

MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat, 75 to 80c per bushel; corn, 45 to 50c; oats, 35 to 40c; hay, 12 to 15c; butter, 18 to 20c; eggs, 15 to 18c; chickens, 10 to 12c; turkeys, 15 to 20c; mutton, 10 to 12c; beef, 10 to 12c; pork, 10 to 12c; lard, 10 to 12c; tallow, 10 to 12c; soap, 10 to 12c; candles, 10 to 12c; kerosene, 10 to 12c; oil, 10 to 12c; sugar, 10 to 12c; coffee, 10 to 12c; tea, 10 to 12c; spices, 10 to 12c; fruit, 10 to 12c; vegetables, 10 to 12c; miscellaneous, 10 to 12c.

Live Stock Markets.

May 9.—In butchers' cattle there was a steady demand, chiefly the heavy offerings. The best figure was for the heavy, but steady for the light. Prices were easier to the heavy, but steady for the light. The market was quiet for the heavy, but steady for the light. The market was quiet for the heavy, but steady for the light.

PROTESTANT HEARERS.

How They Received Father Elliot in Cleveland.—His Missionary Experiences.—The Noted Parrot Writes to the Good Results Achieved by Non-Catholics.—Curious Questions. In the current number of the Catholic World, Father Elliot tells of his missionary experiences among Protestants in Toledo. The mission was given in a public hall to non-Catholic audiences and was one of a series given in that State. Toledo, however, was the largest city visited and is a place which has suffered much from Apianism. Father Elliot writes as follows:

There is any city of one hundred thousand inhabitants in Protestant Germany or in Scandinavia in which Catholic priests could draw many hundreds of Protestants to listen to Catholic doctrines? attentive, respectful audiences full of interest in religious questions. But this it is not. Toledo was well prepared for us, as the A. P. A. movement is strong there, and the result is that the more thoughtful portion of the non-Catholic public, not crediting the incredible, are anxious to hear the truth about the Church. Their curiosity has been aroused, their inquiring attention fixed, thanks to the anti Catholic agitation.

THE SITUATION IN TOLEDO.

We followed Ingersoll, the agnostic scoffer, and General Booth, the great Salvationist, in the use of big Memorial Hall; and this pleased us well, for it placed Catholicity where it belongs, in the regular round of claimants for the public ear. Webb, the Yankee Mahometan, and Wright, the Theosophist, had also their say in a smaller hall. But not even Booth, riding on the wave of sympathy which his stupendous movement has aroused, drew better audiences than we did, and often we had as many Protestants as Catholics.

TOLEDO ASSOCIATION STUDIES.

To keep out the tide of Catholics that swelled into the hall entrance and to give the Protestants a chance was no easy task. But it was successfully accomplished. There are thirty thousand Catholics in the city, two-thirds of them English speaking, and many hundreds of these were turned away nightly. The hall can accommodate a maximum of three thousand, and was packed at every meeting long before we opened with our "Please rise for the reading of the Scripture." Estimates vary as to the composition of the audience. We certainly averaged above a thousand Protestants each night, and some meetings had as high as fifteen hundred, hundreds of others coming late to gain entrance. The ushers reserved for our outside brethren the greater portion of the floor of the hall, requiring the Catholics to go to the gallery.

P. TANSEY

14 Drummond Street, MONTREAL, QUE. An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 25c. By mail, 50c. Address: P. TANSEY, 14 Drummond Street, Montreal, Que. TEACHER WANTED. A QUALIFIED TEACHER for a school in the city of Montreal. Duties to begin May 15th. Salary, \$1000 per annum. Apply to the undersigned Secretary, R. C. S. B. of Champlain, Ont. P. O. Box 177, D. J. O'NEILL, Secy.

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895. VOLUME XVII. NO. 865.

The Bell of the Angels.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not, It is said that in heaven, at twilight, great bell softly swings, And man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings. If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and longing, Heartache and weary striving that throb in the pulses of life— If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things, If he can hear in the holy twilight the bell of the angels rings, And I think these lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, Somewhat of its true meaning, my friend, to you and to me. Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin? So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see, If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

PROTESTANT HEARERS.

How They Received Father Elliot in Cleveland.—His Missionary Experiences.—The Noted Parrot Writes to the Good Results Achieved by Non-Catholics.—Curious Questions. The nightly harvest of questions was very great, averaging nearly a hundred. We divided them between us, Fathers Kress and Nahlenbeck taking the larger shares. They occupied us about an hour each evening, the attention of the audience being breathless the whole time. Many of the difficulties were trivial, especially the very numerous accusations of infidelity, and other utterances of the A. P. A. spirit.

SPirituAlism, or, more properly, spirItuAlism.

Spiritualism, or, more properly, spiritualism, as a phenomenon, a fact of experience, can be traced as far back as history records the beliefs and doings of the human race on earth. It is recognized as a fact in both the Old and New Testaments. The Egyptian Book of the Dead, the monuments and embalming, bear testimony to the belief of that ancient people in the continued existence of intelligences that once animated human bodies. The Chinese in their Confucian veneration of their ancestors recognize their continued existence somewhere and in some manner. The people of India, in their doctrine of metempsychosis, do the same. The Greeks and the Romans, in their apothoses, did the same. The Indians, in placing food and implements of the hunt in the grave, and killing the horse of the dead rider that he may be of use to his master in the land of the Hereafter, bear witness to the same common belief of the human race. In all times and places this belief has prevailed. Taking, as we must, this universal belief as a phenomenon, a fact, how is its existence to be accounted for except on the hypothesis that there is an objective reality that gives rise to it? Whatever may be thought of the right or wrong, truth or fallacy, of beliefs, the fact itself of belief cannot be questioned; and as an existing fact it must be accounted for, on a basis as false, be impossible without a basis in truth, in being. Even hallucinations must have their remote origin in some reality. The victim of a delusion may believe he has a horse with a human head, but if a horse or a human head never existed, it would be impossible for him to have that belief or delusion. The elements, then, of his belief must have an external reality of some kind before the belief or even the delusion is at all possible. Being under a delusion, his mind is somewhat awry, and, like a mirror with an uneven surface, distorts the objects reflected, or throws them into false relations to each other. To deny the existence of realities because some minds may or incongruous relation is like denying the existence of horses and human heads, because some one in an abnormal state sees them grotesquely combined.

We repeat, then, that belief of any kind is impossible unless it has a basis, proximate or remote, in reality, and conclude that the belief, universal in time and space, that non-corporeal intelligences exist and come in relation with us while in this phase of existence, has a foundation in reality. The Christian religion has from the beginning recognized this conclusion as a truth. The Catholic Church—concrete Christianity—in her prayers to the saints and in her exorcisms recognizes the fact as certainly as she recognizes the existence of human beings on earth; the Greek and Russian schismatic Churches do the same. At this point the reader will be apt to ask, if the fact of Spiritism be as

you say, why do the Church and Christians generally condemn modern Spiritism? There are several reasons, any one of which is sufficient. First.—The Church does not condemn the fact of Spiritism; she condemns the use or author, abuse, that is made of the fact by modern Spiritists who present Spiritism as a cult. They represent it as a new dispensation, as the successor to the Christian dispensation, as the latter was the successor of the Mosaic. They claim that under this new dispensation the spirits are the ordinary ministers between God and man, and that as such their office is to teach man a new revelation and a new moral code. Thus presented Spiritism is a new religion and must be dealt with as such by the Church.

When two religions come face to face, each must condemn the other; for teaching contrary doctrines, the truth of the one implies the fallacy of the other, just as contrary propositions do in logic. A Church that believes itself to be the true and divinely appointed witness must reject and condemn the pretensions of all adverse claimants. It must reason as did the Mohammedan Caliph, who destroyed the Alexandrian library. He said: If the library contains more than the Koran it contains too much, if less it is not enough, if the same it is not necessary; let it, therefore, be destroyed. If the Caliph's premises be granted there is no avoiding his conclusion. Christianity, in relation to Spiritism as a religion, is in precisely the same situation as the logical Caliph. It cannot doubt its premises; that is, its claim to a divine institution and mission; to do so would be to annihilate itself or confess itself a fraud from the beginning, a usurper. It must therefore say of Spiritist religion: "If it teaches more than Christianity teaches it teaches too much, if less it teaches not enough, if the contrary it is false; if the same it is not necessary." Christianity teaches that itself is the perfect and ultimate dispensation; that its mission to teach extends from Christ's first coming as a mediator to His second coming as the Judge, and that a religion teaching anything contrary to this is false.

Second.—While the Church recognizes the existence of purely spiritual intelligences as well as those associated with bodies, she also recognizes the fact that there are good and wicked in both those orders. She holds that as the individual has no reliable test by which to distinguish the evil from the good spirit he is constantly in danger of being deceived and misled. He should avoid such a danger. The history of modern Spiritism affords unquestionable evidence that there are lying, evil-disposed, malignant spirits, ready to assume any name or guise. Besides this there is so much fraud and trickery and deception that those who practice the cult are by common consent considered as somewhat "off."

Third.—The practices of Spiritists, their seances, their mediums, their massed, short-haired women and their feminine, long-haired men, their preference for the dark—all these have a demoralizing tendency, both physically, intellectually and morally. Their mediums are nothing more nor less than the pythons of old, one of whom is mentioned by St. Luke in his Acts of the Apostles, chapter 16, verse 16, and following: "And it came to pass as we went to pray, a certain girl, having a pythical spirit, met us, who brought to her masters much gain by divining." She followed St. Paul, until he grew tired of it, when he "turned and said to the spirit; I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to go out of her." And he went out the same hour. But her masters seeing that the hope of their gain was gone, apprehending Paul and Silas, brought them into the market-place to the rulers. For silencing this profitable medium Paul and Silas were scourged and put in prison. The Church forbids her children to have anything to do with those possessed or obsessed persons. Many of their victims are found in the insane asylums, and many more are outside.

But someone may ask, Does not the fact of Spiritism prove the immortality of the soul? No, it does not. It adds nothing to the evidence on that point. To put it short, let us grant that A. B. or C. who died ten years ago, comes rapping about a table; suppose his identity to be established; that is no proof of his immortality; the mere fact that he has continued up to date gives him no mortgage on the future. His persistence in the past is no proof of future persistence. Because he lives and is in good health to day is no proof that a man will be living to-morrow. If immortality cannot be proven independently of the facts of Spiritism, it cannot be proven at all. So spiritualism does not deserve the credit Robert Dale Owen would give it, of proving immortality. How, then, is immortality proved?

Well, it is not, and by its very nature never can be, proved by human experience. To prove a thing by experience it must be experienced; the experience must be finished, completed. But a finished, completed experience of an endless, never finished future implies a contradiction. So experience here or

hereafter must be thrown out. How, then, can immortality be proved? First, by the nature of the soul itself; second, by the assertion of Almighty God. The soul is a simple substance and can not cease to be by decomposition of parts. The body, being composite, decomposes when forsaken by the soul, and falls back into the great reservoir of physical nature, where it continues under other forms. Not so the soul; it, being simple, must continue to be what it is or cease to exist absolutely. It can not cease to exist annihilated by the same omnipotent power that created it. But that Power will not annihilate it, because He has declared that it shall live forever. That assertion is a demonstration. Modern Spiritism has about it the trail of the serpent, and, like a serpent, it should be avoided. We are not criticizing its advocates; the great majority of them are wofully deceived victims of its delusive promises.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

How Indifferentism Leads to Paganism.—Sermon by Rev. Father Coupe, S. J. Preaching at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, on Sunday evening, Rev. Father Coupe, S. J., delivered an eloquent discourse on the evil of indifferentism. Taking for his text the words from St. John's Gospel, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," he said that at the outset Protestantism in England, although deeply in error as to the divinity of Christ, was earnest; the earnestness where was it? This earnestness had departed, that fiery fanaticism had now burned out, and from the dead embers there had sprung up a new spirit, a spirit of indifferentism, a spirit of tolerance, a spirit that was tolerant precisely because it was indifferent. From these dead embers of departed Puritanism there had sprung up a spirit of philosophism that was filling men's hearts not with a deeper respect for religion, but with a patronage of Almighty God.

PROTESTANTISM WAS TOLERANT NOW; it persecuted no longer; it forced no man's conscience—and why? Because it held that one religion was just as good as another. Modern enlightenment was even willing to allow that Almighty God ought to be adored, but whether that adoration was to take this form or that form was a matter which it was wholly for the worshipper himself to decide, and Almighty God ought to be and indeed must be very well satisfied to be adored at all without imposing on man the particular form in which that adoration ought to be clothed. The modern spirit looked for a definite dogmatic belief as a dead past. An Englishman claimed the right to choose his own creed as he chose his clothes, and he claimed the privilege to change his faith just as freely as he changed his fashions. He claims the right for a man to form his opinions in religion as he would form them in aesthetics. The spirit of the age was a LAWLESS SPIRIT OF LIBERALISM IN RELIGION.

The popular religion was: be respectable in your outer life, sin not against the easy code of social morality or at any rate do not flaunt your sin in public, and do not shock your neighbor's sense of propriety and decorum, and then it matters little what your faith may be. They were sometimes told that they, Catholics, were a very intellectual class of men. Now he would ask their attention and see if they could not rebut that charge. He was going to make this complaint against the modern theory, that it was dead against reason and that it was dead against revelation. Now first of all, the theory of what was called the thinking mind of the age was a THEORY DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO MAN'S REASON.

He asked whether the theory that one religion was as good as another was a universal proposition, or was it to be qualified by certain limitations, and if it was a general proposition he would go on and enquire whether it would, for example, to be a Buddhist, as to be a Baptist, was it as good as to be a Mohammedan as to be a Methodist, was it as good as to be a follower of the Chinese Confucius as to be a follower of the English General Booth? And if it was as good he would like their opponents to tell them why Englishmen were so generous in sending out missionaries for the conversion of the Buddhists, the Mohammedans, and the follower of the Chinese Confucius, and if one religion is just as good as another why was not Buddhism or Mohammedanism or Confucianism just as good as Anglicanism or Methodism or Salvation Armyism. Of course he knew the answer that their intellectual opponents were always ready to make. They told them that belief in Christ was an essential to salvation. Yes, but why was belief in Christ essential to salvation? They were not prepared to go so far as to assert the equality of all religions, non-Christian and Christian. In the present state of modern enlightenment, they were satisfied with the assertion that one Christian religion was

just as good as another. But in their theory why was belief in Christ essential? Would anyone tell him that a man might reject any part of Our Lord's teaching provided he does not reject the whole, or that he could apply his private judgment to pick and choose which of Christ's doctrines he was to believe? It seemed to him that the POSITION OF THE INDIFFERENTIST amounted to this, that non-Christian religion was not as good as a Christian religion because at any rate, partial belief in Christ was essential to salvation, but why on his own theory it should be essential to salvation he did not seem to know. He should like to ask the indifferentist did he mean to believe in Our Lord as God, or only as man, for if he meant belief in the divinity of Christ, then all Christian religions could not possibly be equal, and so indifferentism was proved at once to be a false theory. For example, Unitarians denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, and yet he supposed they were a Christian sect. Was then, Unitarianism as good as any other religion? If it were, then belief in Christ as God was not essential to salvation. If it were not, then it was untrue to say that any one Christian religion was as good as any other Christian religion. The indifferentist under stress of argument was driven to admit that belief in God as man was enough for salvation, and he must then widen his theory and make it include those non-Christian religions that believed in Christ as man. For example, he should include Mohammedans, who believed in Christ as man. Was then, Mohammedanism as good as any other religion? If it were, then he should withdraw the limitation with which he started, and should confess that according to his theory, if one religion is as good as another, then

IT WAS AS GOOD TO BE A NON-CHRISTIAN AS A CHRISTIAN, it was as good, for example, to be a Mohammedan as a Methodist; and if this be true he was driven again to ask the question why were the British people so generous in subscribing and sending missionaries for the conversion of the Mohammedans? Not only did this new fangled theory degrade Christianity and lead to paganism, but it also degraded the idea of the Almighty God, and led to atheism. For if there were one fact in connection with Almighty God that plain reasoning made more evident than another, it was that God was truthfulness and loved the truth. They had Our Lord's own words for it: "Ego sum veritas."—I am the Truth and to say that one religion was as pleasing to Almighty God as another, was tantamount to this, to say that God was equally pleased with truth and with error. The proof was very easy. Those different religions contradicted one another; now of all contradictory propositions one was true and the other was false—they could not both be true; to demonstrate truth of one was by the very fact to demonstrate falsehood of the other. Consequently if two religions contradicted one another, one of the two must of necessity from the very nature of the case be TEACHING AND PROPAGATING ERROR. For example, one religion asserted the existence of hell fire, in which the sinner who died in mortal sin was punished eternally; another religion denied the existence of hell fire; one religion believed that faith alone with good works was enough for salvation, another religion denied that faith alone without good works was enough for salvation, one religion believed that the Pope was infallible, another religion denied the infallibility of the Pope. Now, of these six contradictory propositions, three were necessarily true, and three were necessarily false. The answer commonly given to this argument was, yes, these different religions do indeed contradict one another, but the points of difference are minor, trivial and unimportant, whereas the points of agreement are substantial and essential; in one word the differences are accidental, the agreements are essential. This argument was really

