

rheumatic gout by MIN. T. ANDREW KING. of acute Bronchitis by HENRY COL. C. CREWE READ. of acute Rheumatism by HENRY C. S. BILLING.



DESIRED EFFECT. A young lady of my acquaintance that glorious remedy, Pastor Koenig's Tonic... Koenig's Tonic. THE HOUSE OF LORDS. Mr. Sullivan attacked the House of Lords...

CO., Chicago, Ill. 'A Little that the great, bright Archangel Was listening all the day long...'

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EVERY CATHOLIC HOME. A beautiful Oil-Portrait of the Holy Family. A charming story, with a full page of illustrations...

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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

NO. 812.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

REV. A. RYAN. Fall the snow on the Festival's vigil And surprised the city in white...

In thy little half-hour's Benediction The heart of a sinner avert?... Sermons are annually delivered by the most eloquent preachers who services can be secured...

THE ADVENT SEASON. A Period of Preparation for the Better Celebration of Christmas. The liturgical year in the Catholic Church commences with the first Sunday of Advent...

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LECTURE FOR THE POOR.

Rev. Father Doherty, S. J. (one of the Jesuit Fathers who conducted the recent mission here), will deliver a lecture in St. Peter's Cathedral, in aid of the Poor of the City, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society, on Sunday, December 16.

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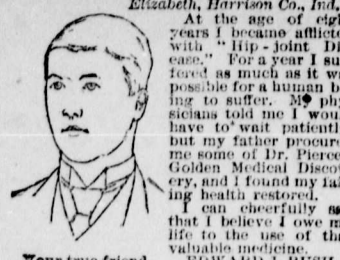
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ARMINEI.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

With that deep note of warning still ringing in his ears, Egerton, however, felt less inclined for the meeting of the Salle Rivoli. His impressive nature had been thrown out of accord with it, and when he found himself in the street, instead of listening to the utterances of Duchesne, he was bringing again before his mental vision Arminei's voice and glance and gesture. What recollection was it that had been roused in that moment? Of what she had reminded him as she stood for an instant, her head extended with that magic motion, while her eyes were full of solemn light?

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It was characteristic of the man that the answering of this question seemed to him just then of paramount importance, and that he felt Duchesne's conversation rather distracting than interesting. Consequently they had not proceeded very far when he suddenly paused, pleaded a forgotten engagement, and begged to be excused from attending the meeting.

Duchesne was probably not sorry, for it is notorious that the scenes which the Salle Rivoli witnesses do not incline one to hope for much in the matter of order from these vociferous and turbulent reformers of the world. It is quite certain that if the revolutionary army was altogether, or even chiefly, composed of such material society would have little to fear from it. But behind these noisy recruits is the trained and tremendous power of the secret organizations before which Governments stand paralyzed and helpless. Yet these Governments learn no wisdom. Everywhere the cry of persecution is raised against the only power which is able to cope with the evils that afflict the world: everywhere the Church is confronted with the pagan idea of State supremacy, and everywhere souls are wrested from her, to become victims of the shallow theories of the materialist in religion and the anarchist in politics. Surely it is true as of old, "Whom the gods would destroy they first deprive of reason."

In the society which has revolted against God, and which replies to the solemn warnings of His vicar with scoffing jeers, indeed doomed to utter destruction? It may be so, for the movement which began by denying the authority of the Church has long since culminated in denying Him who said, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

It must not be supposed that thoughts like these were in Egerton's mind as he parted from his companion and walked down the long avenue. It was an artistic, not a moral, impression which he was striving to grasp, and suddenly it came to him; suddenly he almost cried aloud, "Eureka!" In the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome hangs a picture famous throughout the world—Guercino's beautiful St. Margaret. No one who has seen it can ever forget the majestic air of inspired fearlessness and command with which she lifts the crucifix in one hand, while with the other extended she seems to awe back the dragon, whose hideous head and fearful jaws are powerless to daunt her. It was of this exquisite picture that Arminei's attitude and expression reminded Egerton, though in hers there had been warning rather than command. But the general resemblance of face and gesture was striking, and he said to himself that, "meek and mild" as this girl appeared, he has seen a flash in her which proved that she, too, might face danger and death with the same lofty

courage as the maiden of Antioch who has been so long enrolled on the list of God's saints.

But if she should ever be forced to put herself into an attitude of antagonism to her father it will go hard with her," Egerton thought, with a sense of painful pity. At that moment he felt that D'Antignac had done ill to shatter her belief in her father's ideals. Surely it would have been better for her to go through life dreaming of a glorified humanity than to have ever before her eyes the red spectre of revolution, and to hear constantly the enunciation of a faith which she could not share. It was hard on both sides—for Duchesne was evidently aware that his daughter's sympathy was withheld from him—and might become much harder as time went on.

It was natural enough that after all this he should have dreamed of Arminei that night—dreamed of her more than once as St. Margaret holding aloft her crucifix before the dragon—or that his first thought in waking should have been of her; for whatever idea has colored our dreams in sleep is quite certain to be with us when we wake. And as it chanced to be one of the mornings of the flower-market of the Madeleine, the perfumes which filled his chamber presently suggested the thought of sending some flowers to her. He was by no means sure how far French custom permitted such an attention from a mere acquaintance; but he said to himself that it did not very much matter, since his infraction of custom on his part would be regarded merely as the pardonable ignorance of a foreigner. And it would be a graceful acknowledgment of hospitality, a graceful mode of saying farewell.

Having thus decided that there was no reason why he should not give himself the pleasure he desired, he rose, made his toilet, and went out.

It was a charming sight which the broad esplanade of the Madeleine presents on these spring mornings, when Paris is so fresh, so radiant, so like a city swept and garishied, and for a short space the country seems to have brought all its floral treasures and poured them out here in lavish wealth. The sunshine falls on great heaps of blossoms, the air is full of fragrance and the hum of cheerful voices, as people gather like bees around the flowers, then to go away laden with them.

As Egerton crossed the street toward this animated scene his glance was attracted by a slender figure pausing just in front of him, and which, before he could reach it, moved on with hands filled with lilies of the valley. With a somewhat crest-fallen sense of being, as it were, anticipated, he recognized Arminei, and for a moment looked after her, uncertain whether or not to execute the intention which had brought him out. She was, as usual, attended by her maid; and while he looked through the enclosure surrounding the Madeleine and ascended the great steps of its portico.

Egerton at once decided to follow. A church was free to every one, and he might exchange a few words with Arminei as she came out. What particular words he wished to exchange, or why he should have wished to exchange any at all, he did not ask himself. It was not his custom to inquire the end of any fancy which occurred to him, nor indeed, to trouble himself whether it had an end at all or not. Just now it was sufficient that his interest was excited by Arminei, that she was a new type of character, which he liked to study; beyond that he saw no necessity for going. He turned, therefore, as she had done, through the open iron gates, mounted the steps of the portico, and entered the church.

The first impression which it made upon him was of a size which he had never realized before, having always heretofore seen it when crowded at High Mass and Vespers. Now it was comparatively empty—quiet, cool, and dim. A priest was saying Mass in one of the chapels, and before it a number of figures were kneeling. Egerton drew near and sat down on a chair behind these figures. For some time he did not remember or look for Arminei. It was the first time he had ever seen a Low Mass, and he was absorbed in watching.

Strange to say, it impressed him more than High Mass had ever done. Then the number of ceremonies, the music, the lights, the crowd, had distracted his attention from the great central fact. But now he seemed to realize what it meant—for those who believed. The slow, majestic movements of the priest, the reverence of the server, and the silence of the worshippers, all seemed in harmony with the idea of offering to God a supreme act of worship. Unlike many of those who are brought up outside the Church, Egerton was at least able to conceive this idea, to understand that what he saw before him was that which the whole world, for more than a thousand years, had revered as the stupendous sacrifice of the New Law. So

much, at least, culture had done for him. It had emancipated him from the narrow ignorance which is the parent of narrower prejudice in those who are the unhappy inheritors of errors.

