

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Sacred Heart Symbols.

BY ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY.

Of the masses of blood red roses
That bloomed in the Church to-day,
I asked while the sunbeams shined
Where the pollen of gold dust lay:
"What comes in your sweet roses,
With your wealth of flower and bud?
What whisp'ring is this, that rises
From the depths of your crimson blood?"
—"Tis the feast of the Heart of Jesus,
And we smite His precious blood!"

I turned to the waxen tapers
That blazed on the altar fair
The breath of their fragrant odor
Warning the soul, dim air,
And I said: "O beautiful tapers!
Enthron'd on the marble height,
What message is this ye bring to us,
In your show'ers of amber light?"
—"Tis the feast of the Heart of Jesus,
And we smite His precious blood!"

Then, over the glowing censers,
I breath'd with a trembling tongue
As on Christ of tinkling silver
Before the shrine I swung:
"O flames in a shining prison—
Stand ye, who
From the fiery depths thereof
Why do your sparks, increasing,
Flash up to the Heart of Jesus,
And we smite His precious blood!"

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Thrilling Speech on the Site of His Father's Ruined House.

PIECE BURNING OF THE LANDLORDS.

In words of burning patriotic indignation the Father of the Land League has again raised his voice against landlordism and coercion before an audience assembled on the spot from which he and his father's family were brutally cast out on the highway close on forty years ago. The Dublin Freeman gives the following account of the demonstration:

Michael Davitt, who was to day the scene of a most successful and enthusiastic national demonstration. The place is in the centre of a very depopulated district, vast grazing farms of prime land extending in all directions; but nevertheless the multitude which assembled to-day to do honor to the father of the Land League was so immense as not to be exceeded even by the memorable land meetings of six years ago. Large contingents poured in from all directions, and when the proceedings were opened the hill slope fronting the platform was black with a closely packed mass of humanity presenting a most imposing and impressive spectacle. The utmost enthusiasm combined with excellent order prevailed. A very large force of police was present, but save for the purpose of Government policy there was not the slightest need for their services.

Davitt's Speech.

Mr. Davitt, who was received with prolonged cheering, said:—I am pleased to be here to-day to join my voice with yours in passionate protest against the Jubilee Coercion Act. It would indeed be a strange circumstance if the county which gave the Land League principles and movement to the Irish race did not now come forward with a manifestation of the old spirit of stern resistance to the infamous purposes of Ireland's enemies. (Loud cheers.) The West could not possibly be "asleep" while supreme danger menaces the cause of Irish liberty; and I am proud indeed to see so many thousands of Mayo to tell the coercionist hell-hounds of England in the words of Thomas Davis:—

WE'LL WATCH TILL DEATH FOR ERIN'S SAKE.

(Loud cheers.) But, my friends, I am not here to-day for the mere purpose of pelting epithets at a policy which the landlords of these three countries are deliberately adopting in full and for the kindred purpose of strangling popular combinations against their inhuman system. We have gathered here not only to denounce the subversion of our rights as Irishmen, but to consider how we can best render this an impossible and a dangerous task—(cheers) for those who are planning the humiliation of our race and the injury of our fatherland. The Government of "wifful and cowardly liars," to borrow Mr. Sexton's words—(cheers)—which is now in power, know as well as we do that there is less crime in Ireland at the present time by 50 per cent than in England; yet they propose to pass a measure of Coercion infinitely more drastic than any which has yet disgraced the statute book of the place which O'Connell might still, if he were alive, designate as ENGLAND'S SCOUNDRELS.

(Cheers.) The real aim of the Coercionist party is to crush the movement which originated in Mayo, in 1879, and which has sought to rid our country both of landlordism and Dublin Castle. (Cheers.) It is the objects of this movement and the forth because we are a menace to their unjust Government here, but, thank God, our race is not weakened or disunited even

than agrarian violence or dynamite outrage; and the bill now under discussion in Westminster is meant to arrest the work of agrarian combination and the teaching of doctrines which are certain to subvert the rule of British as well as of Irish aristocracy if given fair play. (Cheers.) Here in the rare issue which is now about to be fought out under the banner of coercion, and unless the people of Ireland are prepared to enter the fight in a life and-death spirit wrong will triumph over right, and our cause will be covered with defeat and dishonor. (Cries of "Never," and cheers.) The struggle which is now about to begin will be practically a life or death struggle for every industrial and commercial interest in Ireland.

THE DEATH OF LANDLORDISM IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO THE REVIVAL OF PROSPERITY

(cheers), and in the coming fight landlordism or the Irish people must go down. The millions of money which go from this impoverished country every year into the pockets of London money lenders and other foreign creditors of Irish landlords must be kept in Ireland or universal bankruptcy will overwhelm the industrial and commercial community within the next few years. It is not the farmers, therefore, or laborers that are concerned so much in the issue of the coming struggle as every other individual in Ireland desiring to live upon the fruits of his toil or rewards of his legitimate enterprise. With the downfall of landlord power will fall every obstacle which stands between the inhabitants of this country and their material welfare (cheers), and to effect this most devoutly to be wished for consummation ought to be the daily effort and nightly prayer of every man, woman, and child in Ireland from this forth until the Coercionist policy shall be made to bite the dust. (Cheers.) There are many people in this country who are neither Nationalists nor Coercionists, who may be inclined to take sides with whichever party may be the better equipped for the coming fray, in the hope that the defeat of the weaker side will bring cessation from turmoil and disturbance. To these I would venture to say that a triumph for the policy of Coercion might put back the cause of Home Rule for some years, but unless the present leaders of the popular cause should prove to be pitroons and the rank and file of our movement turn out to be cowards there would be little chance of a peaceful country under the asserted landlord power. (Cheers.) Knowing as we do the inherent justice of our cause and the monstrous iniquities represented by our opponents, and seeing with what universal approval the civilized world is watching our efforts to win the chances of peace and plenty for our country, there is no length to reason to go to defeat these dogs of English coercionists, who aspire to bully an Irish nation out of its rights and liberties, while they are at the same time

WHINING LIKE TERRORIZED CURS AT THE TREATIES OF A SINGLE IRISHMAN LIKE PATRICK FORD.

of New York. (Cheers.) The editor of the London Times and kindred spirits—Englishmen who would exterminate the entire Celtic race to-morrow out of pure racial hate if they had the power—hold us up to the world as criminal in nature because some of our people, maddened with oppression, have struck back at some of their oppressors. The devil rebuking sin in white-robed innocence itself compared with representatives of the British aristocracy denouncing crime and outrage. What has been the record of England's ruling classes in Ireland, India, Egypt, everywhere, but one of wholesale murder and crime? (Cheers.) This hellish power has murdered fifty times more of our people with the knife of landlordism during the present generation than perished in the Reign of Terror in France during the great Revolution; and justice could not be half vindicated against them even if the English masses were driven, as their French neighbors were a century ago, to teach the aristocracy that those who trample with impunity upon man's natural rights and liberties can be treated occasionally as human beasts of prey. (Cheers.) It is characteristic of these

BLOODTHIRSTY ENGLISH ARISTOCRATS that they should try and tie our hands with Coercionist bonds behind our backs before they venture upon the task of cutting our throats. They are astounded that we should protest against a duel under such conditions, and the more excited Patrick Ford, or some other ex-patriated Irishman, to retaliate in England for England's atrocities in Ireland fills these wholesale assassins with virtuous indignation. They prate of crime and outrage here in Ireland at a time when their infernal laws are outraging the most cherished of social rights—the right of a people to live upon the land which God created for that purpose. (Cheers.) There is crime—diabolical crime—in Ireland, I admit; but what is its nature and who are the criminals?