TOO FOOLISH AND TOO RIDICULOUS to call for serious reply. Was it a trivial question whether man was to burn for all eternity in the fires of hell, or was not? Was it a trivial question whether a priest had power to forgive sins duly confessed, or had not? Was it an unimportant question whether when you receive the Holy Sacrament you receive the True Body and Blood of Christ, or you did not? Was it a minor question, whether the Pope was endowed with power to settle controversies of faith or was not endowed? He would adduce another argument. They were told that they, Catholics, were a most unintellectual race, that they knew nothing of the Bible, and that knowledge of the Bible was restricted to their foes. He supposed if there was one thing in the Holy Book clearer than another it was this, that not only must man worship Almighty God, but he must worship Almighty God in that particular and precise way which God Himself has appointed. He did not say to man "Here I reveal indeed one religion, but I generously leave it to your private judgment to accept or reject it just as you like." God had left to no man the manufacture of a religion for himself. Continuing, the preacher quoted a number of texts from Scripture in which Our Lord

enjoined unity in religion. He prayed to His Holy Father, that those who believed in Him "might be one, as we also are one," again it was written, "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd," and "we Christians being many, are

ONE BODY IN CHRIST, and Our Lord speaking to His Apostles had said, "Go forth and teach you all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever that I have commanded, and he who believeth those things and is baptised, shall be saved, and he who believeth not those things I have revealed, shall be condemned." In conclusion he asked them to pray for that England of theirs, which indifferentism was turning into a Pagan land, which Liberalism in religion was filling with hopelessness and despair. They should pray that England might come once again to recognize that love giving Mother, that royal Mother in whose crown England was once the fairest jewel. The Catholic Church alone was the city of the Great King; the Catholic Church alone was the House of the Living God; the Catholic Church alone was the one infallible guide, whose voice faltered not, whose hand trembled not, whose feet stumbled not; the Catholic Church alone was the one fold and the one shepherd; the Catholic Church alone was the house against which nineteen centuries of opposition had spent themselves, and it had fallen not, because it was built upon a rock; the Catholic Church alone was ever the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, ever the same, unchanging, and unchanging, and unchangeable; the Catholic Church alone was the pillar and the ground of truth.—London Catholic News.

The Late Hon. T. D. McGee.

In connection with a recent reference to some of Mr. McGee's speeches and lectures, I think I mentioned some months ago that it was proposed to bring out a new edition of his public utterances. As there have been enquiries on the subject, it may be well to repeat what I know of the matter. Of the friends and admirers of McGee there is not one who has cherished his memory with greater devotion than Mr. Justice MacMahon, of Toronto. Every scrap of the great orator's speeches and addresses that he has preserved or that he falls in with is regarded by Judge MacMahon with a veneration due to what genius and patriotism have hallowed. Some time ago by himself and a few other Irish Canadian gentlemen of kindred sympathies a committee was formed for the purpose of publishing a selection from the speeches and lectures. The only volume of McGee's speeches before the public is the now rare collection brought out in 1865 at Mr. McGee's own request by Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Ottawa, and entitled "Speeches and Addresses, Chiefly on the Subject of British American Union." I believe that Mr. Morgan has been asked to edit this new volume also. I know that for some years he has been collecting Mr. McGee's addresses and has amassed a large quantity of material not elsewhere found together. The appearance of such a work will be awaited with very real interest.—John Reade in the Montreal Gazette.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A pilgrimage is being organized by the Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, which has received the official sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, and will be the only diocesan pilgrimage this year. The main purpose of this excursion is to encourage faith and piety among our people and to afford them an opportunity of visiting the miraculous shrine of St. Anne. If any advantage be derived from it through the numbers who will go from all over the diocese of Kingston, the aims will be devoted to purposes of religion which will be designated by the Archbishop. That the pilgrimage will be a success is guaranteed on the outside, since the management is entrusted to the able hands of Father Stanton, who already has gained a reputation for perfect organization of such enterprises. His pilgrimage last year is well remembered for its magnificence and detailed organization showing that when this pilgrimage is organized, it will be a more extended effort, the same, and even greater, success will be attained. It will be observed that it will be worthy of the diocese, and reflect new credit on the able management of the pastor of Smith's Falls. We understand that the Church in Tweed, which is encumbered with a large debt, will receive a considerable share of the momentary benefits of this pilgrimage, and we bespeak for it, therefore, the prayers of our friends in Kingston and throughout the length and breadth of that diocese. Not only will those who avail themselves of its cheapness, see a beautiful section of the country and make a religious visit to the holy shrine, but they will have the additional gratification of feeling that they are helping a poor mission to pay its burdens, underwritten for the glory of God. We hope our numerous readers will read this notice and keep a few dollars free to enable them to take in this pilgrimage. The pilgrimage will leave from all points of eastern and western Ontario over the C. P. R., on Tuesday, 30th July. Once more reminding our patrons that the pilgrimage is in all its details will be under the direction and management of Father Stanton, we are satisfied that there will be no regrets and no disappointments, and what others would be tedious journey will be made comfortable and agreeable to all who will have the happiness of taking advantage of it.

TEACHER WANTED.

TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL OF a school in the city of Montreal, Ontario—to commence duties on or September 1, 1895. Applicants must hold a first class certificate in the State salary scale. Applications are to be in not later than July 25th next. Communicate to the undersigned Secretary, R. C. S. B. of Champlain, Ont. P. O. Box 177, D. J. O'NEILL, Secy.

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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XL.

"Well," said Miss Dorrance when she next met her friend, "I hear from mamma that you and Mr. Egerton went amicably together to Notre Dame, after all. I hope that you enjoyed yourselves."

"That depends upon your definition of enjoyment," answered Miss Bertram. "We heard a good sermon—which was what we went for."

"A good sermon!" Miss Dorrance lifted her eyes to heaven. "What an idea—to spend a beautiful, bright Sunday afternoon in hearing a sermon!"

"It was certainly more appropriate to spend it in the Bois," said Sibyl, with a laugh. "Well we went afterwards to M. d'Antignac's."

"Where you found the usual 'foast of reason and flow of soul,' of course."

"That is a very hackneyed quotation," said Miss Bertram, "but it describes exactly what we found—what is usually to be found in the D'Antignac salon. I date an era in my life from the day I first entered that salon."

"An era of what kind?" asked her friend curiously.

"Of enlarged ideas, for one thing," was the reply. Miss Dorrance made a slight but very expressive grimace. "I think your ideas were quite large enough before," she observed; "a little too large for convenience, in fact. One should consult convenience in one's ideas, as in everything else, in my opinion. One might as well wear clothes too large for one as to have ideas ridiculously unsuited to one's circumstances and surroundings."

"If some of us fitted our ideas to our circumstances and surroundings they would certainly be small enough," said Sibyl. "I cannot flatter you that metaphors is your forte, my dear Laura. The narrowest circumstances need not prevent our entering on that heritage of great ideas which is—thank God!—open to us all."

Miss Dorrance glanced round the artistic, luxurious room in which they were sitting. To her the phrase used had but one significance. "Your circumstances are certainly very narrow," she said drily.

"They are not very wide in the material sense—which is probably what you mean," answered Sibyl—"but in the spiritual and mental sense they have been narrow indeed."

"You are flattering to your friends."

"To my friends?" said the other, with a slight smile. "Oh! no. I was not speaking of my friends, who are few—as one's friends must always be—but of the large number of indifferent people who form one's acquaintance and make one's social atmosphere. And what has my atmosphere been? Simply that of a society bent on frivolous pleasure, measuring everything by a material standard, and not even redeemed from inanity by intellectual activity. Is it any wonder that when I entered another atmosphere, where people are not weighed by the amount of money or the number of fashionable acquaintances they possess, where all that is best in one is quickened and all that is noblest brought forth, that I felt as if I had passed into another world?"

In her energy—speaking, as she was, from her heart—the speaker probably forgot who was her listener. Laura Dorrance's eyes opened wider and wider, until it was evident that only lady-like decorum prevented her from expressing her feelings by a whistle; and at Miss Bertram's last words she shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of one who gives up a hopeless matter.

"Egalite is no word for you, my dear," she said. "You have soared far beyond any region where I can follow. Poor Cousin Duke! What will he do? The clouds are not a congenial region to him either."

Miss Bertram looked haughty, as she usually did at allusions of this kind; but she made no reply, and Laura went on: "He was disconsolate on Sunday. At least he was very disagreeable, and I believe that is usually a sign of disconsolation. He had hardly a word for any of us. I never saw him in such a bad temper before."

Despite her vexation Sibyl could not restrain a laugh. "From your tone one would think you had been delivering such warnings for half a century," she said. "But of all people who could possibly be in need of them, I should like Mr. Talford to be the last. It is absurd even to utter the word 'love' in connection with him."

"He is not enthusiastic or romantic," Laura admitted, "but I really think you do him injustice in believing that he is not capable of being in love. He certainly is in love with you."

To which Miss Bertram replied, "Nonsense!" and, rising, walked across the room, saying: "If you want me to go shopping with you I will go, on condition that you do not allude to this subject again."

It was a condition Miss Dorrance was willing enough to accept for the sake of having the benefit of her friend's taste in the shopping which is the apparently inexhaustible occupation of American women in Paris. But Sibyl soon found that it is not possible to thrust a subject aside because one person's lips have been sealed upon it. When she returned home after several hours spent among magasins and modes, who should she find in the drawing-room, quietly talking to her mother and evidently awaiting her arrival, but Mr. Talford.

She was too much a woman of the world to make any change in her usual manner of greeting him; but this greeting over, she did not bestow much attention on him. "I am tired to death!" she said, sitting down with an air of exhaustion. "I do not know that shopping has ever been reckoned among the most fatiguing things of life; but in my experience there is nothing to compare with it for tiresomeness. After two or three hours spent among chiffons of all descriptions and in deciding between innumerable varieties of styles, I feel absolutely overcome with mental as well as physical fatigue."

"One may perhaps be permitted to say that you do not look so," observed Mr. Talford, with a smile.

"It is only a proof, then, of how far looks may belie feelings," she replied, not very well pleased—"for surely when I say that I am tired he ought to take leave!" she thought.

On this, as on many other subjects, however, Mr. Talford differed from her. When a young lady with the most charming color imaginable and every appearance of vigor declares herself tired to death from that which is generally held to be the most fascinating amusement of her sex, few men would feel bound to very strict credulity, and credulity was not this gentleman's failing. He only answered, with a smile: "Then I should recommend you to refresh yourself at once with a cup of tea—which may be an interested suggestion on my part, since Mrs. Bertram has promised me one."

"And I have only been waiting for Sibyl's arrival to order it," said Mrs. Bertram, ringing the bell.

Tea was brought in, and Sibyl resigned herself to make the best of Mr. Talford, since it was very plain that he had no intention of departure. And, as a means to this end, she dismissed Laura's assertion with regard to him from her mind, saying to herself that a man of so little sentiment and so much sense had no doubt long since understood her manner and accepted the conclusion rising from it. Moreover, her mother's presence was a shield; so, with an agreeable consciousness of safety, she forgot her fatigue and was talking easily and pleasantly when a ring of the door-bell was followed by the appearance of a servant summoning Mrs. Bertram from the room.

Sibyl longed to telegraph with her eyes. "Come back immediately!" but the fear of betraying any sense of danger deterred her. And after all, she said to herself, what was there to fear? She had been alone with Mr. Talford often before without his indicating the least intention of falling at her feet or committing any equivalent absurdity. Why should she suspect him of any such intention now? Laura's nonsense had infected her, she thought, and so, leaning back carelessly in her chair, a lovely picture in her becoming out-door costume, with her tea cup in her hand, she went on talking lightly of the many topics which, like notes in the sunshine, fly about Paris.

But presently she began to observe that Mr. Talford was somewhat absent-minded and replied a little at random—which was not remarkable, since he was in fact saying to himself, "Shall I or shall I not? Is it worth while? or is it not?" Perceiving his falling attention, Sibyl's power of talk also failed, and, finishing rather disconnectedly a story that she was telling, she began to cast about in her mind for an excuse to end the *tele a tele*. But it was too late.

"I wonder," said Mr. Talford, looking up as she paused, "if you will forgive my wandering attention when I tell you that it was because I was thinking of you that I did not listen to you."

"The wandering attention does not matter in the least," she replied, with heightened color. "Raconteurs are born, not made, and the birthright was not mine; but I thought that story of Gambetta so good, when I heard it the other day at M. d'Antignac's, that I was led to attempt to repeat it. Eh bien, let us talk of something else. Who is the favorite for the Grand Prix?"

"I am not even aware whether there is a favorite for the Grand Prix," replied Mr. Talford. "My thoughts just now are set upon quite another

prize. My dear Miss Bertram"—he paused slightly—"I think that you must know what I feel for you."

The thing was inevitable. Sibyl recognized it and resigned herself. "If he will force the matter I can only give over it as soon as possible!" she thought. Aloud she answered with sufficient self-possession: "Why should you think so? Does one often know with any certainty what others feel or think regarding one? And, indeed, (hastily,) it is much better not to know, but simply to take it for granted that one is moderately liked and appreciated."

"Moderately liked and appreciated you could not possibly be," said the man, who had gone too far to draw back now under any discouragement. "You are made to inspire strong feeling. You certainly must be aware of that, at least."

"I do not think I can plead guilty of being aware even of that," she answered. "And I cannot say that I like the idea. Moderate appreciation is as much as I desire. But"—with a last effort to escape—"persons' discussions are always unpleasant. Pray let us change the subject."

Mr. Talford grew a little pale—his first sign of emotion.

"This," he said quietly, "is mere fencing. You know what I wish to say to you. You know that I love you."

The words were uttered. But it is safe to say that their effect astonished Sibyl as much as himself. She had intended to refuse his offer in whatever form it might be couched, courteously though decidedly; and she was not prepared for the sudden impulse which made her answer, with something akin to scorn: "No, Mr. Talford, I neither know nor believe anything of the kind. You may wish to marry me, but I am quite sure that you do not love me."

The unexpected nature of the reply and the quick flash in her eyes so much astonished Mr. Talford that he had at the moment no thought for resentment. "And may I ask," he said after an instant's pause, "how you can possibly be sure of such a thing?"

"How can I be sure of it?" she repeated, with the same ringing tone of faintly-veiled scorn. "Because, Mr. Talford, I know you; because throughout our whole acquaintance you have been revealing yourself to me—you have been revealing your absolute want of faith in all that elevates human nature and makes love possible. You have been declaring, even with a sort of pride, that you have no belief in honor, or nobleness, or virtue. Neither heroism nor holiness exists for you—neither the soul of man nor the majesty of God. You hold yourself to be simply an animal, and you hold all men and women to be like you. Am I not right, then, in saying that it is impossible love should exist for you?"

"For love means all that you decide—it means honor, and faith, and respect, and a share in the immortality of the soul in which it is born. These things are empty names to you? Well, so is your love to me."

She had not known how far the force of suddenly-aroused feeling would carry her until she reached this point, and, with the last words, paused—her eyes glowing, and her whole face full of eloquent expression. If Mr. Talford had not been a man who kept himself well in hand and was not easily thrown off his guard by sudden surprise, this most unexpected arraignment would certainly have confounded him. As it was, after a moment of absolute astonishment he answered with sufficient quietness: "If I understand rightly, you mean to assert that you do not believe in love for you because I do not believe certain fancies that have captivated your imagination. But does it not strike you that the one fact has no connection with the other fact? If I have no faith, for example, in the existence of the soul—which no man has ever been able to prove—what has that to do with the positive fact that I love you, whom I see and know? Let us put such questions aside. They are only of importance to fanatics, and I am sure that you are not one of those."

"I am certainly not a fanatic," she answered, "but one need not be a fanatic to perceive that to deny the existence of the soul is to deprive love of all its dignity. I know," she went on, "that many men are inconsistent enough to combine with such denial a belief in the spiritual side of our nature. But you, Mr. Talford, do not. You glory in your materialism, and in your own mind you have dragged all creation down to the level on which you live—that dreary level of universal scepticism which refuses to acknowledge the existence of anything noble or elevated. Do you comprehend, then, what I mean when I say that the word love on your lips has no meaning to me, or else a meaning which I disdain?"