It was not until the Mass was half over that he perceived Arminei, who was kneeling at one side, somewhat in shadow. But as soon as he saw her he was struck by the expression of her face. The pathetic look of sadness which had been on the brow and in the eyes whenever he had seen it before was now replaced by a spiritual peace which changed the whole aspect of the countenance. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fastened on the altar, the lilies he had seen were lying with her prayer-book on the chair in front of her—it was an exquisite picture that she made in the soft shadow out of which her sensitive face looked, with beautiful, clear eyes full of repose.

Egerton could not but think that it was a strange revelation after all that he had been thinking of her since they parted the night before. Waking and sleeping he had seen her before him in an attitude of combat, resistance, warning; and now what cloistered nun could have worn a face of greater serenity?

In the midst of these reflections he suddenly woke to a consciousness that the Mass had ended, the priest was leaving the altar, and some of the congregation were rising. He rose also and left the church, having decided to waylay Arminei in the portico. He had the time, before she appeared, to admit the picture at his feet—the Rue Royale leading to the Place de la Concorde with its fountains flashing in the morning sunlight, the soft mist rising from the river, the front of the Palais du Corps Legislatif in the distance across the Seine; a famous space, a space which has witnessed some of the most terrible events of history, yet giving a little sign of it now as the sea gives of the wrecks over which it has closed!

The soft swing of the closing church-door made him turn as Arminei emerged, the lilies in her hand, the same look of repose on her face. But the look changed and she gave a slight start of surprise as she saw who it was that came toward her with easy assurance, uncovering as he came.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," he said. "I am happy to have another glimpse of you before you leave Paris."

"Good-morning, M. Egerton," answered Arminei, pausing and regarding him with her grave, gentle eyes. "You are very good, but this is not a place or a time when I should have expected to see you."

"I imagine not," he said. "But you know—rather you do not know—that I live in this neighborhood, and therefore it is very natural that I should be here. I confess—as she still regarded him somewhat incredulously—"that I am not in the habit of frequenting the Madeleine so early in the day; but the force of example is accountable for my presence this morning. I saw you going to church, and I followed."

"You can do nothing better than go to church, monsieur," she said a little coldly, "but I fail to understand why my example should have had sufficient force to draw you there."

"I see that I must make an entire confession," he replied, smiling. "I was waked by the odors from the flower-market, and it occurred to me that I might take the liberty of sending you some flowers. With that intention I came out, to find you engaged in anticipating me"—he glanced at the lilies in her hand. "So then it was that your example led me into the church."

"Where I hope that you found something to repay you for your kind intentions with regard to the flowers," she said, now smiling also.

"Yes, I was repaid," he answered. He hesitated an instant, then went on: "A face of which I had been thinking all night with almost painful sympathy rose on me like the morning-star, full of peace," he said.

He saw that she understood him at once, and though she looked a little surprised, she was plainly not offended. There was an instant's pause, then in a low tone she said: "Why should you have thought of it with painful sympathy?"

"Because it gave me a revelation of how issues which I have treated lightly enough mean pain and perplexity to others," he answered; "and because I realized the hardship that a young and gracious life should be robbed of its natural sunshine by the dark shadow of misery and revolt."

She interrupted him with a slight gesture. "There was no need of pity for that," she said. "Those, I think, are happiest who do not try to ignore the misery which leads to revolt, but who are able to do something—however little, so that it be in the right way—to lessen it."

"Ah! in the right way," he said. "But that is the point, that makes the sadness—that people with the same end in view are so hopelessly disagreed about the means of reaching that end."

Something of shadow crept again into her eyes as she answered: "Yes, it is sad, but there is a thought which can give comfort, if we only dwell upon it often enough and long enough. God knows all, and God orders all. Out of the wildest tumult He can bring peace, if it be His will. Why, then, should we disquiet ourselves? All issues are in His hand."

"You have faith like that?" said Egerton, struck more by the penetrating tone of her voice, by the light which came into her face, than by the words.

"Sometimes I have," she answered. "It is a light which comes and goes—that is my own fault, no doubt—but this morning it was with me when I woke. I had gone to sleep almost overpowered by the sense of hopeless weight; but when I woke a voice seemed to say, 'What do you know of the end? Be patient and trust God.' Was that not a morning-star of peace, monsieur? And all things are easy when we can trust God."

It was a simple message, yet at that moment Egerton seemed to realize the deep wisdom which was contained in it. Surely, yes, all things must be easy to those who can trust with faith like this. It was no wonder that so great a change had come over the face which he had seen filled with pain and foreboding the night before. It was the difference between night and morning.

But at this point Arminei remembered herself and made a movement to go. "You are very kind to have thought of me—in that way," she said. "Believe me, I am grateful. And now I must bid you adieu. We leave Paris this afternoon."

"I know and I am sorry," he said. "But I shall hope to see you when you return. I trust that may be soon."

"So do I," she answered, but from her tone he knew that she was thinking of nothing less than of seeing him on that return.

She moved on as she spoke, and Egerton crossed the portico and descended the steps by her side, saying as he did so: "I hope you will permit me to fulfil the original intention for which I came out, and send you some flowers?" It is true that you have already provided yourself, but if you are a lover of them you must feel that one can never have too many."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but because I am a lover of them I think one can have too many, if one must leave them to fade. And that is what I should be forced to do today. These lilies I got for M. d'Antignac. He likes them, and I am going to see him this morning, to bid him adieu. It is a word I must repeat to you," she added, pausing as they emerged from the gate and holding out her hand.

Egerton, understanding that it was dismissed as well as farewell, accepted it at once, made his best wishes for her journey, and stepped back while she walked away with Madelon. For a moment he stood still, watching the slender, graceful figure. Then, conscious that this attitude was likely to attract attention, he turned quickly, to meet the half-surprised, half-amused face of Mr. Talford.

"Good-morning, my dear Egerton," said that gentleman suavely. "Let me congratulate you upon having discovered the virtue and excellence of early rising. It is true that to the world in general the morning is pretty well advanced; but I believe that you are seldom seen abroad before noon."

"That depends entirely upon circumstances," replied Egerton. "But I was not aware that, as a general rule, you were inclined to the virtue and excellence of early rising."

"I may echo your words and reply that my habits in that respect entirely depend upon circumstances," answered the other. "But the circumstances are not usually of a devout nature, nor am I often roused by such a pair of eyes as those which were smiling on you a moment ago."

"Those eyes," said Egerton a little stiffly, "belong to a young lady for whom I have the highest esteem and most profound respect. It was by the merest accident I met her in the Madeleine; but since she is leaving Paris with her father to day, I embraced the opportunity to make my adieux."

"Ah!" said Talford, elevating his eyebrows a little. He did not, however, permit himself to make any further remark, but merely inquired, after an instant's pause, if Egerton had breakfasted.

The latter replied in the negative. "I came out in haste," he said. "I did not stop, but my coffee is waiting for me, I am sure. And uncommonly good coffee Marcel makes. Come and join me will you not?"

"I have taken mine," replied Talford. "I did not come out in haste, but very much at my leisure; owing, probably, to the fact that the eyes which were the cause of my coming are behind and not before me. Though, indeed," he added reflectively, "I hardly think that I could be excited by the most beautiful eyes to the point of going out on an empty stomach. Such enthusiasm is part of the happy privilege of youth."

"It is certainly," said Egerton with a laugh, "part of my happy privilege not to think much of my stomach."

"Ah! you will change all that as you grow older," said the other. "Then you will begin to understand that the stomach is a much more important organ than the heart—though of course at twenty-five one does not think so. One can get on very well—in fact, with great advantage in point of comfort—without a heart. But a good stomach is a first essential for enjoying life. So I advise you, my dear fellow, not to take liberties with yours."

"You are very good," said Egerton, "but I think that you had better come and give me the benefit of your advice over a cup of Marcel's coffee, when I can apologize at my leisure for not keeping my engagement with you last night."

"You owe me an apology," said Talford tranquilly, "since I should not need to be here this morning if you had kept your appointment. I was on my way to your apartment, when to my surprise I saw you descending the

steps of the Madeleine. My object was—nay, is—to inquire if you are inclined to join me in accompanying my cousin, Laura Dorrance, and Miss Bertram to the Bois this morning."