A cry rings round our Irish coast:
A cry of despair for our myriads lost;
The tyrants sit with vindictive smile
Reckoning the ruined homes of our late
On England, blind in its cruel greed,
And dragons' teeth in our soil have sown.
Wherever an exile's foot hath trod
A vow has gone up to the throne of God.

(Cheers.) Are not the yows of eternal hatred to the power which drives our people forth from their birthland and the natural outcome of England's inhuman policy? For my part,

I REJOICE WITH ALL MY HEART THAT FOR EVERY MAN DRIVEN OUT OF IRELAND BY THE OPERATION OF INFAMOUS LAWS THE DEADLY ENEMIES OF SUCH JUSTICE ARE MULTIPLIED AND THE FORCES OF RETALIATION STRENGTHENED BEYOND THE ATLANTIC

(Cheers.) They may drive our people forth because we are a menace to their unjust Government here, but, thank God, our race is not weakened or disunited even

by expatriation. Our people will yet return and repossess the land from which they have been driven after they have aided us from America to starve out the landlord garrison. Emigration may diminish our population, but we shall see to it that it shall diminish the proportions of the landlords' pockets more. (Cheers.) They comfort themselves with the thought that once their Coercion bill is passed the interdict upon boycotted farms will be removed, and that land grabbers can with impunity return to do the dirty work of the garrison. Well, we shall see about that. (Cheers.) The agrarian school-master has been too much abroad during the last eight years for the people of Ireland to forget who the land-grabber is and what the true effects of his deeds are upon the fortunes of the tenant-farmers of Ireland. A traitor to his class and country already, he becomes doubly odious when he seeks under the protection of Coercion to sell his country's cause and his neighbors' homes by helping the robber landlord brood to perpetrate their felonious system. (Cheers.) For my part I have no fear that this species of social vermin will increase in growth under the protection of Coercion. Land grabbers will rank henceforth with informers in the estimation of the people. There are no longer homes to be sold by the multiplication of land grabbing, this outrage upon our country, our race, and our rights must be looked upon henceforth as an offence as odious as that of the infamous Informer. (Cheers.) When once the Jubilee Coercion Act becomes law,

THE LINE OF DEMARCATION

which divides political opinion in Ireland is at present. The Coercionist garrison must be taught at once that it is engaged in the unholy task of degrading our race, and to have any intercourse with any individual who is directly concerned in the administration of such a measure ought to be considered a leprous delilement. (Cheers.) There are four means to which the landlord Coercionists will resort in the hope of crushing the popular cause—suppression of the National League, the system of secret inquiry provided in the bill now before Parliament, imprisonment, and eviction. The manhood of our country would not be worth its salt if each and all of these Coercionist plans are not turned to the account of the very cause which they are meant to crush. (Cheers.) The suppression of what is called the National League will only remove an influence over the action of organized local bodies throughout the country which has been mainly retrogressive in its operations and in a great measure responsible for the same manner in which thousands of people have allowed themselves to be evicted during the past five years. Yet, it is at this body in Dublin that the Coercionists are chiefly aiming in the hope that if it is swept away there will be no more trouble for plundering landlordism. The Government of "wifful and cowardly liars" will find themselves in a fool's paradise if they stick to that belief. All the most effective blows that have been struck at landlordism during the last eight years have been dealt independent of all central authority by local action; and it is by local action chiefly that the fight against Coercion must be won. The day following the suppression of the National League every parish in Ireland should and will become a branch of an indefinite organization, in which every man, woman, and child must be enlisted, not only in self-protection, but for the vindication of our most cherished rights and interests, and to show our enemies and the world that

WE ARE NOT A NATION OF CRAVEN COWARDS OR CONTENTED SLAVES.

The wearing of some small emblem or badge of nationality should be adopted as a pledge of allegiance to the cause of a crusade against that of Coercion. It should be made a point of national personal honor to refuse under any consideration to supply any information to the enemies of the people, who are to administer the Coercion Act. Any person volunteering information of any kind under the secret inquiry clauses of this devil's bill, or yielding to do so under fear of punishment, should be held to be a virtual informer and unfit to associate with Irish Nationalists. (Cheers.) Imprisonment for six months as a consequence of refusing to inform upon a neighbor ought to be looked upon as a privilege, while similar punishment for carrying on the fight against landlordism should be coveted as

A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

(Cheers.) It is by punishment of this kind that the Coercionists believe they can stamp out the spirit of resistance to England's tyranny in Ireland, and if we—the Nationalist manhood of the country—show a contemptuous disregard for, instead of a fear of, this sole weapon of the oppressor the fight for free land and home government will soon be triumphantly ended. (Cheers.) If a man be imprisoned from a parish for resisting Coercion it ought to be the duty of the people of the parish to perform for his family whatever work his holding might require during his incarceration, while out of the means with which our generous kindred abroad will supply for the purpose of this struggle the families of imprisoned men must be secured. The people of the parish should assemble in public meeting as often as possible to vindicate all those constitutional rights which are to be abrogated by the Jubilee Coercion Act. After divine service each Sunday would be a convenient time as most of the inhabitants of the parish would be present. But meetings for the denunciation of land-grabbing or for concerted action should not be held where police or informers should not be allowed to intrude. The young men of each parish should constitute themselves a kind of irregular volunteer force charged with maintaining the Nationalist reputation of the parish, the propagation of principles

against landlordism, land-grabbing, and all the other kindred iniquities by which the country is afflicted. The youth of Ireland should embrace work of this kind with alacrity, because this is

THE LAST BATTLE WITH COERCION

before Home Rule is won; and it ought to spur them on to vigorous action to know that all who distinguish themselves in this struggle will be honorably remembered and rewarded when Ireland becomes a self-governing nation. There has probably never been in the modern history of Ireland a time when we had greater incentives to sleepless exertion and to sacrifices in our country's cause than at the present hour. Victory has only been snatched from our grasp by means the most unscrupulous ever resorted to by political opponents. It is again inclining towards our side, while the blunted weapons of calumny and moral assassination in the hands of our enemies are less likely to triumph over us again. We are no longer fighting the battle alone. (Cheers.) The British democracy is heartily on our side. Public opinion in every civilized land declares our cause to be just and that of Coercion infamous. Poor, impoverished, and depopulated as Ireland is to-day, she is nevertheless more talked about and commands more attention in the political world than two-thirds of the civilized nations of the earth. (Cheers.) This should fire the ambition of the youth of this country to strive by every available means to paralyze the policy of our enemies and complete by labor, trial and sacrifice the full emancipation of their fatherland. (Loud cheers.) Every Nationalist worthy of the name should now look upon himself as

CALLED UPON TO DO TEN MEN'S WORK IN THE NATIONAL RANKS

and thereby resent the insult which Coercion implies—namely, that the young men of Ireland can be deterred by appeals to fear, through threats of penalties from continuing their labors to lift their country from dependence and misery to freedom and happiness. Never, in my opinion, has there been a phase of the National struggle more glorious than that which is now about to present itself to an onlooking world. There are less than one million of men in Ireland to-day—probably not half of that number is engaged in our movement. An immense proportion of these are among the poorest people in Europe. Yet all the force of the British Empire—all the unscrupulous means which a murderous British and traitorous Irish aristocracy can devise are not sufficient to tame our Irish spirits or stamp out the hatred of tyranny and aspiration for independence which have lived immortal and indestructible in the heart of the Celtic race. (Loud cheers.)

