

The Catholic Record.

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

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"A FACT."

If you want Good Ordered Clothing or Furnishings, see our Stock. The Best and Cheapest in the trade.

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We have great pleasure in transferring to our columns the following beautiful poem from the brilliant pen of Miss Frances M. Smith, of Lunan, Ontario, which has appeared in the October number of the Dublin Irish Monthly. It is exceedingly creditable to the gifted authoress, whose heart throbs sympathetically with the cause of Catholic Ireland; and it will be read with pleasure and profit by our thousands of readers:

Faith's Appeal.
Beautiful Land, where my home has been
Heard up to God for the lives that were
Decked with the garlands thy children
still hold.
The dark hour ere dawn whispers "Dad-
daddy,"
Through danger and death round my foot-
steps have trod.
Trusted and tried one! what fervent devo-
tion
Dreth in thee, deeper than depths of the
sea!
And storm God, never thrilled the great soul
of the ocean
As thy soul has thrilled when it trembled
for mine?
Ere in love, thy hands have grown weary,
Head up to God for the lives that were
dear;
Hope's radiant star rises slowly and dreary—
"The dark hour ere dawn whispers "Dad-
daddy,"
But oh! if thy children should list to the
stranger,
And, worn with long waiting, without me
rise up,
To whom couldst thou turn in the night of
thy danger?
How quaint Paul's dark wine if I kissed not
the cup?
Look to the sky, soft and blue, spread above
thee;
Count time since it first saw thee turn to
the Cross,
Ask the low groans of the past if they love
me,
And voices shall speak from the marble
and moss.
Look at the little ones kneeling at even,
Small hands so true fully folded in mine;
Has thou a gift pure as this I have given?
More steadfast a star o'er their young lives
to shine?
Tired art thou? Yes, but would freedom
without me
Be sweeter than chains which together we
wear?
Never, beloved, let my heart learn to doubt
thee,
Nor thine turn away from the blessing I
bear.
I have been with thee in joy and in sorrow,
To see thee and comfort not vainly
have tried,
Have borrowed Hope's language to sing of
to-morrow,
Love's lips to kiss tears thou hast striven
to wipe.
I have been welcomed by bright smiling
faces,
In pageants of glory have gladly borne
part,
Crests I hunted away to thy desolate places,
And felt thy warm blood dropping over my
head,
Then, when to me still, for the mariner lying
Beckoned in the loneliest part of the sea,
Wouldst thou lead me, with thee, with thine
altar-lighted eyes,
Thy sanctuary darkened—and parted from
me.

FRANCES MARY SMITH.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

A NOVENA THAT WAS HEARD.

DEDICATING HER LIFE TO GOD.
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

We this week give the portrait of Miss Gracie Hanley, daughter of one of the most respected citizens of Boston, Colonel Patrick T. Hanley, and prints for the satisfaction of our readers the full particulars of her life, so remarkable is it in its bearing upon the record of supernatural benefits conferred through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in that city.

By way of premise, that we would say that in addition to all the facts narrated by others, one of the editors of the Freeman has personally inquired into every particular of this most wonderful story, and is as firmly convinced of its correctness as any of those who have hitherto spoken upon the matter.

The home of Col. Hanley stands on Tremont street, half a dozen blocks or so from the Redemptorist, or "Mission Church," as it is better known. Hardly some grounds surround the residence, while within there is luxury and refinement from hallway to roof.

Col. Hanley, after leading back from Virginia's soil the remnant of the deathless "Irish 9th Massachusetts," had built him this as an abiding place for his growing family, and gathered around it everything that would tend to its comfort and improvement. "My husband and I," said Mrs. Hanley to the writer, "planned the house and arranged it for our own use during our lifetime."

But one day a dark shadow clouded the happiness of this home. Its sunshine—the eldest daughter, a bright, sweet-dispositioned girl of four years, was stricken down in an unfortunate moment by an accident, and named for life. A fall deprived her of the use of her limbs, and spinal action was paralyzed. Physicians of the highest order were called in, and after many months of constant care they gave the case up as hopeless. All that their skill could do was to ease the misery of the poor child by a steel armor, which kept her frame in position. Another thing they did was to enable her to rest upon an iron frame, oblong in shape. The writer, as he gazed upon this relic of agony a few weeks since, in the room in which Miss Hanley passed so

many years of her life—in prayer and tears—could not repress a shudder at the very thought of having to suffer such a fate. "This room," said Col. Hanley, "is just as it was when Gracie was here." Painted in blue and gold, neat to the extreme, it could be seen that the parents had spared nothing to make things pleasant for their stricken darling. "That," said the Colonel, pointing to a corner of the room, "is the altar, made by Gracie herself. We kept the lamp burning before the statue of the Blessed Virgin just as she did when here, and shall always do so."

Though never a murmur rose from the invalid, and cheerful as her surroundings were made by those who loved her, like the bird in the golden cage, her glided palace was but a prison after all, and she longed for that liberty of limb and action of which she had been so untimely deprived. Time grew on apace. Years passed by and brought no change in the condition of Gracie Hanley. If anything, the burden she was called upon to bear grew heavier, and the pain more continuous. To our inquiries every one answered that, with all this, the disposition of the sufferer grew sweeter and lovelier every day.

There were some rays of silver in the dark cloud that overhung her life—there were visits of holy persons who came to see her from time to time. Among them came one day

THE REV. ABRAM J. RYAN, "THE POET PRIEST"

of the South, and his sympathies were most deeply aroused. He spent much of his time, while a guest of her father, really as minister of the sickroom and comfort of the stricken one. His sympathies were put in a way that the Freeman is now, for the first time, enabled to make public. They took the form of his favorite mode of expression—verse—and the lines, as copied by us in the Hanley home, are as follows:

To Gracie.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.

The Poet's Poems pass away
They live but for a little day,
The blessing of the Priest will stay
And shine along your path of life way—
And so I bless you—
With the blessing of grace,
For, Gracie is your name,
God looks out through your face;
Your sickness is a trace
That His heart is near you ever;
Love Him, then, and be your heart a throne
Where He will reign fore ever.
March 27th, 1883.

It is said that before leaving Boston Father Ryan advised that a novena be made, and said that he himself would offer up on the first favorable opportunity a Mass for the intention. In fulfillment of this, when Father Ryan some time later reached a Canadian convent he did so, and in addition he requested the prayers of all the inmates and pupils for the recovery of his afflicted young friend. About this time the Mission Church began to be heard of in connection with wonderful "faith cures," as they were called. People had gone there lame, and returned sound of limb. Their crutches remained in evidence at the altar where the change had been wrought. So the thought came to the Hanleys that they should try the efficacy of a novena, and with hope in their hearts the visitation of the church was made for nine days, and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin asked. Day after day Colonel Hanley brought his daughter in his buggy to the church, and carrying her in his arms to the pew, joined with the prayers of his family for the restoration of his daughter to health. "I cannot picture anything more pitiable," said he, "than the condition of this poor child at that time. The very weight that bound her form were in themselves a burden that a strong man would have withered under."

The morning of the ninth day came amid expectancy and fear. The latter was occasioned by an evident weakening in the girl's usual condition, and it was thought by some that the excitement had only tended to make matters worse, while the skeptical declared that the certain day appointment would surely kill the child. It was, therefore, with emotions that can be better imagined than described, that the ninth visitation was undertaken. Holy Communion was administered to Miss Hanley in her seat by the celebrant of the Mass, Rev. Father Rathke, who, as much as any one else, had been instrumental in calling the novena to be made, and after awhile she said to her attendant: "I think I can walk."

"Try, dear," said the attendant, whose faith had never for a moment wavered. "Shall I loosen you?"

"Yes," came the answer, and in a few moments the girl, who for years had been so utterly helpless, walked over to the altar rail and knelt in prayer. The reader can imagine the awe of the father as he witnessed this from several pews in the rear. He could not believe his senses—he dared not trust his eyes—and it was only when his son, Dudley, came rushing up, and the clergy came crowding in, that he fully realized the truth, and recognized the fact that he was a living testimony to the mysterious and benevolent ways of the Creator. Confessions were suspended, and the girl, calm and happy, knelt there until her bewildered friends had offered up her thanks to God through Mary, His beloved Mother.

She walked from the church to her home, and never again did sickness of any nature trouble her. Here is

THE AUTHENTICATED RECORD

of this miraculous cure as furnished the Freeman's Journal by Mr. Michael Dwyer, of Boston, from his MSS. volume, in which all the marvelous cases known since the erection of this church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help are detailed. Mr. Dwyer's volume, which is yet to be printed, was prepared by him under the direction of the Rev. Father Henning, who had charge of the church at the time.

"The year 1883, which was fraught with glorious results at the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, was the year chosen by her for the general diffusion of the fame of her miraculous dispensations in this

city. Hitherto it would seem as if she had been content with the private devotion of her partisans, and of those attached to her altar by the oral promulgation of her cures. Now, however, she wishes to draw the attention of the whole nation to her fountain of mercy. By a series of extraordinary cures granted in immediate sequence, and published in the daily press, the existence and boundless graces of Mary's shrine reached the homes of the faithful all over the country, and caused the sick and sorrowing of every description to turn with awakened fervor to this holy and favored spot. That this was really the effect produced by the wonderful miracles of 1883, is proved by the following extract from the annals of the shrine:

"This remarkable cure (Miss Hanley's) which has been spread far and wide in the columns of the press, setting the city in a ferment of astonishment, bringing thousands to our Church and confessionals and crowding the approaches to Our Lady's altar with the afflicted of every class, deserves a conspicuous place in this record. The facts of the long illness and miraculous cure of Miss Hanley are taken from the sworn testimony of her father, Colonel P. F. Hanley, and are as follows:

"Gracie Mary Cecilia Hanley was born in Boston, March 19th, 1887. As an infant she was very robust, inclined, as she grew, to stoutness, and had no sickness of any kind until the accident about to be related took place. In the summer of 1871 the family was on a journey at Cohasset, in the vicinity of Boston. One day, little Gracie, now four years of age, was playing with other children in an old-fashioned carriage, which stood in the carriage house. Near by lay a large stone, placed there for some unknown purpose. As the child Gracie attempted to step backwards from the carriage, and was standing on the step, the other children, bounding the old vehicle up and down, gave one jolt which threw Gracie violently from her place against the stone before mentioned. She struck against her spine with great force. Her first pains lasted fully an hour, but yielded after that to the soothing applications placed upon the injured spot. At the time of one week, however, the pains in her spine returned, and she was taken to Boston to a family physician. At the end of a year after the accident no improvement had been effected in the child's case, the physician being unacquainted with the precise nature of her trouble. The second physician, Dr. C., recognizing the existence of spinal disease in the child, began immediately a radical course of treatment, but kept the case only four weeks, after which he departed on a projected voyage to Europe. The third physician consulted was Dr. B., an eminent specialist in spinal diseases. Under his treatment Gracie remained for four years, during which time she received her first Communion and Confirmation. One day, towards the end of the year 1880, her weakness from the great pains she suffered became such that she almost sank to the ground. Day by day thereafter the use of her lower limbs gradually left her, so that by the end of December, 1880, no longer able to stand, she was compelled once more to resume her sick bed under a most painful, though unavailing, course of treatment. At length, having exhausted his skill, Dr. B. declared he could do nothing further for the afflicted girl. Then a fourth physician was called, one who, like his predecessor, had great reputation as a skilled specialist in diseases of the spine. At his advice, Gracie was removed in March, 1882, to St. Margaret's Hospital, Lombard square, Boston, where for some weeks she received his daily attention. But all in vain. The subtle complaint resisted his most skillful work, and in June, 1882, the girl was brought home helpless, with no hope on earth of relief of her terrible disease. With the aid of crutches and the support given by the strong corsets above mentioned, Gracie could move painfully along a level floor. Here her powers of motion ceased. Kneeling down on her feet, or going up or down stairs was an utter impossibility.

"This was the state of Gracie's malady in the summer of 1883, after unavailing treatment by four physicians, at least two of whom were famed for their skill in maladies of this nature. Prayers had frequently been offered by the household to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and to the Sacred Heart, yet no relief was apparent in the girl's condition. One day in August, 1883, as Gracie was present at the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in the church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, having been brought to the church in a buggy, the rector of the church came and spoke to her. A novena was recommended by him, to be made wholly at the shrine. Every day for nine days Gracie was to be brought to Our Lady's altar, and there with the whole family recite the prayers of a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. She was accordingly taken to the church every morning in a carriage, and assisted to a pew in front of the miraculous picture. The Rosary was then recited by one of the Fathers of the church and answered by Gracie and her surrounding relatives. The girl showed great faith and confidence in Our Blessed Lady, praying to her, simply and hopefully, as if she were speaking to her mother. For three days, however, she seemed to grow worse; her back ached intensely, and she suffered severe pains in her head. When the latter disappeared after the third day her back grew worse and worse. On the last morning of the novena, after an ineffectual effort to stand unaided, she was taken to the shrine as usual, helpless, weak, and in wretched pain.

Her crutches were placed under her arms, and she slowly reached the shrine to complete her novena to Our Blessed Mother. "The moment had at length arrived when the extraordinary faith of this afflicted child was to be rewarded by a miracle of health, as startling as it was sudden and complete. As she sat in her pew after Holy Communion, Miss Hanley was suddenly seized with a darkening, dizzy sensation, as if sight and sense were leaving her. She turned to her aunt, who was kneeling behind her, as if for assistance. But as the sense of her faintness came over her, her pains suddenly ceased, a strange, creeping sensation permeated her whole body, and in another moment she had risen to her feet, completely restored in this miraculous manner to health and strength. Her aunt handed her the crutches as usual, but Gracie joyfully said: 'No, I will not need them; I can walk.' And whereupon she walked firmly and erect to Our Lady's altar, where she knelt in fervent prayers of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. When she had concluded her devotions she arose, walked alone and unaided down the aisle to the church door, and thence by her father's side to their dwelling, several blocks distant. The steps leading to the entrance of her home she ascended briskly, as well as the stairs to her mother's room, where the latter, who through illness, had been unable to attend the exercise of the novena, received her restored child with heartfelt maternal gratitude and happiness."

"The above statement, signed by Colonel Hanley, with his affidavit appended, is preserved at the convent, in direct proof of the miraculous cure of his afflicted daughter. The text of the affidavit is as follows:

"Suffolk ss: Boston, Dec. 9, 1888.

"Then personally appeared the above-named Patrick T. Hanley, to me known to be the person who signed the foregoing statement, and made solemn oath that said statement is true.

"Before me (signed),

JAMES MCCORMICK,
Justice of the Peace.

"Supplementing the above is the text of many of the large number of eye witnesses of this miraculous cure, who look on in astonishment and awe as the girl, who had entered the church half an hour previous a helpless cripple, left the miraculous shrine in perceptible vigor and strength of limb, followed by her brother bearing her abandoned crutches. These crutches were eventually suspended beneath the Sacred Image, while the steel stays, a formidable piece of medical mechanism, now as needless as the crutches, was left in the convent.

"It would be impossible to give adequate expression to the sentiments of the parents and relatives of the cured girl. Their mingled feelings found expression in a Solemn Mass of gratitude which was celebrated at the shrine, and is continued every year on the anniversary of the cure, and in a commemorative tablet recording Gracie's name and date of her miraculous cure, which was placed at the side of the shrine. Since that memorable day in her life Miss Hanley has enjoyed perfect health and immunity from the slightest effects of her former disease.

"Through the goodness of the Mother of Perpetual Help she is now enabled to pursue the studies retarded by her many years of illness, and will no doubt seek in after years to expend the strength and health received at the miraculous shrine in acts of charity to the afflicted, and a life long gratitude to Mary."

THE SQUEAL
to this story of her life is just as interesting and as appropriate as is that of any romance. Miss Hanley, who had never advanced much educationally, owing to her affliction, was after a while sent, along with her sister, to the Convent of Jesu and Mary, Quebec, Can., and to the surprise of every one distanced all her classmates, and eventually carried away with her the Lansdowne medal. This trophy we had the pleasure of seeing, with specimens of the work which she has accomplished since her recovery. In 1887 she graduated. The parents thought that the enjoyment of her home friends-ship she would be happy and content with them. But she had made up her mind to devote the life given her so unexpectedly to good works, and to others rather than to her own comfort. For a year she was kept at home, and every attraction employed that would be likely to wean her of her desire, and finally convinced that it was God's will that she should devote herself, the fond parents afforded her every opportunity.

Miss Hanley entered the convent of Jesu and Mary, Quebec, a few weeks ago, and received the first veil of the Order in the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Hanley, Major D. G. McNamara and wife, and many friends, lay and clerical.

NEGRO PRIESTS.

Joseph Griffin, of Virginia, and James Brown, of Maryland, both colored, are studying for the priesthood in St. Peter's college, near Liverpool, England. After six years' study in that institution they will take another year's course in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. O. K. Uncles, another colored man of Maryland, has been for some time studying for the priesthood in Canada, and will complete his education soon. Recently the young colored men of the Catholic Church have received considerable encouragement to become priests, and the old Western Maryland hotel has been purchased for the purpose of living it up as an institution for the education of colored men for the priesthood. The institution will be known as St. Joseph's Seminary, and will be opened in the fall. A colored Catholic organ in Cincinnati estimates the colored Catholic population of this country at 200,000. Out of this large number of adherents to the Church, there is only one colored priest in this country, Rev. A.

Tolton, Ill. He was a slave before the war, and is a full blooded African. In Rome and other parts of Europe colored priests have charge of parishes attended principally by colored people.—Boston Herald.

DEATH OF MR. WM. GUINANE, OF TORONTO.