"I fear that I do not comprehend," he answered, after another short pause of astonishment; "but that is no doubt owing to the grossness of my materialism and my lack of spiritual conceptions. My dear Miss Bertram, all this, if you will pardon me, is folly! Pray let us talk like sensible and practical people. Let me beg you to consider my offer on some other ground than that of unreal sentiment."

The scorn came again into her eyes as she looked at him, and into her voice when she spoke.

"Shall we consider it on the ground of your income, of the establishment you could afford, or the jewels you could give?" she asked. "There are women—you will find them in num-

bers—who can be bought by such things; but if you imagine that I am one of them, I can only say that you have never made a greater mistake in your life."

"I have been very far from imagining it," he answered; "but in what I did imagine I find that I have made even a greater mistake. I thought you a woman of the world, whereas it seems that you are—"

"A visionary?" she said, as he stopped. "Yes to you no doubt I am. I have always been aware of the visionary element in your character," he went on, "but I thought your practical sense was strong enough to keep it under control. And I still think it would do so but for associations which have unfortunately surrounded you of late."

"Those associations have saved me from much," she said—"from hopeless dreams or despairing scepticism; but they have not saved me from accepting you, Mr. Talford, for that I could never have done. You may believe this; and I should be glad if you would believe also that I am sorry to cause you even a transient disappointment."

She rose as she spoke, with an air of ending the interview, and he rose also; but he did not go. Despite her last words he could not believe that he had indeed offered himself in vain. And it was human nature—or at least masculine nature—that her refusal should have roused him to keener interest than he had thought possible before. So, standing face to face with her he said: "It is not a transient disappointment which you inflict. Whatever else you refuse to credit, believe that. And if you would give me leave to prove the love in which you have so little faith, I think I might convince you that it is worth as much as the love of any dreamer might be."

His evident earnestness touched her a little. She had not given him credit for any genuine feeling; but it seemed that it was genuine feeling which spoke now in his tone and glance.

"If it is not a transient disappointment I am sorry," she said; "but you must carry away no mistaken impression. I can never think of marrying you. But it may console you to know that, if I were capable of such a thing, I should no more please you than you could satisfy me. You have been attracted by me because you think that I would make a brilliant woman of the world and be a credit to your taste. You have judged me, as you judge all things else, on the surface; and consequently your judgment is mistaken. Unless I killed the better half of my nature I could never make what you desire—and indeed, it is doubtful if I could make it then. I might forget spiritual things, but I could never be content with material ones. I should eat out my heart with impatience and scorn if I were condemned to such a life as you would wish your wife to lead. Life to me is worth nothing if it has not some noble purpose. That sounds to you like idle folly, and I only speak of it in order that you may understand how far apart our natures and our lives lie."

Her voice had lost all its accent of disdain, and was only grave and gentle as she uttered these words; but both voice and manner expressed a remoteness which the man before her had a fine enough perception to realize. She spoke to him as to one on another plane of existence altogether; and, feeling this, he also felt that farther effort was vain. His suit was hopeless; there only remained for him to escape with what dignity he might.

"If this be your final decision I can only bow to it," he said. "It is useless to speak of my regret—regret for you as well as for myself, since I am quite sure that you will obtain nothing of value from the visionaries to whom you have surrendered yourself. But their only remains for me to bid you adieu."

He bowed with all his usual composure, and left the room without giving Sibyl time to utter a word had she been inclined to do so. But she only stood quiet still where he left her, until the sound of the outer door closing told her that he was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

May go to Oxford. The Congregation of Propaganda has unanimously agreed to withdraw the prohibition which this same Congregation had formerly put upon the going of Catholics to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England. This was done at the solicitation of Cardinal Vaughan and the leading English layty. It was the Bishop of Salford, now Cardinal Vaughan, acting by the counsel of Cardinal Manning, that had this prohibition put on such young Catholics. But times have changed since then; and the Protestantism of the English universities is not now by any means so dangerous as it was before. Besides, special precautions will be taken now to keep young Catholic students together, and to form them, by-and-by, into a college affiliated to the university. A petition from five hundred distinguished Catholics in England, sent to the Pope, has, in all probability, hastened this result.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmed's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

THE CONQUERING BANNER.

Mary M. F. Nixon in Donahoe's Magazine. "Will you do it, Father?" said the colonel.

The young priest looked thoughtful as he replied slowly: "I do not know, colonel. I will see about it. You may be sure I would like to oblige you. I will let you know to-morrow."

"You see, Father, no one can sing like you can. There's not a man in town with such a voice, and everybody will be at the celebration. It's our Confederate Decoration Day, and I have all the arrangements to make. The old soldiers march to the graveyard, there is a salute fired, the graves are decorated, and then they march back to town to the meeting. The Town Hall will be crowded, and if you will only sing 'The Conquering Banner,' everything will be complete."

"I would like to do it for you," said Father Desmond; "but you see, colonel, I am a priest, and I might be criticised."

"Nonsense," replied the colonel in his bluff way. "That's one reason I want you to do it. There will be scores of Protestants there, and I want them to see one priest who 'knows more than his prayers.' They have the insane idea that our clergy are a set of uncultured autocrats whom we Catholics are bound to obey; willy, nilly."

"Well, Colonel Delatte, I'll ask Father O'Donnell's advice, and let you know in plenty of time to find some one else. There are other people who could do it better than I, if you would but think so."

"No, no, there is no one but you, Father; good-by, if you must go," said the colonel, and the priest shook him warmly by the hand and went down the broad gallery steps toward the lawn.

He was a magnificent specimen of youth and health, very tall with the figure of an athlete. His eyes were very dark and almost piercing, and there was about him something which reminded one of an eagle, poised for flight; but it was an imprisoned eagle, for, though his eyes could flash with anger at injustice or sin, it was a controlled wrath, and in his manner there was always a peculiar gentleness.

He was doing a great work in the little Mission to which he had come. It was a small Southern town, with only a handful of Catholics in it, and the surrounding country was full of negroes and "po' white trash." They all loved Father Desmond passionately, and his friend, the old priest, said to him at times: "You have a special talent for this mission work, my son. You always collect a crowd of negroes in five minutes with your singing."

"Instantaneous choir-master. Negro choirs made while you wait," said Father Desmond, laughing.

As he walked down the broad road leading to Clairefontaine, the deep shadows of the soft May twilight lay in long lines upon the grass. Fireflies flitted here and there, and in the far distance was heard the croaking note of a frog. Overhead, in the dreamy mistiness of the sky, a few stars flickered, and the moon, a slender bow, rose slowly over the cypress trees. Long festoons of gray moss hung from the branches, and a gentle breeze waved the tendrils like ghostly fingers.

Father Desmond walked slowly onward. His was a busy, hurried life, full of petty, almost sordid details, and a little solitude was to him a pleasant variety. The old cemetery was a favorite spot with him, and thither he turned his steps. He seated himself upon the stone wall, overgrown with moss and vines, and sat thoughtfully looking at the city of the dead.

It was a rambling place, with no neatly bordered paths or well trimmed trees; but the gracious nature of the South had treated it with loving care, and shed abroad in God's acre a wealth of flowers which cast fragrances on the summer air.

Father Desmond sat lost in thought. His was a strange nature, with a depth of emotion which few understood, since a natural reticence made him hide his real self; but those who really knew him, felt that his heart was filled with a burning love of souls, and an endless longing to help the sorrowful and influence for good those about him.

As he was thinking of his work and wishing for more power among the people where his lot was cast, a stifled sound met his ear, and quickly looking through the gloom, he saw the figure of a woman, kneeling by a grave, and weeping bitterly. In a moment she rose, and kissing the cross at the head of the grave, moved swiftly toward the priest. As she passed, seized by a pitiful impulse, he spoke: "Can I help you, Madam?"

"No one can help me, thank you," she answered almost mechanically, as she glanced at him with a face in which despair was written, and passed out of sight. She was a woman of about forty years of age, with black hair heavily streaked with gray. Even in the uncertain light, her face was beautiful although lined with sorrow. A great trial always leaves indelible traces, and whether suffering has sweetened or embittered a nature shows plainly in the face.

Father Desmond sighed heavily and turned to leave the cemetery, when a little shadow sprang toward him, and a voice said: "Please, Sah! de baby am dyin' an' mammy says won't you please come an' 'tise it?"

"Yes, my boy," he replied, and turning his steps toward the negro-quarter, he disappeared into the gathering darkness.

Clairefontaine is an old-fashioned southern town of the "befo' de wa" type, built round a square, on one side of which is the Town Hall, an old building in colonial style, with a huge pillared portico.

Flags, bunting, and gay flower wreaths decorated the square on the 30th of May, and a motley crowd was gathered around the hall, for the Confederate Decoration Day is the great event of the year in Clairefontaine. From far and near the people throng to town, for this, more than Christmas or any other holiday, is the day for family reunions. The quick blood of the South warms the hearts, and the feeling of kinship is strong within them. The loyalty Northerners feel for a principle, Southerners pay to their own people, and this is shown not only by love for the living but fealty to the dead. Early in the morning the old soldiers, many of them in their torn and stained butternut suits, filed out to the cemetery, fired a salute, decorated the graves, and marched solemnly back again, leaving their dead comrades resting peacefully under the shadows of the great trees which had watched above them for many years.

In the afternoon was the celebration in the town hall, and here gathered men, women and children, for the spirit of the South has descended upon her children, and the young people are as patriotic as their ancestors.

The programme for the exercises consisted of speeches, recitations and music, and there was a breathless silence in the crowded hall when Father Desmond rose to sing. Over his head hung the Old Confederate flag, torn and bloodstained, its glory dimmed. With an upward glance at the tattered emblem, the young priest sang, and his glorious voice rang out in the words of Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner":

"I am glad, dear Father Desmond," wrote Colonel Delatte some months later, "that you have not encouraged Virginia's wish to go into a convent. I suppose it is the first wish of a convert, but I need her very much, and you have no idea how much good she is doing in Clairefontaine, especially among the negroes. She wants me to tell you that she is trying to carry on the work you have begun, and that she is quite content. Thank you for all men and women. I lay down and covered my face, for in a very short time it would reach me even on the floor and crush me to death. In a agony I prayed to God to deliver me from so appalling a fate. A smothering feeling came over me, and almost unconscious from the agony of suspense, I closed my eyes and awaited the end. But it did not come. And after waiting I opened my eyes and saw, not what I had thought it would be, but that it was actually moving upwards. Then a whizzing sound as of some winding or hauling of chains reached me. I strained my ears to listen, and—yes—far and high above I could catch the sound of a human voice. Higher and higher rose the roof until it was further above me than when I had first beheld it! Hope revived and I gathered up my strength and shouted as loudly as I could.

My voice was drowned by the whizz. So I desisted until that should cease. More light soon streamed in, and as the sound I have mentioned died away I could distinctly hear men speaking, though I could not distinguish what they said. Then I shouted again and again, and after some time I felt I had attracted their attention, as I heard a shout in return, but they could neither see me, nor I them. The voices ceased, and sick and faint with suspense I sank on the ground, yet with a tremor of hope in my breast.

After what seemed hours I caught the welcome sound of foot steps outside my prison. Seizing my stick I struck some blows upon the door; in a minute or two it was pushed open and two men appeared. My strength had utterly given way now the strain was over, and I was unable to stand. The men supported me to a seat and one went for a restorative. After this had been administered I revived somewhat, and in reply to their questions told them what had happened. In return they cleared up for me the mystery of my prison chamber.

The carving which had attracted me so fatally was put to hide a square pillar, and was directly under the clock-tower—a fact I had not noticed. Into this cell the great weights of the clock descended as it ran down, so that I had indeed run a fearful risk. The men further explained their appearance at the cathedral at such an early hour in the following manner:

The night before the clock was to have been wound up by them, but they had been on an excursion and had not returned in time to perform this duty. Knowing, however, that the whole town depended on the cathedral clock, and that it was as much as their place was worth to let it stop, they rose and went swiftly from the room.

"It was glorious, Father! Simply glorious!" cried Colonel Delatte enthusiastically as the applause broke forth again and again. "You will own the town! There is not a person here who was not affected. I never can thank you. Did you happen to notice my niece, Virginia? She stood close by the edge of the platform. Poor girl! I'm afraid this will be too much for her. The bullet which pierced that hole in the old flag-staff struck her lover's heart. She nearly died of grief, and has never been the same since."

"No one can help me but you, Father," said Virginia Delatte that night as she sat in the priest's study.

"Tell me what it is that you have which I cannot find! There you are, something to make you what you are. As you sang I watched your face. It was inspired! You love music passionately. You could be the first tenor in the world if you have given up. You are a man with all a man's aspirations, young, strong, the whole world before you, with a capacity to realize every ambition. The old men who are done with the warfare and conflict cannot help me. It is you who are young—who are in the thickest of the fight—to whom I must come. In you I see the gentleness of strength, the peace of a chastened will, the fervor of earnest purpose. When first you sang I wondered that you could understand so perfectly our feelings

about the flag. But at the last I knew the banner of love was over you, and I thought 'This man can help me!' "Oh, Father!" she exclaimed, throwing out her hands impulsively, "help me! I long so for peace. Within there is nothing but bitterness, nothing satisfies. My earthly love is gone from me. If there is a heavenly, lead me to it."

"There is, my child," he said, gently. Young though he was, the fatherly words seemed fitting from the calm heights of peace where his soul rested, and his tones fell like a benediction upon her troubled spirit.

"The peace of God may be yours, if you will but take it, and earthly love can never be so sweet as the divine. 'Rest comes at length, although the way be weary.'"

"Oh, give it to me, Father!" she cried again, a whole world of longing in her tones. "Show me this peace!" "I will," he said quietly, but earnestly, and as she buried her tear-stained face in her hands, the young priest's lips moved in prayer.

Do Catholics remember how this most beautiful month is set apart and consecrated to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God? In the days of childhood the month of May was one of the flowers and hymns. There were altars to our Lady to be decorated with lilies and hyacinths and the early flowers of spring; there were hymns to be sung to her, that came more directly from the heart perhaps than at other times of the year; there were promises to be made, and graces to be asked—it was a time when we were nearer to the Mother of God than at other times. This is a memory in the heart of every man who ever had a Catholic mother, no matter how forgetful and indifferent he may have become in the years of manhood and the struggle of life. Is it to be only a memory? Even if it is, it is a grace, and one that comes from God by special intercession of His Mother, for she never forgets one who once knelt at her feet and called her "Mother" from his heart. But surely we can make something more than a memory from it?

There are thousands of special devotions to Our Lady approved by the Church, from the simple Ave Maria to the Little Office. Everyone has time for an Ave Maria additional to the daily prayer. It is enough if it comes from the heart. But there are other ways of honoring Our Lady this May: there are ways that take up no man's time and interfere with nothing necessary. Let some one be the happier for a kind word every day in honor of Our Lady. Let each day in the month be signalized by some slight restraint from some occasion of sin hunched. It matters not how trifling if it be done in honor of our Lady. She is content with easy service from the children.

Everyone can do this at least. It is a pity if any Catholic does not mark this most beautiful month in some way or another, as our Lady's Month.

THE DOGMAS OF CHRISTIANITY VS. THE DOGMAS OF SCIENCE.

Doubt and scepticism in religion seem to be the order of the day. In fact, one would suppose that even many who profess and call themselves Christians, claim it as a privilege to doubt. They are opposed to certainty—to dogma—in religion. Dogma to them is a sign of servitude—slavery to the intellect. They have no objection to dogma in science. In fact, some of those who are most opposed to dogma in religion are most positive and dogmatic in their assertion of the favorite postulates of science. Yet, experience proves that many of those postulates are mere assumptions without adequate proof. If you dare to deny them you are ridiculed as opposed to the teachings of science.

But in religion they claim the privilege of doubting dogmas which have been recognized and believed by enlightened Christendom for nineteen hundred years. They ridicule those dogmas as unscientific, as grounded in superstition and unworthy the credence of reasonable beings.

Yet, theology is the queen of sciences and has engaged the attention and profound investigation of the greatest minds that have ever lived. The Christian system as embodied in the authorized teaching of the Catholic Church is the most logical system in the world. In the whole range of intellectual progress and development there is nothing equal to it. The reason why our unscientific men and even some of our speculative liberal Christians are so opposed to Catholic dogma is that they do not understand the Catholic system. It is a grand system, unique, harmonious, thoroughly logical and founded in the highest reason. It has satisfied the greatest minds, the most profound thinkers in all ages and it continues to attract and fascinate the most intelligent and profound thinkers of modern times. It is a wonderful system. The more it is studied in its completeness, its harmonious development, the more wonderful and beautiful does it appear.