"On horseback, I presume?" "Of course. They have been anxious to ride for sometime, and I believe that all preliminaries with regard to habits and horses are now happily settled. I was directed by Laura to ask you to join the party, and I thought I should have an opportunity of doing so last night. But since you failed to enter an appearance I was obliged to come forth in search of you or else run the risk of disappointing the ladies."

"I am sorry you have had the trouble," said Egerton. "I should not have broken the engagement last night, only, if you remember, it was not positive. I shall be very happy to go. And now you will come in while I send for my horse?"

"No, thanks. I must return to my own apartment, where I shall expect you in the course of an hour." He nodded and turned away, then looked back to add, "We shall take our dejeuner with Miss Bertram."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOLY FACE OF JESUS.

Third Means of Making Reparation: Imitate His Virtues.

[Translated by Rev. Edmund Didier: Read at Carmelite Convent, November 4, 1894.]

The canvas being prepared the painter applies his colors, and regarding his original at each stroke of his brush, he imitates exactly its features. So after having effaced the stains of sin from our souls, after having divested ourselves of the old man according to nature, we must raise our eyes towards Jesus Christ so as to clothe ourselves with His virtues, by a faithful imitation. That is the way of making to Him an agreeable and true reparation for all the affronts of His Passion; for, as teaches St. Augustine, "the essential obligation of the Christian religion is to imitate the virtues and perfections of the God whom it worships."

Remember then what were the thoughts and occupation of the mind and of the heart of Jesus when the Jews despised Him and covered Him with ignominies and insults. He glorified His Father by a profound humility and by an invincible patience for the satisfaction of our sins. Humble yourselves then in His presence, considering your miseries, your lowliness and the sins by which you have so often displeased and dishonored Him.

When the Jews saluted Him and adored Him in mockery He adored His Father, so as to repair the irreverence which we commit in the church during divine service. Let us adore Him then in spirit and in truth by a perfect respect, by acts of faith, of hope and of love.

While they were tormenting Him He conformed Himself by an entire resignation to the will of His Father, who had ordered Him to suffer thus for our salvation. Resign yourselves, then, entirely to His good pleasure in all your pains and afflictions.

When the Jews taxed His death and demanded His condemnation He offered Himself in sacrifice to the justice of His Father to satisfy for our crimes. Offer yourselves, then, to Him as victims of penance for your sins.

When the Jews showed Him a mortal hatred He loved His Father with a tenderness and ineffable ardor, so as to repair our tepidity. Love Him, then, with an affection the most cordial and sincere and desire with all your heart that He be loved perfectly by the whole world. Zeal for the glory of His Father made Him languish and grow faint, seeing Him offended by the sins of the Jews and of all mankind. Be you afflicted also through a similar zeal.

His heart by the ardor of His infinite charity was likewise penetrated with a tender compassion for the loss of the Jews and of other sinners. You also pray fervently for their conversion.

The infinite love of His Father and of the salvation of men strengthened Him interiorly in the midst of His sufferings and ignominies. Christians suffer, therefore, with joy and in His sake love the pains and injuries which men heap upon you, acknowledging that you have merited them by your sins.

Jesus suffered with an invincible patience, and instead of complaining and of having any ill feeling towards His neighbors. He excused them to His Father, and prayed that He would forgive them. You also suffer after His example, without complaints, without murmurs and without wishing evil to your enemies, so as to obtain immortal glory. It is thus that you will testify your love for God, your faith, your hope and the strength of your soul, as says the prophet, "In silence and in hope shall your strength be." [Isaiah xxx., 15.]

In fine, to make reparation for the extreme and unnatural repugnance which the Jews manifested towards the adorable face of Jesus, carry about you a medal or an image of His Holy Face, which you should regard often, remembering His outrages and afflictions, adoring your Saviour, praising Him, loving Him and compassing Him from time to time with all the powers of your soul. Have also a picture of the Holy Face, and place it, framed, in the best room of your house, so as to excite those who visit you to think of our Saviour and to offer Him their homage and reverence as reparation for the insults and injuries of His passion.

The best is what the people buy the most. That's why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of all medicines.

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Author of "Mistakes of Modern Intels."

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London, Saturday, Dec. 8, 1894.

POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

We had occasion to quote a couple of weeks ago the expression of opinion of some eminent Republican politicians on the recent United States elections, to the effect that the Republican party generally repudiate all connection with the A. P. A., and attribute their success to causes quite apart from religious bigotry under any form: though it is true that the A. P. A. fastened itself to the Republicans, as did the Old Man of the Sea around the neck of Sinbad the Sailor.

The strong denunciation of the A. P. A. uttered by Mr. Saxton, the Republican standard-bearer for the second place on the Republican ticket, we already quoted, and no stronger condemnation than his, both before and after nomination, could possibly be uttered. Governor Morton and ex-Governor Hill were equally emphatic, condemning the A. P. A. in unmistakable terms, on behalf of both of great national parties. The victory was achieved by the Republicans, not through the aid of the Apaisists, but in spite of the load these fanatics heaped upon the Republican wagon, the Hamilton Spectator to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is admitted that in a few localities where Apaisism is peculiarly strong, it contributed to the election of the Republican candidates, just as was the case in Ontario in a few instances, last June, as a consequence of the P. P. A. and Conservative alliance; but the A. P. A. in its general effect was as great a damper upon the party it supported as was its sister society on its allies in our own latitude.

The well-informed political journals all agree in attributing the route of the Democratic party to several causes altogether apart from Apaisism. One of these causes was, as we already mentioned, the business depression in the Republic, which was rightly or wrongly attributed by the people to Democratic rule.

For thirty years the Republican party has been maintained in power, almost continuously, so that there is nothing extraordinary or remarkable about its accession of power again, in spite of the Democratic wave which passed over the country two years ago. The people merely returned to their old love from dissatisfaction with their new one.

It is certain that in New York, New Jersey and many other States the A. P. A. conspiracy tended to weaken the Republicans, notwithstanding that the tidal wave was so strong, but in New York city the anti-Tammany agitation and the exposures of the Lexow Committee, showing the grossest corruption in municipal government, was the cause for which the Reformation ticket received such strong majorities.

These majorities were not only independent of Apaisism, but even of Republicanism, and similar causes operated in other cities of the State, all tending to cause a radical change. The ticket of Reform was supported by men of all denominations, nationalities and parties; and New York may be taken as the pulse of the nation, as it is usually considered to be.

The Catholic Church is independent of political party, and does not meddle with politics, but individual Catholics have their political predilections, which may change just as do those of their Protestant neighbors; and, in fact, good Catholics are to be found in both political parties, and they may be influenced, as all men would be when a religious issue is raised in some localities, but the great majority of the States there was no religious issue at the recent elections, and there is no triumph for any special religious or political party in the result. The Catholic Church may look with calmness on the elections in the United States, no matter on which banner victory may perch. It is true that some Catholics, even among the clergy, were of opinion that there was a religious issue in the election, but they

spoke as individuals and citizens, and not as representing the views of the Church. The Church took no part with one side or the other, as is evident from the following declaration of Archbishop Ireland, just before the election:

I deny that the Republican party has shown itself as sustaining the movement which has been set afoot by anti-Catholic bigots to abridge the civic and religious liberties of Catholics. But whatever Apaisism in itself has done the Republican party has neither assumed nor brought upon itself any responsibility for its existence or its workings. No one act of the party can be quoted to support a different view. That there are among Republicans a certain number of Apaisists I have no doubt. But I put the question to the country: Are there not A. P. A.ists among the Democrats? Is either party responsible for the individual opinions or doings of some of its members? It would be an interesting task to balance the accounts of the Republican and Democratic parties on the anti-Catholic bigotry of their members. Certain it is that some of the most ferocious outbreaks of Know-nothing barbarism occurred in Democratic cities and states.

I have no mission to give Catholics political counsel. I can only bid them to vote with intelligence, sincerity, honesty and fearlessness—voting the Democratic ticket if they deem it better for the country or the Republican ticket if this seems the better. But I can counsel them, as I do, to allow no cry of religious bigotry to sway them, to be moved by no sectional hatred, to give credence to no vain rumors and accusations. If there are men who drag religion into politics let it not be the Catholics, who, even under penalty of some sacrifice, must give to the country the highest example of exalted citizenship and of politics utterly free from religious bias. The peace and prosperity of the country demands this of all her citizens. I repeat there is no religious question in American politics to-day, and a mention of one should not be heeded nor tolerated.