From the Irish Canadian of last week we copy the following announcement, which will be read with sorrow by thousands of warm friends of the deceased gentleman:

We have this week to chronicle the death of William Guinane, for about forty years a citizen of Toronto. The depression following the great forty seven famine in Ireland drove many of our countrymen to seek in other lands more propitious fortune. Amongst these were Mr. Guinane and his then young wife. Coming from Kilrick direct to Toronto, they decided to settle here. Forty years ago a Catholic in Toronto could never forget that he belonged to the Church militant, for the Orange and the Green did not always mingle their colors in peace. In these early days, too, the slow expensive and uncertain process of law could not be always relied on in settling disputes to everybody's satisfaction. Mr. Guinane found that a strong arm and a good black-thorn were powerful arguments which weighed with aggressive opponents, and usually brought respect for his person and property. He was soon, therefore, at peace without molestation. For years his success was indifferent. Lately fortune favored him, and at his death he had built up perhaps the largest retail shoe trade in the city of Toronto. He leaves a wife and five sons to mourn his loss. Three of the latter had lately taken over the business. The eldest is the Rev. J. J. Guinane, President of the new Basilian College at Sedalia, Mo.; while the youngest, Dr. Joachim Guinane, has entered the medical profession, graduating with high honors here in Toronto fifteen months ago, and since taking a degree and high standing at the University of the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians, London, Eng-land, where he still continues his studies. Mr. Guinane was one of the few Catholics in Toronto who have given a son to the ministry. God rewarded him by giving him the same son to administer to him the last rites of the Church, on his death bed. We offer our sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

The Catholic Record also tenders its sincere and heartfelt condolence to the family of Mr. Guinane. He was a good father, a kind husband, an exemplary Catholic and a worthy citizen, and he will be greatly missed, as he was greatly esteemed, by all who knew him. May God have mercy on his soul, and may He, too, extend a comforting hand to the household which is now one of mourning and of sorrow.

NEW CHURCH IN TORONTO.

The new French church, on King street east, Toronto, known as that of the Sacred Heart, was consecrated yesterday afternoon with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of a large assemblage. The altar has been tastefully arranged, and was set off to the best advantage by a well-devised distribution of floral wreaths. The walls were partially covered with symbolic and allegorical pictures, and with shields and banners of cloth, on each of which was wrought a Latin inscription, while the ceiling was festooned with immense strips of cloth in red, white, and blue. The preliminary ceremonial commenced shortly after three o'clock, at the close of which Very Rev. J. M. Laurent, administrator of the Archdiocese, solemnly dedicated the sacred edifice.

Rev. Father Nolin, O. M. I., of Ottawa, felicitated the French congregation in a few appropriate words, after which he delivered a sermon in English, speaking from the words "Behold thy Mother." He said that the occasion was an imposing and auspicious one. The church which had now been dedicated had changed its destination. Therefore they had all reason to be thankful that they enjoyed the advantages of and belonged to the one true Church of Christ. The Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and tradition, all pointed to the Catholic Church as being the one true representative of Christ and His Apostles. It was necessary, in order to perpetuate the religion of Jesus Christ, that there should be a visible Church on earth, and the distinguishing marks of the Catholic Church, in order to maintain that position, must be able to trace its origin back to the Apostles, and the fathers and ministers of the Church must be able to prove their credentials, and teach what the Apostles taught. And, as Peter was the chief of the Apostles, it was necessary there should be a succession of men to perpetuate his doctrine. This had always been done by the Catholic Church, by one continuous chain of Popes, up to the last, the glorious Pope Leo XIII. Never has the Church done away with the least truth entrusted to Peter or his successors. The true Church had to be Catholic, as Catholicity meant universality, and the Catholic Church, answering to that description, her doctrine must be in time spread throughout the world among the rich and poor, the high and low. The rev. father then spoke of the Church's unbounded charity, of its works of utility, of its holiness, as exemplified in the life of the fathers, in the devotedness of the sisters, and in the relics of the saints and

martyrs of the Church. He asked the congregation to extend their sympathy to those outside the pale of the Catholic Church who did not enjoy the same privileges which they did, and implored them to have a deep veneration for holy mother Church.

Rev. Father Rooney gave a brief account of the progress of the Catholic religion in Toronto during the past twenty years.

Vespers were commenced in the evening at half past seven, at which Rev. Father Nolin addressed the congregation in French.

The congregation was established about a year ago, and has continued to prosper ever since. The newly acquired building cost \$12,000, \$8,000 of which has already been paid. Liberal collections were taken up. The building has a seating capacity for 800.—Toronto Mail.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

CONFIRMATION AT LUCAN.

His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Walsh administered confirmation to ninety seven children and a few adults on last Wednesday in the parish church of Lucan. The Holy Sacrifice was offered by Rev. James Walsh, besides whom the venerable pastor, Father Connolly, Rev. Father Brennan, and Rev. Father Galan, were present in the sanctuary.

In the presence of the several priests, and in the hearing of the large congregation, the bishop examined the children in their catechism, and in the knowledge of their duties to God and to society. The answers of the children were very satisfactory, and drew unstinted praise from his lordship, who congratulated Father Connolly on his successful labors in training the children of his parish to so accurate a knowledge of the teachings of faith and so intelligent a practice of Christian duty.

Holy Communion was administered to all the candidates present, after which His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Connolly and Brennan, with hands uplifted, implored the Holy Ghost to visit with His seven fold gifts those who were to be confirmed, and then administered the fortifying sacrament in the usual form.

The Bishop's sermon made a deep impression on all present, for his words of counsel and of warning were addressed as well to the parents as to the children. He spoke on the necessity of young people leading lives of piety from their tenderest years, so that, being habituated to the practice of virtue, sin and crime would be a horror to them. He warned the young men against leaving home and forgetting, in a strange land, the lessons of wisdom and virtue they had learned. The parents were counselled in persuasive words to lead holy lives, and by their example be a means of salvation to those children for whose dear souls an all just God would hold them responsible. His Lordship closed a very impressive sermon by imparting his Episcopal Benediction.

CURES AT LOURDES.

MONSIEUR O'REILLY'S ACCOUNT OF SOME RECENT MIRACULOUS EVENTS AT THE SHRINE.

The very reverend writer says: Here is a cure effected on an inmate of the Hospital de la Salpetriere in Paris, the very place of all others where modern science delights in performing vast experiments. Eight years ago—I quote in substance—a poor young dressmaker named Celeste Menoux, married to a man of the name of Genoux, was received in this hospital with the whole left side and both lower limbs utterly and hopelessly paralyzed. Four years later, in 1884, both her ears became so inflamed that suppuration set in, and the tympanum or drum of the ear was destroyed. Then came another aggravated attack of paralysis, destroying her sense of hearing altogether and taking away the power of speech. Everything the admirable corps of physicians attached to the hospital could do for the patient was done persistently, and all in vain. The celebrated Dr. Charcot as vainly tried the power of hypnotism. He could not throw the sufferer into magnetic sleep. Thus, in her 29th year, poor Celeste Menoux, Meriel seemed given up to every worst infirmity. She was pronounced absolutely incurable. Her only hope, her only prayer, was now to be taken to Lourdes, whither they took her some twelve days ago (this was written Sept. 1st) with the other pilgrims from Paris. She suffered dreadfully during this long railroad journey, so much that it was feared she could never reach the goal. She did, however, on August 23rd. Just as her infirmities had come upon her successively, even so in the same order (says our authority) they disappeared one by one. "On Tuesday, the 21st, she cast aside her crutches and walked; on Wednesday, the 22nd, she recovered her speech; on Thursday, after a night of fearful suffering in both ears, she recovered the sense of hearing. Now Celeste Genoux Meriel walks, speaks, hears perfectly. I saw her and questioned her at length recently. What the medical faculty of La Salpetriere was powerless to effect, that has been done by God at the instance of Our Lady of Lourdes."

Another miraculous cure, attested and certified by the medical board of inquiry at Lourdes, is that of a boy named Louis Tribout, who, since the age of fifteen months, had both hands deformed and bent backward, and one of his legs drawn up. After being twice plunged into the spring of the Grotto, he was completely cured, not a trace of his deformity remaining. These facts, and such as these, are now moving the wonder of all Paris, of all France. They may help and strengthen and console thousands of your readers. They will go to show that the hand of God is not shortened in our day.

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

ABBE KISSER.

Sing me a song of the olden time— "Highland Laddie," or "Bonnie Doon;" Sing to me now in the fading light, For my heart goes back to my youth to-night— Sing me some dear old tune,

And I will dream as I hear your voice, Sweet, and tender, and strong, and clear, Like your mother's voice, when these songs she sang Long ago when we both were young— You are so like her, dear,

Take down her harp and touch the strings: Too long, too long have they silent been; My heart has long had of hurry and strife, And the care and the worry of active life— I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon;" Your mother sang that song to you While she rocked you there on her breast to sleep, Dear little daughter, do not weep— Sing me the old songs, too,

Sing "Logan Water" and "Land of the Leal," "Annie Laurie" and "Banks of Dee;" Dear old songs that we never forget; Over my heart they are echoing yet; She sang them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be As the tuneful lays of the days of yore Sung by mother and sister and wife; And now, my child, in this later life I would hear those songs once more,

So sing me a song of the olden time— "Highland Laddie," or "Bonnie Doon;" Sing to me now in the fading light, For my heart goes back to my youth to-night— Sing me some dear old tune.

SURVEILLANCE IN IRELAND.

An Irish-American Runs the Gauntlet of Local Officials.

THE DISTRESS AND POVERTY SURROUNDING THE NEW NIBOR OF NATIONS GRAPHICALLY NARRATED—THE ROUGH MARCH OF BALFOUR'S TYRANNICAL HREK VIS IRELAND EVERYWHERE.

To the Editor of the Star:

SIR—Believing that a sketch of a visit to Ireland in the year of grace 1888, Balfour's ruling, would be interesting to your readers, and particularly so in view of the efforts now being made to raise a fund for the defence of Mr. Farrell, I beg to ask space for it in your influential and patriotic paper.

I landed in Dublin from Holyhead at 6 a. m. on the morning of July 23. From then till I left Belfast, some three weeks afterwards, I was the cynosure of all (selective) eyes, the observed of all (official) visitors. Having spent two years at the model schools on Marlboro street, I first meandered in that direction, my mind reverting to the many incidents of school life, and ever and anon drifting down the aisles of time to note how many of the resolutions of those days had survived the assaults of human passions and how many bright hopes then formed had been ruthlessly shivered on fortune's lance. Thus musing, my steps brought me to O'Connell street, and as the statue of the mighty Tribune had been erected since my time, I longed to gaze on the majestic figure of the Great Emancipator. It stands at the foot of O'Connell street, looking toward College Green, and is well worthy of him whose majestic form it represents. Nay, even the very soul of O'Connell beams forth from the pose of the figure and lines of the face. No statue that I have ever seen approaches it in conveying the idea of power, and in this respect it actually approaches the sublime. Through its instrumentality I had a faint idea of the influence of the great orator on an Irish audience.

The statue of Sir John Gray is in the rear of that of O'Connell between it and the Wellington monument. It is well worthy of admiration and reflection, but my mind was too much absorbed with reminiscences of O'Connell's life and times to give it special attention at that time. I subsequently paid it my devoted respects.

Crossing the bridge (now widened) over the Liffey, I came to the statue of William Smith O'Brien, a well chiseled and expressive figure. Here I might have delayed awhile, but another figure caught my eye, away down in front of the old House of Parliament, and thither I sped in all haste. Whose could it be? It was not there in my time. There was only one figure that should be there just yet. Was it that? Yes, it was—it was the statue of the immortal Grattan, the personification of patriotism, the essence of inspired oratory. How then I blessed the noble art that could thus reveal the secrets of the past, and breathe into the cold marble every thought but life. I was wondering how soon another figure would adorn that triangular space, the figure of one who should again restore to Ireland her lost Parliament, and lend against a friendly lamp post to select an appropriate spot for its erection.

As I did so the grim shadow of a policeman fell across my path. At this time I had been sedulously and suspiciously watched. I started. Was I in a dream? Ah, no; this was the land of coercion. There was his living harnessed emblem. I cast a hurried glance at the statues of Burke and Goldsmith on the right in front of Trinity College and that of King William, heading off up Dame street (very appropriately as I thought), and sought a friendly inn to have breakfast. The liveried emissary of Mr. Balfour did not follow me, but I soon found I was not unwatched for. I had a companion at breakfast!

After breakfast I visited some stores to provide for a change of clothing. In doing so I thought I'd play my detective friend (if such he was) just a little ruse. There came some excitement on his part. What with suddenly turning corners, mounting on top of street cars, taking jaunting cars and other apparent efforts to elude a pursuer, I got worked up to fine spirits. Finally I did stop to make a purchase, and sure enough in pops my friend. He blew a little hard, and discovered himself to my watchful eye by a quick glance at me when passing. The proprietor soon after very significantly

asked me if I had come from America, how long I intended to remain, where I expected to stay, and much to that effect, to all of which I answered as suited the occasion.

Leaving the store I drove to the house of a relative, where I proposed remaining while in Dublin. Here I thought I would surely be safe from prying eyes. I had stepped from the frying pan into the fire. My friend's daughter had been recently married to Mr. Crilly, M. P., and the house was a suspected house—had been, in fact, watched night after night. They had recently had a release from espionage, as Mr. Crilly was away in London, but my coming would add fuel to the flame. Well, if they could stand it I would, and they were willing to stand it. To make matters worse, I resolved to visit the rooms of the Irish National League. There I met my old friend, Dan Gibson in charge. Mr. Leffington, M. P., came in soon after, and as I had been a medium through which many dollars had been cabled to him, my welcome was a cordial one. He immediately informed me that I would from that moment be a marked man, as all persons visiting the rooms of the League were.

I told him I was an American citizen and as such would do what I thought proper and say what I felt while in Ireland. I subsequently visited the offices of the Freeman's Journal and United Ireland.

It had been my purpose to visit the scene of the Vandeleur evictions in Clare, but there was a cessation of hostilities, so I started for my home in the West. Now, again, came in the attentions of the Government. All along the line policemen were at every station. When I arrived at Ballina I resumed my mysterious tactics, shutting myself up in my room at the hotel (they have no registers for names in those hotels—in the Moy Hotel at least), and only plucked out to wait on the editor of the Western People, Mr. P. Smith, a red-hot Nationalist. Here again I was questioned. He had just come from the trial of Mr. McHugh, Mayor of Sligo, and editor of the Sligo Champion, who had received six months' imprisonment. We adopted the strategy of standing on the sidewalk in the middle of the bridge connecting Ballina with Ardarae and talked out our talk to the great tallization of Her Majesty's constabulary, who not unfrequently viewed us inquisitively from the other side. This was Friday. I promised him to come in and speak to his branch of the National League on Sunday. After this I drove to my sister's house, about eight miles.

Next morning a policeman from Ballina dressed in plain clothes called at my house, passing (by the way) to see some friends of his. Later on, on the same day, the head constable from another station (Tubbercurry) and the Sergeant from still another (Curry) came to a lake near by fishing, by the way. Perhaps it was all accident, but the visits of these gentlemen had been previously like "angles" visits, "few and far between."

On Sunday I addressed a meeting of the League at Ballina. We were not disturbed, I suppose the guardians of law and order had discovered by this time who I was. Mr. Smith and I visited Emisicrone, a watering place, in the evening, and were the objects of marked attention on the part of the Government.

The visits of the police to my sister's house while I remained, while apparently friendly, were noticeable for their frequency. Numbers of young men from the neighborhood were constantly calling to see me and this was a cause of annoyance to the police. One incident will illustrate the justice of a position in which these minions of the law sometimes find themselves. Two carloads of young men called at our house one day and I drove off with them. Immediately a posse of police marched to a neighboring station, and finding which way I had gone, followed in that direction to find that was only a red-headed young lady, who, being a priest's niece, was permitted to be married in her father's house. This had a sedative effect on the official nerves and I was not conscious of much police supervision afterward.

When I left home for America by way of Belfast, I was again spotted. At last I stepped on board of the Nebraska at Larned and breathed a sigh of relief.

What a picture this represents of the idocy of Tory Government in Ireland! The death of Mandeville is proof of its brutality. Persons are imprisoned and murdered there for the commonest right of humanity, the right of the infant in its mother's arms, the right of the brute beast, the right to complain. How long is it to last? How long? How long?

Mr. Editor, I wish to say through the columns of your paper that the Irish need financial help in the Parnell defence fight. The country has been artificially impoverished, and this year nature appears to have combined with man in that direction. The summer has been the wettest on record. Hay, corn, potatoes, turf, are all injured. Providence, however, has not been altogether unkind to this Niobe of nations. A new friend to Ireland has started up on the other side of the Irish Sea, in the shape of the Liberal Statesman, William Ewart Gladstone. Let Ireland's "kin beyond seas" do their duty in this hour of greatest need, and, trusting in Divine Providence, all will yet be well. Very sincerely yours,

M. F. DONOGHUE

"Boat, Ahoy," cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pevsner's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

PERE HYACINTHE'S ADMISIONS THAT PROTESTANTISM IS NOT A SUCCESS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

Allow me to confirm the testimony of the Tribune, as quoted in the Catholic Review of 8th inst., to the "Failure of Protestant Mission Work," by the recent admission on that subject of Pere Hyacinthe, so far as France is concerned. He certainly has had opportunity to know what he is talking about.

The proceedings largely attended Congress of Anglican Clergy from different parts of the Continent," held at Montex, (Switzerland), on 2d May last, were reported in Galignani's Messenger of the 5th, same month. Right Rev. Bishop Wilkinson presided and opened the subject of "The Old Catholic Movement," speaking in strong terms of sympathy with it.

Two exhaustive papers were read by the Rev. C. D. Blomfield, of Munich, and the Rev. T. Archibald S. White, of Baden-Baden, on its history and present condition. Mr. White showed the great points upon which Anglicans and Old Catholics were agreed, and said their maxims should ever be, "In necessariis unitas in dubiis libertas in omnibus caritas."