OUR GALLANT-HEARTED IRISHMAN ON A MISSION OF DUTY IN CANADA

(Loud cheers for William O'Brien) is alone sufficient to command universal attention both to his own heroic and unselfish labors and for the movement in which there is no more fearless or devoted spirit, and it is in this way, by each striving to do a hero's part, by despising punishment and danger when laboring for justice and liberty, and by constant, upright, and honorable devotion to Ireland that civilized public opinion will be made to range itself upon our side and have the day when freedom's name and freedom's prayer shall be proclaimed in all heavens! (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

BODYKE EVICTIONS.

TRAGIC SCENES WITNESSED BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

London, June 6.—Public attention here is again turned directly to Ireland by the recital of the heartless evictions taking place at Bodyke, in Clare, as related by Mr. Norman, correspondent of the Boston Advertiser and the Fall Mail Gazette. His accounts are printed by a large number of Liberal papers throughout England.

The horrors of the details surpasses even the story of the G. enbigh evictions. The landlord, who is in the hands of his agent, was offered 50 per cent. This was more than his due, because nearly every penny goes into the pockets of the mortgagees. The other tenants are paying for the evictions showing that the rents were exorbitant.

Michael Davitt was moved to tears by the spectacle. He made a passionate speech declaring that he would never protest against the people taking the defence of their homesteads into their own hands. The English spectators protesting could hardly refrain from throwing themselves into the crowd and joining the ranks of the victims of the eviction. Mr. Norman actually had a bout of fistfights with one of the sheriff's minions, who struck a woman.

The tenantry of Bodyke have actually made the soil, built the houses and effected all the other improvements, and on those improvements for years paid rents that amounted to a complete confiscation of their property, yet now, because they are a year or so in arrears, they are being ruthlessly evicted. The tenants are offering all the opposition in their power to the sheriff and his guard of police and troops. In some of the houses from which the occupants were to be evicted, cayenne water was asked the bailiffs. Boiling water was also thrown from the windows upon the evicting force.

MR. NORMAN DESCRIBES AN EVICTION.

Dublin, June 3.—On Thursday night there was nobody at Pomraney, where we are mostly staying, with Fathers Murphy and Hannon. I had no thoughts or time for breakfast this morning, for at an early hour a mounted messenger came galloping up with the news that the hills had been up with the sheriff from the march with the sheriff from Forraine. So soon as horses could be corried to the out'side of the car we started for Bodyke, beyond which stands the cabin at which the approaching forces were plainly aiming. From the

hill-top the sight was an extraordinary one. Black lines of people on foot and horses were travelling as far as one could distinguish them. A mile off, along the road, was a compact black mass, which we knew to be the stalwart ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary moving steadily forward. In front of them was a taller body of Welsh fusiliers, the most of the latter being thrown out as skirmishers. The scarlet jackets of those skirmishers dotted the fields for several hundred yards on each side of the road. Fine work they had in getting across the ditches over the green banks. The men kept touch by shouting to each other the pass-word for the day, which appeared to be the syllable "Ro."

Ludicrous it was to see all this display of tactics and precautions of glorious war in so inglorious a task as marching upon a perfectly peaceful people for the martial purpose of pulling about their ears the poor cabins which they had built for themselves. The chapel bell had not ceased its mournful ding, ding, dong, since early morning, when the bugle called in the skirmishers. The police and soldiers debauched upon the road, showing fourteen emergency men skulking along in the middle, their crowbars stowed away in a cart behind them. One unanimous yell of hatred and fury rose from the crowds, which fell back before the police until the road was cleared. Then the fusiliers were divided into two companies, and placed on either side of the cabin.

The constabulary formed up shoulder to shoulder in a ring, and completely encircled it. The place was barricaded, so the door was left undisturbed. The sheriff, a man known familiarly as "Crocker of Ballynagarde," dressed in a sporting suit of tweed, with shooting helmet and leggings, stopped, and a moment's colloquy took place between him and Capt. Miller. An instant later a half dozen crowbars crossed into the mud and a storm of execration broke from the crowd, which made every other sound inaudible so long as the process of eviction lasted. Curses at the sheriff, at the agent, most ingenious and bloodthirsty insults to the crowbar men, cheers for "plan of campaign," for Davitt and for the priests, filled the air. Anybody who has never heard an Irish yell may be interested to know that it is absolutely identical in key and cadence with an Indian war whoop.

Meanwhile the emergency men worked with a will. Stones and great fragments of plaster rattled down from the wall. In five minutes a gap was opened big enough to admit a man. In went the re-assured plowman, who had never feared independence which have lived immortal and indestructible in the heart of the Celtic race. (Loud cheers.)

Then a cry was raised for sledge hammers. Two big ones were handed into the gap. The agents which immediately indicated that the centre of interest had been transferred to the inside of the cottage, so I climbed through the hole, dodging pieces of broken furniture, which came flying out from the inside.

The sight was a ghastly one. The bedstead, an interesting old cupboard seven or eight feet high, and other things were being smashed up by the sledge which were whirling about overhead. Considerable pieces of them were passed out by the windows two feet square. Little enough there was, however, flying out. Soon the crowbar men had roughly piled up a wall of stones into a gap they had made. John Liddy handed the sheriff a bill rapidly written for him by Father Hannon.

The crowbars were then piled into the cart, the police closed slowly around the emergency men and escorted them away. The command "By fours, march," sent the redcoats along the roads. The visitors closed in behind them, and a screaming crowd followed. Not all, however, went. One man and one little group remained. The man was John Liddy, who stood gazing blankly at the piled-up heap of his demolished furniture. The group consisted of his wife, with streaming eyes, grasping a pretty, fair-haired child of about four years, and Michael Davitt, with tears in his eyes, comforting them and dividing his woe with them.

The second eviction was far more dramatic and exciting. It was at the house of a widow named Macnamara. The process of surrounding it was precisely similar, in view of an elaborate and solid blockade of door and windows. A short council of war was had, and then this house was attacked. The crowd had greatly increased in volume and excitement. A hole was soon made about three feet by two, at the height of a man's waist; the leader of the crowbar men entered, and they with such cries as "Heave away, my men," "Pitch the stones in on them," "Heave them in." Then, when the last big block fell inwards amid a blinding cloud of dust, he shouted, "Get in, my men, get in." But saying and doing are different things. The hole was being filled by the faces of the family—three sturdy young fellows, the pleasant old face of the 81-year-old widow, surrounded with its white-frilled cap, in the background. There they all stood shoulder to shoulder. It was evident from their set teeth and flashing eyes that they had not the slightest idea of giving way.

"Get in, my men, get in, will you?" yelled the leader.