But the minds of our unbelieving, scientific friends are so occupied with mere material investigations that they have no time, and, in fact, if the truth must be told, no inclination, to occupy themselves with the profound and vastly more important questions which relate to our spiritual well-being. Yet those questions press upon the minds of thinking people for a solution. What are we here for? How did we originate? What is to be our future destiny? These are questions which physical science can never answer. We can scarcely conceive of a more unhappy condition than that of the agnostic who is in doubt in regard to these great questions.

This is, indeed a sad and weary world to the man without faith. All is dark and dreary. He knows not what lies before him. He has longings and aspirations which this world can never satisfy even in the most prosperous condition, while the mysteries of Providence which surround us and press upon us for solution are enough to puzzle the acutest intellect and fill the stoutest heart with misery and despair.

We do not overlook the fact, now, that a certain class of intellectual men—men sometimes even of high culture and of excellent characters do form beautiful and attractive theories of natural virtue and aesthetic, or as they style it, ethical culture—for which they are really more indebted to Christianity than they are willing to allow—and recommend them as a substitute for Christianity. They, too, claim to be scientific and it is surprising how confident they are in putting forth their dogmas. While affecting to despise and ridicule the dogmas of Christianity they ask you to accept theirs as undoubted deductions of reason and entitled to implicit belief. And the curious thing about it is that their find followers who take them at their word and follow them in the most implicit confidence. It is curious because while they are willing to take this single individual, who is at best but a fallible mortal, for an infallible guide they refuse to accept the traditional teaching of the Church which is not an expression of individual opinion but is the combined and condensed wisdom of the ages. Even leaving out of view the claim to infallibility it would seem that this traditional teaching—this development of the thought of the past, this expression of the accumulated wisdom of the ages—would be vastly more worthy of belief than the reasoning and speculations of individual, pretended sages and self-constituted prophets however wise and plausible they may appear.

Agnosticism is doubt, uncertainty, scepticism. It is cold and heartless speculation. It will not do for the masses. It may for a time please and interest the intellectual and cultivated man proud of his attainments, and anxious for notoriety; but the masses must have faith, and they must have good ground for faith. That faith must present a rational explanation of the object of their existence and their future destiny. It must have a supernatural element, for human nature believes in and craves the supernatural. It must unite us to God our Creator, our Benefactor and our Redeemer, and it must hold out a sure hope of a happy eternity hereafter as a reward for virtue, for suffering and trial patiently endured in this world. This can only be found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as embodied in the teachings of the Catholic Church.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Many of the picturesque allegories of early Anglo-Saxon literature are cast in the form of poets' dreams on a May morning. May is associated from all time with the awakening of the earth from its winter trance to the new life of spring, rich with the glorious promise of summer. And as agriculture surpasses more often reality, so is the springtime more beautiful by reason of its promise than the season of fulfillment.

A May Carol.

Sweet May! tis thro' thy tender, golden light, That falls from azure skies (half-veiled in mist) On fresh young daisy-buds, on lilies white, On violets by timid zephyrs kissed— 'Tis thro' thy shining portal that we pass From Spring's aurora into Summer's noon, And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass Into the rose-fields of the fervid June.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

Three Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont.

THE ABOVE AMOUNT WILL BE DIVIDED AMONG THE WRITERS OF THE BEST FIVE ORIGINAL STORIES THE COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL BONA FIDE RESIDENTS OF CANADA.

With a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award prizes amounting to \$300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition follows:— For the story pronounced the best \$100 will be given. For the second best, \$75. For the third best, \$50. For the fourth best, \$40. For the fifth best, \$25.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules:— Each story to contain not more than three thousand words. The writer of the story shall affix a pen name, initials or motto to his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript an envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initials or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof. We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of topic written upon, and the scene of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be type-written. Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded—NOT ROLLED. All stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows:— All stories submitted will be referred to a competent committee who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the Dominion, and each will contain a voting paper upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the first prize successful competitor and the order of merit. Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage.

The five stories selected are to become the absolute property of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., with their copyright in perpetuity. The decision of the committee and the contents of votes to be absolute and final, and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. final on all points whatsoever. Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS. declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent; any stamps so sent for any other purpose than the return of MSS. at the time of first sending will be put in the poor box.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will take all precautions to safeguard MSS. entrusted to their care, but in no case do they assume any responsibility for fire, accident or loss of unsuccessful MSS. Authors are therefore advised to keep copies of their MSS. The stories must be original. Any one sending copied matter will be liable to punishment for fraud, and a prize of \$25 is offered to the first person who points out the fact that any story passed by the committee is otherwise than original, in the unlikely event of such an oversight occurring. All MSS. entered in the competition must be addressed to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and marked on the envelope "For Literary Competition."

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Edward Murrin, Dayton, O., September 8, '91. I have tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of sufferers, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

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London, Saturday, May 18, 1895.

INGERSOLL AND HIS PRIN- CIPLES.

Bob Ingersoll recently lectured in
Detroit on his usual theme. The lec-
ture was directed against the truth of
the Bible, the inspired exponent of
Christian truth. A synopsis thereof
was published in the *Detroit Evening
News* and was ably refuted in the next
issue by a correspondent over the sig-
nature "Naylor." It was currently re-
ported that the defender of the truth
was a Protestant minister, but the
Michigan Catholic has made it known
that the vindicator of truth in this in-
stance was one of the priests of Detroit.

The real refutation of Col. Ingersoll's
blasphemous has been from the begin-
ning the work of Catholic priests. It
is true that several Protestant ministers
have written replies to the Infidel, but
not one of these has been satisfactory
to any degree. The truth is that
Protestantism is too vague in its state-
ment of inspiration to afford any sure
ground on which to base a reply to
the attacks of infidelity upon religion,
and so the task of replying to Inger-
soll and other blasphemers of his ilk
must fall upon Catholic priests well
acquainted with the nature of the
work to be done, or the Infidels will
remain unanswered. The Catholic
Church is the only bulwark against
infidelity.

The Colonel is well aware of this,
and in his Detroit lecture he practi-
cally requested priests to pay no atten-
tion to his vagaries. He said:

"I ask ministers, not priests, how
they can be wicked enough to defend
the book which has made the world a
practical slaughter house."

Naylor answers this very caustical-
ly: "You exclude 'priests,' perhaps
because you remember the logical
skinning you received from priest
Lambert. Don't remember how you
dared not meet him before the Nine-
teenth Century Club? The practical
slaughter house evidently didn't catch
all the calves. One at least has es-
caped, for he does not know that the
Bible records that God's people put an
end to the human sacrifices which
in groves and mountain fastnesses
were daily offered in thousands to
Satan by infidels—enemies of Jeho-
vah."

Ingersoll has not been able to answer
Father Lambert's scathing reply to his
carefully composed attacks on the
Christian religion which appeared in
the *North American Review*, nor the
more full work of Father Northgraves
of this diocese, entitled "Mistakes of
Modern Infidels," in which every argu-
ment of the godless author of "Mistakes
of Moses" has been answered squarely
without any beating about the bush.

The quondam bellicose colonel has
been remarkably silent for some years,
and we had entertained hopes that he
was reconsidering his position; but
within the past year he has resumed
the labors he laid out for himself years
ago, to overthrow Christianity, and to
substitute for it Islamism Buddhism,
or Confucianism.

We have not far to seek to find the
motives which induce the godless col-
onel to follow the course he has taken.
Five hundred dollars for a lecture pay
him well; but do the public receive
benefit from him to that amount?

He claims in his "Mistakes of
Moses" that he is a destroyer of weeds
and the like—and so is en-
dorsed to public gratitude. But it is
a fact that, since his advocacy of
suicide last summer, suicides became
more numerous; and a few days
after his remarkable letter on
this subject was published, two
poor dupes poisoned themselves to-
gether in New York Central Park,
one of whom had in his pocket
a copy of that letter. No doubt
the miserable couple were induced by
the colonel's letter to destroy them-
selves. It is; thus the colonel's prin-
ciples prove whether or not he is "the
benefactor of mankind" he claims to
be, and whether he is sowing thistles
or strawberries.

FANTASTIC STATISTICIANS.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie.
—CHURCHILL.

One of the points urged most strongly
by Mr. Dalton McCarthy in his Pavilion
speech on the Manitoba school question
was that the Russian Mennonites of
that Province, who were said to out-
number the Catholics by two to one,
are also seeking for Separate schools,
and that they could not reasonably be
refused their demand if the Catholic
claims were admitted.

His audience, too, being disposed to
accept any statement of the champion
of intolerance, applauded this most
vociferously, as if it were an argu-
ment decisive of the question in debate,
and papers favorable to Mr. McCarthy
style it "a powerful argument."

We pointed out at the time the ab-
surdity of the statement. The Catho-
lics of Manitoba number 20,571 by
the last census, and the Mennonites
should number about, or over, 40,000 if
Mr. McCarthy's statements were cor-
rect, even "in round numbers."

We pointed out that there are only
1,156 whose specific religion is not
given in the census.

The Baptists are set down at 16,112,
and adding to these two classes the
Lutherans and Brethren, we obtain a
total of only 19,740. We admit that
the Mennonites may have been gener-
ally included by the enumerators
under some of these names; but of the
Baptists, at all events, it is known that
many are Canadian, and not Russian
Mennonites. The German Lutherans
would also indignantly repudiate their
being classified under this name. It
is clear, therefore, that Mr. McCarthy's
figures are grossly exaggerated for
the purpose of making a point; but
Mr. Sifton in his recent Toronto speech
has thrown more light on the subject
by asserting that the 15,000 Manitoba
Mennonites are asking for schools of
their own.

It was cruel of Mr. Sifton thus to ex-
plode his ally's most powerful argu-
ment; but his figures are certainly
nearer the truth than Mr. McCarthy's,
by at least 25,000, though we are of
opinion that they are still exagger-
ated, and our reason for this opinion
is to be found in the census re-
turns as quoted above. It is
probable that Mr. Sifton, who ought to
be able to give a pretty accurate esti-
mate on the subject, wished to let Mr.
McCarthy down without hurting him
badly.

The case of the Mennonites is quite
different from that of the Catholics in
other respects than on account of their
comparative numbers; for it was at a
time when the Province was nearly
equally divided between Catholics and
Protestants that provision was made as
a condition of its entry into the Domi-
nion, that the system of Separate schools
should be a fundamental institution;
and for this purpose the Protestants
certainly regarded themselves as one
body, not desiring among themselves
any further distinction than that they
should be classed as Protestants for
educational purposes. The Catholics,
therefore, had Separate schools guar-
anteed to them in the basis of union,
but the Mennonites, who were stran-
gers from a foreign country, had no
such guarantee. Making their homes
in Canada, it was to be supposed that
they should accept the situation exist-
ing in the country on their arrival into
it; but the Catholics are children of
the soil, entitled to all the privileges of
British subjects, and especially to those
which were made a constitutional basis
for their entering into the Canadian
Confederation.

It is proper also to remark here that
Mr. Sifton announced to the people of
Toronto that the real Bill of Rights,
which was the basis on which Manitoba
entered Confederation, did not contain
any clause guaranteeing the perman-
ency of Separate schools. He asserted
that this clause was an interpolation—
a forgery in fact—by the late venerated
Archbishop of St. Boniface and
Father Richot.

This accusation proves that impu-
dence is no small element in Mr. Sif-
ton's make-up. Even if it were true
that the Bill of Rights contained no
such clause, the accusation against
Archbishop Tache and Father Richot is
an unjustifiable impertinence. But in
regard to the Bill of Rights there is no
doubt. The original has, it appears,
been mislaid—perhaps stolen—from
the Dominion archives, and it cannot
now be found; but there is ample evi-
dence as to what it contained. It was
produced at the trial of the Manitoba
case before the Canadian Supreme
Court, and there is a certified copy of
it in the Department of Justice, and
we have the pronouncement on its
authenticity by the Canadian Supreme

Court, and the Judicial Committee of
the British Privy Council, all attesting
that the Separate school clause is
genuine.

In addition to all this we have the
Manitoba Act, which was passed by
Parliament to carry out the promises
of the Canadian Government to Mani-
toba, and we were assured that the
Separate school clause was inserted in
that Act for the purpose of fulfilling
the pledges of the Government to the
people of that province.

It has recently been stated that the
original Bill of Rights has been redis-
covered, and that it does not contain
the Separate school clause. As it is
known that there were several drafts
of this Bill, only one of which was the
one approved by the people of Mani-
toba, taken to Ottawa by the delegates
of the territory, and accepted by the
Canadian Government, it is quite pos-
sible that the parties who succeeded in
making away with the original docu-
ment have managed also to produce
one of the spurious ones which they
wish to substitute for it now; but
there is too much evidence, proving
what the original contained, to make
any such plan as this successful. In
addition to the evidence we have
already mentioned, we have the posi-
tive statements of Father Richot, one of
the Manitoba delegates, and of the late
Archbishop Tache, who was chosen by
the Dominion Government as an in-
termediary to bring about a peaceful
settlement of the troubles of 1869-70,
that the Bill of Rights agreed to by the
two contracting parties contained the
Separate school clause, and no spurious
copy of that document can now be sub-
stituted for the original. At all
events, even independently of the
original Bill of Rights, the Constitu-
tion given by the Canadian Parli-
ament to Manitoba, and accepted
by unanimous vote of the first
Manitoba Legislature as the basis
of the rights of the new Pro-
vince, should be sufficient to con-
vince any intelligent observer of
events that it was the intention of the
inhabitants of the Province that mi-
nority rights should be placed beyond
control of the majority, whether the
unknown future would make that
majority Catholic or Protestant. It is
only because the minority has proved to
be Catholic that the Manitoba Gov-
ernment is bold enough to set aside
those rights; but it is evident that it
is the duty of the Government and
Parliament of the Dominion resolutely
to maintain them.

In maintaining their rights, the
Catholics of Manitoba have calmly but
firmly adhered to what is guaranteed
in the constitution of our country.
The agitation against the constitution
has been confined to those who have
always professed that they are bound
by their oaths to maintain the consti-
tution and the constitutional rights of
British subjects of all classes and
creeds; but we have never been de-
ceived by these professions. We knew
them to be a delusion and a snare.

GAMBLING.

Some may wonder why we do not
leave such topics to the pulpit, where
they could be treated more convinc-
ingly and earnestly. But a Catholic
paper is but the echo of a Catholic pul-
pit, and we make no apology.

Our young and old men gamble; and
if there are any who doubt this state-
ment they may enquire at the Customs
houses and discover from the number
of packs of cards that find their way
weekly into Canada that it is an indis-
putable fact. There are many who
spend their Sundays in the fascinating
work of card-shuffling. You will see
them in hotels, in club-rooms, etc.,
anxious and careworn, bending every
energy to the task of endeavoring to
make a little money. Gold is their
god, and gambling is the short way to
his temple. And who can estimate the
irreparable damage done to charac-
ter by such uncausing recreation! Far
from us to play the role of
a fanatic on such a subject.
We have no censure for the family
party where to while away an hour
cards are resorted to, but we condemn
unreservedly the assemblies of young
men who know no nobler species of
recreation than gambling. It is the
beginning of ruin. It is the origin of
unhealthy and feverish thoughts that
deprive him of manhood and make
him oftentimes a thief and drunkard.
Many an absconder dates his downfall
from the pleasant poker party. He
gets into the habit of providing him-
self with a little money from the strong
box of his employer. He returns it, of
course. But luck fails him, and he
must needs pay another visit to the
cash box. And so it runs on, and his

indebtedness to his employer becomes
larger until suspicions are aroused and
he finds himself dismissed, branded
with the stigma of theft that years of
faithful labor will be powerless to
efface.

And if such does not happen he
becomes, sooner or later, bereft of the
high endeavor. Persistent toil has
no charms for him. He becomes a fail-
ure, and joins the ranks of those young
men who are fond of ascribing their
non-success in life to their Catho-
licity. Poor infants who expect codd-
ling, and who imagine that they can
stand idly and win the prizes of life!
Bigots there are who will not employ a
Catholic, but they are few in number
compared to the vast army of men who
look only to integrity and business
qualifications.

Unflagging toil never failed yet, and
never will, and if our young men are
hewers of wood and drawers of water,
they owe it to themselves, to their
want of energy and endurance. We
should advise them in the first
place to shun the innocent game of
poker. We indeed feel diffident
in uttering this warning, but we know
that our interest in their welfare will
do much to condone our presumption
and to impress upon them that our
words are prompted by sad and in-
glorious careers of many from whom
we expected much.