But "the chief interest of the day centered in an extempore oration by the Pere Hyacinthe in the afternoon." After conceding that "France is in the peculiar position of being unable to do without Catholicism," and taking upon himself to assert in the face of fact, "that she is now able to conform to it as presented to her by the Old Catholics," he then admits in the following words that:

"PROTESTANTISM IS A FAILURE IN FRANCE. Another and more decisive fact as showing the adherence of the French to Catholic traditions is the failure of Protestantism. The word Protestant has many meanings. In one sense it means Protestants, and so an I, inasmuch as we protest. But Protestant churches—and I render homage to them for their men of learning, eloquence, honesty, virtue, and personal zeal—have not done much, notwithstanding the *cite* of their forces, for they have many of their members in the offices of State, and notwithstanding their command of wealth, as of intellect. They have been carrying on a vast propaganda in France, and all that they have managed to do is to keep together the descendants of those Huguenots who made some of the best and noblest history of the country. They have received a very insignificant number of converts altho' they studied with the name of Catholic. As to reaching the masses, they themselves confess their utter powerlessness. My friend Pastor Pressense has on several occasions written that Protestantism of itself is powerless to reform France, or to win France up a reform in the Catholic Church, the cause of Christianity is lost so far as the Latin races are concerned. The same admission has been made by an eminent Presbyterian clergyman who called upon me after visiting Spain. Possibly France might have been Protestantized in the sixteenth century under Francis I, and under a Lutheran form of worship. I have not, however, sufficiently studied that period of our history to affirm the proposition. What I say I say in regard to the actual state of France."

What a wet blanket on the hopes and generosity of the supporters of the Protestant mission, which has undertaken the identical task of converting the French people from Catholicism to Protestantism! Why, it is almost inconceivable ignorance not to understand that Protestantism has had a perfectly fair field in France since the beginning of the present century, and the additional advantage that in the past in that land there has been a great growth, "All religions there are full grown, and all sects which numbers 100,000 adherents entitled to a grant." The only restraint upon the advocates of Protestantism has been that, at least, until the downfall of Louis Philippe, they were not allowed to publicly calumniate, vituperate and tell lies about the Catholic religion. But they have always been at liberty to assail it with all the fair, decent, temperate argumentation they could muster. The statistics for 1881 of religious denominations in France, taken from the Statesman's Year Book for 1888, show that there were then:

Catholics.....29,201,703
Protestants.....692,500
Jews.....53,436
Persons declining to make any declaration of religion.....7,684,906
(Rather a sad exhibit!)

Why could not the unbelievers last named be persuaded to go over to Protestantism? The above figures show even held it in high esteem, and were even what it was twenty five or thirty years ago, when its adherents numbered over a million. True, there has been an increase over the figures for 1873, which were only 584,757, but this can no doubt be rightly accounted for by the emigration from Alsace of Protestants who would not give up their French nationality. Lutherans were pretty numerous in that part of France.

The statistics of the Old Catholics given at the meeting above mentioned were far from being encouraging:

"It was shown that, according to the official statistics of the Old Catholic Church, its adherents had declined from 21,700 in 1877 to 15,000 in 1886 in Prussia; that in Baden they had fallen from 18,000 to 14,000, and that the same was true of their co-religionists in Bavaria. Bishop Wilkinson suggested that the reason was doubtless to be found in the suppression of the Government grant, for as long as the movement was supported by a Government it would have the adhesion of many persons for purely political reasons. Once withdrawn the grant, however, and these rats would desert what they believed to be a sinking ship."

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STORY OF THE STABAT MATER.

HOW JOHN BAPTIST PERGLIÈSE WROTE THE MUSIC OF THIS HYMN.

Venerabile populi nostris! The truth of these words seemed to strike a young man who was standing on an eminence near the little town of Baiae, from which all the splendor of this enchanting spot of God's beautiful earth could be taken in with one glance. There lay that fairy town extended at his feet, with her numerous cupolas and steeples, over which the bright sun shed a golden veil. A soft haze hung about the myrtle and orange groves, and shrouded like a rosy curtain the peak of Mount Vesuvius. The bright blue sea on whose glassy bosom innumerable white sails were flitting like snowy pinioned birds; the vine-clad hills and fertile coast reaching out, like a smiling giant, toward each end of the bay, and all the lovely scenery bathed in an atmosphere so transparent and canopyed by a sky so heavenly blue that it looked as if it were indeed what the Italians proclaim Baiae to be, "A piece of Paradise dropped on earth."

At the side of the footpath which led down from the hill on which the youth was standing lost in contemplation of the splendid panorama, was a stone statue of Our Lady of the Cross. The young wanderer, who seemed faint and ill, knelt down before the cross and looked up to the agonized, yet heavenly face of the Mother of Dolours. A pensive and painful expression which he had never felt before, penetrated his soul at sight of so much suffering. His own grief with which he had come here, disappeared before the mute word depicted on the sweet countenance of Mary, and he humbly bowed his head. While he was still absorbed in silent prayer, the melodious notes of "Ave Maria," sung by two beautiful female voices, struck on his ear. He lifted his eyes, and saw two young ladies, apparently sisters, approach the cross before which he was kneeling. They had a garland of flowers in their hands, which they deposited at the feet of our Holy Mother, and after having said a silent prayer, they slowly descended the hill.

The young man cast one look more at the two sisters, and then, with a sigh, he turned away. "Bring me some offering worthy of the cruel pang which I endured upon the Cross, and I will grant your prayer." The young man, almost overpowered by the different emotions of his soul, left the place and wended his steps towards Naples.

A mysterious power seemed to draw him next day to the solitary cross. He had scarcely said his prayers when the two sisters came along. They had brought a basket full of flowers, and, sitting down on the stone steps of the monument, they began to weave their garlands. The young man entered into conversation with them and learned that since our Holy Mother had miraculously healed their mother, these two sisters, who were called Ninetta, came every day here to make an offering of flowers to our Mother of Dolours. They sang a sweet hymn before they left, and the young man, who was passionately fond of music, who was an artist himself, thought he never heard more beautiful voices than those of the two sisters. He turned every day; faithful to their vow, he found Ninetta and Amalia, who offered at the rural shrine of Our Lady. A brotherly affection soon sprang up between the young man and the two sisters; all three were united by the ties of piety and music. Even during the winter months their pilgrimage was not suspended, for winter touches that blessed climate with a gentle hand. In the month of March, in May, and in the month of flowers and mild, balmy breezes, the two sisters remarked that the step of the young man was slower and more languid, and that his cheek appeared more sunken than ever, while his dark eyes glistened with a celestial fire.

"May I bring you to morrow a commission to sing a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin—such as you sing for me, and help me to bring an offering to our Holy Mother for which she has promised me to grant my prayer? To-morrow, Friday, I will be here at the same hour."

The sisters readily assented to his request and they separated.

The following day, the 16th of March, 1739, the two sisters arrived about noon at the Cross upon the hill. A few minutes later they saw the youth slowly ascend the eminence. Amalia went to meet him, offering him the support of her arm, for he seemed more than usually exhausted. He handed her a scroll in which were written some words, and then, sinking down before the cross, he raised his thin and transparent hands, exclaiming passionately: "Hear me, Mother of Dolours! I ask you one consolation but yours; I know that I am sure under your motherly protection, I leave myself entirely to you. Oh, Comforter of the Afflicted, accept my humble tribute!"

And near him, like clouds of incense, rose sweet and clear the two melodious voices, chanting these grand and sacred words: "Stabat Mater dolens Juxta cruceum lacrymosa Dum pendebat filius."

No breath was heard among the leaves of the trees, no sound was heard, far or wide; nature herself seemed hushed before the sanctity and solemnity of this song. A deep, a silent melancholy vibrated in the clear and youthful voices of Amalia and Ninetta, every note falling like gentle tears to the ground.

The young man was wrapt in prayer and seemed to be almost transported from this world, his eyes were fixed on the features of the Blessed Virgin, and when the next words fell from the lips of the singers, "Quia est homo qui non flet, Christi Matrem sibi videtur in tanto supplicio," it seemed to him as if a quivering passed over the fixed, stony face of the Master Dolours, as if a sad, but inexpressibly sweet, motherly smile played around her lovely mouth, as the words of her pierced heart began to bleed. The sickening pain of the young wanderer ceased suddenly; his labored

breath came feebly; a feeling of relief and expectation stole over him; he stretched out his arms to the cross; a bright and happy smile flitted like a sunbeam over his features; he sank back in the arms of the sisters who had hastened towards him to support his reclining form. When they raised him from the ground they saw that he was dead.

The lonely and chastened spirit was gone forever from this valley of tears.

Mary had kept her promise; she had healed his bodily pain; she had taken the weary-worn child to her maternal heart.

The composer who had written the beautiful hymn of her seven dolours, and had offered to Mary this everlasting tribute, was Giovanni Battista Pergolèse.

The miraculous statue has long since crumbled to dust. The remains of the young artist repose in the cathedral of Vesuvioro, but the name of the composer of the Stabat Mater will live eternally in the hearts of all who love Our Blessed Lady and are true lovers of music.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC HEROISM.

The following is from the New York Sun: What spectacle of unselfish heroism can surpass that of the Roman Catholic priests and sisters who have gone to live and die among the lepers of Hawaii!

A while ago the Sun printed the story of a Danish priest, who took his life in his hand to minister to the poor outcasts on Molekai Island. He himself had been stricken with the dread disease whose victims had so deeply stirred his heart with compassion. Though bearing on his face, neck and hands the tokens of his inevitable doom, he moves like a ministering angel among his people, tending their needs, attending to the dying, and enlarging with his own hands the little chapel in which they worship.

"I believe there is no possibility of remaining here uncontaminated," writes Father Conrady, who recently left this country. And yet he has cheerfully leaving he will become a leper himself, he is willing to devote his life to assuage the afflictions of the unhappy settlement at Molekai. It is to the Sisters of St. Francis from Syracuse in this State that Hawaiian Government has intrusted the care of the hospital near Honolulu, where the poor patients are kept before being isolated for life on the leper island. It was a grand recognition of the self-abnegation and pure love for suffering humanity that animates these humble disciples of the Church of Rome, when a committee of the Hawaiian Government reported their conviction that it was useless to look for nurses for the lepers of the kingdom outside of the Catholic Church.

One of the Sisters in a Roman Catholic hospital of this city remarked when she heard that several members of her order had been massacred in China: "They are to be envied for having met martyrdom in so good and great a cause as theirs." Such is the spirit that sustains and inspires many thousands of these humble workers. The world sees and hears little of them as they go quietly about on their missions of mercy.

They have, however, the recompense of an approving conscience and the gratitude here and hereafter of the myriads who are aided and cheered by their presence in the dark hours of suffering and death.

DR. WOODRUFF.

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J. JOHN WALSH, Bp. of London.

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A Child Before the Altar.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I wish I were the little boy That locks Love's Captivity, And let Him out to go and free A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell That tinkles for the Host, When God comes down each day to dwell With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair, That holds the Blood of Love

A Child Before the Altar.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I wish I were the little key That locks Love's Captive in. And let Him out to and free A sinful heart from sin.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANSAS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II.

COLLEGE OF DOUAI.

About this time Bishop Hay, in a letter to Principal Geddes, communicated to him the thanks of the Bishops for the pecuniary aid given and promised by himself and his companions to the funds of the mission. In the same letter the Bishop mentioned the mortality which had lately prevailed in some parts of the country and spoke of a pious missionary priest, Mr. Austin Macdonald, who, on the dreaded sickness appearing in his locality, had exhorted his people to prayer and fasting, as a means of averting the threatened calamity, and had prescribed certain prayers to be said, and set apart two days for fasting. After that none of his people died, but one, who had been very ill before. "He is a truly valuable missionary," adds the bishop, "and minds nothing in this world—neither brothers nor sisters, nor any earthly affair—but his duties to his people only. I wish we had numbers such!"

The goodness of Cardinal Castellani made up in some measure for the failure of Bishop Hay's recent visit to Paris in order to obtain facilities for the poor missions of Scotland. The Cardinal procured a subsidy for the missions, and in remitting it informed the bishops that two places in the Urban College of Propaganda had been assigned to Scotch students, between the ages of twelve and eighteen years.

We now hear for the first time of Mr. Cameron, afterwards distinguished as a bishop, he was appointed to the mission of Strathaven on account of his knowledge of the Gaelic language. He soon acquired reputation as a preacher and was in great favor with Bishop Grant. Bishop Grant was at this time in such good health as to be able to continue the visitation of the northern parts of his Vicariate. We learn on his authority, that he was very much edified with the willingness and earnestness of the good people in coming to be confirmed, some travelling six or seven, some ten, and one in particular, no less than sixteen miles. At one place it was full three o'clock in the afternoon before he was ready to commence the public duties of the day. Nevertheless, by a presumed permission from the Holy See, he even ventured, and without scruple, to celebrate Mass.

This year, 1772, the mission was poorly supplied with clergy, but not without hope for the future, there being numerous ecclesiastical students in the college abroad. There was great distress throughout the country in consequence of the frequent bankruptcies that were occurring. Money was not to be had at any rate; families of good standing were diminishing the number of their servants; trade of every kind was at a stand, and trades people, consequently, parting with their workmen. Such a state of things greatly increased the number of poor, and worse than all, filled both countries, England as well as Scotland, with robbers. Bishop Hay complained, as Procurator, that the mission suffered at the same time in its funds, and the building of a new and better church at Aberdeen added to its difficulties. Such was the distress in the best agricultural districts, such as Strathogie, Auldend and the Ezrie, that many families resolved on emigrating to America, as long as any means remained to them.

About the end of February, 1773, Bishop Grant and his coadjutor addressed a memorial to the agent at Rome, Abate Grant, representing the great straits of the mission, and requesting, provided he could obtain the sanction of Cardinals Castelli and Albani, that he would endeavor to interest in its favor all who at Rome might be friendly or charitably disposed towards the mission. They took care to urge that the field for missionary effort was improving, as shewn by the building of a better church at Aberdeen, whilst this undertaking, together with the harshness of the time, increased their pecuniary needs.

There were conversions from time to time; among the rest, that of Miss Hay, the Bishop's sister, which took place at Anchenon. Bishop Grant, congratulating the junior Bishop on this happy occurrence, expressed, at the same time, his wish that he would visit the North, spend a few weeks in Strathogie and Cabach, encourage the people by his presence and learn, at the same time, everything concerning their wants and condition. Complains the chief Bishop had heard from Buchanan, rendered it desirable that his coadjutor should travel throughout that district.

The Lowland Bishops were now deeply affected on hearing of the death of the venerable Bishop Hugh Macdonald at Glenary. The sad intelligence was communicated to them in a letter from

his nephew, Bishop John Macdonald, dated March 15th, at Bourblack, on the west coast of Inverness-shire. The deceased Bishop was able to converse with the friends around him till within a few minutes of his death.

JAMES GRANT, J. McDONALD, GEO. HAY, ETC., AND THEIR TIME. Bishop Hay at this time was oppressed with labor and anxiety. He ardently desired the assistance of his able friend, Mr. Geddes, the Principal at Valladolid, and had some correspondence with him on the subject. His cares were increased by the impending suppression of the Society of Jesus. The members of the Order, although only ten in number, formed a considerable and important portion of the diminished clergy of Scotland. The mission could ill afford to lose their services, which, hitherto, had been so efficient. The Scotch College at Rome was under their able direction. It could be no longer. Abate Grant, so long agent for the mission at Rome, offered himself for the rectorship, and was accepted by the Bishops. The college, meanwhile, was otherwise provided for by the authorities at Rome.

A discussion on usury having arisen, Bishop Hay took up his pen, and in seven masterly letters successfully showed that usury must be condemned, what a reasonable rate of interest on loans is perfectly lawful. In trading nations, particularly, such as Great Britain, the practice of lending money at interest may be considered an almost essential element of commercial success. The seven letters were published in London by Mr. Coghill, under the title: "Letters on usury and interest; showing the advantage of loans for the support of Trade and Commerce."

The Scotch College of Douai appears to have been, at this time, 1774, in a tolerably prosperous condition. There were within its walls, besides Mr. Robert Grant, the principal, and his assistant, twenty-two individuals. Three ex-Jesuits, still young men, one of whom was Mr. John Chisholm, afterwards Bishop of the Highland district, went this year from Douai to Douai, in order to prepare for serving on the Scotch mission. Eneas Chisholm, John's brother, who also became a Bishop, was received a student at the Scotch College of Valladolid.

The missions were now suffering from want of sufficient spiritual superintendence. Age and infirmity had incapacitated so many of the clergy that only five or six priests in the Lowland district were fit for duty. Bishop Grant himself, now almost seventy years of age, was very infirm. In addition, notwithstanding, to his duties as Chief Bishop, he managed also to discharge those of a Parish Priest. Bishop Hay was younger, but of a weak constitution. He never, theless, did double duty, attending, as coadjutor Bishop, to the affairs of the whole mission and ministering to a numerous congregation.

The Bishops for some time experienced many of the difficulties that arise from the want of money. This unpleasant state of things was so far modified by the liberal bequest of Bishop Hay's wealthy and most pious friend, Mr. Crow, who passed, 1775, to the future life, at the advanced age of 91.