Not a man stirred. Not a man uttered a word. Crocker of Ballynagarde swore under his breath and called upon the district inspector to order his constables to clear the way. There was a second's pause; then the constables grasped their rifles and sprang forward. Instantly all was Babel. Several Englishmen present, carried away by their feelings, interposed between the tenants and police, yelling at the top of their voices to make themselves heard

above the clamor, and told the officer he must not do so. The first person to enter must be by law be a bailiff, not police. But it was too late. Jennings, in charge of the constabulary, called to his men to get in. Three of them leaped at the gap. The men and women inside fought like tigers to keep them back. For a moment all was confusion. The scuff and excitement were at their intensest.

I expected every instant to see the flash of firearms from inside. When the constables were in the crowbar men entered in their wake. Formal protest was then made against the illegal entrance. The commanding officer and divisional magistrate retired to consult. They were understood to admit the illegality, but it is must of course be decided elsewhere. Crocker, of Ballynagarde, came forward, exclaiming: "My people were beaten with sticks." This statement Fr. Glynn, a jolly young priest, met with the retort, "You are a liar," and appealed to all present to confirm it, which they did. Then the women inside got hold of the crowbars and flung them out. I entered the house now and found the struggle beginning between the tenants and the sheriff.

"I want you to move out," said the latter, persuadingly.

"We won't move," shouted the former.

"Let them put you out; don't stir!" yelled half a dozen voices through an opening.

Davitt's voice was audible above them all, exhorting an old lady in Irish, so as not to be understood, to lie down on a bed and force them to carry her out. The men seized her, and her sons sprang forward to protect their old mother. Once more all was dust and curses. The old lady conquered and retired breathless, but unevicted, into a corner, while the brave bailiff turned to the two daughters.

There is, perhaps, no reason why I should not add that at this point of the proceedings I had the pleasure of exchanging a few blows with one of the Macnamara men who I saw strike Kate Macnamara with his fist in the breast, and who attempted to strike me when I stepped between them. Here Colonel Turner showed the only signs of strong feeling during the day by sharply informing me:

"If you obstruct my men, sir, I'll have you put out of this house directly."

I apologized and explained. At last the end came. The tenants were hustled to the opening, Crocker put his broad shoulders behind them and the crowbar men piled themselves against him, and out they all went with a rush.

Then there was a dramatic incident. No sooner was plucky Kate Macnamara in the open air than she sprang upon the ruins of her house beckoning for silence with her hand, and shouted slowly at the top of her voice "Three cheers for the plan of campaign." I have never heard such cheers in my life.

Dublin, June 10.—The evictions at Bodyke were resumed to-day and there was a repetition of the exciting scenes which have attended the numerous attempts to evict the tenants. The sheriff and his bodyguard were stubbornly resisted at the house of a tenant named O'Hallaran. A hill side near the house was covered with an excited mob, who cheered the defenders of the premises and urged them to hold out. O'Hallaran and his party had dug a trench around the house and barricaded the lower rooms, while the upper portion of the house was occupied by ten men, including two who had returned from America and some women. The bailiffs made an attack on the wall of the house with a crowbar, but were received with scalding water and fled. An Inspector of Police with drawn sword then mounted a ladder placed against the side of the house, but was beaten down. A constable with a rifle and fixed bayonet next mounted the ladder, but his head was battered by the defenders. Several gashes were inflicted upon him and he retired. Another constable also attempted to climb the ladder, but failed. A second ladder was then procured and several constables mounted, but were beaten down. Mr. Cox, M. P., essayed to climb up a ladder to speak to the inmates of the house, but police prevented him from doing so. Finally a constable entered with a rifle and fixed bayonet, but the rifle was wrenched from him and his safety was imperilled, when Father Hannon entered and secured a cessation of hostilities. The inmates were then arrested and the work of eviction was carried out. When Father Hannon entered O'Hallaran's house, O'Hallaran had Constable Norton raised aloft and was in the act of throwing him out of the window. The crowd of peasants who surrounded the place jeered at the evictors, whereupon they were charged by the police, who brutally beat several of the peasants with their batons. Dublin, June 11.—The evictions at Bodyke were further carried out to-day. The first house visited by the evicting force was that of Timothy Collins, but as it was announced that a daughter of Collins lay dying inside the work of eviction was abandoned. The evictors then proceeded to the house of Michael O'Callaghan, where they met with a terrible resistance. The bailiffs and police were deluged with scalding water and meal. Col. Turner, who was in charge of the evicting party, implored Father Hannon, who was again in attendance, to endeavor to persuade the people to cease resistance and thus prevent bloodshed. Father Hannon then entered the house and the inmates ceased their attack on the force, which entered and carried out the work of eviction. Five women who had been extremely violent in their attacks were arrested. Several other evictions were effected during the day and there was more or less resistance in each case. The police threatened to arrest Michael Davitt if he interfered. A meeting of tenants and sympathizers announced to be held at Bodyke to-morrow has been proclaimed by the authorities. Michael Davitt has determined the meeting shall take place, and arrangements are being made to outwit the police.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

By ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness Every year. And the summer flowers whiteness Every year. For do summer flowers whiteness Every year. Nor do autumn fruits thicken As they once did, for they sicken Every year.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS—BLESSSED RALPH SHERWIN, PRIEST.

London Tablet.

An illustrious convert once said that he would be glorified with Christ, whose fellow labourers are, we must also suffer with Him, and what St. Paul learnt by his own painful experience many other converts from his days to ours have in greater or lesser measure experienced also. Such of our Martyrs as were called from heresy to Catholic unity amply verified the dictum of the apostle; nor does the case of the next on our list in anywise contradict the general rule. Blessed Ralph Sherwin, born in Derbyshire, at Bodelsey, near Langford, became a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1568, and six years later took his M. A. Degree. The Catholic influence of the University told on him as on many another, and in 1575 he followed Oxford and Protestantism, and followed the stream of distinguished men who had thrown in their lot with Dr. Allen in the rising seminary at Douai. There he prepared for holy orders, and in company with a large band of fellow-students, one of them being Blessed Lawrence, afterwards the general rule of the martyred, was priested on March 23, 1577. A Grecian and Hebraist of repute before he left Oxford, and no unlearned scholar in the higher studies of his new university, Ralph Sherwin was not deemed fitted for the English pulpit. He was sent to the continent to further his studies at the centre of the Christian world. It is certainly not to be said of him, as it was of the late Anglican Bishop of Manchester, in last week's Athenaeum, that "he showed little or no interest in the philosophical or theological problems which engaged the attention of his colleagues, and that he had no special knowledge of theology, doctrinal differences, ritual observances, or even for ecclesiastical history; such a temper of mind, though admirably fitted as a preparation for the Anglican episcopate, was not exacted of one who was called to be a priest and teacher of truth to a people that had been reborn in baptism. Prepared for five years of hard study, and filled with holy zeal to emulate the labors and the sufferings of the missionaries who were already at work, Blessed Ralph set out towards England in 1580 in company with the venerable Dr. Goldwell, Bishop of Exeter, who was then contemplating a visit to this country for the purpose of administering Confirmation to the sorely tried faithful who were in such need of the strength which that Sacrament alone can give. The Bishop being unable to proceed further than Rheims, Blessed Ralph went forward on his way alone, and began his labor and ended them in London. For before very long he was arrested in Mr. Boscrock's chamber in London, and lay for months in the Marshalsea prison with great pain of shackles on his legs night and day. One or two anecdotes of this part of his imprisonment have been preserved. There was with him in captivity a young gentleman of Essex, John Paschall, a name, a former scholar of our martyr's Oxford, who, being of a sanguine complexion and fervent in his religion, would often times break forth into zealous speeches, after the manner of St. Peter, before his denial of his Master, when he said, "O John, John, little knowest thou what thou shalt do before thou comest to it." And so it fell out with no little grief to the martyr, who was no sooner removed to the Tower than his old scholar and companion fell away through "frailty" upon fear of torments that were threatened upon him. Another story is told by Luke Grenard. Though the presence of a prisoner, the Word of God which delivered was not bound, and by exhortations of the holy man many Catholics were animated to suffer every trial for their religion. And it happened that two men in an adjoining cell who some strange doctrines deemed heretical even by the Church of England—two the lowest depths of the "hell" had been cast into prison, hearing the joyful clamations of the man of God at prospect of his approaching death, he to be a madman; but their amusements were turned to amazement when he once in his company they saw him in the time had come for the recital of Office, break off his conversation after prostrating on the floor, give him to his devotions with extraordinary piety and reverence. In a few days he no