Let them shut their club-rooms
against gambling of any kind. They
will, of course, be opposed by "the
croakers and kickers," but they can,
without any detriment, efface their
names from the roll of members.
They are always stumbling-blocks to
the progress of any organization. It
is sometimes alleged that the money
gained by gambling parties is em-
ployed to defray the expenses of a club
organization. This is no palliative,
and better far there should be no clubs,
no societies, than that our young men
should be ruined.

THE PROSPECT FOR HOME RULE.

The question whether the Liberal
party of England will shelve the ques-
tion of Home Rule for Ireland is being
constantly discussed by the Tory
papers, and the opinion is freely ex-
pressed by them that Irish Home Rule
is a dead issue. In this conclusion Mr.
Smalley also concurs; but there is no
doubt that in every case the wish is
father to the thought.

The fight against Home Rule has
been carried on with great bitterness,
and Mr. Arthur Balfour persists in as-
serting that the advocates of Home
Rule are aiming at the dismemberment
of the Empire. This is a cunning
presentation of the case, as the people
of Great Britain, and especially of
England, are jealous of any movement
which might result in the weakening
of Imperial power and prestige; but
that it is a misrepresentation of the
case is clear from the undeniable at-
tachment to the Empire of the Liberal
politicians, who have pledged them-
selves without reserve to the granting
of Home Rule.

No one can doubt the sincerity of
Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Mr.
Morley, and Sir William Harcourt, in
their professions of attachment to the
Empire, and their desire to see its
prestige remain undiminished. Yet
these all have assured us over and
over again that, instead of weakening
the power of the Empire, a Home Rule
measure satisfactory to the people of
Ireland will consolidate its strength,
by making a contented people, who will
feel that their interests are irrevocably
bound up with those of the people gen-
erally. The strength of a State is
necessarily dependent on the good will
and loyalty of the people, all of which
cannot be assured if they feel that
they are governed, not for
the purpose of making them prosper-
ous, but for that of enriching a few
landlords at the expense of their hard
toil. Home Rule is the only means of
securing that Ireland will be properly
governed; for experience has shown
that Ireland's grievances cannot com-
pany in the House of Parliament at
Westminster, that attention which is
necessary that the measures needed for
the prosperity of the country may be
passed. The great Liberal party has
become thoroughly convinced of all
this, and thus they have bound them-
selves most solemnly to pass a good
Home Rule measure. The question,
therefore, is not dead, and it will be
passed certainly if the Liberals re-
main in power. If they are defeated
at the next election, of course the pas-
sage of Home Rule will be deferred,
but not indefinitely. We have every
confidence, however, that the Liberals
will win, and that the question of

Home Rule will come to the front
again, and that even the Lords will
yield obedience to the renewed man-
date of the people.

The unfortunate division of the
Irish Nationalist party into two camps
has undoubtedly delayed the gaining
of Home Rule, but it has not destroyed
its prospect. Time will certainly heal
this breach, though there is still a con-
siderable amount of bitterness exist-
ing between the two Nationalist parties.
The bulk of the Irish people, however,
are determined on carrying out the
true Irish policy. They are not tied
to factions, and they will rally around
the National party more and more
resolutely till it become, once more a
unit.

That the Liberals have not aban-
doned Home Rule has been made evi-
dent by very recent pronouncements
of Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Sir
William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Mr.
Shaw Lefevre and others. Mr.
Morley said, only a few weeks ago,
that the Liberals are still determined
to give a Home Rule measure "which
shall not fall short of Mr. Gladstone's
bill of 1893."

In the meantime the people of Ire-
land are more content than ever to
wait peacefully till the natural course
of events shall bring about the final
result on which they have set their
hearts. Legislation has been secured
which has greatly ameliorated their
condition, though it has not assured to
them all they desire. This will only
be when Home Rule will be estab-
lished, but they have the firm convic-
tion that this will certainly come.

A recent letter from Mr. William
O'Brien to the *Chicago New World* ex-
presses this conviction, or at least that
even if the next general election
should result in a not very decisive
victory for the Tories, the victory will
be ultimately with the Liberals, and
Home Rule will become the law of the
land. "The extent of the defeat or
victory of Home Rule will depend," he
says, "upon the suppression of per-
sonal revolts in the ranks of the Lib-
erals, and the gradual approximation
of all sections of Nationalists toward
the common platform contemplated by
the Archbishop of Dublin."

The Ulster Unionists are, on the
other hand, making every effort to
carry on the war against the National-
ist proposition. The various Unionist
Leagues have issued a joint appeal to
the public to contribute £10,000 to
enable them to fight against Home
Rule, and to propagate their principles
in preparation for the coming election.

On the occasion of their last similar
appeal, not a tithe of the money they
demanded was forthcoming; and it
can scarcely be expected that the pres-
ent begging circular will be a whit
more successful. The Irish landlord
party know by this time that their star
is no longer in the ascendant, and they
have grown discouraged at the pros-
pect, and hampered as they are by the
diminished incomes they are receiving
in consequence of the partial recogni-
tion of tenants' rights which has
already become law, they are not
disposed to throw away good money as
bait for fishes that will not bite.

There has been recently some dissat-
isfaction in the ranks of the Tories,
owing to the want of success which has
followed the union of their party with
the dissident Liberals, or Liberal-
Unionists, under lead of Mr. Joseph
Chamberlain. They feel that the
alliance has not given that strength to
their cause which they hoped in the
beginning to derive from it, and they
are freely expressing their dissatisfac-
tion.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have
both spoken lately on this subject, the
tenor of their remarks being the same.
Lord Salisbury's desire is expressed as
follows:

"The mass of the Conservative
voters, and certainly the leaders of the
party, are desirous that the alliance
between the Conservative and Liberal-
Unionist parties shall be confirmed and
strengthened."

Mr. Balfour said:
"The Unionist Alliance aims at the
greatness of the Empire alone, has the
right to subscribe itself the Imperial
party to promote social reform, to
maintain industrial liberty, and to
resist socialist schemes."

That it should be now deemed nec-
essary to argue thus in favor of contin-
uing the Alliance, indicates that feeling
must be very strong among the Con-
servatives toward breaking it up; and
it may be broken up at any moment,
in spite of the efforts of the leaders on
both sides, to preserve it. Should this
be the case, the hands of the Home Rulers
would be strengthened; however, the
latter should rely upon their own
energy and determination, rather
than, Micawber-like, to wait till some-
thing like a discussion turn up in the

Tory camp which will strengthen the
Liberals.

A reunion of Irish Nationalists
would be sufficient to turn the scale in
favor of the Liberals, and we may still
hope that such a union will be effected
before the general election.

A ONE SIDED EQUAL RIGHTEER.

Mr. Robert Sellar, the editor and
proprietor of the *Huntingdon Gleaner*,
in the issue of that paper of May 2,
addresses an open letter to Sir Mac-
kenzie Bowell, Premier of the Domi-
nion, in reference to the Manitoba school
question.

The Protestants of the Province of
Quebec, for the most part, are imbued
with the spirit of good-will toward
their Catholic neighbors. The Hon.
Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, Mr. Pope, and
other prominent Protestants, have fre-
quently told the public that the Catho-
lic people of Quebec are anxious to
live in friendship and peace with their
Protestant neighbors, and that they
are tolerant and friendly toward them.
This is manifested in an especial
manner by the system of Protestant
Separate schools which has been will-
ingly granted by the Catholic major-
ity, giving Protestants full control
over their own system of education.

This system of Protestant schools
was not forced on Quebec by any Pro-
testant majority from other Provinces,
but was granted solely by the Catho-
lic Legislature of Quebec, and the
Protestants generally appreciate this
proof of Catholic toleration, and en-
deavor to reciprocate it by being
tolerant themselves.

This is not the case, however, with
Mr. Sellar, who has been always ready,
through the columns of the *Gleaner*, to
take a prominent part in every anti-
Catholic agitation which has originat-
ed among the fanatical factions of
Ontario. On the Manitoba question,
as might be expected, Mr. Sellar pro-
nounces himself opposed to the grant-
ing of justice to the Catholic minority
—though he is most decided in favor
of the continuance of the Protestant
schools of Quebec.

He argues that "There is only one
ground upon which the interference
of the State with education can be
justified, and that is for the protection
of society. Were it not for that, the
State would have no more right to pro-
vide schools for the youth of the
country, than it would to arrange for
giving them food and clothing."

This is his reasoning when he main-
tains that the Protestants of Quebec
have the right to their own schools.
But when the question is to deal with
the Catholic minority of Manitoba, his
wish is that they should be treated as a
conquered race, and his reason is:
"Quebec is British, not foreign soil:
it is under British law and custom,
etc."

This is language similar to that
which has been used by Mr. Dalton Mc-
Carthy before now, but these gentle-
men must learn, what they do not seem
to know, that the rights of citizens of
Canada are equal, no matter to which
race they may belong. Even though
the Quebec majority are of French
origin, they are full British sub-
jects, and the fact that their an-
cestors of many generations ago
were natives of France, and subjects of
France, the present generation are
British subjects, not only by treaty,
but also by birth, and their title to this
position has been sealed by their loy-
alty to the British flag in times when
they shed their blood in fighting to
maintain Canada as a British depend-
ency.

Mr. Sellar thinks that the Catholic
minority in Manitoba must educate
their children according to the views
of the Protestant majority, while the
Protestant minority in Quebec must
continue to have all the rights they
enjoy at present. He is very much
mistaken if he really imagines that
Canada is to be governed on any such
one-sided principles. The Catholics
of Canada are not here on toleration,
but by a right which dates further
back than do the rights of Protestants;
for they were the first settlers of the
country.

Mr. Sellar complains that where
Protestants in Quebec are not numer-
ous they are obliged to attend Catholic
schools. It is true that the Catholics
are taught their religion in the schools
of Quebec; but in these cases, the law
provides every safeguard that no child
shall be obliged to receive religious
education to which its parents object.

Here we may point out another seri-
ous error into which Mr. Sellar falls.
He declares that we are to be govern-
ed as British subjects, and infers thence
that the Catholic minority are to be
over-ridden on the question of educa-

tion. This is not the way Great Britain deals with its people. The British people are allowed to give a religious education to their children, and those who do so are not compelled to pay for the education of those of other people. This is the justice we demand for the Catholics of Manitoba—the same justice which the Catholic people of Quebec willingly concede to the Protestant minority in that Province.

THE REV. D. S. PHELAN AND THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

The astounding charges of immorality brought by the Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, against the young men and women of the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavorers, have excited much indignation among the Protestant press; and it is gratifying to observe that the Catholic papers of the United States, as well as the Archbishop of St. Louis, are equally decided in condemnation of the sweeping charges made. Father Phelan has been very properly condemned for his violent language. We oppose Protestantism as a system, because it substitutes a man-made organization for the divinely instituted Church of Christ, and sets the private opinions of individuals to pass judgment upon the laws and teachings of Almighty God. But this is no reason why we should represent all Protestant organizations as hot-beds of iniquity.

We are quite of opinion that the Christian Endeavorers and the members of the Epworth League are honest in their convictions that their efforts to bring Christians of every denomination to practice the duties prescribed by their various methods of discipline, will be productive of great good. We believe that these methods will fail, because they are on a purely human basis, and can never fill the place for which Christ instituted the sacraments, and the great Sacrifice of the Mass. But even a morality founded on natural motives, and appealing to natural sentiment, is better than no morality at all. We therefore approve of the efforts of the members of these organizations and of the Salvation Army to become better Christians, and to induce others to become better, even though the methods they adopt fall far short of what should be done by practical Christians. Yet it is not fair to represent the participants in these methods as the bond men and women of every vice.

The Christian Endeavorers have, since Father Phelan's attack upon them, petitioned Monsignor Satolli to suspend Father Phelan. Though we disapprove of the language which he has used in reference to the Endeavorers, we believe they have overstepped the bounds of discretion in making such an appeal to the Pope's representative on this continent.

The Church has its laws and discipline, and Mgr. Satolli may be relied on to follow those laws in his dealing with the case. It cannot be expected that he will accept the dictation of a society which does not recognize his authority, but which, on the contrary, constantly repudiates and endeavors to destroy it.

The ecclesiastical authorities are the judges of what reparation should be made for Father Phelan's unwarranted attack upon the harmless societies against which he has launched his wholesale denunciations. These associations have no such wicked objects in view as the A. P. A. and P. P. A., and though we do not believe that their general conventions which bring thousands of young men and women together, sometimes in one city, and sometimes in another, will bring about any moral reform, we cannot approve of any general attack upon the morality of these young people, who are endeavoring to do good, even though the methods they adopt are ineffectual in accomplishing the purpose they have in view.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said: "You can fool all the people sometimes; you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." This idea, forcibly if not elegantly expressed, should be treasured up by the politicians who are endeavoring to fan the smouldering embers of prejudice and bigotry to a white heat. We have no patience with them. Sad enough is it when itinerant preachers and nondescript lecturers employ the assassin weapons of calumny and misrepresentation, but it is a sight inexpressibly mournful to behold men presumably educated employ them. It is a prostitu-

tion of honor and truth. It is an example of awful significance to the youth of our country. It makes our cities but abiding-places of acrimonious controversialists and brings contempt as sincere as it is well merited upon our country. Again we declare our detestation of such unpatriotic and un-Christian methods and we shall bend our every energy to the exposing of politicians who shape their conduct by them.

NEVER has the RECORD uttered one word derogatory to the character of the men and women who do not share its religious belief. True, our columns have at times breathed a spirit of hostility, but only towards those who would fain rob us of the priceless heritage of our Catholic faith. To all others have we extended the hand of fellowship, but we shall ever combat any man or set of men who uproar between creed and creed the barriers of prejudice and hatred.

WE ARE Canadians, and our first purpose should be to promote the well-being of our country. Every honest man deplores the utterance of the malicious word. Attached he may be to his creed, but not so much as to ignore the rights of others. There are thousands of such men in every great commercial city of Canada. They pierce the veil with which politicians would conceal their sinister designs, and such is our trust in their honor and integrity that we know they shall mete out punishment to the men who are proving themselves recreant to the duty they owe to their country.

PLACE, then, the Manitobaschool question in its true light before the people. We have no fear of the verdict, for justice and truth point out the only way of solving the problem. Give these people their schools. Place them if you will under Government supervision, but do not rob them of their rights. That they have a right to separate schools cannot be denied by anyone who has even a bowing acquaintance with the history of Canada. It is a right so definite and well defined that Manitoba Catholics would be paltry cowards to relinquish one iota of it. To surrender now would be an indelible disgrace.

THE preachers who are busily engaged in furbishing the antique weapon of "priestly power," etc., will not meet the old-time enthusiastic welcome. The day has passed for that sort of thing. We should, however, advise them to read their Bible prayerfully and meditate upon the terrible denunciations against liars and calumniators. Then they may enjoy "A peace above all earthly dignities. A still and quiet conscience."

A BLATANT "patriot" of St. Louis, a jeweller named Wright who advertised himself as "the A. P. A. jeweller and watchmaker," has suddenly come to grief. Wright was one of the leaders of Apalism in Missouri, and it was his declared intention to save American institutions from the blighting influence of Romanism. His was the task to purify the atmosphere of American political life, and the way he took to purify it was this: He sold jewelry on the "consignment plan," and the jewelry he had in his safe belonged mostly to two firms to which he was indebted in the amounts of \$150 and \$350, respectively. But just the day before his establishment broke up he took care to increase his indebtedness by running up a couple of bills for \$100 and \$19 respectively. This was on Friday, and on Saturday he wheeled his thus acquired property to the railway station in a baby carriage, and disappeared. The police are now trying to find him. It is just of such material as Wright is made of that A. P. A. and P. P. A. leaders are built. We have had specimens of them in Ontario.

THE Manitoba Legislature met, as announced, on the 9th inst., but as it appears that the Government of the Province have not as yet made up their minds how to act regarding the school question, the Legislature was again adjourned to June 13. The purpose of this second adjournment is not very clear, as the members of the Government still declare that they will not obey the remedial order. If they have made up their minds to this, it is difficult to see why they should not officially announce their decision. The real motive for the extraordinary course they are pursuing seems to be to delay as long as possible the granting of a remedy to Catholic grievances, in the hope that something will turn up to enable them to evade the question. If they neglect to take

action, however, the reasonable inference will be that they do not intend to obey the remedial order, and thus they will virtually hand over to the Dominion Parliament their prerogative of dealing with the matter of education as far as Catholic Separate schools are concerned.