In June, 1775, Bishop Hay's famous Treatise on Miracles was placed in the Bishop's hands. This work originated in a controversy which arose between the author and a non-juring Episcopalian minister who was afterwards known as the celebrated Bishop Abernethy Drummond. At the end of the second volume, there is an appendix on the subject of Transubstantiation. This shorter essay was occasioned by the following circumstance: A master baker and a master shoemaker thought of enquiring into the truth of the Catholic religion. They were both Episcopalian and members of Mr. Abernethy's congregation. For better information they sought the acquaintance of Bishop Hay, who gave them all necessary explanations. The minister was now had recourse to; and he promptly made out in writing answers to the Bishop's remarks. The point chiefly discussed was Transubstantiation. Mr. Abernethy wrote at great length on the Catholic Doctrine, urging the usual weak objections against it. The young man laid his writing before the bishop, who made a suitable reply. This was not all. The non-juring minister called on Bishop Hay and challenged him to publish in print all he had to say on the Catholic Doctrine, promising to prepare and publish a reply. This led to Bishop Hay's "Appendix," in which he explains the doctrine itself and exposes the weakness of Mr. Abernethy's arguments against it. This writing entered their enquiries to come to a decision. They left the non-jurors, and became "sincere and ardent converts to the Catholic Church." The Protestant pastor was enraged at this conclusion, and very little to the credit of a professed minister of the gospel, threatened the good man with ruin and misery before the end of the year. He then turned to his theology, such as it was, and got ready his reply. The non-juring Bishop easily favored it with his approval. Another friend of the author, who was more familiar with philosophical discussions, pronounced it indefensible. Accordingly it was remodelled; but failed to be more unanswerable. In January, 1776, Bishop Hay issued a suitable reply under the title "Explanatory Remarks, &c." There is a copy of this able paper at St. Mary's College Blair, 12mo, pp. 95. It was followed by an anonymous reply, which was so weak and devoid of anything like argument, containing only the usual off-putting stories, that the Bishop took no notice of it and allowed the controversy to drop.

The work on Miracles had a successful sale. Bishop Cauchon showed his appreciation by ordering thirty copies. It was greatly valued in Spain, among the friends of Mr. Geddes, at Madrid and Valladolid. Several copies were sent to Rome and an elegantly bound volume presented to the Pope. The evil days, so trying to the Catholics of Scotland, appeared to be now passing away; and conversions becoming more frequent. "We have the consolation," says Bishop Hay, writing to Mr. J. Geddes, January 3rd, 1776, "of several converts just now. Our loss is want of time to attend to them properly."

It has been remarked, and evidently by a well informed Catholic, that the

RESULTS ON BOSTON COMMON.

In a recent article the Boston Herald discussed the advisableness of allowing preachers of all denominations to occupy positions on Boston Common on Sunday, and protesting against the exclusion of clergymen of any particular persuasion. From last Saturday's issue we quote the following: "The request to procure an expression of opinion from some of the leading clergymen of the Catholic denomination met with a quiet refusal, but in conversation some of the most representative divines of that faith in Boston did not hesitate to endorse the opinions expressed by the Herald in an editorial published Aug. 26. Said one: 'We always object to be quoted in the papers, and this is a most honorable and distinguished privilege with us to allow our names to be printed as expressing any opinions, or criticizing other people's religions. We think the pulpit the proper place for that; but then, if you merely wish to know how the Catholic people view the late agitation about preaching on the Common, it looks like this: Somebody who wanted to do something sensational undertook to talk religion on the Common, and, as it was against the public laws to do so without a permit, someone was arrested, and as a Catholic happened to be mayor of Boston at the time, it appeared to be in order to make that man shoulder the blame, and heap abuse upon the Catholics for doing such a thing. A moment's sober reflection would show that the mayor, if he had anything at all to do with it, was only carrying out the laws of the city, which he had at his inauguration pledged himself to carry. 'The mayor of Boston is not, nor can any mayor be, an autocrat, to declare any law a law. The Catholic Church is the whole thing as a farce, with the sensational preacher figuring as a clown. If one denunciation has a right to preach on Boston Common so has another. This is a free country. If the people of Boston want to make their Common or any of their public places of worship, all right. Soon as they should meet them perfectly proper, we should meet them with a public ground with the men they hate so much, the Jesuit missionary, the Paulist father or the Franciscan. Of course if they can preach there so can we. This is a free country. What a howl it would call forth, this spectacle of

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THE POPE AND IRELAND. The Rome correspondent of the Irish Catholic sends to that journal the following announcement: "I am in a position to inform you that the Holy Father has addressed a strong remonstrance to the English Government on their present policy towards Ireland. This fact, of which I have knowledge through an absolutely unimpeachable source, is of enormous importance, and must mark a turning point in the present political struggle. Even Lord Salisbury cannot fail to see in it the folly of the course his present has been allowed to pursue in Ireland, but whether he does or not, the effect of the action taken by the Sovereign Pontiff in favor of your country cannot but be of enormous value to the Irish cause. In its editorial columns the Irish Catholic characterizes the announcement as of the most importance, and adds, 'We have every reason to believe that this intelligence will be found to be correct, and if so it is hardly necessary to say that its importance and effect upon European public opinion cannot be easily measured.'"

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Catholic Record.
 London, Sat., Oct. 13th, 1888.
THE PARNELL INQUIRY.

Notwithstanding coercionist reports that the Parnell indemnity fund is meeting with ill success, it reaches now in Ireland £5000, and as it is increasing at the rate of over £100 daily, it is expected before long to attain to £10,000. This, with the aid that is forthcoming from England and America, will certainly bring it up to very respectable dimensions, even if it should not reach a figure which will totally indemnify Mr. Parnell for the great outlay which will be needed to enable him to conduct his case successfully.

It was to be expected that in the critical moment which has arisen, Nationalists should feel themselves bound to hasten to Mr. Parnell's aid, conscious as they are that it is his devotion to the cause of Ireland that has made it necessary for him to vindicate his character from the malignant attacks which have been unceasingly made upon him, and it will be a great encouragement that the hierarchy and clergy have unhesitatingly come forward to assist in the movement by deeds as well as words. But the fact that many Protestants, some of whom are Mr. Parnell's political opponents, have signified their disgust at the dishonorable tactics of the Times and the Government together, by subscribing towards the National indemnity fund, is especially gratifying.

An instance of this is to be found in the Earl of Beesborough, a Whig nobleman who had formerly an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Parnell, and who from that acquaintance is convinced that the accusations which have been brought against him are malicious and unjust. Hence, in order to testify the strength of his convictions in this regard, he has contributed £10 towards the fund. The Times' columns are thus doing a good work for the cause of Ireland; for while no impartial person has ever believed that Mr. Parnell was in any way implicated in the crimes to which some extremists had recourse in revenge for the cruelties inflicted by Government upon their country, those columns have brought together Irishmen of every political opinion, and they are serving to unite them in the common cause.

The enquiry instituted before the Commission has not as yet gone very far, but notwithstanding that the Government had the selection of the judges, and that the selection was made undoubtedly in a partisan spirit, the proceedings so far have been remarkably favorable to Mr. Parnell, and there is a fair prospect that notwithstanding the efforts of the subservient Parliamentary majority, the self-respect of the judges and their respect for the good name of the English bench will not permit them to do a gross injustice even to a political opponent. If these hopes are not delusive there is little fear that any stigma will be attached by the Commission to the honorable name of Mr. Parnell.

It will be remembered that the special Commission which was appointed by the United States Congress to adjudicate in the celebrated election case between Messrs. Hayes and Tilden divided on strictly party lines. A fact like this is not calculated to give confidence in a special Commission appointed by a partisan majority, even when both parties are fairly represented on the Commission, as was the case on that occasion. But on the Parnell Commission the Government took care to appoint only judges who were known to be of their political party. It is no wonder, then, that the Liberals, and especially the Nationalists, should doubt the honesty of their intentions. It was not likely to produce confidence when the Government announced that the Commission should be composed of three judges who were known to be friendly to the Government, one of them being besides offensively hostile to Mr. Parnell and the Nationalist party.

It is too early that we should be sure that the Commission will act fairly. However, as far as they have gone their action has been favorable to Mr. Parnell. It was evidently the intention of the Government to make the issue so general as to make the subject of controversy a matter of secondary importance. At the first sitting of the Commission Mr. Gra-

ham, the Counsel for the Times, endeavored to carry out this design by maintaining that the Times should not be placed "in the position of a party to an action in which power would exist in the Superior Courts to order me to make a discovery of documents." He added further: "Your Lordships have no jurisdiction to compel us to make an affidavit stating what documents are in our possession, as you would if I were a party in an action in the Superior Courts."

When asked by Sir James Hannen, "Can you prove substantially any charge?" Mr. Graham endeavored to shuffle out of giving a direct answer by saying: "I understand your Lordships are appointed to inquire into and report upon the charges put forward in a certain publication and in the speech of the Attorney-General."

Being further pressed for a reply, he said: "I propose to give the Commission all the information I can give."

He then stated in a general way that "he believed that the evidence would establish that there was communication between members of the Irish party and those persons implicated in the Parnell Park murders." He added, a little afterwards:

"We don't make any charges or allegations against any particular persons. We say an organization acted in this particular way. Charges have been made against certain persons in 'Parnellism and Crime.' I apprehend it is the object of the Commission to find out who are implicated."

Thus it appears that the Times wishes to back out of the personal charges against Mr. Parnell. It is no longer Mr. Parnell who was an accomplice of the Parnell Park murderers, but "the Land League," and it is for the Commission to make a general inquiry whether any of the hundreds of thousands of members of that organization had anything to do with the murders or any other criminal acts. This is further evident from the following. It is still Mr. Graham who speaks:

"We say here is the Land League carrying out its edicts, carrying out a system of coercion and terrorism in Ireland by tacitly adopting the acts of criminals, but not denouncing them, and by protecting them when they were charged, from being brought to justice, and defending them in other ways. . . . Of course I can say who are the people who were mentioned. Mr. Parnell's name is mentioned over and over again. There are several other prominent members of the Irish party mentioned. I say all these are allegations against an organization."

Sir James Hannen.—Did the Attorney-General make no charges against individuals?

Mr. Graham.—He made charges against an organization.

Sir James Hannen.—Not against individuals?

Mr. Graham.—Of course, against the members of the organization.

Sir James Hannen.—Would you be kind enough to specify them?

Mr. Graham.—I do not know.

Sir James Hannen.—I do not ask you to do it now, but at your leisure.

Mr. Graham.—I have not means of ascertaining. Your Lordship will see what I mean. What we charge is the whole organization which has been the Land League in Ireland.

Sir James Hannen.—I do not doubt that. But that is not what we are directed to inquire into. It is charges and allegations against persons.

Mr. Graham.—There are no persons so specified. If no persons are specified I understand your Lordship will inquire as to all the people who are implicated, and not put me in the position of defining who they are. At some future stage of the inquiry I may be able to do so. I submit, as I submitted before, that I ought not to be placed in the position of a party who is a litigant. Any information in my power I will furnish, but if you ask me to give particulars of who are the persons charged, I cannot do it because I do not know.

The Court then ordered that documents bearing upon the charges should be produced, and that the individuals against whom charges are to be substantiated be specified within a reasonable time. The next sitting of the Court will be on 22nd October.

The Times has thus virtually acknowledged the collapse of the charges so manfully brought against Mr. Parnell, and it endeavored for this reason to make the inquiry general. The judges, however, have compelled it to be specific and to bring forward the documents on which it relies to substantiate its allegations. Mr. Graham has admirably fulfilled the duties of a prisoner's counsel. He has endeavored to confuse the issue, and to keep back the evidence, but the judges did not fall in with his little plan.

Another remarkable feature of the case is that whereas the great "Thunderer" has been in the past loudly proclaiming its ardent desire to prove its allegations, its boldness disappears with Mr. Graham's opening speech. The Commission, constituted and packed by the Government, after consultation between Attorney-General Webster and Mr. Walter, does not suit the Times at all! The inquiry in this form "was not in any way sought by them." Mr. Graham opened his case by saying:

"On behalf of my clients I respectfully submit to your Lordships that we are not to be placed in the position of litigants in this case. This Commission is sitting under the powers of an Act of Parliament, which was not promoted by my clients, nor was this inquiry in the form, in any way sought by them. The Legislature has thought fit to adopt certain allegations made in certain proceedings to which

my clients again were unwilling parties." From the "Thunderer" all this ignominious complaint sounds very tame. We may very safely predict for Mr. Parnell a glorious victory, not only in his Scotch suit, but even in the case before the Commission.

A PRETTY SCHEME FOILED.

An amusing episode has arisen out of the Boston school trouble, or rather out of the attempt of the persons to ostracize Catholics by rejecting them from seats on the School Board, at the next election, and with them all Protestants who are liberal and fair enough to agree that Catholics shall not be insulted by the teachers, and that the text-books to be used in the schools shall be free from misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine.

It will be remembered that a text-book, compiled by Swinton, was excluded from the schools, mainly because it gave a false account of Catholic teaching on the subject of indulgences, defining an indulgence "a license to commit sin." On this the persons, chiefly the Baptists, and the viragos of the Mrs. Samuel Veller stamp, held two meetings, one in Tremont Temple, the other in Faneuil Hall, where it was resolved that in future no Catholic should be elected to the Boston School Board, nor any Protestant who would be disposed to grant Catholics a voice in the management of schools. It was also resolved that no Catholic teacher should be appointed to any school. The resolutions did not state that Catholics were to be exempted from paying rates for the support of the schools, from the management of which they were to be so rigorously excluded. This did not suit the views of these friends of civil and religious liberty and equality.

But just here a difficulty arose. The members of the School Board are elected by the people, and the laws of Massachusetts give votes to Catholics as well as to the persons; and it was not to be expected that Catholic voters would stay quietly at home on election day, while the Downes and the Fultons were carrying out matters according to their own views; and as Catholics are almost as numerous as Protestants in Boston, something must be done to make the plan work serenely. One of the persons had a happy thought, and on it the rest of the fraternity set down with alacrity, as pointing out the way to certain victory. The Massachusetts law allows voters to register and vote for school inspectors, so all or nearly all the Protestant congregations of Boston were told that the women should register, and on election day vote in accordance with the wishes of their pastors.

They must vote for men or women who would bring back Swinton's Outlines into the schools. The women acted on the suggestion, and were registered by thousands. Victory seemed now to be assured; but alas!

The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley. And so did the scheme of the persons. Ten thousand women have already registered as voters, but the great majority are Catholic women; and the persons are now in consternation lest the control of the schools shall be altogether in the hands of the Catholics! A Protestant journal remarks:

"It would certainly be a remarkable historical phenomenon to see the former chief city of Puritanism in possession of the Catholic Church, directing the education of the youth of that city in behalf of an institution so abhorred of the New England fathers as the Church of Rome."

The persons, it seems, instead of appreciating the joke, feel sore that their pretty little plan has been over-reached. They have, however, one forlorn hope. They flatter themselves that many of the Catholic women are unnaturalized, and that on this ground they can be prevented from voting. This hope is probably a delusion, as they are, most likely, for the most part, of American birth, or the children of naturalized parents, or they have been residents long enough to become naturalized without difficulty. One thing, at all events, is clear; that even if the bigots should, by an almost impossible hypothesis, succeed in their purpose this year, their success will be short lived, as it must certainly be turned into defeat the year following.

We may add that the Protestants of Boston have no reason to feel alarmed at the prospect of a large Catholic voice in the management of the schools after next election. The Catholics will have no desire to trample upon the rights of their Protestant fellow citizens, and the schools will be managed with due consideration for the rights of taxpayers of all creeds. The only danger that such rights will be violated lies in the fear that the schemes of the extreme and aggressive persons who have hated the anti-Catholic cry, may possibly prove temporarily successful, in which case the rights of Catholics would certainly be violated, and this might lead to reprisals in the future. However, it does not appear to be very probable that this will be the case.

The conduct of these persons from the beginning of the unfortunate embroilment which has occurred in Boston on the school question gives us a fair idea of their inherent character.

These are the men who have constantly

on their lips professions of zeal in the cause of religious liberty, and they never tire of falsely accusing Catholics of aggressiveness against the liberties of Protestants. Their own aggressiveness, and their desire to force Protestantism down the throats of the Catholic population, by tampering with the faith of the children, prove that while they have all the persecuting spirit of Knox and Calvin, they are also adepts in the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the moral Pecksniff.

BELFAST BOYS IN GLASGOW.

The people of Glasgow have had a glorious opportunity of judging the truth of Lord Hartington's boast about the superiority of the upholders of Coercion in Ireland in intelligence and the other concomitants of a high state of culture and civilization. About the middle of September a large number of laborers from Belfast took up their quarters near the shipyards, to replace the ship laborers who have gone on strike. As soon as they had established themselves they proceeded to vindicate the character given to them by beginning a hideous row which was so ferocious that the police suppressed it with very great difficulty. Twenty batons were broken in the melee, and the noise of the row could be plainly heard across the Clyde, and the whole city was in commotion while it was going on. Fifty one of the rioters were placed at the bar of the court yesterday, many of them having sticking plaster on their heads and faces. Captain Boyd said that "a more disgraceful row had not taken place in Glasgow for a long time past than what had been caused by this body of men imported from Belfast. They not only created a great row amongst themselves, but had inflicted great injury on the police, five of whom were rendered unfit for duty. It was a most serious disturbance, and the damage done to property was considerable, while the whole neighborhood was disturbed for hours."

About two hundred men were engaged in the disturbance. The fifty-one prisoners above mentioned were sentenced to forty days imprisonment each, as conclusive evidence was brought against them all. Five other prisoners were remanded. All are said to be Orangemen, and while they were fighting the police many cried out "We are all Belfast boys, and will give the Glasgow police a proper flagging."

The local quay laborers have issued a placard asking the co-operation of all laborers employed at the harbor to "root out this bud of discord and disunion," and they further state that "they will not rest until this fraction of the worst section of humanity is sent bag and baggage back to where they have come from."

BALFOUR AS A WIT.

Mr. Balfour was presented with an address at Glasgow on the 1st inst. In reply he said "he regretted that Messrs. Forster and Fawcett were gone at a time when their services would be so valuable to the country. Regarding the demand for Home Rule he said that if Ireland obtained a Local Parliament she would have to be reconquered. Agitation is the Irish Commuters' bread."