There was no Catholic party in the field, in any sense of the words. There was, indeed, one journal which at one time advised the Catholics to form such a party in order to meet the bigotry of the A. P. A.; but the entire Catholic press repudiated the proposal with such unanimity that the single journal which proposed it in the first instance never said a word more in favor of its own proposition. The Catholics as a body have sufficient confidence in the American people to believe that there is not the least danger that a professedly anti-Catholic party could ever succeed in gaining supremacy through the length and breadth of the land.

PATRIOTISM AND CHIVALRY REWARDED.

"I solemnly swear by the body of a Roman Catholic. I will never employ a Roman Catholic when I can procure the services of a Protestant, and I will do what I can against them on any and all occasions." (Extract from the A. P. A. and P. P. A. oath.)

We before now pointed out how the above blasphemous, intolerant and villainous oath has proved to be a boomerang in many instances, inasmuch as Catholics in many localities, finding themselves thus boycotted, have boycotted the Apaisists in their business, in turn, with the result that numbers of the latter class have actually been bankrupted through their own fanaticism, and no one will deny that they were properly served.

The Apaisists in business seem to have forgotten the fact that customers are sometimes Catholics, and that it is very easy for such customers to resent the bigotry of those who have sworn to injure them, by declining to deal with such people.

A new instance of the same kind as we have mentioned has recently come to light. A Catholic lady—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney—the well-known Catholic authoress, was not long ago appointed by the United States Government as postmistress of Auburndale, Massachusetts.

That patriot of patriots, General George Washington, had thanked publicly the Catholics for the assistance rendered by them in council and in the field, in establishing the United States as a nation, and Abraham Lincoln had denounced Know-Nothingism, of which Apaisism is a resuscitation, as an anti-American institution aimed against a body which had shown unwavering loyalty to their country during the crisis of the civil war; but the A. P. A., boasting so loudly of their patriotism, took a different view of the matter, and resolved to persecute Miss Guiney, the daughter of one of the bravest soldiers who fought for the Union—General Patrick Guiney of the celebrated Irish regiment, the Ninth Massachusetts, at the head of which he fought in the civil war. He was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and died a few years afterward from the effects of

the wound. He was colonel at the time of the battle, but was breveted Brigadier-General for his bravery.

A great part of Miss Guiney's salary is derived from the sale of postage stamps, so the A. P. A. resolved not to purchase any of these from her, and since her appointment the sale of stamps in her office was very greatly reduced.

In this waging war upon a woman the Apaisists show a spirit of chivalry very unlike that of "ye knights of olden time;" but the tables have been completely turned on these modern knights, for no sooner were the facts made known than orders came into Auburndale post office from all parts of the country for supplies of stamps, and Miss Guiney's salary will thus be greatly augmented hereafter, as a consequence of the persecution to which she has been subjected.

The cream of the joke lies in the fact that these orders come from Catholics and Protestants alike, and chiefly from localities where the postmasters are A. P. A. men. The boycott has worked in an unexpected way, and the Auburndale patriots are gnashing their teeth in important rage.

The New York Independent, a Protestant religious paper, thus comments on the course of the A. P. A. in this transaction:

"We could hardly believe that the A. P. A. were such Apaches as to fight a woman who is such an honor to the country and the town, but inquiry leads us to believe that such is the fact. At any rate she has received notice that owing to the very great falling off of stamp sales the salary would be lessened at the rate of \$125 per annum. Meanwhile the actual business has continued, and still continues very large, as it is a community of seminaries, schools, Chataquans, Christian Endeavorers, missionary homes, etc., whose correspondence is naturally enormous. The office keeps three persons busy all the time, and when the two clerks are paid, the postmistress finds very little left for herself. The matter came to the public knowledge through the boast of the A. P. A. that they would 'freeze out' the postmistress."

Another distinguished gentleman, Dr. Ario Bates, Professor of English Literature at the Institute of Technology, Boston, says:

"There has never before come to my personal knowledge any instance of persecution so intolerant, so outrageous, so utterly without shadow of justification, as the boycott of Miss Guiney by the A. P. A., a lady of highest character, of rich and unusual gifts, of perfect official rectitude, the daughter of a brave and patriotic officer in the Union Army. This lady is being hounded out of her means of livelihood by a company of narrow-minded and violent fanatics simply on account of her religious faith. This thing would be incredible, were it not actual."

THE OUTRAGES IN ARMENIA.

The "Sick Man," by which name the Sultan of Turkey has long been designated, has brought upon himself no small amount of attention by the atrocities in Armenia, an account of which was given in our last week's issue, from which it appears that orders were sent from the Sultan himself for the extermination of the Armenians who defended themselves from the brigands and cattle-thieves of Kurdistan. If the Sultan imagined that Christian nations would look upon the infamous transaction with indifference he is likely to be awakened from his lethargy, for the deed is regarded with horror by all Europe and America; and in spite of the jealousies of the Christian nations among themselves, the result is very likely to be that all civilized nations will unite in demanding that just punishment shall be meted to the perpetrators, and that the Sultan himself shall be regarded as the chief culprit, to be punished by the dismemberment of his empire.

Meetings have already been held to denounce the Sublime Porte, and its officers, for the occurrence; and though as yet it appears that the exiles from Armenia are the chief promoters of the meetings which have so far taken place, there is every likelihood that the general public will make themselves heard in such a manner that the Sultan will be made to tremble on his cushioned throne.

The Armenians in New York assembled a few days ago, to the number of five hundred, to protest against the atrocity of Turkish rule in their country, and to appeal to the Christian world for protection. One of the principal speakers was Dr. Arshagouni, who stated that during the four centuries of Turkish rule the Government has been incurably vicious and cruel and that it is questionable to-day whether during the present century Christian powers have yet learned that it is immoral and cruel to permit such a rule to continue. Daily murders and

other outrages have been committed, of which no notice has been taken, as all information concerning them has been suppressed; and it is only when a crime so great as the recent massacre is perpetrated that any knowledge thereof is communicated to the outside world. It is only when six or ten thousand are killed in a single day that the world takes any notice of the fact.

Resolutions were passed to the effect that to the past policy of England in sustaining Turkey against Russia, the present state of things is attributable in great measure. The hope is expressed, however, that in England there may yet be found true statesmen and active friends of their enslaved nation who will concern themselves for the interests of oppressed humanity above material interests.

In conclusion, the European powers were called upon to intervene, as well as their beloved adopted country, America, to put an end to the rule of Anarchy and lawlessness which now prevails there.

Petitions were sent by cable to the Czar Nicholas, Queen Victoria and the Emperor William of Germany, requesting these monarchs to take immediate steps to prevent the Sultan from allowing in the future a repetition of such slaughter.

Asimilar meeting was held in Chicago for the same purpose as the one in New York, and it was stated that in all probability many of those present had kinsmen in Armenia among the persons who had been slaughtered by the Pasha's soldiers and the Kurds. Earnest resolutions were passed at this meeting calling upon all Christian people to take cognizance of the recent persecution and to impress upon their respective Governments the necessity of intervention, to save Christendom from the reproach of looking with indifference upon the perpetration of such outrages. We are informed that at this meeting men cried like children when they heard repeated the stories of the atrocities of the Turks. Whatever doubt there may have been in the beginning concerning the truth of the matter has been dispelled by subsequent information coming from other sources; and though the Sultan has promised a thorough investigation into the affair, and the punishment of those who are guilty, no reliance will be placed upon such promises, for it is felt that the most guilty one in the matter is the Sultan himself, who is said to have ordered the deed to be done.

Here a speaker reiterated almost the same thing which had been said in New York, that not until ten thousand had been killed in a day is the world aroused to appreciate the horrors of Turkish domination. This speaker continued:

"We have not the chance of a mouse under an elephant's foot to fight the Turks alone. We must have the help of other nations. Russia has listened to the voice of the outside world. The Sultan, who is the greatest coward on earth, will do much more." Others spoke energetically and resolutely of the necessity of taking up arms in order to aid their brethren in Armenia. They were ready, they said, to risk their lives, and to die, if necessary, in the cause of liberty and vengeance.

