never grudge "bit or sup" to the poor of their own order, and those afflicted as he was they regard as being under the special protection of heaven.

With the help of an early start, in spite of the soreness of his nag, he managed the fifty miles between Enniskillen and the town of Donegal on the first day, and early on the second reached the Gap. It was a mist, drizzling morning, and as he rode in amongst the mountains a damp mist closed down upon him, almost hiding the ground beneath him from his sight. The road passed upwards along the mountain until it became a mere ledge jutting from its side, and forming a break in the sheer descent of the cliff. On the one hand was a precipice, from the bottom of which came the rippling of rushing water, to warn the traveler from its brink; on the other rose the steep hills, whence he could hear above him the muffled crowing of the grouse among the heather.

Suddenly a gigantic figure outlined itself upon the mist, seeming to Barney larger than human, and he crossed himself as he rode nearer to it; but as the desolating fold of vapor rolled away from it, the figure revealed itself into a man on horseback, standing across the roadway at its narrowest point.

"Where are ye for?" said the stranger shortly.

"I'm on the right road?" and Barney giggled vacantly. "What are ye laughing at, fool?" "Laffin' is it me, yer honor?" "Troth, I was only—"

"Don't stand blatherin' there," interrupted the other, angrily. "What'll ye do doin' at Derry?" "At Derry? Ho! ho! ho! That just what I was tould not to let an a livin' soul, but there kin be no harm, muha, in tollin' a fine jintleman like yerself now, kin there now? I'm goin' to Derry for two hunner pun. That's what I'll be doin'."

"Ah, who'd give ye two hundred pound ye each?" "Two hunner pun, ho! ho! ho! Two hunner pun." "Look here, my good fellow, does this money belong to ye?" "Mo, is it? No, for shure. It's the masther's."

"And who's your masther?" "The masther? Troth, he's just the masther, ho! ho! ho!" "What's his name, yo idiot?" "Oh, his name? His name's Masther O'Connor, of Enniskillen." "And has he much money?" "Lashins."

"And what did the masther send you for?" "Ewath for? Two hunner pun, ho! ho! ho!" "Why did he choose you to send? Don't ye know that there's a highwayman on this road?" "Ah, that's just it, yer honor. I'm only a fule, so the thafe av the wurruld won't suspect me, but mebbe I'll not be such a fule as he thinks me."

"How do you know I'm not the highwayman?" "Ah, now I've makin' game, yer honor. A fine jintleman like yerself, av a splandacious baste, the likes av ye, is it that 'ud be a dirty robber. I'm not such a fule as to think that."

"Well, what would you do if you did meet the robber?" "Bin like a hobo, yer almer." "That old horse of yours wouldn't, I'm thinking. And if you couldn't run?" "Well, I dahn't know," and Barney scratched his head. "Stan, I s'pose, and give him the money, av he axed for it."

"A nice cowardly thing to do with your masther's property." "Butther be a coward nor a corp any day," replied Barney, pithily. "Well, ho, ye honny'll find Derry a good sort of place." "For sarten shure. Why wudn't I hear tell ye kin get as much caftee there for a penny as ud make lay?" "Will you shake your elbow?" "Thank ye kindly, sir, but niver a dhrain do I taste."

"Now you're jokin', sir," said the natural, anxiously. "Shure ye wouldn't for to play a trick that road on a poor boy?"

"Don't stand jabberin' there. Give me the hard stuff." "An' he was the thafe all the time, so that now, ho! ho! ho! and the idiot went into a fit of laughter, rocking himself to and fro on his horse, and wagging his hands helplessly.

"Give me the money, d—your soul!" said the robber, out of patience, as he drew a pistol from his holster, "or I'll shoot ye." "Ah, wirra, wirra, shure ye abner wudn't harrum harum; he's only a poor omadhawn, that niver done no one no hurt, may the holy saint presave ye."

"I don't want to hurt you," replied the other; "but I must have that two hundred pound, so just hand it over, and no more foolery." "Ah, thin," cried the idiot, flying into a passion, which lost fluency to his invective, "bad cess to ye for a deavin' expart; may the devil roast ye for yer blunderin' ways, gettin' me sayorin' from me, and thin thurmin' on me. Bad seran to yer soul, my cursa an' the cursa of Crommle rest on ye. Sorra till ye; may ye live till yo wish ye were dead, an' die like a dog in a ditch. But the devil a thraneen av the masther's wund ye git, av I had to throw it into the say wid me own two han's, so now," and before the robber could prevent him, he had taken the two packages of money from his pocket and I thrown them down the precipice.