In a speech delivered on the same day Mr. Balfour repudiated all responsibility on the part of the Government for John Mandeville's death, and stated that he has good reasons for believing that Dr. Ridley's suicide was due to the Nationalists and to Mr. Gladstone. He accused Mr. Gladstone of unwittingly hastening the end of Dr. Ridley by his unjustifiable comments.

Surely if there were no Nationalists it would have been impossible for Mr. Balfour to order Dr. Ridley to torture them, and there would not have been any reason for him to commit suicide. We presume Mr. Balfour by some such reasoning as this infers the guilt of the Nationalists, for certainly such a conclusion could not be arrived at in any ordinary way. He added that "the Gladstonians are great manufacturers of Irish horrors. Wm. O'Brien manages the manufacturing department and Gladstone the advertising department."

It is possible, then, that the murders of Mitchellstown, by the police, are merely imaginary? That Mr. Mandeville was not killed by prison treatment, or for an imaginary crime? That the thousands who were thrown by Vandaleur and Clanricarde by the wayside to die, while their houses were torn down before their eyes, have their existence only in fancy? Were little Maggie Lawlor and other children imprisoned in merely imaginary prisons for poisoning tin horns to "intimidate" the police, or for lighting bonfires, or for selling United Ireland? Such are a few of the Irish horrors of which the Chief Secretary speaks.

Mr. Balfour certainly relies very much on the credulity of his audiences when he imagines that he can pass upon them horrors like these as having been "manufactured" by Mr. Wm. O'Brien. The real "manufacturers of Irish horrors" are too well known by the Glasgow people that

they should be humbugged by Mr. Balfour's heartless jokes. The public place the responsibility for Mr. Mandeville's death on the right shoulders, and these brutal attempts at wit will not rid Mr. Balfour and his colleagues of it. As to Dr. Ridley's suicide, of course every one is perfectly aware that Mr. Balfour did not force or expect it any more than Mr. Gladstone did; nevertheless the Chief Secretary cannot be ignorant of what every one else is quite conscious, that he brought to bear upon the unfortunate doctor to perpetrate cruelty against his will, was the direct cause which so upset the doctor's mind that he committed the rash act to shield Mr. Balfour from the infamy which his disclosures at the inquest would be sure to bring upon the latter. Probably, also, the doctor was ashamed that any pressure, however strong, should induce himself to become so miserable a tool in the hands of his unscrupulous superiors and task-masters.

A COERCIONIST OUTRAGE.

One of the most outrageous prosecutions and convictions under the Coercion Act was that of Mr. W. K. Redmond, M. P. While the relatives and friends of Thomas S. Mers were defending his house against the crowlar brigade, Mr. Redmond arrived at the scene of action. He had nothing whatever to do with inciting the defenders of their home to resist eviction, inasmuch as the contest had already lasted an hour and a half when Mr. Redmond made his appearance. Here he noticed the brave defence which was made against the evicting party, and in his enthusiasm cried out "Bravo, boys! Bravo, Wexfordmen." The charge was brought against him of inciting to resistance, and a special Crimes Act Court was held by Magistrates Bodkin and McLeod, who, occupying the positions of both judge and jury, and being amenable directly to the Castle authorities for their zeal in finding victims, convicted Mr. Redmond and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment without hard labor. Mr. Redmond did not think it worth while to appeal against the infamous sentence, as the county judges seem to be of no other use than to confirm the sentences issued under the Coercion Act by the Resident Magistrates, and he was accordingly taken to jail.

If it be a crime to sympathize with the evicted tenantry, almost the whole population of Ireland, and we may add millions of honorable persons in England, Scotland and America, are equally guilty with Mr. Redmond, who was not found guilty of any crime but this.

THE LEAGUE ALIVE.

While the British Government are assuring the public that their policy of Coercion has been an eminent success, and that their efforts to suppress Nationalism in Ireland have effectually crushed the patriots, and driven the Land League into obscurity, it will be of interest to our readers to learn that the League is as vigorous as ever, holding its meetings openly all over Ireland, in defiance of the law which declares it to be "suppressed." The full report of branch meetings is published every week in all the Nationalist papers, though the editors and proprietors subject themselves to sentence of imprisonment for every such offence. The openness with which the law is trampled on may be judged by the following report of Kingscourt Branch in "Joyal Cavan." This is but a sample of what is occurring all over the country:

"There was a special meeting of this 'suppressed' branch on Sept. 22d at Kingscourt, the compliment conferred upon it by Balfour. Father Flood presided and Fathers Duffy, Clark, and McNamee were also present. A new feature of this energetic branch is a music class, the songs being exclusively those of modern Irish National poets. The band played 'God Save Ireland' loud enough to be heard all over town, but was not interrupted by the police-men who watched the proceedings."

As a further specimen of the nature of the proceedings which take place at these gatherings, we append the following resolutions which were passed at a special meeting of Ballymote branch, County Sligo, on the 16th of September:

"Resolved: that we renew our confidence in Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary Party, and now call on the Nationalists of this district to come forward with their subscriptions as a protest against the columns that have been hurled against the organization which has proved to be the salvation of the Irish people; and that a committee be now appointed, and a subscription list opened, the names of the subscribers to appear in the public press."

It was also resolved to call the attention of the Nationalists of Kilkreevan to assist this branch in the Parnell indemnity fund, subscriptions to be acknowledged by the secretary in the papers.

Where there exists so firm and unquerable a determination to resist the oppressive and arbitrary measures of a brutal Government, we cannot despair of the ultimate success of the cause in which the people are engaged. Dr. T. F. Higgins, county coroner and chairman of the Maryborough I. N. L., gave expression in so forcible a manner to this determination,

and to the spirit which animates the members of the League, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it. He said:

"Nothing was more fatal to the success of their cause than lukewarmness or any falling back in the stride which they were making for the last final settlement of their insalienable right to self government, which they and their forefathers had been long struggling for. (Hear, hear.) They were very near the end of the struggle. It was the policy of their enemies—the Tory Government and their allies—to delay that settlement, to put it off for a year or two, or so long as they can, in order that they might the longer stick on to power and place and uphold Dablin Castle. Their enemies were striving by every means in their power, therefore, to still the agitation, to tire out the people, and to put down in every possible way the free expression of honest public opinion, because Balfour, the chief of the representatives of Irish misrule, is playing the game of the Dublin Castle gang, and of the faction in Ireland in whose interest this tyranny and misrule have been so long carried on to the oppression and ruin—so far as they could effect both—of the great majority of the people of Ireland. Under these circumstances it was incumbent on every Nationalist, every Irishman worthy of the name, to keep up by every means in his power the organization of the National League." (Hear, hear.)

ULSTER SENTIMENT.

That the Ulster Protestants are growing sick of the wretched policy of the Salisbury-Hartington Balfour Combination is evident from many signs of the times. Religious animosity may keep many of them out of the Nationalist ranks for a while, but the starvation and oppression from which they as well as their Catholic neighbors suffer must prove strong enough in the end to bring them to make common cause with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. As in this crisis of Ireland's fight for liberty, anything which throws light upon the sentiments of Ulster Protestants must prove interesting, we deem it well to give the opinion of Mr. Charles Wilson, ex M. P. for Antrim, on the subject. Mr. Wilson thus writes to a Belfast paper:

"We find that Coercion brought the Stuart's rule as well as that of the Bourbons and Bonapartes to an end. Tory Government, as conducted by Lord Salisbury, cannot be of long continuance. It depends on the support of a section of politicians, who lack stability of character and may soon be superseded. The Tories we know, and also the Liberals, but the Liberal-Coercionists—whence come they? The Tories seem to expect victory through religious animosities in Ireland, but these are not so strong as the necessity for the means of subsistence. A Tory policy drove many Ulster tenants to America more than a century ago, and these fought back bitterly for the independence of America. Myriads are still driven from Ireland by rack-rents, and, though they generally become prosperous in the United States, they and their descendants have a feeling of having been once subject to misgovernment in the past under British rule. It is the Irish-Americans who are at the bottom of our treaty difficulties with the United States. Their fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

THE IRISH ATHLETES.

Seldom or never have we devoted even one line to the subject of athletic sports. Our columns are too precious for the discussion of mere physical gymnastics, where so many and such grave questions of a religious character have to be treated. But in view of the noble, manly character of the exercises and sports indulged in by the fifty young Irishmen who landed last week in New York, we think we will be allowed a temporary departure from our usual line of procedure. Running, jumping, and weight-throwing are the principal feature of the exhibitions they intend giving wherever they may be invited. Among the fifty are thirty of the best hurlers picked out from every county in Ireland.

The Athletic Association was founded Nov. 1st, 1884, and is under the patronage of Archbishop Croke, C.S. Parnell, Michael Davitt, Wm. O'Brien and other notable Irishmen. It has branches in every county and almost every town in Ireland, and matches are played and excitement created all over the country similar to our base ball craze, without many, or any, however, of the latter's objectionable features. Michael Davitt some time ago, in a letter to the Boston Pilot, touched on the national effort to re-establish the old Tullitean games, or some thing approaching to the festival which under this name was a national institution in Ireland centuries anterior to the Olympic games and tournaments of Greece. The members of the Gaelic Association are drawn from almost every profession and from several trades, and some farmers' sons are among the best jumpers and the most agile hurlers. Among the fifty athletes who landed in New York are doctors, lawyers, engineers, merchants and farmers, all young men, with the exception of Maurice Davin, the President, who is fifty years old, and Dr. Daly, who is turning thirty-six. Both Davin and Daly had the best records for several years in all round athletic exercises. And though surpassed now slightly by younger men, are yet a match for all or any that may appear against them on this continent. Their arrival in New York is called by the Pilot the Irish invasion: They come to give an exhibition of Ireland's muscular agility and power and to

challenge, in many games, all that is best of the United States.

It would be difficult, to bring together more splendid assemblages of humanity than the complexioned and bright-eyed, muscular looking fellows who were decked of the steamship yesterday. The group an artist in quest of pictures of health."

RUMORS.

The crisis which was arrived, has arisen." Our belligerent Toronto Mail has ultimatum to the French may therefore suppose Boadill is on the point to the knife." A late that journal concludes "Our own view of worth anything, is to hand for a re-adjustment of the two races. If I agree to this they must be they what they must be aware that his direct French Canadian mere balance of power in the future, whilst a French rule at Ottawa, could without risk and dangerally weaker race."

It does not appear any such dream as this but if he had, it was a recent cause why Ontario upon to make war upon Quebec. The Mail other cases belli than What, then, are the of wrath poured forth? will tell us. They are

1st. The English law counties of Ontario, not sufficiently remunerated away, and French-Can not stealing their farms.

2dly. The French are losing money to at a low rate of interest purchase the farms after the Mail acknowledges that but the colonization is thus, but the clergy mut of such villainy.

3dly. The French "second race" and they fast that they are in a number the English law Ontario.

4thly. The counties were formerly English considerable majority tion.

The Mail acknowledged things have occurred, violence, or wrong dealt the French, but "solely their own expansion." We remedy? The Mail does not enter into bonds habiles. It may be, how of adopting this mode of policy, they will "take so direfully threatened War Editor.

Apropos of this Globe has the following "Is there, then, no w the Frenchification of there is. In fact there that Ontario will be "F it is only danger that the French Canadians in Ontario by a small percentage assimilated for an unde The question is, not Ontario's Frenchification hasten Ontario's inevitable of French-speaking right plan is the decreed Treat Jean Baptiste as treat you as one. Be good fairly. Stop fighting. Cease from those senseless of race hatred for is, by mere pride, com up' with his own people on such terms that he ways and be gradually such of them as will comfort or comfort. Tre dition and not as an en only way to assimilate so intelligent, sensitive, and forcible. Those who fire upon French-Can creed are the best all Catholic clergy and of keep Jean Baptiste firm

A NOBLE BENEFIT.

We congratulate the ford on having in the noble type of generosity Coakly. This gentleman membered, a few years to St. Basil's Church, magnificent bell weighing pounds. Not content gift, he adds a still greater and holier one in the altar, designed by Mr. of Toronto, which blessed and dedicated God on next Sunday, th

Such act of generous selfish nineteenth century us of the ages of faith, and chapel were in the earth, and men and each other in erecting the House of God.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Coakly will be fo

Fair is My Native Isle.
 Fair is my native Isle,
 Proud is she, too;
 Sweet is her kindly smile,
 Loving and true;
 Exiled ones sigh for her,
 Brave men would die for her,
 Such love have I for her,
 So would I do.

Dark has her story been
 Down through long years;
 Oft her sweet face was seen
 Wet with and tears;
 Now all looks bright for her,
 Now comes daylight for her,
 Freedom and light for her,
 Placed midst her peers.

Far in the olden time
 Eign was her fame;
 Nations in every clime
 Blessed her dear name,
 Peace comes once more to her,
 Fame as of yore to her,
 Each breast swells for her,
 Praise and acclaim.

—T. D. Sullivan in Dublin Nation.

THE PRIEST AND THE PUBLIC.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON BY REV. DR. M'WERNY IN THE "CATHOLIC WORLD."
 I went with a priest once to call on the former Archbishop of an American See. As we approached his house, I saw a group of poor men and women, evidently of the needy class, standing about on the sidewalk, and apparently awaiting their turn to enter the house, which stood wide open. "There they are," said my guide, "Every Monday morning he gives audience to any poor people that want it, and the door is left open and no porter in sight, so that they won't be timid about entering." We went in, and for my part, to see the strong smile of a French writer, "I felt as if I were about to call on Jesus Christ."

What the priest thought and felt I will say later on, but I never before realized the character of the successor of the apostles so much as on that occasion. He is the same Prelate who was found mending his cassock while stopping in Baltimore in attendance on the Plenary Council, just as the apostle of Alaska, Archbishop Seghers, lately deceased, had to do and did, as I read in his letters, far up on the backs of the Youkon.

I might recall other instances in the lives of laymen and clergymen which have left an indelible and a most edifying impression on myself, precisely on account of their plain, unaffected ways. What an appalling thought it is, indeed, that our every slightest act may be noted and treasured up, and produce an everlasting effect on those who observe it! My object, however, is to inquire whether and how far the democratic simplicity of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Archbishop N. and Father D. and Bishop Balev are expedient for the propagation of the faith of Christ amongst the general public, and its preservation in the children of the fold.

I leave Dr. Brownson and Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, as well as Socrates and Plato, out of the question. It shocks one to have a person that bears of their wisdom, patriotism and philanthropy ask how much their income was how they spend it, and how they are spending their characters till he weighed their wealth. So much for philosophers of whom, indeed, it may be said that, unless their singularity gives us reason to suspect their sanity, their titles, abodes and apparel make no difference in their acceptability as teachers of wisdom.

But teaching of the faith: Does it make a difference whether they are entitled eminence, grace, lordship, right reverend, and such? whether they ride in a carriage or in a street car, or go about carrying their own carpet bags? whether they wear a dress hat or a Kos-suth, a cassock or a pair of trousers? It appears that it does to a greater or less extent, and among peoples of different character and condition.

For instance, I am assured, and experience has taught me, that in Ireland a priest is to prophet unless he wears that strange capital integument which is the object of so much bantering and to which so many contemptuous epithets are applied. I believe it is now technically known as a silk hat. I know many an excellent priest in this country whose mission would be barren in the land of Saints because he prefers the easy, graceful, sensible slouch of the Western plains. What does this show on the part of the Hierarchical? We shall see later. "Lord me no lords," our most illustrious theologian, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, used to say. "Lord me no lords; you left your lords in Ireland."

A graduate of the college already mentioned complained in my hearing that Cardinal McCloskey came to a certain church in his metropolitan city to give Confirmation, and actually came in a street car! "O tempora! O mores!" I was expected to express a respectful amount of virtuous surprise at the forgetfulness of his dignity on the part of the first American Cardinal. I didn't. But only want to show how the people, even the educated, even in the chief city of the republic, look at these things.

There was a layman's opinion. I told about my call on Archbishop N. Would you believe me when I say that the priest who accompanied me actually found fault with the Bishop for receiving those poor wretches? I could not help remembering how "He receiveth publicans and sinners," and I was astonished at the confidence. Have things come to this pass in the young priests give the pledge to those fellows, and also listen to the stories of those poor women, who only want a dollar? So, what edified me beyond anything I had experienced, even in my five years' residence in Rome, actually caused the ecclesiastical to find fault with one of the pioneer Bishops of our country.

I heard from other parties that the wealthy Catholics of his diocese didn't like the same Prelate either, because he accepted a splendid carriage and horses only to send them at once to be sold for the orphans. And these critics were men and women who were wielding pickaxes and hammers, and bending over washbasins and girdloths in the mines, while the Bishop was already deep in the window of Aquinas and Dominici, and was reading in the footsteps of Bernard and Las Casas.

Why do the Irish want their priests to wear a high hat? I suppose it is not only

because he is their chief social and political representative, and they feel that they will be respected according as he is, and they know the deference paid to dress and appearance generally, but also they feel that the mass of themselves are so poor and suffer so much from the ignorance which results from poverty, that they will fail to recognize the priest as their superior unless he assumes a head-gear similar to that of the easy and better informed classes. So much, too, is the imagination bound up with the reactionary faculty, that the height of the hat by which he recals his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty undimmed" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fable of the bygone. We were a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly and distorting encumbrance of clothing.

Now as to the dwelling of the priest. There is no doubt that the Irish like to have their priests live in a "decent" house, or for the same reasons which make them insist on the tall hat. They need, I was especially but firmly intended, a dwelling for myself that far outshone in appearance and actually exceeded in value the adjoining church edifice, in which the pioneers of a certain parish modestly offered worship to the Hidden God. And this while I was pinching and scraping to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new and larger church, which the common voice demanded. Yet verily those same Irish have a remarkable predilection for the ministrations of priests who "profess poverty." The whole business looks very much as if they would force secular clergy, cardinals, bishops, prelates and all, to represent them and pocket their money before the world and in temporal matters, but when it comes to settling their private affairs with God, ah! then, "send for Friar Thomas."