An effort is to be made to arouse American sympathy for the suffering Armenians, and a similar effort is being made to arouse the sympathy of the people of Great Britain to bring pressure to bear on the British Government to induce it to intervene. For this purpose a public preliminary meeting has already been held in London, at which it was decided that a mass meeting of citizens should be called for some day early in December to pronounce an opinion on the matter. There appears to be little doubt that public sympathy will be excited, and it is to be hoped that the influence of Great Britain will be used in connection with that of other powers, to put an end to the power of the "unspeakable Turk" over Christian populations in Europe and Asia. The Armenians of the Caucasus are reported to be already in arms to carry on a war for liberty and revenge, and with aid they may have a fair prospect of success.

HYPOCRITICAL RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Honest people regard with indignation and contempt those politicians who believe in one set of principles yet support contrary measures thereto in their capacity as legislators; however it appears that in religious matters, hypocrisy and duplicity are sometimes deemed very praiseworthy

acts when done for a political object, or rather, we should say, when temporal reward or high station is to be gained by their means. Thus it would be very amusing to onlookers, were it not a piece of horrible profanity, to witness the new Czarina, late the Princess Alix of Hess, while still pretending to adhere to her former religion of Lutheranism, assisting piously at Mass, and kissing devoutly the statue of a saint, while praying for the repose of the late Czar's soul, all of which acts are declared by Lutheranism to be superstitious and idolatrous.

It was also arranged that on the occasion of her marriage, which took place on the 26th ult., she should receive Communion from the hand of the Chief Patriarch, though the modern Lutherans refuse to believe in Transubstantiation, or even in Consubstantiation, which is the form under which the doctrine of the Real Presence was maintained by Luther to the day of his death. This arrangement was carried out as agreed upon.

It is not creditable to the Churches concerned, nor to the Emperors of the two great nations who gave consent to this farce, in their capacity as the heads of two professedly Christian Churches, nor is it a credit to the Russian Chief Patriarch himself, who is also a sharer and a consenting party in the transaction. What are these non-Catholic forms of Christianity drifting to?

"EVANGELIST" MOODY ON FREEMASONRY.

"Evangelist" Moody, in a sermon delivered a few days ago in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, gave some strong reasons why Christians should keep aloof from secret societies, and especially from Freemasonry. The chief reason advanced by him is that the association is of evil tendency, even in this country, because the great bulk of Freemasons are unbelievers in religion. He is probably aware that such is the case; but it is not so much on this account as because the oath of secrecy taken by the Freemasons is essentially evil that this society is strictly forbidden to Catholics; yet it is actually the case that Freemasonry in Europe is essentially Deistic or Atheistic.

The Freemasons of Europe make no secret of the fact that the aim of the order is to overturn religion and monarchy. They support in practice those monarchies which they expect to aid them in their war upon religion, because they know that religion is the strongest obstacle to the dissemination of their theories, and they are willing to use monarchy as an ally as long as it aids in promoting their designs, and this accounts for the present alliance between them and the Italian Government in their war upon the Church. If, however, they could succeed in destroying religion they would soon turn their attention to the destruction of the Italian monarchy.

In England and America Freemasonry has not developed itself as hating religion to any such extent as it has done in Europe; and we readily believe, what we have strong grounds for stating, that, for the most part, Freemasonry in this country is little more than a social club at whose gatherings the members merely indulge in frolic and amusement. But there is an affiliation existing between its branches everywhere, which makes English and American Freemasonry responsible for the evils of the European societies. The mere repudiation of the unlawful designs of the latter does not exonerate the former from complicity therein.

Besides, there are various grades of Freemasonry, even in these countries, and it is indubitable that while the lower degrees are ignorant of the purposes of the higher, the latter are closely connected, and have the same general designs and purposes with the European branches of the order. Toward these purposes the lower grades contribute, first by their fees in money, and, secondly, by being a school preparatory for the higher grades, and their field for recruits. The evil of the society is there though it be not so prominent a feature as it is in Europe; and the fact which Mr. Moody discloses, that 75 per cent. of the membership are unbelievers, makes it possible for them to make tools of the other 25 per cent. for whatever purpose they may wish.

Another evil feature connected with Freemasonry is that oaths essentially evil are administered in the association. One of these oaths is that of implicit obedience to the laws of the society and to the mandates of its officers or councils.

It would be enough that such man-

dates may be unlawful to bring the association under the ban of God's law; but there is not only the possibility, but likewise the actuality, that the Masonic decrees have been frequently horribly unlawful on this continent as well as in Europe, so that the issuance of unlawful decrees is not a merely hypothetical matter.

Besides the obligation of obedience, the Masons are sworn to secrecy of all their designs and proceedings. This is another wrong. If it were merely an oath to preserve family matters in secrecy, it would still be rash and unnecessary, but as we know from the past that its use is often to cloak evil, it is unjust as well; and for all these reasons it is a breach of the commandment of God: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain."

In addition to all this it is perfectly authenticated that the initiated to certain degrees in Freemasonry bind themselves under the unlawful penalty of a horrible death to observe these obligations. They can have no right either to submit to such a penalty or to inflict it. This is in all respects a most unlawful oath, and the Catholic Church was perfectly wise and right in forbidding an association carried on under such conditions, independently of the supposed fact that the society is less evil in this country than in Europe.

There are other reasons for the condemnation of Freemasonry besides these, but we need not enumerate them further here. We shall merely append the view of the matter taken by "Evangelist" Moody. He explained first the importance of good association, from which he inferred the necessity of the consideration of the Christian virtues in the choice of a partner to whom a Christian is to be united for life by marriage. Then he spoke thus of Freemasonry:

"Now, I am going to give the men something they don't like. I don't believe a Christian man has any right to go into an organization made up of a lot of unbelievers, and yoke himself up with these unbelievers. Suppose I go into a club in which there are 75 per cent. of ugly men, and they vote to go off on an excursion on the Sabbath, and they outvote me. What am I doing there? 'Oh, but you say, 'I go into it to do good.' You will do a good deal more good by keeping outside and protest against such things. That's the way to do good. Keep outside of Sodom if you want to testify against it, and you want to keep outside those organizations that are doing all they can to break down the Sabbath and the word of God. How long ago is it that in France they cast out of the Masonic Lodge the New Testament, and the Prince of Wales as a protest had refused to father such an action? Now I am hitting you. Just hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

ZOLA IN ROME.

Emile Zola, during his visit to Rome, made every possible effort to have an audience from the Holy Father, but Pope Leo XIII. absolutely refused to allow this. It is not the wish of the Pope to advertise Zola's immoral and mendacious style of novel writing. Before the visit to the Eternal City Zola proclaimed to the world that it was his intention to obtain, if possible, an audience, the intention being, of course, to make it the subject of some sneering chapters in the new romance which he proposes to publish under the title "Rome," but if he wishes to describe an audience with the Holy Father, he will be obliged to draw entirely on his imagination for the details of such an event.

Mons. Zola in his book on Lourdes has failed egregiously in describing that sacred shrine and its history. He has falsified the character of the real Bernadette who is the heroine of Lourdes, the one whose vision of Mary the Immaculate gave fame to that celebrated spot where so many miraculous events have occurred, and especially so many cures of every species of ailment, through the power of Almighty God, a power which He exerts even in these days, for His arm is not and never will be shortened. Zola's falsehoods have been exposed by two recent writers—the Abbe Garnier, and Monsignore Ricard the Vicar General of Aix. These have shown the sincerity and truth of Bernadette, which has been attested also by such eminent thinkers and scholars as Mgr. Dupanloup, Cardinal Landriot, and even Pope Pius IX. and Pope Leo XIII.

The character of the Catholic priesthood, too, has been misrepresented in Zola's last book, and, not satisfied with having drawn a false picture of the priest's life and his studies, from the novelist's imaginative point of view, he has actually misrepresented priests.

DECEMBER 8, 1894.

both living and dead. It is not to be expected that his descriptions of Rome...

THE FREE PRESS ON POLITICAL-RELIGIOUS AGITATION.