MR. BALFOUR'S book on the Foundations of Belief has come in for much criticism, both favorable and adverse. It paints a moral, however, in showing how disquieted may become an individual on religious questions when bereft of the guidance that alone can give security to his intelligence.

A RECENT writer has declared that if the end of the century had a leader such as Thomas Carlyle we might be spared much sham and nonsense. Possibly, however, we might have an increase, for Carlyle was himself a monumental sham. He was not so at the beginning of his career, but he talked himself out, and toward the eventide of his life said an infinite deal about nothing.

THE A. P. A. of Stockton, California, were lately much disappointed in a lecture delivered by a member of the order, the Rev. Dr. Rashin, who was engaged to deliver a series of lectures. The reverend doctor told his audience "that Catholic priests would compare well in morality with the Protestant preachers. He had been in the ministry for thirty years, knew how it was from an inside view, and, man for man, he believed the priests might challenge comparison with the ministers. As for the Sisters, no body of women of like numbers could be found more pure, and he didn't believe a like number so brave and self-sacrificing could be found. As to toleration, if Rome were dead and Protestants had their way they would burn the free-thinkers or banish them." The whole lecture was in similar strain, and the lodge resolved that Dr. Rashin's engagement should be cancelled. His talk was not of the kind they wished to hear. It was not truth they wanted, but something that would nourish their hatred of Catholics. Surely Dr. Rashin will deem it his duty to come out from the Babylon of falsehood lovers.

THE Rev. A. Andrews, pastor of the Minnedosa Methodist Church, Manitoba, sees and admits the propriety of doing justice to Catholics on the school question, and he writes a long letter to the *Winnipeg Free Press* on the subject, pointing out that if justice be not granted, the tables may be turned on the Protestant minority of Quebec in a manner that may not please them. He says:

"If here in the Province of Manitoba where the Catholics have had Separate schools for about eighteen years, just because we were in majority, our Government, without any mandate from the electorate, swept them away with surprising haste in legislation; how would the Protestant minority in Quebec be likely to fare at the hands of their Catholic fellow citizens? We have always boasted of Protestant fair play, yet in this case, the might does the right, and justifies itself by saying: 'There is no wrong done to anyone.' But who says there is no grievance? The majority. Are we in a position to decide for them? How deeply they feel the wrong is plain from the fact that for the past four years they have been supporting their own schools, while being at the same time called upon to pay taxes to support schools which very few of their people utilize. . . . It is amusing to hear gentlemen posing as the champions of fair play, talking about the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec attempting to rule this province. Had they taken away any rights of ours, and we were endeavoring now to regain them, we might have taken this position. The real contention is that we Protestants have taken what the highest court of this great empire has decided was their right, according to the declaration of the constitution, and they are seeking its restoration in a legal and regular manner. But we stand, saying, 'Hands off, we have done you no damage, and no relief, therefore, can be allowed, and with uplifted hands cry out, 'No priesthood can be allowed to check Manitoba.'"

MR. LOYSON, formerly known as Father Hyacinthe, but now a schismatic, has suddenly discovered many excellencies in Mahometanism, and he is at present advocating a religious alliance of the Gospel and the Koran in Algeria. Perhaps we may next find Mr. Loyson exhibiting himself in the dime museums as a howling dervish, in which capacity he may prove more of a success than as one of the propagandists of the Old Catholic Church, as he failed so egregiously in this field. In his new role he says:

"As a sincere disciple of Jesus I do not believe that I offend Him in recognizing Mohammed as the prophet of the Arabs. It was not without the

Divine inspiration that he founded the grand religion of Islam. By the political alliance of France and Islam we shall create a military power with which the world will have to count, and by the religious alliance of the Gospel and the Koran we shall make a light shine upon souls such as they have not yet seen."

At a public meeting held in Dublin under the presidency of the Protestant Archbishop of that city, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of an intermediate commercial school for Protestants, Lord Chief Justice Fitzgibbon paid a tribute to the efficiency of the work done by the Christian Brothers. The traducers of the teaching Catholic religious orders might learn something from His Lordship's remarks, which were to the following effect:

"This was the system that the Christian Brothers had brought to such extreme perfection, because in all their schools every class was weeded out at the end of term, promotion by merit took place, and at the head of every large Christian Brothers' school there was what was called an intermediate school. The result was that last year the Brothers carried off very nearly 50 per cent. of the entire intermediate endowment, by means of boys selected for the most part from the lower classes, and promoted from school to school. These boys were turned out to compete with Protestant boys at an enormous advantage, and were, as he could say from a knowledge of government competitive examinations, beating them all along the line by nothing but good teaching."

MAY MEMORIES.

A Canticle of the Springtide.

All along the valley the tender light of the chaste moon and of a countless number of stary worlds was shed in softest radiance. The smile of God had rested on the green hillside, and the heavenly rains had turned the clear voices of the twin streams in a sublime canticle of spring. It was May, sweet, smiling May.

Lute and harp and viol were charming the early night with music in praise of the immaculate Virgin; voices were stilled to appreciative silence as the strings, under the hands of masters, swept the sweet tones with a rare freshness—almost a fragrance—over the spell-bound listening hearts.

The theme was old as the world and new as the first breath of morning. It contained few words, but they were tender and true. It read:

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come.
For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone.
The flowers have appeared in our land.

The prelude was an inspiration. The bright, sparkling tones revived many a forgotten impression—a wayside shrine: a garland of wild flowers; the old familiar chimas that became again a living voice with their sweet, heart-thrilling melody calling the flower of blooming childhood to the Madonna's sheltering arms; the children's hymn, full, strong, vigorous, from the heart.

Again, a city street through which a child walked hand in hand with the best of mothers to receive the Greatest Gift.

Now a flower-strewn meadow where the shooting-stars, as the children loved to call the wild blossoms of the prairie, made a heaven of the grass, and where the bright bouquets were culled which made the altar of Mary a bower of beauty. Even the wooded nook, like a green cloister sheltering a cluster of chosen and chaste May-buds which even the devout may not disturb. The wild hyacinth mingling its purple of penance with the baptismal innocence of the fragrant white violet lingering still to charm the sylvan solitude like a promise of Paradise.

Then the theme that called all these loyal subjects of a little kingdom—the Kingdom of Love.

Again it is the May-time. The flowers, like God's gracious benedictions, are strewn everywhere. They await us by the shallow stream, where every pebble is a gem, so wonderfully bright each seems through the transparent waters.

The winter is now past, the rain is over and gone.

The Mother of beautiful love has arisen. The sweet smile and the ever open hands seem a perpetual welcome, the Rosary suspended from blue girdle; and the warm, bright roses glowing at her feet. Ah! now the music swells as with the voices of humanity. A fair procession without a pause passes unending while the sweet strains rise heavenward on the silent night. Banners of blue and white flaunt in the summer sky, and beneath the banners, souls, simple, sweet and sincere, pass on rejoicing. They come from camp and cloister, from the noisy city streets and the lovely country roads. These come with hearts full of love, alike from college hall and busy workshop, from the haunts of commerce and the cause of travel. And they come with the same loving salutation, the same dear, expressive words learned and lisped in childhood at mother's knee, and happily offered with the same devotion as a child, lifted in a sister's arms, placing a flower at Mary's feet. Yes, still it is a flower and a song. The music trembles and seemingly sinks in sorrow; it is only the rhapsody of love. A flower and a song, the tribute of a loving heart; the world offers nothing better and gives nothing

as good with its charm of fragrance and music.

Over the tender green sward goes a group of white-veiled maidens; again the blue banners wave. The Mother of beautiful love is the Mother of holy hope, and the colors of purity and peace take on a new significance as the words of consecration are pronounced and the Holy Names are named that make these forever Children of Mary. It is the voice of the Mother of holy hope that now sounds in the silence. There is a battle to be fought and there must be a victory. The contest is on no material field; the conquest is souls. All over the land the valiant ones are blooming like the flowers.

The rain is over and gone.
The flowers have appeared in our land.
Sweet music that has charmed us into the kingdom of love where the tender, true outpourings of constant hearts are chronicled in no courtly caledars, but where love and hope and sympathy are blended in a chorus of joy!

Bright and fair little kingdom of love where the throne is a shrine at which the hungry heart can ever worship, and always with glory and grace. The offerings may be pitifully small, yet nothing is unheeded. Now a flower; now a song; some beautiful blessing is asked; some more than mortal manifestation is requested. The loving worshippers are always importunate; they are never refused. Here they can be happy even as slaves, for it is a slavery without chains; or as knights, for the sword need never be unsheathed; or as poets, for they will not have to seek a theme; or as high-priests, for the victim is the Giver and the Gift.

Again the hymn of the children gathered about the love-lit shrine. The music sinks into a sigh; the voices of the twin streams sound still beneath the stars. The world is lost in a dream from which the smile of God will waken it again to bird song and the music of May.

Happy the hearts that have their dream! They enter the kingdom of love where the throne is a shrine. The chorus of sweet sounds is the music of May; the theme is a mother's love. The worshippers come from far and near, but they come. Hope holds out her arms, the vision is one of supernatural beauty.

A crown is held aloft; it is a garland of fadeless fame.

The smiling Roman saint has said: "The Madonna must be our love."
This dream is bliss without a sigh; the awakening is—heaven!—J. W. S. Norris, in the *Rosary*.

MISSIONS TO THE WHITES.

We lately took occasion to remark on the missionary spirit, and the obligation of Catholics especially in reference to the heathen at our own doors—the Indian and the Negroes. But the efforts of Father Elliot, of the Paulist community in this city, remind us that there is another class—perhaps it is hardly fair to call them heathen, though in a large number of instances they are scarcely less ignorant, at least to the Catholic religion than the veriest pagans in foreign lands.

In the April number of the *Catholic World* Father Elliot has a stirring article entitled "Musings of a Missionary," in which with characteristic zeal and fervor he pleads earnestly for missions to the whites.

His heart is all aglow with the love of these souls deprived of the inestimable blessings of Holy Church and he seems burdened with the weight of responsibility for their conversion and salvation. His experience at the North-West, first in Michigan and then in Ohio, has deeply impressed him with the vast importance of the work. He is convinced that the people, upon the whole, are in a receptive state of mind. He says the ears of our separated brethren are open to the truth.

"Let us realize," he writes, "as an actual fact that we caught a hearing. Accept our evidence, accept the evidence of many other priests from all sections of the country; we are witnesses who have tried the experiment and who have succeeded. The condition of things, therefore, is this: the Catholic Church in America is among a non-Catholic people who are willing to listen to Catholic truth. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with it. As laymen, priest or prolate, reckon with God thus: I am a member of the one true Church and I can get a hearing for its claims from non-Catholics; what should I do about it?"

Father Elliot insists that: "The non-Catholic people of America, good and bad and taken as they are, are religious in their tendencies. They believe in God as their maker and ruler, in Jesus Christ as their teacher and Saviour, in the Scriptures as God's book. And, taken again as a body, their aversion to Catholicity is not passionate. On religious subjects of every kind, not excepting Catholic doctrine and practice, they will converse much, read some and will listen to competent lecturers. May it not be affirmed that this condition of our countrymen places us in the position of the Apostle?—'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!'"

He says there is a common impression among our countrymen that if a man lives up to the requirements of the Catholic religion he will be a good man and a good citizen. This imposes upon all the obligation of making known as far as in their power, both by precept and example, the real truths and claims of the Catholic religion.

"Every parish priest," he says, "should be something of a missionary. Every parish church should have an apostolic side, as to doctrine, by lec-

turing, preaching and distributing literature; as to devotion by introducing extra-liturgical services which non-Catholics can understand and are likely to attend. . . . Every function of the parish church can, if the pastor wishes it, be made a medium of communicating truth to non-Catholics."

This suggestion about adapting our services as much as possible to the comprehension and appreciation of non-Catholics strikes us as timely, especially in view of the success which has attended such services in the Paulist church. The Sunday evening services conducted by Father Elliot in that church are attended by crowds of outsiders and all are invited to join in singing the devotional hymns which are found printed on cards in all the pews. The invitation seems to be generally accepted, as a great volume of sound rolls through the spacious church, Father Elliot's stentorian and musical voice rising above, controlling and directing all.

But the zealous Father is not content with parish missionary effort, he is ambitious that an organized system of missionary operations should be established in every diocese.

"But let us hope," he writes "that a band of Bishop's missionaries may soon be introduced into every diocese, as we already have one in the diocese of Cleveland—a limited number of the diocesan clergy set apart each for a term of years, for missions to non-Catholics. Let such missions once become part of the routine of a diocese and even routine men will rise to a missionary level."

And he is confident not only that great good will be done, but that if the work is zealously undertaken and vigorously prosecuted the whole country may be made Catholic in a much shorter time than mere routine men are apt to suppose.

"But meantime," writes the indefatigable Father, "some of us wait for ecclesiastical legislation. The unreary man covets the spur of the law until he feels it, and then he clamors for freedom. Priests, say, Why don't the Bishops take up Protestant missions? And then the people say, Why don't the priests take them up? And we all say, Why don't the Catholic press do it? And again why don't the religious orders do more of it? All of which means let anybody set to work converting Protestants—except me."

Authority he says is necessary, but missionary effort does not originate by law-making. "Fruitful missionary activity originates in the voices heard in the inner chamber of men's souls. Apostolic zeal flows from the springs opened in our hearts by the touch of the Holy Spirit. When he smites the rock abundant waters flow forth, when he lifts the rod the Red Sea of obstacles is parted asunder." We think the importance of this subject will justify our recurring to it in a future article with the design of showing Father Elliot's idea of the best mode of approaching outsiders in missionary work.—Catholic Review.

The Catholic Reaction in Europe.

That there is at present not only an absolute recoil all over Europe from the scepticism, impure literary tone, and maudlin sentiment of a few years ago, but also a distinct advance towards deeper religious feeling, can be easily gathered from the mode in which the reflections of the distinguished critic Ferdinand Brunetiere on the religious aspects of life, have been received in the different literary centres. M. Brunetiere has clearly given expression to views that, in an obscure sort of way, have been leavening in every country the minds of thoughtful men not ordinarily affected by religious influences.

Dealing with the subject from a purely earthly point of view, he makes a strong plea for Christian unity, proves the transcendent superiority of Catholicism to other forms of belief, and demonstrates the absolute impossibility of controlling the revolutionary forces at work in society without its aid.

The *London Spectator*, in a long and weighty editorial, declares that M. Brunetiere's opinions demand the serious consideration of England quite as much as of France.

But it is naturally in France that the views of the eminent academicien have been most discussed. There they have excited the furious rancor of a few inveterate materialists, but have aroused admiration in quarters where one would least expect them to make an impression. M. Berthelot's attempts to prove in the *Bue de Paris* that science is still God, and scientists are His prophets, have been met with a chorus of sarcasm in the comic journals of France's capital. M. Berthelot must have been so astounded at finding the mockers on the side of religion this time, that he will be hardly tempted to renew his assaults on M. Brunetiere's position.—James Clarkson, in *Dunahoe's Magazine*.

When Haste is Unseemly.

Should you hear an early Mass, don't rush out of the church as soon as the priest has said the last prayer. He may have something to say that concerns you as well as others; something, perhaps, about a holiday or a fast day. And if you miss that by rushing out too soon, you will, after reading this item, have to answer to God for not hearing Mass on that holiday or not observing that fast day, in case it was in your power to do so. So remain in the church until the priest shall have said this last say. Then go, and not before.

THE PREACHER AND HIS PROVINCE.

An Interesting Article, Written for the North American Review, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

After the Bible, the study of mankind is the most important and most instructive pursuit for the ambassador of Christ. The aim of his ministry is to enlighten and convince, to persuade and convert his fellow-being, to elevate him to a higher plane of moral rectitude.

The first step toward the accomplishment of this noble aim is to obtain a thorough knowledge of man, his springs of action, his yearnings and desires, his passions and emotions, his vices and temptations, as also the arguments, the motives, and the means best calculated to promote his spiritual progress.

Now, the knowledge of the mysterious kingdom of the heart is more accurately acquired by studying the original than by seeing it described in a book. An artist makes a better portrait from a living subject than from his photograph. We view objects in the abstract in books, but in the concrete in living men.

Books describe human beings as existing in times and countries, or under circumstances different from our own. But in studying the race that surrounds us, we contemplate man just as he is to-day.

We see him not reflected through the mind of another, but as viewed by ourselves. Human nature, it is true, is everywhere radically the same, but it receives a coloring and an impression from its environments. Man is influenced and modified in temperament and habits of thought by his social and domestic surroundings, and by the political institutions under which he lives.

By a knowledge of his own times and people, the speaker can accommodate his remarks to the special needs of his hearers.

A SUITABLE SERMON.