In Ireland and in Canada they call the bishop's house a palace, and truly it is amusing sometimes to see the unpretending and plain to which this appellation is applied, and it is sad too, at least to some, to notice the appalling wretchedness of the dwellings of those whose contributions went to erect the sometimes magnificent mansion that bears the regal title. Is there philosophy in this, too? There is. It is found here also in the weakness of human nature.

Alas! the German ecclesiastical historian, tells us how St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, "exerted himself to have the bishops created spiritual peers of the empire, in order that they should enjoy a certain political consideration and prerogative which all would recognize and respect, and possess some sort of protection against the violence of kings and the insolence of nobles." He says, moreover, that "the possession of allodial estates on the part of bishops and abbots, although frequently entered into from sordid motives, was necessary in that rude people, because the clergy had to establish themselves permanently in the country, and this could only be effected by entering into close alliances and maintaining intimate relations with the great and powerful, who commanded the respect and the obedience of the lower orders. Now in order that the bishops and the abbots might be regarded with familiar feelings, it was necessary that they should become in some sort the equals of the nobles, and in this they were qualified to do their places in the diet of the empire, and the only available way of rising to such a distinction and consideration among a coarse and semi-civilized people was to follow the example of the lay lords, and acquire large landed possessions, held either in freehold or in fief. But peers of the empire? had to dwell in castles and "houses" in this, how the bishop's house came to be so called. There are some of those prince bishops still among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and the principle on which their existence is based one of those whereon is founded also the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

Was St. Boniface wise in this course? There seems to be no doubt at all about it, even though the people were not coarse and semi-civilized, for even the most highly cultured nations have always felt that the chief representatives of the spiritual power should have a position, a maintenance, and a State equal to that of a State of society. But what about a state of society in which the State does not exist? Of course as Alzog says, there was "danger of avarice," and God knows what frightful abuses followed this policy, but yet, as human nature is, it was the only enduring way to keep up the necessary influence of religion. For Republicanism, in all its majestic beautiful simplicity, is maintained in this fallen world only with difficulty; pride, luxury and lust, on the part of the stronger members of society, trampling on poverty, gentleness and chastity, has too often been the normal condition, and the weak must have their protectors, the bishops and priests, recognized in public life in a secure position. Have things come to this pass in the United States, that our priests must have their noble dwellings and "palaces," must attire themselves like the rich and wear titles of nobility? Is the republic fallen so low that its citizens cannot recognize the truth unless its herald is called "Your Eminence," "My Lord" or "Your Grace," and lives in a palatial mansion and preaches in a massive edifice? We may, we shall, also come to this in the course of time, for history repeats itself; but are there already? It is a hard question to answer.

There were those who thought and said that Cardinal McCloskey's red of his robes would, like the "single hair" of the Virgin Mary, be a miracle in New York and their wives (the latter first) irresistibly to the conviction of and submission to the truth. And yet I remember two of the most wealthy Catholics of New York turning their backs on the Cardinal and that splendid

cathedral and going off to be married in one of the neighboring Protestant convents by man in a black broadcloth coat. And this just about the time of those historic events, the creation of the first American Cardinal and the opening of his new cathedral.

Do we need monsignors—that is merely titular dignities—so soon in the American Church? I presume some will say we do. But there are those who think that the American people will still listen more willingly to the one that is addressed himself and addresses them like St. Paul, as "Men, brethren" (Acts II, 29). "Talk to us like a man, brother!" seems to express the popular sentiment. When we shall think more of a man because he has a title, then we shall be going down, if not to the coarse and semi-civilized condition of the rude Gothic tribes for whom St. Boniface legislated, surely to the far worse attenuated refinement and semi-astate polish of the people of Imperial Rome. Men, like the decaying swamp wood, often glister more brilliantly as their combustion and decay advances. But, thanks be to God! we will strive to maintain respect for the office and person of our Chief Magistrate, without addressing him merely as "Mr. President," and hold the law even with the gallows, all the time that we entitle simply "Governor" that fellow-citizen who holds in his individual hand the awful power of life and death.

This is still a missionary country. We Catholics are more than one in eight, and our losses, in all probability, still outbalance our natural increase of gain by conversions. Now what is the most effective manner for the missionary? Look at them when they come to give a mission even to the faithful. They discard all titles, come in all simplicity of speech and manner, do not even don the surplice, and erect a simple, Democratic platform down almost to the level of the people, instead of speaking from the formal, aristocratic pulpit.

A canon of the diocese of Omsa, in Spain (they are wealthy and dress grandly, those canons), once accompanied his bishop into France. On their way they passed through the country of the Albigensian heretics, and met certain Cistercian monks, whom Innocent III. had despatched to convert these heretics. Observing their pomp and magnificence, which contrasted strangely with the abstergious life and poverty of the heretical leaders, the bishop, invited to the council at Montpellier, suggested that the monks would successfully accomplish their mission if they would aside all the state and circumstances of a triumphant Church, and set about converting the heretics in the simplicity and poverty of the Apostles. The holy bishop himself took part in the work, and, putting off his purple robes and gaiters, went about barefoot preaching the word of God. The heretics were so charmed by his simple and unassuming life, and after the bishop's death continued the work, and founded that order which, with the one instituted at the same time by Francis of Assisi, saved the tottering Lateran Basilica from ruin. The canon was known ever after as plain Brother Dominic, but the Church after his happy death placed the letter S. before his venerable name.

Is there no lesson here for us? Are we prudent in putting on already the bizzary of a triumphant Church? The suits have again and again been sent by God to recall the clergy to simplicity. They never objected to the divine nor to the ecclesiastical hierarchy; on the contrary, they held it in respect and veneration, and yielded it entire and perfect obedience. What they opposed and attacked with all their might, and the force of their own example, was the human adornment, the trappings and the show, the unnecessary possessions, all those things, in fact, which impede the priest in his struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil; that's all very well in theory, but practically—Far be it from me to condemn what seems to be the practice of the rulers of the Church. But this I know, that when those princes and lords and their American counterparts went first-class Gospel preaching they generally did so in one of the disciples of St. Dominic, or Francis, or Ignatius, confident of getting a genuine article at that score; when they themselves want to settle their accounts with God, they go to the same shop; and even His Holiness, and their Eminences, and the Prelates generally, when on their death beds, deal with one of the same firm.

We will not quarrel. Let there some way of explaining these inconsistencies! One was suggested to me recently which may serve to unite things seemingly so widely disjointed.

It is this: The Church is Catholic—that is, universal. Hence all men must be for her hearts in her communion. On the other hand, social classification is inevitable. Therefore the Church must have representatives competent to introduce themselves and be made welcome in every rank whatsoever of society, and to fit in and even to grace and bless every social festivity. She has her Cardinals for the halls of princes and rulers generally; her Prelates for diplomatic, political arrangements, and for family gatherings of the rich; her Jesuits for education and for intricate moral cases; her Benedictines for public worship; her Dominicans for preaching; her Passionists for the death-bed of the powerfully and the wealthy; her Franciscans for the gentle, the simple, and the poor of Christ; her bishops and the parish clergy for everything in general. So does she make herself all things to all men, that she may gain all for Christ; she has raised up grades in every one of these ecclesiastical orders, and has, in every probably, lies the true explanation of the variety in the hierarchy and the regular bishop.

As to the question proposed to the beginning of this paper, I wish to remark that it is not: Shall we have Cardinals and other ecclesiastical officials, in addition to the divinely established hierarchy of bishops, priests and deacons? There is good reason why we should be represented in the council of the Pope, and what privileges Catholics of other nations enjoy, the same do we also desire to enjoy. The question is: Shall these functions and the bishops and the inferior

clergy assume externals here that are deemed becoming or even necessary in other countries? The answer, as I said, is various; but as to the argument taken from the example of Christ and His Apostles, just as, in the words of St. Augustine: "I would not believe the Gospel unless induced by the authority of the Catholic Church," so we may and must also say: I accept no interpretation of the Gospel contrary to "the sense which the Catholic Church has held and does hold, whose function and right it is to declare what is the true sense" (Council of Trent, Session 4), and to adapt it to the ever-varying circumstances of times and localities.

MORE SOMETHING ELSE THAN CHRISTIAN.

"Koozonian," in Canada Presbyterian.
 Here is a man who hates Popery much more than he hates sin. He hates a Roman Catholic far more than he hates the devil. Holy water is far more distasteful to him than bad whiskey. His highest and most spiritual aspiration is expressed by the phrase, "To bell with the Pope." He sings "Croppies, Lie Down" with greater gusto than he would sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Amen, My God to Thee." In fact he never does sing these hymns at all. They don't remind him of the good, old days when Catholic and Protestant neighbours butchered each other. The greatest sacrifice this man ever made for Protestantism was to curse Popery; his highest work for this fallen world was to sing "Amen, My God to Thee" against Mowat, and burn the Rosa Selections. This man is more Protestant than Christian. Pity that Protestantism should have to carry such men.

Here is a pompous looking man who puts on insufferable airs. He is not anybody in particular, but he always poses as if he were a distinguished person. He talks in very inflated tones about "the Church." He turns up his nose at what he calls "the sects." He sniffs the air and says he won't "mix" with these sects. He speaks patriciously of Spurgeon, John Hall and other men of distinction. Poor Spurgeon! He always hates Methodists and Methodism with a peculiarly bitter hatred. This man is more Episcopalian than Christian. Look at this gawky, pug-nosed fellow who is always anxious to do battle for his Church. If a Scotchman, he is ready for argument. He can quote from the good Book with considerable readiness and skill, and he has at his finger ends the stock arguments against Methodism. Drunk or sober he can argue. If an Irishman, he is ready to "lick" at a moment's notice any man in the town who dares to say one word against the Confession of Faith, the Catechism, or against any person or thing distinctively Presbyterian. This man is more Presbyterian than Christian.

Who is this smooth-tongued, oily-looking little man who moves about in a smoking sort of a way, with a smirk on his countenance, and his phrases on his lips? He is very civil in a quiet time. When there is no "boom" in his air, he is soft and sweet. But let a special effort get well under way, and begin to draw, or a camp meeting raise a commotion in the neighborhood, and that sweet little brother in one hour turns bitter and abusive. His brotherly love he used to speak about at Union meetings vanishes into thin air, and he denounces all the other denominations, especially the Presbyterians. He says Calvinism sends thousands of men to the bad place. "That little brother is more Methodist than Christian."

See this grim, ill-natured looking man who goes around the other denouncing and coaxes the people to leave. If he hears that anybody in some other Church has a difficulty of any kind, he immediately goes to him, and gives him a tract on Baptism. If the discontented man is a Presbyterian, he generally gives him some guarded extracts from Chalmers, Barnes, or the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly. This grim, angry man goes into shops and offices, and rings the changes on "into and out of." He sneaks into kitchens and back-yards, and tells the servant girl something about baptism and the lexicons. If foreman in a shop, or any position that gives him power, the power is certain to be used in favor of the tank. It is not necessary to say that this man is more Baptist than Christian. Rowland Hill said that he would not cross the street to make a man a Baptist, though he would travel a long distance to make him a Christian. This grim proselytizer would not cross the street to make a man a Christian, but he would travel around the globe to make him a Baptist.

Watch this man with the furtive glance, the slouched hat, and the limp Bible. He begins his meetings by solemnly declaring a great many times that he has no object in view but to save souls. We are an honest man, and had no other object in view, he would not make the statement so often. A man who knows he is telling the truth generally says a thing but once. After getting the ear of the people this man with the furtive glance begins to make attacks on the Churches and ministers in the neighborhood. The next step is to form an organization of his own, though he declared a dozen times he had no such intention. Then follows a system of proselytizing that would make the cheek of the toughest ward politician crimson with shame. Whatever misrepresentations, trickery and deceit of the vilest kind can do to break down the Churches is done—and done under a thin veiling of hypocrisy. Lying is never so odious as when done in the name of the Lord. Misrepresentation is never so vile as when uttered with a pious snivel. Hypocrisy is never so loathsome as when the hypocrite lays one hand on the horse of the altar, and tries to stab his neighbor with the other. The man with the furtive glance is more Plymouth than Christian. In fact he is a Terrible Ten Year.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

A PERUVIAN MARTYR.

A DEVOTED PRIEST WHO DIED RATHER THAN BETRAY THE SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

About a year ago, measures were taken at Rome tending toward the canonization of Fray Martin de Andres Berez, a Spanish friar of the order of St. Camillo, better known as that of the Buena Muerte, or Good Death. At the same time a like honor was proposed for a Peruvian priest, Pedro Maruliz, who was a member of the same confraternity. Of the latter but little was known, except the mere fact of his martyrdom on account of his refusal to disclose the secrets of the confessional. However, the discovery, at Rome, of an oil painting representing a priest dressed in the habit of the order of the Buena Muerte, lying on a coffin, and four musketeers drawn up before it in the position of firing, has caused a more strenuous search for authentic data in regard to the death of Fray Pedro, Don Ricardo Palma, director of the National Library at Lima, has searched the archives of that institution, and from his investigations is gleaned the following history of the Peruvian martyr:

Fray Pedro Maruliz was born of noble parents at Parma, in the year 1780, and was admitted to holy orders in 1807. Early at that time, was torn asunder by political dissensions and everything was tending towards a separation from Spain. It was the fashion to be a patriot, but Father Maruliz was too conservative to join the ranks. In his opinion, the patriots were promoters of heresy, and, for that reason, under the ban of excommunication. The good father was, if possible, a greater royalist than the King himself. When the Spaniards abandoned Lima, in 1821, leaving General San Martin, the patriot leader, at liberty to enter the city, Fray Pedro refused to submit to the new order of things and cast his lot with the armies of Spain. La Serna appointed him chaplain of one of his divisions, and he took part in all the separate combats of the campaign. When the Spanish General, Don Ramon Rodil, seized the Castle of Callao, Father Maruliz accompanied him. The battle of Ayacucho broke the military power of Spain in Peru, but Rodil and Maruliz, besieged in the Castle Callao, held out for nine months, till September, 1825, against bombardment, scurvy and hunger.

At last the soldiers began to revolt, and on the 23rd of September, on the eve of the festival of our Lady of Mercy, it was announced to the brigadier that at 9 o'clock a formidable revolt led by Captain Montero de las Rosas, the ablest of his officers, and others in whom Rodil had placed the greatest confidence, was to be made. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered all of the conspirators to be placed in irons, but, although he submitted them to the greatest tortures, they steadfastly refused to reveal their plans, and denied the existence of any revolutionary plot. To relieve himself from any further worry, the brigadier determined to shoot all the prisoners, whether guilty or innocent, at precisely the same hour fixed by them for their uprising.

"Chaplain," he said to Father Maruliz, "it is now 6 o'clock, and in three hour your reverence will have confessed these rebels," and left the dungeon. At 9 the thirteen prisoners were in the presence of God.

But in spite of this wholesale sacrifice, the mind of the general was still disturbed. "Who knows," he soliloquized, "if there be not others here yet alive harboring the same plans as those disclosed? No, this thing shall be sifted to the bottom. The confessor must know all the details, and all who are concerned," and calling his orderly he bade him summon the chaplain.

When Father Maruliz entered, the general closed the door carefully and said: "Father, it must be that in confession those rebels revealed to you their plans, and the material on which they counted. This I require to know, and in the King's name I order you to tell me everything, and call no name or particular."

"But, general, you ask an impossibility. I would not sacrifice the salvation of my soul by revealing the secrets of a penitent, if the King, whom God may have in holy keeping, should demand it of me."

The general was furious in his rage, and seizing the priest by the shoulders he shouted:

"Friar! either you shall tell me or you shall die!"

Fray Pedro, unmoved, replied with calmness:

"If Almighty God has ordained my martyrdom, let His holy will be done. The minister of the altar can tell nothing."

"Speak, friar, traitor to your King, your banner and your general!"

"I am as loyal as you to the flag of Castile, but never can I be a traitor to my God."

Rodil rushed to the door, and calling Captain Yoturaide, ordered him to bring a file of soldiers with their pieces charged.

The soldiers silently entered.

In the room where the tragedy was enacted were several empty boxes, one of which was about six feet in length.

"O your knees, friar!" ordered Rodil.

Father Maruliz, knowing that the box was destined to be his coffin, fell on his knees beside it.

"Make ready, sir!" ordered the Spanish general, and, turning to the kneeling priest, he said: "For the last time, and in the name of the King, I command you to confess."

"In the name of God, I refuse," replied the friar in resolute tones.

"Fire!"

And Father Pedro Maruliz fell a martyr to sacred duty, his breast pierced by the fatal bullets.

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Dead Actors.

Where are the passions they essayed,
 And where the tears they made to flow?
 Where the wild humors they portrayed
 For laughing words to see and hear?
 Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
 Sir Peter's whims and Trimon's gall?
 And Mowbray and Romeo?
 Into the night you go and all.

Where are the braveries fresh or frayed?
 The plumes, the armor—friend or foe?
 The clasp of gold, the rare broadsword?
 The mantles glistening to and fro?
 The pomp, the price, the royal show;
 The cries of war and festival?
 The youth, the grace; the charm, the glow?
 Into the night you go and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played;
 The besgar packs beside the brawn.
 The monarch troops, and troops the maid,
 The thunder huddles with the snow,
 Where are the roses, high and low,
 The clashing sword? The lover's call?
 The cryer, gleaming row on row?
 Into the night you go and all.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.

(Delivered by the Rev. James Donohoe, rector of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

HOLY ORDERS.