The London Free Press of Saturday makes a bitter complaint against the Catholic Record and the Toronto Globe...

If the Free Press has now received the gleam of a new light it is because it has found by bitter experience...

Now, I am going to give the men nothing they don't like. I don't give a Christian man any right to go into an organization made up of unbelievers...

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is now ascertained to be a fact that recent changes in the policy of the Turkish Government toward Christians...

In the course of its exposure of the A. P. A., among the names published by the Buffalo Union and Times...

The character of the Catholic priesthood, too, has been misrepresented in Zola's last book...

at the same time a mass of evidence showing that he is a full member of Talmud lodge No. 11 of the Amoreans...

A SAMPLE of what the enemies of Catholic education understand by non-sectarian teaching comes from the Indian Industrial School...

There is no need of further evidence than this that both the journal itself, and Captain Pratt, who issues such trash in the name of the United States Government...

AN EMINENT CANADIAN PRELATE.

Wm. Ellison in the Chicago New World. Of the many eminent prelates who have ruled the Church of God in Canada...

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

The diocese of Kingston, whose honorable traditions are worthily upheld by its present incumbent, gains credit from the fact that the Right Rev. Thomas Weld, coadjutor of its first Bishop...

In concluding this brief summary of a remarkable Canadian prelate it may interest the readers of the New World to know that Ireland and the Home Rule cause have no abler or more devoted friend than the venerated Archbishop Cleary...

Viewed in relation to the results of his government of the diocese over whose destinies he has presided for more than thirteen years...

YACINTHE.

Poor Yacinthe! This deluded old man is in trouble once more. He gave up his little schismatic church in Paris to the Jansenists...

ent's position. It is there that he can use "sabre cuts of speech," and it matters not if his antagonist be a legal luminary...

Nevertheless he does not shrink from the ordeal, but contends with fearless courage and consistency for the maintenance of tolerance and fairness to Catholicism...

The Boston Sunday Globe in its symposium on "What and Where is Hell?" published the following reply from Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston...

Doctors of theology are nearly unanimous in teaching the following points: Hell exists. Souls departing from this life unshriven of the guilt of mortal sin go immediately into hell...

The punishment of the damned does not diminish with the lapse of time, and is eternal. Out of hell there is no redemption. The pains of hell are, according to theologians, of two kinds...

This fire is real, and has the quality of affecting spirits as well as bodies. It is not, therefore, exactly the same as the fire we know on earth...

Praying to the saints. The saints are friends of God. They are like the angels in heaven. We honor them, not as we honor God...

Now, if we poor sinners here on earth do not pray in vain for one another, will the saints in heaven, the friends of God, who rejoice when a sinner does penance...

What and where is hell? Reply of Vicar-General Byrne to the Question - The Teaching of the Church. The Boston Sunday Globe in its symposium on "What and Where is Hell?" published the following reply...

Religious intolerance. Religious intolerance is the subject of a lecture delivered by George Parsons Lathrop, the distinguished author, who is a comparatively recent convert to the Church in New York City...

Political toleration of religion is a fruit of civilization. To attribute it to the last 400 years is to ignore the history of more than three-quarters of our race...

Annals of recent intolerance. Prussia comes to the front with the Kulturkampf, or "battle of civilization," undertaken by Bismarck expressly to deprive the Church of liberty...

In the Barbary Colonies. The United States is the first example of a State founded on religious toleration. But this example is not due to the Puritans...

The Church in Australia. The Orient Co's S. S. Austral, brought on board eight priests and a large number of nuns arrived for the various dioceses of Australia...

American parties were formed; they pillaged Catholic settlements, burned churches and convents, according to the fine old foreign custom...

DIOCESE OF ALEXANDRIA.

Alexandria News, Nov. 2. Rev. R. J. McDonald, who acted as assistant priest in this parish for some time, has as was intimated in our last issue...

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The ladies' address was graciously read by Miss Ella McDonald, who was accompanied by D. B. McDonald, who was accompanied by Miss Flora C. McGillis and Miss Flora A. McDonald...

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A YEAR IN ALASKA.

Life of a Jesuit Missionary in the Frozen North.

St. Peter Claver's Mission. Nulato, Alaska, June 30th, 1894. Rev. and Dear Brother:—I think my last letter to you was written in July, 1893, while I was on a visit to Holy Cross Mission. In the latter part of August I returned here, and a few days after my arrival, Father Ragarn left, having been called by Father Superior, leaving me alone with one Brother, to attend to these two villages, one of which is within five minutes walk to the house, and the other about two miles down the river.

Here we have a small church and have begun to build a better one, but at the lower village we had none until last November, when an Indian there had a good log house, sold it to me very cheap, because one of his children had died there about two years ago, and the Medicine Man, or Teyen, as they call him, told our Indian that his other children would die if he remained in that house. With little work, I fixed it up, made a temporary altar, and began on the 1st of December to use it for a church.

My plan was to say Mass three times a week, and here three times, and on the other days to say the beads and teach catechism in the afternoon, so that every day each village had either Mass or beads and catechism, and on Sundays all come here, when we have High Mass, instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The first Friday of the month, for which we prepare by a novena, we celebrate here by a general Communion of all who have made their First Communion; in all about twenty five, half of whom are large children, who have been to school at Holy Cross.

We are slow to admit the Indian to Holy Communion, but this year I have secured the baptisms of all the children in both villages, and of nearly all the young people, and with few exceptions these come to confession at least once a month.

The Medicine Man could not have conferred a greater favor upon me, than he did by causing that man to leave his house. Thus we see how God makes use of the wicked, even, to accomplish His designs, and turns all to the good of His elect.

SICK CALLS AT FORTY BELOW. On the 8th of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, immediately after Mass, I had to start on a sick call to a village about thirty miles down the river. We left here—two Indian and myself—with a sleigh and seven good dogs, about 9 o'clock, stopped at noon at an Indian house for our dinner of tea, dried fish and bread, and then continued our journey, arriving at our destination about 4 o'clock. It was a cold day, forty degrees below zero, but the wind was at our back, and we did not suffer. I found there an old man, of the father one of the children at our school, who was very sick with something like pneumonia. I gave him some medicine, instructed him, heard his confession and anointed him. He was well disposed and died a few days after I left him.

On the 15th of December Father Ragarn returned from Holy Cross Mission, having visited all the villages between there and here. The trip lasted one month and the distance covered was about three hundred miles.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTICS. Christmas day was a happy one for us here. I read two Masses at the lower village, where I had nine Communions, and Father Ragarn had eighteen Communions here. At 9 o'clock I sang High Mass here, after which I had a Christmas-tree for the children. Our tree looked well, although I had no candy. I made some small cakes, and with them and a large tin of sweet crackers which some good folk sent us last summer I filled a number of small bags, some of cloth, some of colored paper, which, together with the toys you sent, set the tree off in good style, and made the little ones jump with joy when they saw it. The tin dogs, fishes, etc., which moved by themselves, amused not only the children, but also the older ones. We raffled the toys, as there were not enough for all, and gave each child a bag of cakes. To the grown people we gave a piece of sweet bread and a cup of coffee, and all went away pleased.

months before they could wear shoes. They left on the first steamer to go to the mining country to seek their fortune, just five months from the time they came.

THE ICE FIELD BREAKS.

The past winter was the longest and most severe they have had here for many years. The snow fall was by far the greatest I have seen, and the spells of severe cold more frequent and longer than usual. Generally we can only travel at night in April, because the trail is too soft during the day, but this year it was so cold that the sun was not able to effect anything. It was only at Pentecost, May 13, that the sun got the better of Jack Frost, and began his work of destruction, when, as though conscious he had a mighty work to do, he went at it in good earnest, and in two weeks this immense river had risen about twenty feet. On Sunday, May 27, the ice began to go out. The next day at about 7 o'clock in the evening, while the whole river was one mass of broken ice forcing its way out, a large cross, which we had erected two years ago on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed, passed down the middle of the river, borne along by the ice, but standing perfectly erect and facing the bank. It was a fine sight to see it moving along in the bright sun light, amidst the roaring of that immense body of ice and water. We tolled the bell while it was passing.