IF. Four pale were strown with roses That he needed no stirring there. If the hour when our joy eld flow another newly full of beauty, And our waking hours of peace, Would we feel for those whose duty Never give their hearts release?

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK EIGHTH.

CHAPTER II.

BEN HUR'S RELATION.

An hour or thereabouts after the scene upon the roof, Baltheasar and Simonides, the latter attended by Esther, met in the great chamber of the palace; and while they were talking, Ben-Hur and Iras came in together. The young Jew, advancing in front of his companion, walked first to Baltheasar, and saluted him, and received his reply; then he turned to Simonides, but paused at sight of Esther. It is not often we have hearts roomy enough for more than one of the absorbing passions at the same time; in his case the other may continue to live, but only as lesser lights. So with Ben-Hur, much study of possibilities, indulgence of hopes and dreams, influences of the condition of his country, influences more direct—that of Iras, for example—made him in the broadest worldly sense ambitious; and as he had given the passion place, allowing it to become a ruler, and finally an imperious governor, the resolves and impulses of former days faded imperceptibly out of being, and at last almost out of recollection. It is at best so easy to forget our youth; in his case it was but natural that his own sufferings and the mystery darkening the fate of his family should move him less and less, as in hope at least, he approached nearer and nearer the goals which occupied all his visions. Only let us not judge her too harshly. He paused in surprise at seeing Esther a woman now, and so beautiful; and as he stood looking at her, a still voice reminded him of broken vows and duties undone: almost his old self returned. For an instant he was startled; but recovering, he went to Esther, and said, "Peace to thee, sweet Esther—peace and thou, Simonides"—he looked to the merchant as he spoke—"the blessing of the Lord be thine, if only because thou has been a good father to the fatherless."

Hur, bowing to the old man, began again: "I fear to answer the question you asked me about the Nazarene without first telling you some of the things I have seen Him do; and to that I am the more inclined, my friends, because to grow up He will come to the city, and go into the Temple, which He calls His Father's house, where, it is further said, He will proclaim Himself. So whether you are right, O Baltheasar, or you, Simonides, we and Israel shall know to-morrow."

Baltheasar rubbed his hands tremulously together, and asked, "Where shall I go to see Him?" "The pressure of the crowd will be very great. Better, I think, that you all go upon the roof above the cloisters—say upon the Porch of Solomon." "Can you be with us?" "No," said Ben-Hur, "my friends will require me, perhaps, in the procession." "Possession!" exclaimed Simonides. "Does He travel in state?" Ben-Hur saw the argument in mind. "He brings twelve men with him, fishermen, tillers of the soil, one a publican, all of the humbler class; and He and they make their journeys on foot, careless of wind, cold, rain, or sun, treading their way by the wayside at nightfall to break bread or lie down to sleep. I have been reminded of a party of shepherds going back to their flocks from market, not of nobles and kings. Only when He lifts the corners of His handkerchief to look at some one or shake the dust from His head, I am made to know He is their teacher as well as their companion—their superior not less than their friend. "You are shrewd men," Ben-Hur resumed after a pause. "You know what creatures of certain master motives we are, and that it has become little less than a law of our nature to spend life in eager pursuit of certain objects; now, appealing to that law as something by which you may know ourselves, what would you say of a man who could be rich by making gold of the stones under his feet, yet is poor of choice?" "The Greeks would call him a philosopher," said Iras. "Nay, daughter," said Baltheasar, "the philosophers had never the power to do such things." "How know you this man has?" Ben-Hur answered quickly, "I saw Him turn water into wine."

"Very strange, very strange," said Simonides; "but it is not so strange to me as that He should prefer to live poor when He could be so rich. Is he so poor?" "He was nothing, and envies nobody his owning. He pitied the rich. But passing that, what would you say to see a man multiply seven loaves and two fishes all his store, into enough to feed five thousand people, and have full baskets over?" "That is it," said Simonides. "You saw it?" exclaimed Simonides. "Ay, and ate of the bread and fish."

"More marvellous still," Ben-Hur continued, "what would you say of a man in whom there is such healing virtue that the sick have but to touch the hem of His garment, or to be touched by Him, and they are cured, or to that man that He should, I witnessed, not once, but many times. As we came out of Jericho two blind men by the wayside called to the Nazarene, and He touched their eyes, and they saw. So they brought a palsied man to Him, and He said merely, 'Go unto thy house,' and the man went away cured. What say you to these things?" The merchant had no answer. "Think you now, as I have heard others argue, that what I have told you are tricks of jugglery? Let me answer by recalling greater things which I have seen Him do. Look first to that curse that He laid upon the fig-tree, as you all know, except by death—leprosy."

"At these words Amrah dropped her hands to the floor, and in her eagerness to hear him half arose. "What would you say," said Ben-Hur with increased earnestness—"what would you say to have seen that, one day I saw Him with the Nazarene while I was with Him down in Galilee, and said, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.' He heard the cry, and touched the outcast with His hand, saying, 'Be thou clean'; and forthwith the man was himself again, healthful as any of us who beheld the cure, and we were a multitude."

Here Amrah arose, and with her gait, fingers held the wily looks from her eyes. The brain of the poor creature had long since gone to heat, and she was troubled to follow the speech. "Then, again," said Ben-Hur without stop, "I saw lepers come to him one day in a body, and falling at His feet, called out—I saw and heard it all—called out, 'Master, Master, have mercy upon us!' He told them, 'Go, show yourselves to the priest, as the law requires; and before you are come there ye shall be healed.' "And where they?" "Yes, on the road going their infirmity left them, so that there was nothing to remind us of it except their polluted clothes."

"Such a thing was never heard before—never in all Israel!" said Simonides in undertone. And then, while he was speaking, Amrah turned away and walked noiselessly to the door, and went out; and none of the company saw her go. "The thoughts stirred by such things done under my eyes I leave you to imagine," said Ben-Hur, continuing; "but my doubts, my misgivings, my amazement, were not yet at the full. The people of Galilee are, as you know, impetuous and rash; after years of waiting, their swords burned their hands; nothing would do them but action. 'He is slow to declare Himself; let us force Him,' they cried to me. And I too became impatient. If He is to be King, why not now? The legions are ready. So as He was once teaching by the sea-side we would have crowned Him whether or not; but He disappeared, and was next seen on a ship departing from the shore. Good Simonides, the dearest that make other men mad—riches, power, even kingships offered out of great love by a great people—move this one not at all. What say you?"