DEAR PEOPLE: I am going to speak to you to-day on the Christian Priesthood. I am fully persuaded that consequences of the highest kind depend upon the people having a just appreciation of what that priesthood is. The day when there will be no priest, humanity will be a synonym with crime; the world will be a ruin. The day when you come to judge the priest as a narrow, worldly standpoint, you destroy the salutary action of his ministry upon your life. If you lived in the time of Christ, talked with Him, saw Him perform miracles, and listened to His discourses, and still judged Him to be a mere man, His blood would be shed in vain for you. If you judge the sacerdotal power and dignity by merely human standards, you do an injustice to Christ by failing to recognize the boundless love that moved Him to institute the Priesthood. You do an irreparable injury to yourself by failing to partly appreciate the means of satisfaction and salvation He has given you. A fatal mistake may also be made by confounding the sacerdotal dignity with the personal merit of the depository of that dignity. In Christ alone the dignity and the merit are absolutely identical. In His representatives these two things are separable. Thanks be to God, they are generally in harmony, but if ever they are not it is spiritual self-destruction to despise the dignity on account of the person. Consider the priest, the sacerdotal dignity can neither be augmented by the excellence of Him who is clothed with it, nor diminished by the unworthiness of him who exercises it. A true conception of the sublimity of the Christian Priesthood, at the same time that it is very advantageous to the people, is for the priest himself most salutary. It is in the nature of things that a man will try to do what it is well known he ought to be. But how can I raise your minds to a just appreciation of the sublime dignity and wondrous powers of the priest? All the potestates on earth, all the power, learning and skill that have ever appeared in this world, could not make a priest. His vocation, his state, his dignity, his functions, his charge are indisputably united to his person. The power which could make a man the ruler of all the nations of the world could not make him a priest, and there is no power on earth that could take away his priesthood.

"To be a priest," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "is to be a mediator between God and man."

The Council of Trent says: "If any one shall say that there is not in the New Testament a visible and external priesthood, or that there is no power of consecrating and offering up the body and blood of Christ, and of forgiving and retaining sins, but an office only and a bare ministry of preaching the Gospel, let him be anathema." There is then a priesthood, and the priest is the mediator between God and man. If he is a mediator he is placed between two parties who are apart for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation. The priest is the mediator between God and the people. He transmits to the people God's gifts and presents to God the needs of the people; offers for them to the Most High, prayers, thanks and sacrifice; as St. Paul says in his epistle to the Hebrews: "Every Pontiff taken from among men, is established for worship of God, to offer gifts and sacrifices for sin." To be a priest is to be a mediator between heaven and earth. To be a priest is to be charged with the mission of ending the separation between God and men, of establishing the relation of love which should unite the creature to the Creator. Man in separating from God commits a crime. This crime must be expiated before a union is re-established. Hence the necessity of sacrifice. Hence in all ages the essential function of the priest has been the offering of sacrifice. His very name Sacerdos, means offering the sacrifice. Jesus Christ is the only one who offered sacrifice sufficient to expiate man's sin. St. Paul puts this very clearly when he says: "There is but one God, there is but one mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ, who delivered Himself for the redemption of all." In a hundred places of sacred Scripture the doctrine of our mediator is clearly put forward. Christ is called the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, and the obedience of one we are all made just. Jesus Christ entered into heaven that He might always appear before the face of God in our behalf, that He might remain perpetually our mediator.

Now, if Jesus Christ is the only mediator, He is also the only Priest. The sacerdotal power and dignity belong to Him alone. The priesthood is in some way enclosed in Him. It has in Him its origin, its fullness, its root, and its expansion. But there is a visible priesthood in the world, and it is a

Dead Actors.

Where are the passions they essayed, And where the tears they made to flow? Where the wild hurrahs they portayed, For laughing words to see and know? Obello's wrath and Juliet's woe? Sir Peter's whims and mona's gall? And Milamont and Romeo, Into the night to go one and all.

Where are the braveries fresh or frayed? The plumes, the armor—friend or foe? The clink of gold, the rattling of blades? The mantles glistening to and fro? The pomp, the price, the royal show? The cries of war and festival? The youth, the grace, the charm, the glow? Into the night to go one and all.

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priesthood only by its relation to Him, the One the only Priest. The power, the authority, the efficacy of the ministry of that priesthood comes from Him. The priest is His representative. But there always has been a priesthood in the world, amongst the most barbarous as well as the most civilized peoples. Even pagan peoples saw in the priest the image of God, His representative, His ambassador, the depository of His law and oracles. Before the coming of He was prefigured by the patriarchal and Levitical priesthood.

Under the law of nature the religious authority was due to the natural authority. The patriarchs were clothed with a species of sacerdotal dignity, which they transmitted to their first-born. To the patriarchal priesthood there succeeded the people's priesthood under the positive direction of God, and that priesthood was confined to the tribe of Levi. Both these priesthoods were merely figures of the Christian priesthood. To the Levitical priesthood there succeeded in the series of divine and positive institutions the Christian priest hood, created not for one people, but for the church which embraces all peoples; not for a period, but forever. As the Levitical priesthood prefigured Christ, the Christian priesthood recalls Christ having come, and represents the incarnate saviour. The Christian priest represents the one, the only High priest. The Christian priest alone is called and authorized to continue the function of mediator in the New Law, to offer the sacrifice of reconciliation for the living and the dead, and to distribute to the faithful the fruits of the sacrifice of Calvary.

Well has the Angelic Doctor styled him the mediator between God and man. To him God says: "I have seen the affliction of My people, come and I will send you, and you shall lead them forth." At the prayer of Elias he descended from heaven and consumes the victim. At the word of the priest God comes down from heaven and is present on the altar. Holy Scripture says the angels, who are highest in heaven, that "they always stand before the throne." The priest stands before the altar, the throne of God, and holds in his hands Him Who rules the universe. Whilst angels adore Him in silence in the sanctuary, the priest gives Him to the faithful. He is the mediator between God and the people. Like Moses, while the people are in fear and trembling, he pleads for them before God. When sin abounds and God is angry, he approaches the Sovereign Majesty and beseeches the All-Powerful to spare the people: "Spare, O Lord, Thy people, and be not angry with them forever." "He it is who prays much for the people." One day a great fleet was about to be submerged by a storm at sea. The admiral took a child, still in its innocence, in his arms and raising him up towards heaven besought God to spare his fleet, and God heard his prayer. Every day the priest takes the Son of the Most High in his hands, and raising Him up towards heaven, beseeches God to spare the people, and God hears his prayer and society is saved. He prays God for favors for the people, and like a heavenly dew God's graces are showered down upon individuals and families; upon all the people. He acts in the name and by the delegation of Christ. He does not say: "This is the body of Christ, or this is the blood of Christ," but "This is My body, this is My blood." In the words of Tertullian he is another Christ.

The Widow's Mite. It was the custom of the Jews, at the time when our Saviour was on earth, to put money into boxes which were placed at the entrance of the temple. This was called the treasury, and the money deposited there was used for the support of the priests who officiated in the temple, and for the relief of the poor. Some of the rich people of those days, were very vain, and loved to let others know how rich they were. They would put in large sums of money, and they would do so with a loud voice, and with much pomp and circumstance. One day as our Lord sat near the treasury, He watched the rich men come to the box, and place in it their contributions with much pride; and He was greatly displeased; for He could see the vanity of their hearts.

Presently a poor woman—a widow—came to the treasury, leading a little child by the hand. She was very poor, and her garments were quite ragged, and her hair was all white. In contrast with the fine clothing of others about her. She timidly approached the box, and after looking around her to see if she was unobserved, she quietly dropped into it two mites, which were about equal in value to half a cent. It was a small sum, but it was all she possessed.

Perhaps she thought that no one noticed her, but Jesus saw her, and calling His disciples together, He said to them: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury." Meaning, thereby, that all that the rich and proud had cast in had been given out of their abundance, and they had plenty left besides; but the poor widow had offered to the service of God all that she possessed in the world, and trusted to His Divine Providence for more. It is not always the amount we give which is pleasing to Almighty God, but the spirit and motive with which it is given.

The World Moves! Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just because some old foggy doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper enquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents), and they "mean business."

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Translated for the CATHOLIC RECORD. THE OBLETE MISSIONS.

Letter from Rev. Father H. Lecome, O. M. I., to Rev. Father P. Boisjane O. M. I., Superior and Novice Master of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Lachine Locks, Canada: Mission of St. Paul, Fort Nelson, June 11th, 1888.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—I do not remember whether I wrote to you last autumn. I was very busy and all summer was in such a state of suffering that I fear to have neglected this duty. To tell you at once the cause of my trouble, we were burnt out.

On the 11th of July, 1887, fire broke out in the mission, and our new building, which was nearly completed, and of which I was perhaps too proud, was entirely consumed. I still ask myself how this sad accident occurred. In less than two hours the work that had caused such labor and fatigue was entirely destroyed.

God's hand is heavy at times, is it not? For a while I feared that our little chapel would share the same fate, but God had pity on us, and St. Raphael was there watching over the dwelling of which he is the blessed patron. This all took place in the absence of Rev. Father de Rerange.

A little orphan whom we are educating with myself in sole charge of the mission. Besides our novices we were all our tools. These I regret all the more that in this northern district it is so difficult to procure others.

Happily on his return from the mission at Fort Simpson, Father de Rerange brought a lay brother with him. Never had we more need of help. As our old dwelling threatened to fall, we thought best to pull it down, and with the same material construct a habitation that would shelter us for the winter. It is very small, but one day we hope to extend its dimensions.

I left St. Raphael on the 16th of September to bury myself for nine long months in the solitude at St. Paul's. The journey lasted ten days. Our Indians arrived very late in the fall, and in small numbers. Famine reigning in the camp. The women and children could not come. My mission therefore was of small extent and consisted of only a few confessions.

The Indians having but a small stock of provisions, it seemed imprudent to winter at St. Paul's, but I elected to remain with them. Since the days when I strayed from the road and wandered for nineteen days in the woods and was on the point of starving, I have not much inclination to undertake the journey from Nelson to Lachine on snowshoes.

Three men passed tolerably enough. Forseeing a forced fast, I deprived myself of much, and imitated the saint of the table. 1888 dawned, and as a New Year greeting, the trading chief of the Hudson Bay Company told us that we had provisions for only about fifteen days.

The Indians delayed much longer in sending us food, we would starve to death. We faced the battle like heroes. The farmer, his employees and your humble servant, all of us determined to make war upon the rabbits and partridges. Like Lot and Abraham we chose our land, one going to the right, the other to the left. Each day, at a certain time when the cold of winter was most intense, we went in quest of our game. The best hunters ate little and gave their game a share to the less fortunate. We lived thus for two months. Rabbits became rare and we found scarcely enough to keep life in us. The Indians came into the Fort, exasperated and looking like walking skeletons. Instead of helping us they stole the little we had. My little stock soon gave out. I could not resign myself to see these poor savages starve when I had come so far to help them. Each day they came in procession to extend their hand which I filled with pulverized meat. This is a great deal in this part of the world, or by smoke, it is then powdered by means of vigorous pounding on a stone. At the Fort not a mouthful could be had. To those who begged, the agent gave bear and beaver skins, and this, let me tell you, is what the English would call "poor stuff" in the way of food. Our dogs, which are also our horses, succumbed and I feared much for ourselves.

Finding rabbits scarce, we made large snowshoes and tried to shoot elk. Each one thought himself able for this, but I had little hope in the matter. These animals are so keen of hearing that the cracking of a twig suffices to frighten them off. Yet we tried and after many useless endeavors gave it up. Reduced to the utmost extremity some tried to appease their hunger by eating pieces of bear skin. Others boiled the paws of rabbits, and I, unable to stomach this food, waited until the good God should take pity on us. I prayed and made the little children pray, and God was touched. He so loves the innocent child, that He so loves the innocent heart.

One of our servants killed an elk near the Fort. Joy beamed on every face. Each one took a leg and repaired to the spot where the animal fell. You would have laughed to see us slush up this meat that we could hardly wait to have cooked. If I never before eat raw meat, I did then and gladly. From this time on, the Indians began to kill game and supplied us with food.

The above, my dear Father, will suffice to give you an idea of what we have suffered this winter. I would have been glad to escape to Fort de Liards, but on the other hand I could not abandon my post. My Catholics here could not bear to hear of my departure. If God had not taken pity on us we would all have died together. This we would have been fine, would it not? The country is daily becoming more impoverished and soon the Indians will not be able to feed the white men who inhabit the country.

Having recruited my strength somewhat I set about manual labor. In my free time I made about 6,500 shingles to cover our chapel of St. Raphael. Besides this I have finished the wainscoting of our house. You see, Reverend Father, that I am something of a "Jack of all trades."

Our Indians arrived on the 24th of May with a quantity of dried meat, but very few fish. They had eaten the greater part during the famine!

Will you be good enough to send me your work, "Meditations for every day in the year," and a canon law. We have no theology, which is awkward in embarrassing even a letter too, right speedily. I am so isolated and receive few letters! I cannot tell you that my Indians are fervent Catholics. Far from it, the greater number are infidels. Yet my mission in the spring was consoled.

To-morrow I quit St. Paul's, for St. Raphael, to keep house in the absence of Father de Rerange, who goes to the Sacred Heart mission at Fort Simpson and at Fort Wrigley. I close, dear Father, soliciting your prayers and a memento in my holy sacrifice, and begging you to offer my respectful greeting to all our fathers and brothers at "Our Lady of Angels." Tell our good novices to be sure and not forget us.

I remain, Reverend Father, your son and brother in Christ and Mary Immaculate, H. LECOME, O. M. I., Priest.

NOTE FROM MGR I. CLUI, O. M. I. Rev. Father Boisjane, my class mate in theology and my sincere friend, in communicating to me the letter of Father H. Lecome, adds these few lines:

MY LORD AND DEAR FATHER.—This famine to which the Oblates of McKenzie are exposed is terrible. Could it not be prevented by having provisions in reserve? You Lordship knows better than I how matters stand.

I answer these reflections thus: 1. Yes the famine to which our poor Oblates are exposed is truly terrible. Those who have read the letters of Father La Dussault, Pascal which I had published lately in the papers, and who read the above will have tangible proofs of this.

II. There are means of preventing this famine. I will briefly indicate some of these means. Let us be multiplied if possible that we may purchase in greater quantity fish books and nets. If we were 200, we could procure more of these than our limited means have until now permitted us to purchase. The lives of our missionaries, of our Sisters of Charity and of our orphans would be assured. Besides we might distribute more to our poor Indians.

For these, for want of hooks the Indians often die of hunger near the lakes and rivers filled with beautiful fish. More abundant alms would help us to procure flour, bacon and other provisions. Our allowance is too restricted, and the poor missionaries, whether they will or not, are obliged to great economy. I trust then that the kind readers of this will hear the cries of distress from the poor missionaries of McKenzie, and that they will promptly come to their aid.

All contributions given to Mgr. I. Clui, coadjutor bishop of McKenzie, or sent to Mgr. H. Farand, Vicar Apostolic of McKenzie, may be sent to Rev. Father J. Leclerc, O. M. I., Procurator of St. Peter's Church, 107 Victoria street, Montreal, Canada, and will be faithfully forwarded to Mgr. Farand, who might thus increase the very meagre allowance of each central mission of the McKenzie Vicariate.

ISIDORE CLUI, O. M. I., Bishop of Arindele, St. Roch de l'Acadie, 28th Sep, 1888.

Rheumatic Pains. Require no description, since, with rare exceptions, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations. The most successful treatment known, and it is now frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that too famous remedy for pain—Poison's Nervine. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering. A trial can be made at a small cost, as sample bottles of Nervine can be had at the drug store for 10 cents, large bottle 25 cents.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and Dr. Parmentier's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used as a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

Tried and Proved. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for my Catarrh, and have proved it, after a fair trial, a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

A Severe Attack. Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes: "My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief."

CARPET AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.—R. S. Murray & Co. has always on hand the largest and most modern stock of House Furnishings in the West, and is prepared to fit up Churches, Public Buildings and Private homes with Velvet Carpets, Turkey Carpets, Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, Linoleum and Wood Carpets, Cocoa and Imperial Matings, Nottingham Lace and Damask Curtains, Window Shades and Corridors, Oil Cloths from 1 yard to 8 yards wide. Linoleum cut to fit any size room, and any other article suitable for house furnishing. Please call and examine before purchasing. 124 Dundas street and 125 Carling street.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for over 20 years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Catarrh Balm and using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the only medicine above all others made to cure catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness.—E. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

For the best photos made in the city go to Ely Bros., 281 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paragonists, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty.

FTN: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No visit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise sent free to "Fit" cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 151 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

MBM WANTED to sell Life and Pensions of Pope Leo XIII. A wonderful Book. Endorsed by the Archbishop and leading clergy of the Church. Big money to energetic canvassers.—PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our days, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to the usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. (This Engraving represents the Lung in a healthy state.) THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED. When other Remedies and Medicines have failed to effect a cure. Recommended by PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS, AND NURSES. In fact, by everyone who has given it a trial. It never fails to bring relief. It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child. It contains no OPIUM in any form.

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BREADMAKER'S YEAST. BREAD made of this Yeast has the First Prize at Ontario Fair Shows in 1887. Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. Bakers in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. Electricity, Motore Baths & Sulphur, Saline Baths. CURE OF ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. J. G. WILSON, LECHEOPATHIST, 220 Dundas Street.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART

Conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, London, Ont. Locality suitable for teaching, offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. Air, bathing, water pure and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. Educational advantages unsurpassed. French is taught free of charge, not only in class, but practically in choice and standard works. Library contains the best monthly, weekly and instrumental Music take place monthly, elevating taste, testing improvement and inspiring self-possession. Strict attention is paid to promote physical and intellectual development, habits of neatness and economy, with refinement of manner. Terms can be obtained on application to the Lady Superior.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound. Cures Chronic Constipation, Costiveness, and all Complaints arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Nausea, or Vomiting, &c., &c.

PRICE 25 CENTS per Bottle. PREPARED BY DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), MONTREAL.