An exhortation that would be admirably suited to a French or Spanish congregation might not be adopted to an American audience. A discourse against the evils of divorce, which is so vital a subject with us, would scarcely find an application in Ireland, or the Tyrol, where divorces are almost unknown. A sermon that would be most appropriate to a fourth or fifth century congregation, might be out of place in our time and country, as the prevailing errors and vices of those times are not the prevailing errors and vices of to-day. St. John Chrysostom's arraignment of the voluptuous court of Constantinople in the beginning of the fifth century would be a libel if applied to-day to the White House at Washington. His denunciations of the theatre in that city could not be justly repeated from an American pulpit without some important reservations.

They who have long experience in the ministry, cannot fail to observe the faults into which young clergymen, whose knowledge is chiefly confined to books, and who have had, as yet, little opportunity to commune with his fellow-men, are sometimes liable to fall. They are apt to attach undue weight to matters of minor importance, and to treat lightly subjects of grave moment; they may be strained, fanciful and unreal and talk over the heads of the people; or they may denounce in unmeasured, exaggerated terms, a social plague scarcely known by the congregation.

As once listened to a clergyman condemning in vehement language, low-necked dresses where their use was utterly unknown, and where the censure had as little application as it would have had among the inhabitants of the Arctic regions. I heard of a young minister of the gospel who delivered a homily on the ravages of intemperance before an audience composed exclusively of pious, unmarried ladies, who hardly knew the taste of wine.

Some of our separated clerical brethren are not infrequently betrayed into similar errors by ascribing to their Catholic fellow-citizens religious doctrines and practices which the latter repudiate. A caricature instead of a true picture, is held up to the public gaze, because the information is drawn from books, hearsay, or tradition, and not from contact with living men.

MODERATION IN JUDGMENT.

Another advantage which we derive from the discreet study of men, is the habit of moderation in our judgment of them. We will find that few men are altogether perfect, and few also totally depraved. Blemishes will be discovered in the most exemplary character, and traits of goodness in the most abandoned and perverse. This two-fold experience will teach us to use sobriety of speech in praising virtuous men and women, including even canonized saints, and to avoid excessive harshness in reproving sinners. For if we paint righteous men without a single fault, we tempt the objects of our eulogy to vanity, and we discourage those who are earnestly aspiring to virtue; but if we paint the vicious as absolutely bad, we drive them to despair.

This subject is forcibly illustrated by the different methods pursued in writing the lives of men conspicuous for Christian or civic virtues. Some authors portrayed the saint, leaving out the man. They gave us the light without the shadow. There was no background to their picture. They exhibited an ideal character, entirely free from foibles. Many readers regard these biographies as one-sided or unreal, and take no pleasure in studying them. Others, accepting them as true, derive little consolation or en-

couragement from their perusal, since the model is beyond their reach.

Of late years, I am happy to say, we are treated to memoirs that aim at being true to life, that represent to us men of flesh and blood as well as of spirit,—men of strong faith, virility of soul, genuine charity, magnanimity of character, and self-denial, but not exempt from some of the imperfections incident to humanity. The merit of these biographies is that the author has either studied his subjects from life, or he represents them to us in their true light, as portrayed in their own actions and writings. The public man, whether churchman or layman, who never committed an error of judgment, or who was never betrayed into any moral delinquency, will hardly ever be credited with any great words or with deeds worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

FEAR NOT THE LIGHT.

The best models of biography are the inspired penmen. They give us a faithful and accurate portrait of their most sacred subjects without any effort to hide their moral deformities or defects. David's sin, Peter's denial, Paul's persecutions of the early Church, the worldly ambition of the sons of Zebedee, the incredulity of Thomas, are fearlessly recorded without any attempt at extenuation or palliation. The transgressions of these men arouse our compassion without diminishing our reverence for them, and serve by contrast to lend additional lustre to the halo of their subsequent lives.

Who thinks less of Augustine and Jerome because he sees them engaged in earnest theological controversy which almost snapped asunder the bonds of charity? Who finds his veneration and love for Basil and Gregory cooled because of the melancholy estrangement that followed a long and tender friendship? Whoever would omit these episodes on the plea of mutilation would mutilate these glorious lives? "Hath God any need of your life," says the Prophet, "that you should speak deceitfully for Him?"

Neither have God's saints any need of having their faults suppressed. They are not whited sepulchres, and they fear not the light.

The alienation between Burke and Fox at the close of their career, though much to be deplored, does not diminish our admiration for those two statesmen. It brings out in stronger relief the inflexible character of Burke, which sacrificed friendship on the altar of truth. It shows us that upright men may sometimes differ in conclusions without violating conscience or incurring the unfavorable judgment of posterity.

Modern biographers, while dwelling with pride on the civic and military virtues of Washington, avoid the language of hyperbole in which some of his contemporary eulogists indulged toward the Father of His Country. They seemed to be so dazzled by the lustre of that great luminary before he descended below the horizon, that they could detect no shadow in the object of their adulation.

Webster, too, shortly before his death was lauded with extravagant encomiums as a man above reproach. The dispassionate testimony of Mr. Bryce, who says that his splendid intellect was mated to a character open to censure, will be acquiesced in by the judgment of impartial readers. Yet, the American people admire and cherish, none the less, these two illustrious personages, notwithstanding the more discriminating verdict and less fulsome praise of modern critics. The spots discovered in these effulgent suns, serve only to disclose in bolder light the splendor of their achievements.

"Paint me as I am, wars and all," said Cromwell to Cooper, the artist. STUDY YOUR OWN HEART.

The first living book that a student should read is his own heart, which is a little world in itself, a miniature of the great heart of humanity. "Know thyself," is a primary maxim of Christian, as well as of pagan, philosophy. Massillon was once asked how he could delineate so faithfully the emotions and the rebellions of the human heart, and especially the intrigues, the ambition and the jealousies of the Court, which he so rarely frequented. He replied that he drew his knowledge from the study of his own heart.

He will also find an open and instructive book full of object lessons in the mass of human beings that he may encounter in the daily walks of life.

He can pick up useful bits of information from his companions during his college course, and afterwards on the farm, in the workshop, in the counting room, in the social circle, on the steamboat and on the railway.

Sir Walter Scott says that a man of active mind cannot talk to the boy who holds his horse without obtaining some new thought.

KNOWLEDGE OBTAINED FROM PAROCIAL VISITATIONS.

But it is especially while making his daily rounds through the parish that the clergyman obtains profitable instruction and subject matter for his sermons. He is made acquainted with their virtues and vices, and with the sources of their temptations. He observes their patience and fortitude in poverty and sickness and their Christian resignation in the presence of death. He will often contemplate, in the cottages of the lowly, domestic peace and content which compensate them for their temporal privations. I have found evidences of genuine piety and gratitude even among the inmates of our penitentiary.

All this personal experience will enable the minister of God to speak in a manner intelligible and attractive to his audience, and to embellish his discourse by allusions to the incidents of

daily life, like our Lord, who habitually instructed in parables, and drew illustrations from the surrounding landscape, and from the habits and occupations of the people.

This intercourse with living men not only enlightens the mind, but it also quickens the sympathies fires the heart of the speaker in the pulpit far more powerfully than abstract learning; for what is seen affects us more sensibly than what is read, and the earnestness of our words is proportioned to the strength of our impression.

The more the man of God studies the inner life of the people, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, the more persuasive and moving will be his exhortations. He will come down to the level of his flock, he will be in touch with them, and they will recognize that his heart is in his work. He will retain his hold on the masses without neglecting the classes.

But, if the preacher has not the sympathy that is born of a knowledge of the people; if he cannot say with his Master, "I know mine, and mine know Me," he may enlighten without warming them. His words may be like oil poured on water; they will not mingle with their heart's blood.

INFLUENCE OVER MEN.

These remarks apply to statesmen and lawyers, as well as to ministers of the Gospel. O'Connell's influence over the people of Ireland was such as no other man in his generation ever exerted on any nation. He could sway the multitude, move them to tears or laughter, playing on every chord of their heart. The secret of his empire over his countrymen was that he had sprung from the peasantry, and had lived among them. He knew their grievances and aspirations and sympathized with them in their wrongs and sufferings.

Gladstone would never have attained his acknowledged eminence as a public speaker without his vast experience in the House of Commons. It was in that great university of politics that he learned the art of a consummate debater.

Daniel Webster was not more indebted to his book-learning for his success at the bar, than to his keen discernment of human character, and to his power to conciliate and control it. The following anecdote of him was related in my presence:

He and Rufus Choate were once pitted against each other as opposing counsel in a lawsuit concerning an alleged infringement of a patent right on locomotive wheels. The wheels were before the jury. Rufus Choate, counsel for the defendant, expended his legal acumen in a learned and labored mathematical essay, going to prove that there was an essential difference between the wheels in evidence, and, therefore, no infringement on the patent right. Then Webster spoke for the plaintiff: "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "you have heard an elaborate scientific disquisition upon those wheels. I have nothing of the kind to give you. There are the wheels. Look at them." The jury looked at them and gave him the verdict. A judge, who attended the dinner, confirmed the truth of the anecdote, remarking that he happened to be engaged in that suit as junior counsel.

The difference between these two great lawyers was that Choate bewildered the jury by the intricacies of a vocabulary beyond their comprehension, while Webster gained his cause by appealing to their common sense.

Napoleon, though a poor shot, was the greatest general of his age. He said with truth to himself: "I know man," he owed his success to his insight into human character, which enabled him to make a judicious selection of his military officers and State officials.

I have heard of distinguished lawyers, when they have had an important case in hand, studying the habits, dispositions, and mental calibre of every member of the jury, and addressing to each in succession a few pertinent remarks calculated to convince his judgment, conciliate his good will and gain his confidence.

Clergymen at the time of their ordination, are, I think, as a rule, more thoroughly grounded in sacred science than graduating lawyers are in the abstract knowledge of their profession, because the curriculum of the former covers a longer period of time than that of the latter. But what the jurist may lack in book-lore is compensated by his greater readiness of speech and felicity of expression. His faculties are sharpened by the contact of mind with mind in the courts, and by his habitual intercourse with the members of the bar, the jury and spectators. The earnest pleadings of his distinguished and experienced seniors are the strongest incentives to his intellectual activity in honorable emulation.

The soldier of Christ, on the other hand, emerging from the seminary, is sometimes unwieldy, and is oppressed by the weight of his theological armor till he has acquired practice in the arena of Christian warfare.

This disadvantage on the part of clerical students would be overcome, at least partially, by the more general establishment and cultivation of debating societies for the senior classes in our colleges and seminaries. In them they would learn to acquire ease and fluency of expression, and to wield with dexterity the sword of the word of God.

They should, besides, profit by every opportunity to hear and observe practiced speakers; for, as a person may read the most elaborate manual on politeness and etiquette and yet be awkward and embarrassed in company,

if he does not occasionally appear in refined society, so the student may peruse the most approved treatises on elocution without much profit, unless he is brought face to face with recognized orators, and feels the magnetic and inspiring influence of the living voice.

The learned men of ancient Greece and Rome did not consider their education complete till they had traveled abroad, and acquainted themselves with the habits and manners of other people and climes; and I am informed that in our own day, a few of the leading universities of England and America have already a limited number of traveling scholarships.

Heronotus, the Father of History, derived most of the information embodied in his work from travel and converse with men.

Plato after being eight years a disciple of Socrates, spent twelve years in the pursuit of knowledge in foreign parts before he returned to his native Athens.

Edmund Burke says of Homer and Shakespeare: "Their practical superiority over all other men, arose from their practical knowledge of other men"—a knowledge which Homer acquired by frequent journeys abroad; and Shakespeare, by studying human nature at home.

Cicero improved his sojourn in Greece and Asia by studying oratory under the best masters in those countries.

St. Jerome, the most eminent Hebrew scholar of his age, visited various cities of Gaul and Greece, Antioch and other places in Asia Minor, Palestine, Constantinople, Rome, Alexandria and other centres of learning in Egypt, where he consulted the men most conspicuous in those times for erudition and piety. When his own fame for learning spread abroad scholars from all parts of the civilized world flocked to him as an oracle.

Sir Walter Scott's novels are remarkable for their accuracy in the portrayal of Scotch character, and the scenes he describes. He obtained his information by traversing Scotland, living and conversing with the people, treasuring up their bits of local traditions, and afterward interweaving them with his historic romances. "I have read books enough," he says, "and conversed with splendidly-educated men in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments expressed from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, than I ever met out of the pages of the Bible."

It is well known that, while Milton is read by the few, Dickens is read by the millions. He made personal visits to the prisons, insane asylums, reformatories and boarding schools of England. He frequented the haunts of poverty, suffering and wretchedness in London. His sense of indignation is aroused against official insolence, cruelty and injustice; and his warmest sympathy is quickened in behalf of the victims of legalized oppression and tyranny. He draws his scenes from actual life, he deals with the men and women of his own time, and he gains the popular heart.

I was never more impressed with the impulse given to knowledge by contact with learned men than during the Vatican Council, when Prelates of world-wide experience and close observation were assembled in Rome. Each Bishop brought with him an intimate acquaintance with the history of his country, and with the religious, social and political condition of the people among whom he lived. One could learn more from a few hours' interview with those living encyclopedias than from a week's study of books. An earnest conversation with those keen-sighted Churchmen on the social and moral progress of their respective countries, yielded as much more instruction and delight as compared with a printed account, as a personal inspection of an international exposition would, in comparison with a description of it in the pages of an illustrated periodical. The living words left an indelible impress on the heart and memory.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the student who aspires to improve his knowledge by travel, should already possess maturity of years and judgment, and should have laid the foundation of the science which he desires to cultivate and develop. Above all, he must be a man who has acquired the habit of close observation. You will find two companions returning from a journey made together; the mind of the one is stored with useful facts gleaned on the way, while the other has scarcely a single practical incident to relate.

It may be objected to literary tourists that the knowledge they gather is sometimes purchased at the expense of piety; for Kempis says: "Those who travel much abroad, are rarely sanctified." The axiom is true, indeed, of those that make excursions solely for pleasure's sake, but not of the diligent pilgrim who starts on his journey, bent on plucking fruits of wisdom by the roadside. David gave proofs of self-denial during his warlike expeditions, but he sinned in his own home. Jerome's pilgrimages were blessed with an increase of sanctity and knowledge.

As the minister of Christ is pre-eminently the friend and father of the people, he cannot be indifferent to any of the social, political and economic questions affecting the interests and happiness of the nation. The relations of Church and State, the duties and prerogatives of the citizen, the evils of political corruption and usurpation, the purification of the ballot-box, the relative privileges and obligations of labor and capital, the ethics of trade

and commerce, the public desecration of the Lord's day, popular amusements, temperance, the problem of the colored and Indian races, female suffrage, divorce, socialism and anarchy—such are vital, and often burning, questions on which hinge the peace and security of the Commonwealth.

Politics has a moral as well as a social aspect. The clergyman is a social as well as a religious reformer, a patriot as well as a preacher, and he knows that the permanence of our civic institutions rests on the intelligence and virtue of the people. He has at heart the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of those committed to his care. They naturally look up to him as to a guide and teacher. His education, experience and sacred works give weight to his words and example.

There is scarcely a social or economic movement of reform on foot, no matter how extravagant or Utopian, that has not some element of justice to recommend it to popular favor. If the scheme is abandoned to the control of fanatics, demagogues, or extremists, it will deceive the masses and involve them in greater misery. Such living topics need discriminating judges to separate the wheat from the chaff.

And who is more fitted to handle these questions than God's ambassadors, whose conservative spirit frowns upon all intemperate innovations, and whose Christian sympathies prompt him to advocate for his suffering brethren every just measure for the redress of grievances and the mitigation of needless injury?

The timely interposition of the minister of peace might have helped to check many a disastrous popular inundation by watching its course, and diverting it into a safe channel before it overspread the country.

Nor can it be affirmed that the temperate and reasonable discussion of these problems, or at least of those phases of them that present a moral or religious aspect, involves any departure from evangelical and apostolic precedent. There is hardly a subject of public interest that has not been alluded to, if not discussed, by Christ or His Apostles. I may cite a few examples.

Our Saviour speaks of the relations of Church and State in His memorable declaration: "Render therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's."

When the ancients asked our Lord to confer a favor on the centurion, they appealed to His patriotism, as well as to His zeal for religion. The centurion, they said, merits Thy bounty. "For He loveth our nation: and He hath built us a synagogue."

John the Baptist gave this excellent advice to certain officers of the law who had consulted him: "Do violence to no man: neither calumniate any man: and be content with your pay"—a counsel that all public officials would do well to take to heart.