The merchant's chin was low upon his breast; raising his head, he replied resolutely, "The Lord liveth, and so do the words of the prophets. Time is in the green yet; let to-morrow answer." "Be it so," said Baltheasar, smiling. And Ben-Hur said, "Be it so." Then he went on: "But I have not yet done. From these things, not too great to be above suspicion by such as did not see them in performance as I did, let me carry you now to others infinitely greater, acknowledged since the world began to be past the power of man. Tell me, has any one to your knowledge ever reached out and taken from Death what Death has made his own? Who ever gave again the breath of a life lost. Who but?" "God!" said Baltheasar reverently. Ben-Hur bowed. "O wise Egyptian! I may not refuse the name you lend me. What would you—of you, Simonides—what would you either or both have said, had you seen, as I did, a man, with few words and no ceremony, without effort more than a mother's when she speaks to wake her child asleep, undo the work of Death? It was down at Nain. We were about going into the gate, when a company came out bearing a dead man. The Nazarene stopped to lead the train past. There was a woman among them weeping; she spoke to her, then went and touched the bier, and said to him who lay upon it dressed for burial, 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise!' And instantly the dead sat up and talked."

"God only is so great," said Baltheasar to Simonides. "Mark you," Ben-Hur proceeded, "I do but tell you things of which I was a witness, together with a cloud of other men. On the way thither I saw another act still more mighty. In Bethany there was a man named Lazarus, who died and was buried; and after he had lain four days in a tomb, shut in by a great stone, the Nazarene was shown to the place. Upon rolling the stone away, we beheld the man lying inside bound and rotting. There were many people standing by, and we all heard what the Nazarene said, for He spoke in a loud voice: 'Lazarus, come forth!' I cannot tell you my feelings when in answer, as it were, the man arose and came out to us with all his cements about him. 'Loose him,' said the Nazarene next, 'loose him, and let him go.' And when the napkin was taken from the face of the resurrected, lo, my friends! the blood ran anew through the wasted body, and he was exactly as he had been in life before the sickness that took him off. He lives yet, and is hourly seen and spoken to. You may go see him to-morrow. And now, as nothing more is needed for the purpose, I ask you that which I came to ask, it being but a repetition of what you asked me, O Simonides, what more than a man is this Nazarene?"

The question was put solemnly, and long after midnight the company sat and debated it; Simonides being yet unwilling to give up his understanding of the sayings of the prophets, and Ben-Hur contending that the elder disputants were bound right—till the morning the Redeemer, since claimed by Baltheasar, and also the destined King the merchant would have. "To-morrow we will see. Peace to you all." So saying Ben-Hur took his leave, intending to return to Bethany. CHAPTER III. GLAD TIDINGS. The first person to go out of the city upon the opening of the Sheep's Gate next morning was Amrah, basket on arm. No questions were asked her by the people, since the morning she had not been more regular in coming than she; they knew her somebody's faithful servant, and that was enough for her. Down the eastern valley she took her way. The side of Olivet, darkly green, was spotted with white tents recently up, and lepers, as they were called, the hour, however, was too early for the strangers to be abroad; still, had it not been so, no one would have troubled her. Past Gethsemane; past the tombs at the meeting of the Bethany roads; past the sepulchral village of Siloam she went. Occasionally the decrepit little body staggered; once she had to get her breath; rising shortly, she struggled on with renewed haste. The great rocks on either hand, if they had had eyes, might have heard her mutter to herself, could they have seen, it would have been to observe how frequently she looked up over the mount, reproving the dawn for its promptness; if it had been possible for them to gossip, not improbably they would have said to each other, "Our friend is in a hurry this morning; the mouths she goes to feed must be very hungry."

When at last she reached the King's Garden she slackened her gait; for then the grim city of the lepers was in view, extending far round the pitted south hill of Hinnom. As the reader must by this time have surmised, she was going to her mistress, whose tomb, it will be remembered, overlooked the well En-rogel. Early as it was, the unhappy woman was up and sitting outside, leaving Tirzah asleep within. The course of the maledy had been terribly swift in the three years. Conscious of her appearance, she kept her whole person habitually covered. Seldom as possible she permitted even Tirzah to see her. This morning she was taking the air with bared head, knowing there was no one to be shocked by the exposure. The light was not full, but enough to show the ravages to which she had been subjected. Her hair was snow-white and unmanageably coarse, falling over her back and shoulders like so much silver wire. The eyelids, the lips, the nostrils, the flesh of the cheeks, were either gone or reduced to faded rawness. The neck was a mass of ash-colored scales. One hand lay outside the folds of her habit rigid as that of a skeleton; the nails had not been eaten away; the joints of the fingers, if not bare to the bone, were swollen knots crusted with red scoria. Head, neck, and hand indicated all too plainly the condition of the whole body. Seeing her thus, it was easy to understand how the once fair widow of the

primarily Hur had been able to maintain her insupportable sorrow through such a period of years. When the sun would glid the crest of Olivet and the Mount of Offence with light sharper and more brilliant in that old land than in the West, she knew Amrah would come, first to the well, then to a stone midway the well and the foot of the hill on which she had her abode, and that the good servant would there deposit the food she carried in the basket, and fill the water-jar afresh for the day. Of her former plenitude of happiness, that brief visit was all that remained to her; the unfortunate, she could then talk about her son, and he told of his welfare, with such bits of news concerning him as the messenger could glean. Usually the information was meagre enough, yet comforting; at times she heard he was at home; then she would issue from her dreary cell at break of day, and sit till noon, and from noon to set of sun, a motionless figure draped in white, looking statue like, invariably to one point—over the Temple to the spot under the rounded arch where the old house stood, dear in memory, and dearer because he was there. Nothing else was left her. Tirzah counted the days; and as for herself, she simply waited the end, knowing every hour of life was an hour of dying—happily, of painless dying. The things of nature about the hill to keep her sensitive to the world's attractions were wretchedly scant; beasts and birds avoided the place as if they knew its history and present mood; every green thing perished in its first season; the winds warred upon the shrubs and venturous grasses, leaving to drought such as they could not uproot. Look where she would, the view was made depressingly suggestive by tombs—tombs above her, tombs below, tombs opposite her own tomb—all now freshly whitened in warning to visiting pilgrims. In the sky—clear, fair, inviting—one would think she might have found some relief to her ache of mind; but, alas! in making the beautiful elsewhere the sun served her never so unfriendly—it did but disclose her growing hideousness. But for the sun she would not have been the horror she was to herself, nor been waked so cruelly from dreams of Tirzah as she used to be. The gift of seeing can be sometimes a dreadful curse. Does one ask why she did not make an end to her sufferings? The Law forbade her! A Gentile may smile at the answer; but so will not a son of Israel. While she sat there peeping the dusty solitude with thoughts even more cheerless, suddenly a woman came up the hill staggering and spent with exertion. The widow arose hastily, and covering her head, cried, in a voice unnaturally harsh, "Unclean, unclean!" In a moment she heard the note of the notice, Amrah was at her feet. All the long pent love of the simple creature burst forth with tears and passionate exclamations she kissed her mistress's garments, and for a while the latter strove to escape from her; then, seeing she could not, she waited till the violence of the paroxysm had passed, and then she said, "What saw you do, Amrah?" she said, "Is it by such disobedience you prove your love for us? Wicked woman! You are lost; and he—your master—you can never, never go back to him."