"Ay, look at that now, look at the good alopein' and' arowlin' over the stones. There's yer money, yo thafe yo; much good may it do ye." As he spoke, the paper packages burst on the rocks below, and the glittering shower of coins could be seen leaping from point to point, ever gathering velocity, while the ring of the metal upon the stones mingled with the babbling of the brook towards which they were hastening.

With a curse the robber replaced his pistol in his holster, leaped from his horse, and began scrambling down the cliff, to try and save part of the spoil if possible. "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the natural as he rocked and awayed at the edge of the precipice; and he giggled, and slobbered, and gibbered, and he pointed at the robber toiling after his elusive quest.

When the highwayman was about half way down the descent, Barney mounted the other's fine black horse, and began to ride off, leaving his own old ser behind. "Stop, d—your eyes!" cried the highwayman, starting to climb up again, "what are you doin', ye jape yo? Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

Shute away, ye blatherskite," replied Barney, cheerfully; "haven't I got yer pistols in yer own holsters? But I'm thinking I'm goin' to jine an' take this illigit baste av yer almer's instid av me own. Troth, a fair exchange is no robbery. An' ye can make up the differ in the price, for by lukeponny, wid all them bright farthin's down there. I got them a purpose for ye."

After that day the highwayman was seen no more in his accustomed haunts. But in honour of the omnidawn's stratagem, the place has ever since borne the name of Barney's or Barmore Gap.

Two days afterwards Barney was once more passing through the Gap, this time on his return journey. It was evening, and the scene was very different from the first occasion of his visit to the place. Instead of damp sunlight, which was now brilliant sunshine, which flooded the valley and the far hill-sides with purple light, and glittered upon the surface of the brook with the slanting rays of eventide, Barney could now see that the side of the precipice leading downwards from the road was not absolutely perpendicular, but was diversified with rocky ledges and huge boulders, which lent a wild and rugged aspect to the scenery, intensified by the great mountains which towered steeply upon either hand. The glint of the sea in the background added to the loneliness of the scene.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Senator Miller Tells How the Late Premier Entered Public Life.

The pamphlet entitled "Incidents in the Public Life of Sir John Thompson" furnishes a most interesting chapter in Canadian history. The author is Senator Miller, and the object of the little book is to make known the actual circumstances under which Sir John Thompson entered public life; additional light is thrown upon those questions which so quickly raised him to the prominence.

I cannot say the author, better illustrate the manner in which Mr. J. S. Thompson began his political career than by the letter from the Hon. James McDonald, now Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, but in 1877 local leader of the Conservative Party in that Province, Sir Charles Tupper having taken up his residence in Toronto after the defeat of the Conservative Government in 1873. The letter is dated August 1st, and urges the advisability of finding a seat for Mr. Thompson in the local House. It concludes thus:

Mr. Thompson, I need not tell you, would be a valuable acquisition, but he must be secured by a certain amount of money, and are three or four of these in the better part of the Province, with all of which you are well acquainted, and have large influence. Thompson's return to the local House of Assembly for Mr. Thompson. There happened at the moment to be a vacant seat in the Catholic county of Antigonish, and it was agreed to write, the Hon. Mr. McDonald, then P. P. of Pictou, now Bishop of Antigonish, the following letter:

Father McDonald:—I in reply said: A county which at this moment feels itself for the first time emancipated from the political oligarchy of a quarter of a century must be handled with much delicacy. In fact to avoid recurrence of the bitter political animosities of the past, the object must be, and must be convinced that they are taking the initiative in the matter. Permits me to suggest the scheme by which this can be best accomplished.

1. Keeping politics entirely out of sight, let Mr. Thompson be invited to repeat his lecture on the "German Persecutions" in Antigonish before the public and college. 2. Let the Bishop of Antigonish, and the members of the College Board be convened. 3. After the lecture, let the clergy and leading laymen be quickly operated on to offer Mr. Thompson a requisition to stand for the county.