BREADMAKER'S YEAST. BREAD made of this Yeast has the First Prize at Ontario Fair Shows in 1887. Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. Bakers in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. Electricity, Motore Baths & Sulphur, Saline Baths. CURE OF ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. J. G. WILSON, LECHEOPATHIST, 220 Dundas Street.

MACDONALD & DIGMAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 48 TAYLOR STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

JOHN O'MEARA, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, 209 BOND STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND. Collections promptly attended to.

FRANCIS ROBERT, M. D., PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, etc. Office and residence 20 Wellington Street, London, England. Telephone.

C. M. B. A.

Assessments 12 and 13 were issued from the Supreme Recorder's office on October 2nd. They call for the payment of 17 beneficiaries: 10 in New York; 1 in Pennsylvania; 2 in Michigan; 1 in Massachusetts and 3 in Ontario.

Accounts for the quarter ending Sep. 30th have been sent to all the C. M. B. A. Branches; and officers are requested to have the same paid as early as possible.

Bro. C. C. Collins of Branch 31, Guelph, is prepared to execute, in the most artistic manner, emblems, resolutions, addresses, etc., and officers of Branches requiring such would do well to write Bro. Collins before ordering elsewhere, as he has had many years' experience as an engraver.

Branches requiring seals, ballot boxes, gavel, C. M. B. A. pins, etc., can be supplied at the cheapest rates by Bro. Tansey, 255 St. Martin street, Montreal. As some of our Branches will no doubt hold entertainments during the winter, should they require an accomplished elocutionist, we can highly recommend Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, 180 Carlton street, Toronto. He possesses a splendid voice, and his interpretation of literature is natural and refined.

Address to Bro. E. J. O'Brien. The members of Branch 31, C. M. B. A., at their meeting on September 24th showed in a pleasing manner their appreciation of Mr. E. J. O'Brien's services in their behalf. The following address, which was read to be engraved and framed, was offered to him:

Dear Sir.—The members of Branch 31 of the C. M. B. A. desire to tender to you some expression of their appreciation of your untiring efforts to promote the good of the association. Since the inauguration of our Branch you have taken a never failing interest in its advancement and that of the association everywhere. As our delegate upon several occasions to the Grand Council we had the pleasure of knowing that our Branch would be worthily represented, and in this we were not disappointed. It gave us much pleasure to know that at the meeting of the Grand Council lately held in Toronto, you were elected as one of the three delegates chosen to represent the eighty-three Branches in Canada at the Supreme Council meeting recently held at Cleveland, Ohio, and we know that the fulfilment of that honorable mission could not have been confided to any one more efficient than yourself. We feel that in selecting you as one of the three Canadian representatives to advocate the interests of the Association in Canada at the deliberations of the Supreme Council, a high honor has been conferred upon this Branch. Be therefore pleased to accept the warm thanks and grateful acknowledgments of the officers and members of Branch 31 for the faithful and exemplary performance of the various important duties which you have been called upon to undertake in the several honorable positions in the Association which you have been elected to fill. Signed by the officers and members of the Branch.

Mr. O'Brien made a feeling reply, thanking the officers and members for their kind appreciation of his humble efforts in endeavoring to advance the interests of the C. M. B. A.

One of the most attractive exhibits at the Southern County fair at St. Thomas was that of Fred. Doggett, of the Eight Marble works. This was a beautiful Southern Falls marble monument, surrounded by a cross, and with fine tracery work of shamrock and the emblem of the C. M. B. A. skillfully cut. It attracted much of attention and was justly awarded a first prize. It is to be erected in the Catholic cemetery to the memory of the late Bro. Stephen Corbett.

A Pleasing Event.

Ottawa, Oct. 8th, 1888. At the last regular meeting of Branch 57, held in their hall on the evening of the 3rd inst., it was moved by Bro. McDonnell, seconded by Bro. Donnelly, and resolved:

That the members of this branch tender our heartfelt congratulations to our worthy Finance Secretary, Bro. W. J. Gallagher, and his amiable bride; that health, peace and prosperity, may attend them through life, and that a copy of this resolution be sent for publication in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

P. FIZGERALD, Corresponding Secretary.

Tilbury Centre, Sept. 29, 1888. DEAR SIR AND BRO.—At a regular meeting of Branch No. 80, C. M. B. A., held at Tilbury Centre, September 26th, in the presence of Bro. W. J. Walsh, seconded by Brother S. Mathers, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Mrs. Desjardins, the mother of our esteemed First Vice President, has departed this life at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, be it therefore Resolved, That the members of Branch No. 80, C. M. B. A., tender to our esteemed brother our most respectful sympathy in this sad bereavement which our worthy brother has sustained in the death of his honored and aged mother. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to Brother Desjardins. Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from life to happy eternity the soul of the young daughter of our esteemed Brother Raphael Merillon, September 19th, by drowning, therefore be it

Resolved, That we the members of Branch No. 80, C. M. B. A., while bowing to the divine will of God, extend to Brother Merillon and family our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Brothers Desjardins and Merillon, and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and C. M. B. A. Monthly.

Yours fraternally, J. O'NEIL, Sec. Sec. Ottawa, 6th Oct., 1888.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 87, held Sept. 5th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to afflict the family of Bro. John Regan and also of Bro.

John Frawley by the loss of death, Be it therefore Resolved, That the members of this Branch sincerely condole with our respected Brother in their sad bereavement; that the giver of all good and Father of all mercies may sustain and enable them to bear the cross with fortitude and resignation becoming true Christians and members of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and enable them to exclaim in fulness of heart, "O Merciful Father, Thy will be done."

Resolved, also, That these resolutions be placed on record in the minute book of this Branch, and copies sent for publication to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

P. FIZGERALD, Corresponding Sec.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Colorado Catholic. The South of England has room for the monks of the Grande Chartreuse. France shut them out. This is not the first occasion on which intolerance has resulted in the commercial benefit of England.

Beautiful saints and saints' days fill the whole calendar of the Christian year. Just now, and as we speak to our friends, we are celebrating the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Very specially and lovingly does Holy Church put us under his mighty protection, and fully and constantly should we, by prayer and holy works, celebrate the devotion of St. Michael, in our lives. And in a day or two, the 4th of October, we have the day chosen by Holy Church for celebrating the sweet, peaceful record of piety which Francis of Assisi's transfiguration presented to an age now uncombed with corruption. In this saint's life this age finds a lesson which is of highest wisdom and which unlearned will but leave the world deeper in the mire of materialism.

Under Michael and Francis as standard bearers we shall walk well.

Buffalo Union. We often rail at trouble, but very often it is the hands of God leading us back out of the sludges of forgetfulness and neglect to a realizing sense of His omnipotence and our own duty. In such hours our characters are broadened and deepened, our capability for good increased and our whole being exalted with the clear cognition of a higher power and of the fleetingness of earthly things. Constrained and purified, we find sorrow and trouble are but the handmaids of Providence, directing us in better and holier ways to the fulfilment of a divine purpose of life, than if we never experienced anything but joy. Let us, therefore, not rail at what accept affliction, well knowing that in the strengthening of our own mental and spiritual energies.

Boston Pilot. The London Daily Telegraph has received 27,000 answers to the question broached by an Englishman, "Is marriage a failure?" and the tenor of most of them is in the affirmative. This is a sad showing for English domestic life. It is only fair to assume in this as in other matters of making private affairs public, that only the abnormal comes to the surface, as in the crimes of men and not the virtues that are usually brought into public view. By far the ablest contribution to this question, which has become almost an international one, is that of Ph. de Grandjeu, in the Paris Figaro. The French writer argues eloquently for the sanctity of the home and shows, with a generous recognition of an enemy's virtues, that a man's stock is advertised, no hits are made, the balliffs are pelted with rotten eggs, and the reactor stoned—but, luckily for humanity, only in effigy. The imposition of titles for the maintenance of a creed one does not believe in, and a church one does not attend, is most flagrant of injustices.

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his certification to Mandeville's ability to bear further punishment, depended his own retention in office. As a matter of fact, he did once give notice to the prison authorities that Mandeville's health was seriously impaired by the treatment to which he was being subjected, but a prompt warning came to him from Dublin Castle and informed him that that was not the sort of a report Balfour wanted. Consequently Ridley afterwards maintained silence, and the unfortunate prisoner of Tollamore was done to death by the orders of the chief secretary.

Catholic Columbian. Sam Jones, Georgia's eccentric preacher, has cleared, it is said, \$100,000 by his peculiar style of sermons. In the livery of God, he has raked in the wages of mammon; and this he has done, whilst some really cultivated brother preachers of his ilk have to live on \$400 to \$600 a year! Eccentricity and oddity seem to pay!

General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, who has had ample opportunities of noting that the Protestant churches have come to be only for the well clothed owners of high priced pews,—excluding the common class of people,—has declared that the Catholic Church alone contains any number of the real poor.

The New York Times is candid enough to acknowledge, speaking of the Cardinal's recent powerful article in the North American Review that, "admitting that the Roman Church is the legitimate and continuous successor of the Apostolic Church, Cardinal Manning's statement as a refutation of infidelity is so complete that Rogers has nothing to say."

The New York Independent said recently: "Athanasius alone with his faith was mightier than the world. Luther was stronger than the Pope, and his despised theses shook to its foundations the mighty empire of Charles of Spain. He was not Luther that was so very strong, but the passions of the people of his age, from whose minds the curb of wholesome restraint was withdrawn. Soon the reaction came—"the sober after-thought"—and the world now beholds the sects created by Luther's teachings all in a decline, and the Mother Church as strong, as vigorous, and as effective in converting and teaching the children of men as ever she was."

The New York Independent, in noticing the death of Professor Proctor, the great scientist, remarks that France and England have more infidels than Germany, England or America. This class comes from the ranks of highly educated men. They become inflated with pride, and are foolish enough to imagine that they—the great progressive philosophers of their time—are too elevated to trouble themselves about the things of God or His religion. The remark of the Independent goes only to show the superiority of Catholic countries in the number of highly scientific men. But, as Thomas A' Kempis said: "Science often puffeth up." The rankest weeds grow in the richest soil.

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tion with which he had a most successful connection until a few years ago. In 1882 there were 5,180 children attending the Milwaukee Catholic schools. This year there are 9,096. The amount saved to the public by the Catholic schools is stated by the Catholic Union to be \$150,000 annually.

An unusual accident recently happened in England. Father John Hawksworth died suddenly. After a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He was sixty-nine years of age, and much beloved by people of all classes in the town of Chorley. After numbers of his friends and admirers had approached the catafalque on which his remains rested, the church was closed, candles being left burning near the bier. During the night the body and the oak coffin were consumed—a candle having fallen over. A Requiem Mass was celebrated the next day. The streets through which the funeral passed were crowded with spectators.

The Rome correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes: I understand that his Eminence Cardinal Moran applied for an Auxiliary Bishop before leaving Rome; and an appointment has just been made, the new Bishop-elect being the Very Rev. Dr. Higgins, of the Diocese of Meath. I understand that the Very Rev. gentleman was for many years president of the diocesan seminary of Navan, and is known amongst his brother priests as a man of high culture, extensive knowledge and great administrative tact. I may mention his Eminence takes away to Sydney, one of the most valuable gifts of the Vatican Exhibition. It is an altar composed of various kinds of marble, the gift of a society of Tarbes.

Dr. Macmahon and Mr. W. A. Lee stepped forward before the large congregation assembled in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, on Friday evening last, and presented Rev. Father O'Sullivan with a handsome engraved address. The very gentleman is about to leave for California for the benefit of his health. The address testifies to the love and esteem which the parishioners of St. Mary's and the whole Catholic people of Toronto feel for the departing clergyman. Among the many services he has rendered to the parish, the address mentions especially the establishment of the Society of the Sacred Heart. His congregation also presented him with a well filled purse, and said they hoped he would have as much pleasure in spending it as they had in presenting it. Father Gavlin made a reply which showed that he was deeply touched by these proofs of the affection of his people.

Sister Mary Bonaventura, a Franciscan nun, has travelled from Honolulu to Hoboken for the purpose of getting volunteers to go back with her to nurse lepers in the Sandwich Islands. She has been five years with the lepers at Waialuku on the island of Maui. She is a cousin of Rev. Patrick Hennessey, of St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, and she is stopping at the house of her order in Monroe street, Hoboken. She says that she and twelve other sisters are contented and happy in the Waialuku leper hospital. The lepers suffer no pain and are about as happy as anybody else. They are mild and good-natured. Almost all of them are well educated, for education is compulsory in the Sandwich Islands. There are twenty-three Catholic priests under the direction of Bishop Blackman at Waialuku. A good many of the doctors that attend the lepers are Portuguese. There is, however, one Irish doctor there.

A MINISTERING ANGEL. Sister Mary Bonaventura Finds "Her Race Everywhere." NURSING LEPEPS ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Sister Mary Bonaventura, of the Order of St. Francis, has travelled from Honolulu to Hoboken for the purpose of getting volunteers to go back with her to nurse lepers in the Sandwich Islands. She has been five years with the lepers at Waialuku on the island of Maui. She is a cousin of Rev. Patrick Hennessey, of Jersey City, and she is stopping at the house of the Order in Monroe street, Hoboken. She says that she and twelve other sisters are contented and happy in the Waialuku Leper Hospital. The lepers suffer no pain and are about as happy as anybody else. They are mild and good-natured. Almost all of them are pretty well educated, for education is compulsory in the Sandwich Islands. There are twenty-three Catholic priests under the direction of Bishop Blackman at Waialuku. A good many of the doctors that attend the lepers are Portuguese. There is, however, one Irish doctor there.

"That is not surprising," said the Sister, laughing, "for you find the race from all I sprang everywhere." She was asked if she were not afraid to go among the lepers.

"Not in the least," she replied. "A good many people do not believe that leprosy is contagious. Even if one does catch the disease it will not shorten one's life so very much."

Waialuku, the seat of the hospital, has a population of 4,000. The inhabitants of the island of Maui are principally engaged in the manufacture of sugar.

A VICTIM OF THE SCOURGE. REV. FATHER O'SULLIVAN CARRIED OFF BY YELLOW FEVER.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan, who left New York for Tampa, Fla., on September 12, died at that place of yellow fever on Monday last.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan was born in the town of Clonakilly, county Cork, in the year 1850. At the age of sixteen he entered the College of Maynooth and was ordained when twenty three years of age.

After a brief visit in the Diocese of Ossington he was ordered to the island of St. Helena for duty, and subsequently, through the influence of Mr. Justin McCarthy and Count Moore, he received an appointment as chaplain to the British army in South Africa.

Father O'Sullivan was not an ornamental chaplain. Endowed with a magnificent physique, he fought throughout the Zululand campaign, and at the close of his military career he received the medals, one being for bravery and distinguished service in the field. He was also with Gordon during the siege of Khartoum, and was the

last person who saw the ill-fated general alive. In consequence of his valor the authorities at the English War Office promised him an appointment at home, but after waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, Father O'Sullivan sailed for this country two years ago. He was attached for a short time to the Newark Diocese, from which he was transferred to New York, and did duty at St. Stephen's Church.

Bishop Moore, of Florida, wrote Father O'Sullivan a few weeks ago, saying, "If you are brave enough come along. At the same time the bishop reminded the young priest that three clergymen had already succumbed to the plague. With-out hesitation Father O'Sullivan proceeded to Tampa and was installed as rector of the Church of St. Augustine, which office he filled but a few days."

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

It is not known that Darry jill, in which Father McFadden is imputed, and from which Mr. Alexander Blane, M. P., has lately been released, is about equal in refinement to the one at Fallmore Prison, where Messrs. Wm. O'Brien and John Mandeville were tortured. Father McFadden is compelled to take exercise in a sort of well surrounded by high plank walls where the sun seldom penetrates. He is also deprived of writing materials in the hope of keeping the world in ignorance of his condition. Alexander Blane, M. P. for South Antrim, was obliged to sleep nightly on the damp flags of his cell rather than on the plank bed, which is the only couch supplied him. This is a true but terrible picture of the life of two political prisoners under Balfour's coercion regime. This picture of "horror" to use Mr. Balfour's expression, was not "manufactured" by Mr. O'Brien, but is the manipulation of Mr. Balfour's own clean hands.

Rev. A. McNelis, in a letter to Father McFadden, at present in Darry jail, says the peasantry at Gweedore are threatened with famine. The potato crop, which was their main reliance, is a total failure. Evictions are impending and the prospect is very gloomy.

The Unionists seem to have lost heart in the County Down. The first session of the Revision Court was held on 1st October for the borough of Newry; and the Nationalists had served over 300 new claims and 150 objections. The Tories, as far as heard from, had taken no steps towards a revision. The Nationalists must be in rapid process of conversion to the Nationalist cause.

The Corporation of Cork have again refused to pay a bill presented by the constabulary for expenses connected with prosecutions, chiefly under the Crimes Act, during the last twelve months. The amount demanded is £600. The Cork City Council have refused to pay a bill for £12 presented by the police inspector for expenses incurred for extra pay to policemen for services rendered in the prosecution of Alderman Hooper and Mr. Patrick Corcoran. The Corporation consider it an outrage to persecute the people of the city, and then to ask the citizens to pay the bill.

Mr. Hamilton, one of Mr. Balfour's Coercion magistrates, fined Hugh Sweeney 10 shillings and costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment, at Killybegs, for lighting a tar barrel on the occasion of Father Stephens' visit to Killybegs, after his release from Derry jail.

Mr. Harris, M. P., appeared before his constituents in the House of Commons on the 16th inst., to give an account of his Parliament career, but the police dispersed the meeting. Three thousand persons had assembled for the occasion. The meeting was then adjourned to Portunna, and Mr. Harris addressed the assembly, which consisted of 5,000 persons. What would be the result of a loyal interference in Canada or in England?

The Dublin Freeman received a letter from the Abbey Ward, New