The place where the Archbishop was killed is about forty miles above this place. How far the cross went, we do not know. It looked as though the cross were sent ahead to give us warning of what was to come, for as soon as it passed, the river began to rise rapidly. We had to remain up all night to watch it, and at 3 o'clock in the morning we took everything from the church, which is nearer to the bank than our house. All that day the water continued to increase, forcing all the people in the village to take refuge on the mountain, and completely surrounded our house, so that we could not leave it, except in the boat. By noon on Thursday, our cellars were full up to the floors, so not knowing what was coming, we boarded up the lower windows, to prevent their being broken by the ice, and moved everything up stairs, but at 2 p. m. the water began to fall rapidly, as if a gorge had broken somewhere.

The other village, which I have charge of, two miles below here, did not fare so well, as the water covered it completely, and the ice carried my church and all of the houses far back, leaving them a heap of ruins on the hillside. Some of the people from that village, who had gone to the other side of the river before it broke, thinking they would be perfectly safe there on the high bank, had a narrow escape. When they saw the water coming on them and had no higher ground to retreat to, they built themselves an elevated house on poles as high as they could, and there they took a last refuge. Fortunately it was just high enough, but with nothing to spare, for their feet were already in the water when it began to fall. All the villages for at least a hundred miles below here were washed away. Last January the most noted Medicine Man here was taken sick, and thought he was dying. He sent for me saying he wanted to save his soul; as he had two wives, and knew very well it was wrong, he sent one away, and declared before all the people that he would not take her back again, and that he did not believe in the Medicine Men, and would not play any more, or make medicine, as they call it, if he got well, and as he seemed to be truly in earnest, I heard his confession and anointed him. It would have been well for him if he had died then, but God gave him a chance to prove his sincerity, and allowed him to recover. But with returning health, the old passions revived, and he fell again into all his former sins. On the night of April 3, he played as Medicine Man here, and next morning he died suddenly. God calling him without a moment's warning. Many looked on his sudden death as a punishment from God for not keeping his promises. I had many confessions the following days, and among them some that had not been before.

Ten large girls returned from the school at Holy Cross Mission, when the steamer came up. They are truly a credit to the Sisters. They speak English without hesitation, have all made their first Communion and been confirmed. As soon as they came I noticed how much more courageous and open they were in the practice of their faith than those who came back last year and before, but the cause of the difference did not occur to me until now, namely, that they are the first to receive confirmation, for it was only when Father Tosi was in Rome last winter that the Holy Father gave him power to confer that sacrament. Never before have I seen its effects more evident, and I sincerely thank the Holy Spirit for thus manifesting His power in these first fruits of the sacrament, for their own sanctification and the great edification of all who see them.

On Wednesday, the 27th of this month, we had for the first time here the full marriage ceremony. Two of the girls from the school were married to two young men, brothers, one of whom has been living with us here for several years, as interpreter. The day was the finest we have had this summer, warm and bright, and our little church never looked so well, as only lately we put up a new altar, which was adorned with all the lights and flowers we have, and although not grand was neat and devotional. I think you would have been a little surprised had you seen the two brides in

their new calico dresses, made for the occasion, with all the skill they acquired during the four or five years with the Sisters, and their long white veils and wreaths of flowers. We had the Nuptial Mass, with all of its blessings, at which the four contracting parties received Holy Communion, all of which was well calculated to impress the Indians with the dignity of this sacrament and make them understand how holy and inviolable is the union between those who receive it.

I am sure there are many good people in the States who would be happy to help us if they knew our needs, so whenever you have the opportunity, you will do a good work by making them known, so that all who wish may aid us in gaining to God this most remote corner of the Union, for although so far away from you, we are still on United States soil, of which we are constantly reminded by the flag and by hearing the school children singing our national airs.

In a mission like this everything is useful—all kinds of groceries and provisions, and especially flour, rice, beans and corn meal, dry goods of every description, as blankets, quilts, calico, muslin, etc.; hardware, stoves and kitchen furniture; church goods, namely candles, oil for sanctuary lamps, candle sticks, vases, flowers, altar linen, etc.; boots and shoes for men and small. In a word, everything for church, school or house use, or for food, clothing, bedding, etc., provided it is good, for the freight is too much to pay for worn out or useless things, as old books and papers, and the like. We are poor, and therefore will not disdain the smallest offering, and as our field of labor is so vast, the largest may be turned to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

As our work is not a thing of the present only, but to continue year after year, it would be desirable that those who may wish to help us, by their charity renewed their offerings each year, as far as their means will allow. All offerings should be directed to one of the Fathers of the mission, thus: Rev. St. Michael's, Alaska, care of Alaska Commercial Company, Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal., and should be sent in time to reach there before the first of May, and the freight should be paid at least that far.

I nearly forgot to tell you about a little experience I had on the 29th of January last, feast of St. Francis de Sales. I had been at the lower village, and about half past 5 started to return. It was very dark and stormy, so that I could not see five feet ahead, but I thought I could keep the trail by feeling with my feet. The first half mile I went all right, passing a big snag that lay near the trail. Presently I saw something black ahead of me, and could not imagine what it could be, so, with some misgivings, I kept on until I reached it, and what was my surprise when I found it was the snag I had left a mile behind me. In finding the trail after I had lost it, I had turned around, and instead of going towards home, was retracing my steps; so after taking care to turn right about face, and remembering that the storm was blowing down the river, and therefore I should face it all the time, I started again, and made perhaps a half a mile more, when I lost the trail again, and this time for good. It was so dark that when I tried to retrace my steps, I could not see the last foot-print I had made. Once off the trail, the snow was above my waist, and every step was labor. After trying some time I gave up all hope of regaining the trail, and, keeping my face to the wind, tried to make what headway I could in the snow. After some time, I made a hole in the snow to rest, but I felt so sleepy, I was afraid to stop long, and started off again, resolved to keep up as long as I could. So I wandered on for several hours, and was on the point of stopping, intending to pass the night in the snow, when I heard some one call. It was a welcome sound in the stillness of the night, and after answering the call for some time I met two Indians whom the Brothers had sent out to look for me, and who led me to the house.

We have beautiful weather here now, moderately warm, clear and bright, with full daylight all the time, so that we almost forgot during these three months what night means, and what a star looks like, for we never see one. In the fishing camps especially, the Indians pay no attention to time, but each one sleeps and eats when he feels like it, so that the camp is as busy at midnight, as it is at midday. I know the severity of our winters has frightened some, who have not been where the cold is severe, but it has no terrors for those who have experienced it, and there seems to be something about this country that fascinates all who come here, for I have never yet met one, even those who come only to make money, who wished to leave it, as long as they could get something to do.

Good-bye for another year, unless I get time to send you a few words by the last steamer. In the union of the Sacred Heart, I remain, Your affectionate brother, Wm. H. JUDGE, S. J.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER JOZEAU.

The Fribourg Liberte publishes a letter from the Rev. Father Pasquier, a missionary, addressed to his former professor, Father Jaccoud, and containing very interesting details relative to the origin of the present war between China and Japan and the martyrdom of Father Jozeau. The writer, who narrowly escaped death himself, as at Seoul when the letter was begun on August 17th, and whence it was despatched on September 7th. It seems there is a society of rebels called Ton-hak, which means "doctrines of the East," in opposition to the doctrine of the "West," or Christianity. The principal object of the former is the overturn of the dynasty of the Niu, which, according to a prophecy dating from 1392, was to take place after the lapse of five centuries, that is in 1892. The sect is composed of brigands, robbers, malcontents, and the unemployed who, under pretext of reform, want to drive out the foreigner and exterminate the Christians. In the spring of 1893 they threatened a general massacre of Japanese and Europeans. In the spring of this year they seized upon the capital, but were driven out by the Chinese who, instead of stifling the rebellion, used it as a leverage against the Japanese and Europeans. The Christians had much to endure from their depredations in scattered bands.