St. Paul eloquently treats of the duties and privileges of citizens: "Let every soul," he says, "be subject to higher power: for there is no power but from God."

Render therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom: fear to whom fear: honor, to whom honor."

When the commander ordered him to be scourged, Paul protested against the outrage, and asserted his dignity as a Roman citizen, saying: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" The same Apostle treats with admirable tact and apostolic charity the delicate question, both from a religious and social standpoint.

St. James devotes a portion of his Epistle to Labor and Capital. He denounces the injustice and oppression of the employer in language which, if uttered in our time from a Christian pulpit, might be censured as a direct

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Our Saviour speaks of the relations of Church and State in His memorable declaration: "Render therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's."

When the ancients asked our Lord to confer a favor on the centurion, they appealed to His patriotism, as well as to His zeal for religion. The centurion, they said, merits Thy bounty. "For He loveth our nation: and He hath built us a synagogue."

John the Baptist gave this excellent advice to certain officers of the law who had consulted him: "Do violence to no man: neither calumniate any man: and be content with your pay"—a counsel that all public officials would do well to take to heart.

St. Paul eloquently treats of the duties and privileges of citizens: "Let every soul," he says, "be subject to higher power: for there is no power but from God."

Render therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom: fear to whom fear: honor, to whom honor."

When the commander ordered him to be scourged, Paul protested against the outrage, and asserted his dignity as a Roman citizen, saying: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" The same Apostle treats with admirable tact and apostolic charity the delicate question, both from a religious and social standpoint.

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Some Day.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Some day—so many tearful eyes
Are watching for the dawning light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!
So many falling prayers that reel
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm.
So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wasted to a purple stain
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
Upon the lips of pain!
O come to them—those weary ones!
Or, if thou still must hide a while,
Make stronger still the hope that runs
Before thy coming smile.
And haste and find them where they wait;
Let summer's winds blow down that way,
And all they long for, soon or late,
Bring round to them some day.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

"With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer." (St. Luke xxii, 15.)
To desire a thing, dear brethren, is a positive sign that we have an affection for it; we do not desire things that are indifferent to us, but those which we hold dearest. Our Lord says that He burned with the desire to eat this pasch, because He was extremely anxious to unite Himself to us by becoming our food.

But the prodigies He performed in Himself and outside of Himself, in order that He may come and be united to us, make His desire of this union clearer than the noon-day sun. He puts Himself at the same time in heaven and on earth; He remains in an innumerable number of places, since He is in every consecrated Host in the whole Church; He abases, if I may so speak, His majesty; He covers His glory with a humble exterior; He disguises Himself and in such a manner that neither the most ingenious poets nor the most impassioned hearts have ever invented any artifice, any transformation that can resemble it. In addition, He exposes Himself to a thousand insults, and He resolves to endure them for the gratification of His desire; for the same purpose He subjects Himself to the word of a priest.

Behold how our Lord comes and what He does in order to unite Himself to us! See how He puts Himself in the Host, and in what manner He remains in the tabernacle for whole days and nights quite alone, waiting with invincible patience for persons to come and visit Him, and to prepare themselves so that He may unite Himself with them; for it is His supreme desire. Oh, ye children of men, behold how God hath loved you! How He still loveth you!

If Jesus so earnestly desires to come to us, if He says to us, "I have desired to eat this pasch with Thee," it is certainly most just that we should long to go to Him. For what advantage does He gain by it? What can light receive from communicating itself to darkness? wealth from giving itself to poverty? beauty from uniting itself to deformity? wisdom to folly? Are not all the gain and glory ours?

Resolve, then, to frequently receive Jesus in the sacrament of His love. If you have thus far neglected your Easter Communion, let the strong love of the Crucified urge you to do your duty. As our Lord works prodigies in Himself and in nature in order to come to us, overturning the obstacles that oppose His coming and His union, so should we likewise do great things, conquering our vicious nature and overcoming all difficulties in order to be fit to go and unite ourselves to Him. Our desire should lead us to prepare carefully for Communion, and to approach with firm and simple faith, with humility and reverence, with sorrow for our sins, with a strong confidence in our Lord, whose burning desire to come to us is a powerful motive of this confidence. You will, perhaps, say: "A person should be very pure to communicate." I reply: It is true; but if we regard the infinite purity of God we receive, our purity, though we should take an eternity to purify ourselves, will never be sufficiently great. But we should learn to what one is absolutely obliged in order to communicate worthily. It is to be pure from all mortal sin, and not, as some think, from all venial sin; otherwise who could communicate, since even the just sometimes fall into minor faults? Hear the words of St. John: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

Blessed shall we be if the desire of being united to Jesus animates our whole lives—if we often feast at the heavenly banquet in which Christ is received. In vain will the devil, the world and the flesh try to effect our ruin. The God of armies will protect us and guide us safely through the battle of life into the mansions of bliss eternal.

"He," says the Saviour, "that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Only One Mother.

BY H. C. DODGE.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill
And love you although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love never still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you would spare
Self-sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother always.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To helper all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this.
So love and revere
That mother while here—
Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just one.
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you,
What have you for her ever done?
—Detroit Free Press.

The Drummer Boy.

Many of our readers are probably familiar with a touching little poem of the late war, called the "Drummer Boy"—a story of a brave little lad who, as the poet tells us, served under General Lyon, and was rescued by him after the battle.

The facts of the boy's history, as related by a trustworthy comrade, are even more pathetic and significant than they are made in the poem.

When General Lyon was on his march to Wilson's Creek, a Tennessee woman dressed in deep mourning, brought her son, a lad of twelve, into camp. She was starving, she said, her husband was dead, and the boy wished to enlist as a drummer.

The lad watched the officer's doubtful face eagerly.
"Don't be afraid, captain! I can drum!" he cried.

"Give him a trial," the captain ordered.

The fifer, a gigantic fellow, looked on the puny boy contemptuously, and broke into an air exceedingly difficult to accompany with the drum; but so well did the child succeed, that even the captain applauded. "Eddy" enrolled as a drummer, and became the pet of the camp. He was the especial favorite of the fifer, who, when the march led them over creeks or larger streams difficult to ford, would hoist the boy on his shoulders, and, fifeing and drumming merrily, they would lead the way for the line. At the battle of Wilson's Creek, General Lyon was killed and his force routed. To-morrow morning one of his soldiers, lying wounded by the stream, heard a feeble rat-tat in the woods.

"That is Eddy beating the reveille," he thought. He crept to him, and found the lad, with both feet shot off, thumping on his drum.

"Don't say I won't live!" he said. "This gentleman said he'd fix me until the doctors would bring me all right again." He nodded to the body of a Confederate soldier, who, although dying had dragged himself through the grass to the child, and had tied up his legs with his suspenders to check the flow of blood from the arteries.

Later in the morning, while the comrades lay helpless together a body of Southern cavalry rode up.

"Look to the child," said the Yankee soldier.

Two of the men—grizzled old soldiers, who were probably themselves fathers—sprung to the ground and lifted the boy tenderly. As they carried him, he tried to tap his drum. With a triumphant smile, and still smiling, he died before they could reach the camp!

Eddy's drum tap still echoes with meaning from those dark and terrible days; for it tells us of the bravery and tenderness which filled alike the hearts beating under blue coats and gray.

A Little Missionary.

Some years ago a missionary visited the islands of Fernando-Po and Amban. On his arrival he was greatly surprised to discover at a short distance inland a rudely constructed cross surrounded by a crowd of negro children, among whom was a white boy about ten years of age. The children were reciting the Rosary in Spanish. On perceiving the priest the little white boy joyfully exclaimed: "A priest, a priest!"

The missionary, having drawn near, asked him to bring him to the dwelling of his parents. "My parents! My parents are not here," said the boy; "I have been shipwrecked, and the negroes here have kindly received me. Mindful of my mother's teaching, I have not failed to recite the Rosary every day. As I have no statue of the Blessed Virgin, and did not know how to make one, I have made this cross, and I daily come here to recite my prayers. My playmates come with me, and I have tried to teach them the Hail Mary, that we may say the beads together." The missionary, having asked him how long he had been on that island, received this reply: "I can't tell, but it must be a long time; for when I am away from my parents the time seems so long to me." The boy then led the Father to the hut of the negroes with whom he dwelt.

These good people received the priest with great respect. The following day the missionary, in the presence of several families, presided at the recitation of the Rosary, and began his labors by preaching to them. Then, going from family to family, he soon succeeded in establishing, under the

protection of the Rosary, a good fervent congregation which continued to increase daily, especially after the arrival of other missionaries. One of these, returning some time ago to Spain took the little boy with him to the place where resided his parents who had escaped shipwreck and returned to Spain. On finding them, the good boy had the happiness of relating to them, among his other adventures, the Blessed Virgin's goodness toward him, and the prodigies effected by the Rosary in the country where he dwelt. Sacred Heart Review.

An Excellent Lesson.

Once when travelling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable, and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same.

After a while an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good-natured coachman drew up his horse, and the old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady made some ludicrous remarks and the passengers laughed. It seemed excusable, for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patrons of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young and happy; I have been so, too, but am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be all alone in the world." The coach stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said a man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps the driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a lesson.

One Night of My Life.

The long vacation had come at last. I had worked hard all the term, and felt the imperative need of change of air and scene.

My friend Edward had agreed to make a continental tour with me, part of which we meant to perform as pedestrians. Four days, however, before the time arranged for our departure, I received a letter from him saying that family circumstances compelled him to change his plans, and so, much to my disappointment, I had to set out alone.

The passage across the channel was performed without adventure, and under the cheering influences of a sunny sky and the many charms of foreign travel my spirits rose, and though regretting my pleasant companion, and feeling very solitary, still I kept to the pre-arranged programme and performed many a long stretch on foot.

At last the route which I selected brought me to the city of X—, with its splendid cathedral, and many other interesting objects.

Arriving late, I drove to the hotel, dined, and retired early to rest, having performed a long day's march on foot. I slept well, and after breakfast determined to devote the morning to answering my letters, which had accumulated during my tour, deferring my visit to the cathedral till the afternoon.

The days were bright and long, so I knew I should have time to see it thoroughly, and if not I could return the next morning, for being a lover of architecture and somewhat of a connoisseur, in carving, I knew a short visit would not content me.

As I entered the venerable building there were no forebodings in my mind, nor could I foresee the eager longing I should experience to escape from it, and be unable to do so.

But to proceed, I found on my entrance a party being formed to go round, and paying the customary fee I joined it, and with a good, though rather long-winded cicerone, we began our inspection. I do not intend to give a description of the building or of its many and rare art treasures; suffice it to say, we spent several hours over them, mounting the lofty tower, descending into the ancient crypt, and as the phrase is, thoroughly, "doing it." As we were returning through a side aisle to the great west door, I lingered behind the rest to examine an altar which I had been much taken with before. Then feeling it a relief to be rid of the loquacious guide, I wandered off amongst the great pillars where the evening sun was sending its many colored beams as they streamed through the richly-painted windows. I could still hear the voices of our party in the distance. How little did I think how long a time would elapse ere I again heard a human voice!

Having taken a few steps further I noticed to my right hand what appeared to be a carved doorway, and, being, as I said before, a lover of carving, I stepped up to look at it more closely. It was a piece of rare merit. Though evidently a doorway, I could not see any means by which it could be

opened. I ran my hands over the various projections and pressed against it, but with no result. Finally, I leaned against it with my shoulder, when it yielded to the pressure, and this so suddenly that I staggered and almost fell into some opening, for I could distinguish nothing at the moment. The door had been kept open by my body, but directly I moved it swung to and closed with a sharp snap. At first I was bewildered. Where was I? A faint, very faint light came from above, and after a time when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that I was in a small, square chamber with a very high flat roof. No window or grating were visible, and how the light came in at all I could not imagine. It seemed to run all round the chamber where the walls joined the ceiling. I did not at all like my position, and felt about, hoping to discover some handle or lock by which to release myself, but all in vain. The walls were quite smooth on this side, yet nothing could be seen. Then I remembered the snap I heard when the door closed and realized that I was a prisoner secured in this trap by a spring lock. In hopes of attracting attention I seized my stick and thundered against the wall though with little hope, for I knew by this time the exploring party would be far away, and not seeing me as they left the cathedral would imagine I had gone on before. Then I shouted till I was hoarse, but only a dull hollow echo was returned from the walls of my prison-house, and the full horror of my position overcame me.

After a time I roused myself, and again narrowly examined the walls, striking them in various parts, especially the doorway, but to no purpose, and despairing and exhausted I sat down on the ground. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to give me any clue as to the use of this cell. Could it be used for anything? Would anyone ever come to it, or should I die here of slow starvation, and my bleached bones attest in after times to the horrible fate I had suffered? Air there was, and it, too, seemed to come from above, as did the light, which was, however, fast decreasing. I could just see my watch by straining my eyes, and found it was half past six. I carefully wound it, and then again began to think. The cathedral would soon be closed for the night, and I must wait for my chance of delivery till the next morning. Should I be alive even if they did look for me? Could I make myself heard by those outside? Would the hotel-keeper be uneasy at my non-appearance and institute a search? All this I could only leave to conjecture. I knelt down and prayed more fervently than I ever did before, and felt calmer.

To pass away the time I determined to try and sleep. No food had I partaken of since my luncheon, and I was already feeling much exhausted; so I made a sort of pillow of my coat and lay down on the floor. After a time I slept, but only to be haunted by terrible dreams, and awoke from one of these with a start and a cold shiver. It was dark. Fortunately I had with me a box of matches and now struck one to look at my watch. It was nearly 9. I also saw by the light that the floor was of lead or zinc which, as I had before noticed, formed the lining of the walls; no wonder I felt cramped and chilled through. I put on my coat and, as far as the limited space allowed me, moved about to warm myself. Then I leant against the wall and thought over my fate. Thoughts of home came rushing into my mind—that home I perhaps should never again behold—of the beloved ones there, and I pictured to myself their grief when, as time went on, no news of me would arrive. To this town they would trace me by the letters sent this morning, and then nothing to indicate my whereabouts would be forthcoming. How my father would grieve over the unknown fate of me, his eldest son! How my mother and sisters would sorrow for me, and how one and all would over and over again say: "If we only knew what had happened, what had become of him! It is this terrible uncertainty that is so hard to bear!" How at last hope would die out of their hearts and they would mourn for me as dead, as I should be! These dismal thoughts coursed through my brain and oppressed my heart. I was growing faint and weak, both from want of food and from the strain upon my nerves.

I sat down in despair, and a sort of lethargy came over me to which I yielded. No sound could be heard but the far off boom of the great clock, which struck on my ear like a death-knell. The darkness had become intense, and the stillness terribly oppressive, yet I sat on; for what could I do? Nothing, absolutely nothing, till daylight should again return—bringing with it hope. The next time I struck a light I again examined doors and walls, but made no new discovery. Happening to glance up, I was greatly surprised to perceive that the ceiling was nearer to me than it was before. Just then the match died out, and I said to myself—it cannot be, it is only the imagination of my disordered brain; yet I struck a second match, and after a second inspection I felt convinced it was lower, considerably lower! What did this portend? Again in total darkness all the horrible stories I had ever read or heard of, dungeons and torture rooms whose ceilings and walls were made to close in arose before my mind, and added fresh horror to my position.

The atmosphere seemed oppressive. I already felt in imagination the weight descending upon me, and in an agony I knelt again to pray for



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strength and resignation to my fate. Again a calmer feeling was infused into me. I again kindled a match, and with my knife made a mark upon the wall as high as I could stretch to verify the fact of the descent. But, alas! there was no need; the tiny light flashed for an instant upon the roof, and I could see it was of the same material as the walls and floor.

After a long interval I struck another match, only to note its descent slowly but surely being accomplished. Soon a faint ray of light was visible; as before; it came from round the ceiling, but not so low down. The next time the clock struck its boom seemed much nearer, but my brain was so excited I could not trust my own senses. Lower and lower descended the terrible ceiling! Soon I should not be able to stand; already it so oppressed me that I sat down.

You have done for us. We miss you very much, and it seems to me a shame that a man like you should be buried in a lonely southern village, though you did ask to be sent here. Do come back to us, Father.

"Cordially yours,
"FRANCIS DELATTE."

Father Desmond smiled as he read the letter, then looked thoughtfully across the wild and deserted landscape. His new Mission was only a tiny hamlet, and he had no companions but the wretched people among whom he worked. He was alone, but never lonely, for a heart which is filled and wrapped around with the eternal love, is never ill at ease, and as he thought of his hurried, stirring life among the rough people about him, he murmured to himself:

"All life is good
When the one lesson's understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood."

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