Amrah grovelled sobbing in the dust. "The ban of the law is upon you, you say; you cannot go back to him. What will become of us? Who will bring us bread? O wicked, wicked Amrah! We are all, all undone alike!" "Mercy, mercy!" Amrah answered from the ground. "You should have been merciful to yourself, and by doing being more merciful to us. Now where can we fly? There is no one to help us. O false servant! The wrath of the Lord was already too heavy upon us."

Here Tirzah, awakened by the noise, appeared at the door of the tomb. The pen shrinks from the picture she presented. In the hall-dress apparatus, nearly blind, its limbs and extremities swollen to grotesque largeness, familiar eyes however sharpened by love could not have recognized the creature of childish grace and purity we first beheld her. "Is it Amrah, mother?" "Stay, Amrah!" the widow cried imperiously. "I forbid you touching her. Rise, and get you gone before any at the well see you here. Nay, I forgot—it is too late! You must remain now and share our doom. Rise, I say!" Amrah rose to her knees, and said, brokenly, with clasped hands, "O good mistress! I am not false—I am not wicked. I bring you good tidings."

"Of Judah?" and as she spoke, the widow half withdrew the cloth from her head. "There is a wonderful man," Amrah continued, "who has power to cure you. He speaks words, and the sick are made well, and even the dead come to life. I have come to take you to him."

"Poor Amrah!" said Tirzah compassionately. "No," cried Amrah, detecting the doubt underlying the expression—"no, as the Lord lives, even the Lord of Israel, my God, as well as yours, I speak the truth. Go with me, I pray, and lose no time. This morning He will pass by on His way to the city. See! the day is at hand. Take the food here—eat, and let us go."

The mother listened eagerly. Not unlike she had heard of the wonderful man for by this time His fame had penetrated every nook in the land. "Who is He?" she asked. "A Nazarene," she said. "Who told you about Him?" "Judah."

"Judah told you? Is he at home?" "He came to-night."

The widow, trying still the beating of her heart, was silent awhile. "Did Judah send you to tell us this?" she next asked. "No, He believes you dead."

"There was a prophet once who cured a leper," the mother said thoughtfully to Tirzah; "but he had his power from God." Then, turning to Amrah, she asked, "How does my son know this man so possessed?" "He was travelling with Him, and

"Remember, we are going to find health and life. See, my child, how the day breaks; and you are here, and you are women coming this way to the well. They will stone us if we stay here. Come, be strong this once."

Thus the mother, not less tortured herself, sought to inspire the daughter; and Amrah came to her aid. To this time the latter had not touched the person of the blind, not say her with in disregard of consequences as well as of command, the faithful creature went to Tirzah, and put her arm over her shoulder, and whispered, "Lean on me, I am strong, though I am old; and it is but a little way off. There—now we can go."

"The face of the King they stayed to cross with me, and I was with them, and in the old structure; but when at last they stood upon the top to rest, and looked at the spectacle presented them over in the north-west—at the Temple and its courtly terraces, at Zion, at the enduring towers white beelling into the sky beyond—the mother was strengthened with a love of life for life's sake.

"Look, Tirzah," she said—"look at the plates of gold on the Gate Beautiful. How they give back the flames of the sun, brightness for brightness! Do you remember we used to go up there? Will it not be pleasant to do so again? And this is home—but a little way off. I can almost see it over the roof of the Holy of Holies; and Judah will be there to receive us."

From the side of the middle summit garnished green with myrtle and olive trees, they saw, upon looking that way next, the columns of smoke rising lightly and straight up into the pulseless morning, each a warning of restless pilgrims set, and of the flight of the pitiless hour, and the need of haste.

Though the good servant toiled faithfully to lighten the labour in descending the hill side, not sparing herself in the least, the girl moaned at every step; sometimes in extremity of anguish she cried out. Upon reaching the road—that is, the road between the Mount of Offence and the middle or second summit of Olivet—she fell down exhausted.

"Go on with Amrah, mother, and leave me here," she said faintly. "No, no, Tirzah. What would the gain be to me if I were healed and you not? When Judah asks for you, as he will, what would I have to say to him were I to leave you?" "Tell him I loved him."

The elder leper arose from bending over the fainting sufferer, and gazed about her with that sensation of hope which is more nearly like the annihilation of the soul than anything else. The supreme joy of the thought of cure was inseparable from Tirzah, who was not too old to forget, in the happiness of life to come, the years of misery by which she had been so reduced in body and broken in spirit. Even as the brave woman was about leaving the venture they were engaged in to the determination of God, she saw a man on foot coming rapidly up the road from the east.

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It CAN DO NO HARM to try Freeman's Worm Powders when your child is ailing, feverish or fretful. NATIONAL PILLS will not grip or sicken, yet are a thorough cathartic.

JUNE 18, 1907.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

By ALBERT PIKE. The spring has less of brightness Every year. And the snow a ghastlier whiteness Every year.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS—BLESSÉD RALPH SHERWIN, PRIEST.

London. An illustrious convert once said that if we would be glorified with Christ, whose fellow heirs we are, we must also suffer with Him; and what St. Paul learnt by his own painful experience many other converts from his days to ours have in greater or lesser measure experienced also.

CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS.

Editor of the Catholic Record. SIR: The non-Catholics are accustomed to look at the church of Rome as the most dangerous and treacherous power upon earth. To fight that terrible foe they have well organized and powerful associations, the ramifications of which extend all over the world.

HOUSFORD'S Acid Phosphate

Dr. B. B. GROVER, Rushford, N. Y., says: "I have prescribed it for nervous irritability, with marked results." No ONE BUYS A "FIG IN A POKER"—in other words, purchases on mere guesswork—who buys for his or her relief Naturopathic Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure.

them over that they both begged to be made members of the Catholic Church, so that it came to pass that the two prisoners who had been hitherto punished for heresy were henceforth sufferers for their Catholicity. Every ready to ward the cause of truth, blessed Ralph Sherwin accepted a challenge which certain ministers of the Establishment had thrown down, but before the dispute could take place the zealous champion of the faith was removed to the Tower. There he remained in close confinement for a twelvemonth, the monotony of his life being broken only by his being "sundry and several times examined and racked."

THE PROTESTANT IDEA OF DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

London. At St. Mary and Joseph's Poplar, a course of lectures was commenced on Sunday evening by the Rev. James Lawless, M. R., the subject being "The Protestant Idea of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." Taking for his text the words "He who is not with Me is against Me." (St. Luke xi. 23), the rev. lecturer said: In commencing this course of lectures on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I wish it clearly to be understood that if I have to be to a certain extent controversial, I am anxious above all things to avoid wounding feelings, whether they be Protestant or Catholic. And should any words escape me which should grate upon the religious feelings or sensitiveness of any of my audience, let that word be softened in its sound, at the same time maintaining the truth. I must now humbly beg our good God, through the intercession of her whose cause I wish to defend, to bless my undertakings, and to give strength to my words and docility to your minds and hearts.

THE SANCTUARY.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE HILLS OF GALILEE. Mr. Kinglake in "Eothen." I crossed the plains of Esdraelon and entered amongst the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path brought me sharply round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a grey mass of dwelling that lay happily nestled in the lap of the mountain.