On the 6th of July alarming letters conveyed to Monsignor Mutuel that the position of the missionaries and their flocks had become intolerable. The insurgents of Tjyellato became more and more aggressive. They made their way into Father Jozeau's residence and demanded his rifle. "I have none," he replied. "If you haven't we're going to kill you," they said. "Kill me if you like," he answered, barring his breast. This scene was repeated thrice. Father Jozeau went to Father Beaudounet at Tijen-Tjyou, and on the 14th of July telegraphed to Monsignor: "Patres Christiana omnes moriantur" (All the Christian Fathers are in danger of death.) Monsignor immediately responded: "Patres fugiant, vel huc veniant" (Let all the Christian Fathers come here.) With this order from his Bishop, Father Jozeau prepared to depart. Japan, jealous of Chinese influence in Corea, had invaded the peninsula, seized the capital, and removed the royal palace. They deposed the King of Corea and forced the Regent—the same who in 1896 decapitated our missionaries and thousands of Christians, an old man of seventy-five who at times pretended to be converted but resumed his diabolical work—to sign an act of renunciation of the suzerainty of China.

After relating the defeat of the Chinese at Sosa and Hyong-an, where they lost 2,800 men and where 500 of them were made prisoners—the writer proceeds: "On the eve of that day, Saturday, July 28, Father Jozeau, flying from the rebels of Tjyellato and going to Seoul, was passing along by Kong-tjyou on horse back, accompanied by a single companion. His servant a catechist, a seminarist, and a porter followed at the distance of a day's journey. The Father, without stopping at Kong-tjyou rested for the night at a league (about three miles) from the city. On Sunday morning, July 29, he continued his journey, and arrived about 11 o'clock at the inn of Ipahpoung-tjyang, nearly fifteen miles from Kong-tjyou, where a troop of Chinese barred the way. He was summarily interrogated almost in these words (a Christian who was there related them to me): "From what country are you?" "I am a Frenchman." "Where did you come from?" "From the neighborhood of Tijen-Tjyou in the Tjyellato." "What were you doing in Tjyellato?" "I was only doing one thing—teaching the Christian religion." "Why, then, did you leave Tjyellato?" "I was forced to do so by the Tong-hak rebels." "Where are you going now?" "I am going to Seoul." "Since you are going to Seoul, let us return first to Kong-tjyou, from hence we'll make our way together to the capital."

Father Jozeau, no doubt, clearly saw the trap, and from that moment he might prepare for death. The Tong-hak had reached Kong-tjyou before him, and had formed a junction with the Chinese soldiers, and it was doubtful at the instigation of these traitors that the missionary was arrested. Although it was insufferably hot, they obliged the prisoner to march with his hands bound behind his back, often walking through water and mud along a journey of about fifteen miles. About three miles from Kong-tjyou he was again questioned. Two Korean mandarins from the city went to meet the Chinese horde who were bringing the prisoner, questioned him again and in concert with the Chinese, sentenced him to death. This report was brought by Pagans, and there was no Christian servant at that moment. Just then the prisoner and the three others who were following the missionary at a distance arrived a Kong-tjyou, but unable to get any information about the Father, continued their way and only heard the news of his arrest when nine miles off.

However, some Christians, apprised of Father Jozeau's transit made their way to the place of execution. A horrible spectacle awaited them. Two of them, who told me these details, were eye-witnesses. They saw the Chinese gang arrive. Father Jozeau, whose tall figure rose over the heads of these brigands, appeared in the midst of them. Our two Christians,

recognizing Father Jozeau, guessed all; they drew as near as possible and remarked that the martyr's legs were drenched with water and mud—they had made him walk through more than one rut. The Chinese immediately formed a circle around him. At that moment the Father raised his head and gazed at them, one after the other, without betraying any emotion. At a word of command from their chief three Chinese rushed upon the missionary, plunge their knives in his lions and all round his waist. Surprised by the pain the Father makes a bound and falls face forward upon the earth; then these miscreants flung themselves upon him, slash at him with cutlasses, and soon the martyr's body exhibits one gaping wound. The head, one arm and one leg are half severed, and the whole body is covered with horrible wounds, whence the blood flows in streams. After this dreadful butchery these tigers fling the corpse into the river, after stripping off its clothes. One of them brings back triumphantly the martyr's cross, beads and scapular, and after washing them, shows them to the people, uttering some Chinese words, which our Christians could not understand. The missionary's companion was also seized, summarily questioned and executed; they fired two revolver shots into him, and finished him with knives. He had been baptised only two or three days. The other followers of Father Jozeau heard of his death a few hours afterwards, and I was the nearest to Kong-tjyou they sent a messenger, who brought me a soutane, the breviary, and three note books of the martyr Father. I found in one of the note books five photographs of Father Jozeau, as well as his will, dated two days before. He expected his death, and in that will he made the sacrifice of his life for his Christians, and asked prayers for the repose of his soul. I at once sent a messenger to Seoul. Monsignor heard the fatal news, four or five days after the execution. Then I gave orders to get the martyr's remains and inter them in a suitable place: until better times should permit us to transfer them and pay them the last honors in a more solemn manner. The body was recovered from the river on the night of the 1st of August and provisionally interred at a short distance, in view of the present perilous times.

The writer proceeds to say that the Christians were in daily expectation of death, that Fathers Beaudounet and Villemot had fled to the mountains disguised as Koreans and closely pursued by Tong-hak bands, that he himself had been directed by Monsignor Mulet to take to flight, that on the night of August 6th he had gone to Father Curlier, and that the next day the rebels had assembled at a place three miles off with the intention of massacring them all. The Fathers, therefore, left their residences on August 7th and reached Seoul on the 10th, where the sad news daily reached them of the destruction of the Christian settlements, the pillaging of their houses and chapels, the flight of the Christians, and the ill-treatment and death of several. Fathers Beaudounet and Villemot, at the time of writing, were still in the mountains without any shelter, sleeping in the open air, exposed to all the inclemencies of the most trying season of the year, having no food but cold rice, conveyed to them with the greatest precautions by some faithful Christian, all outlets of escape being watched by the rebels. It will take many years the writer says, to recover from their misfortunes and reconstruct the Christian settlements devastated by the rebels. Black misery will have consumed what the steel of the persecutors will have spared, as without bread or shelter many poor creatures will die during the winter of cold and hunger. For himself, he could not save the habit he wore, the rest will be consigned to the flames. The rebels had penetrated into his house, his Christians were beaten, and one only, who fled, was able to bring the news.

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Now, the God of... The unity of... would have us... and practice as... patience, is, wi... towards one to... duces us to love... show our love fo... and doing the wo... of truly Christi... neighbor, and... lasting bond of... tween relations... to glorify God... Lord Jesus Chri... tians glorified H... with one mouth... But, alas! how... inculcated by... How often is th... with friend dos... and childish dis... fine, is the prec... on account of... in taking offens... son, perhaps un... injury, we are... stand of imitati... under harsh tr... thing is said i... least not alto... with our wish... umbrage, cho... and hatred for... our resolution... thus live in a s... ful enmity... something by... ure, and we s... selves ill-treat... observe the co... perance, we... does not acc... things, we bu... We are not scr... judgments by a... bor had mov... hear of the m... those about u... passionate, an... and of being s... we are uness... known what u... to keep secre... ing our atten... of seeing what... blind to what... are, in fact... record of God... love thy neigh... We do not v... why, then, ar... them? We d... ill of us; wh... cautious nev... We are offen... judged falsely... have been re... on account of... temper of our... of friends to... with the most... feelings of th... ourselves ent... ourselves are... ourselves pa... or in social g... them a sign o... Brethren, w... would wish o... charitable at... Lord Jesus Ch... minds all thou... Uproot from... revenge. J... that you be... Be quiet ab... coming. I... refuse him... friendship, a... and benevol... your power... will practise... lessons of a... prepared for... To glorify... Lord Jesus... with one mo... Nothing To... Father W... how one of... on his missi... rich robes a... the Catholi... vice are not... which Chris... The reply y... this questio... "The sin... Saviour's l... obeyed, bu... lowed by th... Ghost brin... vocation. I... me of an ob... born in a... the Catholi... said she, 'I... am,' answe... born in a... condemned... liness of th... deed, His... mandated... And the wh... its beautif... of men to... brings to... Saviour's... triumphs... Dyspeps... mits its vic... Sarsaparilla... troubles... Messrs. S... ville, writ... Northrop &... which is g... numerous... manufactur... among the... mind' claus...