This letter was sent by Senator Miller to Bishop Cameron, who returned it with an endorsement in his own handwriting as follows:—"All right. Mr. CAMERON." After consulting the services of Father McDonald, Senator Miller received the following letter from Mr. Thompson:

HARFAX, 15th October, 1877. Considering the difficulty with which Father McDonald suggests—the absence of any man to announce it as so simple a notice, and the very great disadvantage which a stranger must be at in competing with one known and living in the county, I would suggest that he would not be better to stand back from this election, and to run somebody else whose return would be safe, and who can be depended on to oppose the present wretched Government. You will surely understand that my own ambition, and whose hopes have been excited by so gratifying a prospect as the nomination which you contemplated, might be to be disappointed, but I think that under the circumstances it would be decidedly best to let it pass. Should you and his Lordship continue to hold the view that I should aspire to the seat, I can only say that I would be glad to become known to the people of the county. Perhaps you will do me the favor to advise me as to your views on these points, and, if you will be good, to communicate mine to his Lordship.

Meanwhile, with many thanks, I remain, yours, etc. (Signed) J. S. D. THOMPSON." The Hon. W. Miller. Senator Miller did not communicate this discouraging letter to Bishop Cameron, but Sir John McDonald did, and applied himself to the task as well as he knew how of bringing about a change in Sir John's views, in which, he was successful. Shortly afterwards Bishop Cameron wrote a letter to Father Gillis of Antigonish, a man of great local influence, to be used in the county, giving his reasons for supporting Mr. Thompson's candidature, and after further correspondence Father McDonald proceeded to Antigonish to arrange "the details" of a requisition to Thompson, but the attempt proved a complete failure. The village "coterie," who he turned the leading politicians of the township, were all adverse to the bringing in of a stranger, and represented the county, but Sir John eventually wrote him that he thought it better that Thompson should stand aside till the general election next year. Senator Miller would not hear of this and concluded that there was only one course open to Mr. Thompson, and that was the acquisition of a requisition, and that was to come boldly into the county at once; declare himself a candidate, and after upon his canvass without further delay. After some delay, Mr. Thompson came to Antigonish, and was met by his intimate friend, Mr. J. J. Stewart, editor and proprietor of the Halifax Herald, the leading Conservative organ in Nova Scotia. On the day of Mr. Thompson's arrival at Antigonish the Senator received the following letter from him:

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run, so as to bluff rather than be bluffed, I do not really see the propriety of running—incourting the risk of laboring any money of a contest without any gain either personally or for the party. I fear that the clergy will be asked to use their influence on the losing side, and that we shall thus lose the best hold we have on the county. Father Gillis is very kind and regrets the situation, but can see no hope. Of course, I will stick to the work foredoomed, but should prefer better to fall back, and come to the scratch some other time. Bishop Cameron has been so very kind, and his letters which I saw were interesting, and at the same time showed so fully that his lordship was pained at the turn which affairs had taken, I thought it my duty to write the enclosed letter, which please read and deliver, unless you decidedly disapprove of its tenor. Yours, etc. (Signed) J. S. D. THOMPSON.

MR. JUSTICE CURRAN.

MONTEAL, Oct. 29.—A very pleasant gathering took place in Glenora hall, last night the occasion being an entertainment given by Branch No. 26 of the O.M.B.A. to members and guests. The entertainment consisted of a musical and literary programme, with speeches mentioned below. Hon. J. Curran, his Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Rev. Father Marro, Notre Dame; Rev. Father M. Callaghan, St. Patrick's; Rev. J. O'Meara, St. Gabriel's, and Dr. G. H. Merrill occupied seats on the platform. The most interesting event of the evening was the presentation of an address, accompanied with a handsome portrait, to the Hon. J. Curran. The address was tendered by the president, G. J. Costigan, and reads as follows:

To the Hon. J. J. Curran, LL.D., on the occasion of his elevation to the Superior Court of the province of Quebec. Hon. Judge and Brother—The officers and members of Branch No. 26, O.M.B.A., desire to express their pleasure and satisfaction in learning that in your person a distinguished member of the association has been honored in being raised to the important position of Judge of the Superior Court. Almost since the formation of this branch you have been actively associated with us, and each one feels that he participates in the honor which the federal Government has seen fit to confer upon you. As a slight token of the esteem and the respect in which you have ever been held by the officers and members of Branch No. 26, O.M.B.A., we beg on this occasion that you accept the portrait of yourself which we now present and which we trust will long hang upon the walls of your happy home as a reminder of the brotherly spirit in which it has been offered to you. 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