"A GATE OF FLOWERS."

The above is the title of a volume of poems that has been laid upon our table. It is issued by the well-known publishing house of Wm. Briggs, 78 and 80 King St., Toronto. The design and press-work are exceeding neat and the exterior beauty of the book is more than surpassed by the good things in the little volume. Its author, Mr. O'Hagan, has fairly written his way into the front rank of young Canadian writers of both prose and verse.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto. Nature Makes No Mistakes. Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, sea sickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fawcett's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.

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THE PROTESTANT IDEA OF DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

London. At St. Mary and Joseph's Poplar, a course of lectures was commenced on Sunday evening by the Rev. James Lawless, M. R., the subject being "The Protestant Idea of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." Taking for his text the words "He who is not with Me is against Me." (St. Luke xi. 23), the rev. lecturer said: In commencing this course of lectures on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I wish it clearly to be understood that if I have to be to a certain extent controversial, I am anxious above all things to avoid wounding feelings, whether they be Protestant or Catholic. And should any words escape me which should grate upon the religious feelings or sensitiveness of any of my audience, let that word be softened in its sound, at the same time maintaining the truth. I must now humbly beg our good God, through the intercession of her whose cause I wish to defend, to bless my undertakings, and to give strength to my words and docility to your minds and hearts.

THE SANCTUARY.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE HILLS OF GALILEE. Mr. Kinglake in "Eothen." I crossed the plains of Esdraelon and entered amongst the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path brought me sharply round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a grey mass of dwelling that lay happily nestled in the lap of the mountain.

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GLIMPSES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

From Annals of the Holy Childhood. Rev. Father Frenna, of the Society of Jesus, a missionary in Alabama, lately wrote the following letter, which gives interesting details of missionary life in that part of the great republic: "Selma has a population of 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, and the mission which depends on it covers an area of 450 kilometers long by 75 to 100 wide. I am continually travelling; my return to Selma, which is about every two weeks has for its sole object the renewal of my provisions of wine and hosts; since Lent I have not remained in it twenty-four hours in succession. I celebrate Mass wherever I stop, whether Catholics live in the place or not. Very often do I find poor souls that have not seen a priest for twenty-five years; they are Catholics in heart, but entirely devoid of instruction. As to children that are old enough to make their first Communion, to prepare them worthily for that holy action I would be obliged to take them all with me to Selma for about a month; to realize which I would need at least 2,000 francs. It is impossible to ask anything of the Catholics, as the majority are even unable to aid the missionary to meet his expenses. In the four principal localities, towns having a population of from 3,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, we have erected modest chapels wherein I celebrate Mass once a month. In each of them my congregation comprises five or six families, at the utmost thirty Catholics, the majority workmen, and with that, it is with difficulty that I gather them together.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 300 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ENGLAND.

REV. JOHN F. COFFEY, M. A., LL.D., EDITOR

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., June 18th, 1887.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which Holy Church celebrates on Friday next, is one that with peculiar fitness and special suggestiveness follows the octave of Corpus Christi. We lately said of the festival that it was the feast of civilization and humanity. The same may in truth be also said of the festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—but the one we may be permitted to look on especially as a feast of thanksgiving—the other as a feast of reparation. During the octave of Corpus Christi we gave thanks to God from our inmost souls for His extraordinary manifestation of love for us in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist; during the octave of the Sacred Heart let us rather strive to offer some reparation, be it no matter how weak or feeble, for the innumerable outrages, treasons and enormities, which afflict the tender and Sacred Heart of Him who died for us on Mount Calvary. We can better offer this reparation by first entering on certain reflections suggested by Jesus Himself, who on one occasion declared with all the emphasis and authority at His command: "It must needs be that scandals come, but nevertheless woe to that man by whom scandal cometh."

should scandalize my brother. Let the moderate drinker then, as well as the drunkard, take heed lest by any means this liberty of his should be so used as to encourage the weaker brethren to fall, and thus perhaps prove to be a stumbling block and a scandal. Is your example a safe model for the weaker brethren? Or would it be too much to forego your claims, and deny yourselves rather than destroy by your unnecessary and dangerous drink one of those souls for whom Christ suffered and died? Let us not, as St. Paul says, judge one another any more, but judge this rather: that you put not a stumbling block or a scandal in your brother's way. Drink is the powerful engine employed by Satan in this age, for wrecking homes, severing family ties, making widows and orphans, filling thousands of dishonored graves every year, peopling workhouses, asylums and prisons. Scandal is committed too by ridiculing piety and virtue in others. It is committed by calumny and setting at variance people who are at peace with one another. The calumniator shall defile his own soul and be hated by all. It is committed by showing contempt, stubbornness, ill-will or disobedience to parents or to superiors; it is committed by injurious or by immodest words. Scandal is committed by writing or by circulating bad papers, bad journals or bad books. Oh! how deplorable is the damage caused to faith and morals in this age of ours—by bad books and bad papers. How innocent souls are deluged and dying from the poisonous breath of the serpent which issues from the pages of bad books. A bad book is a false light which blinds the intellect to things of God. It is an enemy of deadly character. It is an insidious serpent, which if permitted to enter your house will surely kill. A bad book is a bad companion and a bad companion is one through whom most grievous scandal cometh. Better for you to pluck out your right eye than to allow it to scandalize you by reading a bad book; better for you to cut off your right hand than allow it to receive, lend or sell a bad book. Scandal has one special and characteristic feature which makes it frightful to contemplate, and that is the ease with which it is committed and yet the great difficulty of making reparation. If you have unjustly taken your neighbor's property you may have some compensation to make, but if by scandal you precipitate an immortal soul into hell—what compensation can you make. Oh! no compensation can be made—for out of hell there is no redemption. If you scandalize one, you infect him and he in turn will infect the next with whom he comes in contact. So that in the end you become responsible for all blackened and destroyed through your first sin of scandal. Who then can tell all the sins of scandal, known and unknown, that shall be brought in judgment against us? A responsibility of untold gravity will ultimately lie at the door of the scandal-giver and on the day of reckoning innumerable souls whom you have forgotten will rise clothed in that loathsome and hideous form to which your sin has condemned them, and seek for double measure of retribution on you, that besides your own portion of bitterness you may be condemned to share with each of them the cup of woe which while on earth you mixed for them. Woe to him indeed on that day by whom scandals have come. Before the judgment seat of man a feeling of pride may arm us to accept punishment without accusing those who in reality ought more properly to bear it. But before the tribunal of the Omnipotent Judge, all will be but too happy to lighten themselves of the smallest portion of their lot by pointing out their seducers and encouragers in evil. The closest ties of friendship and blood will make no difference in the awful challenge. "Thou hast eaten of the tree," said the Almighty to Adam, "whereof I commanded you that thou shouldst not eat." And what was his answer, "The woman whom thou gavest to be my companion gave me of the tree and I did eat." Oh! such will be the answer of all, "The husband whom Thou didst command me, through Your Apostle, to obey, the parent whom Thou didst command me to honor, that my days might be long in the land, he gave me the forbidden fruit and I did eat it." It will be a mortal contention among earthly friends, for it is these alone that are generally the cause of each other's ruin. For what a complication of crime then will the accused call for a transfer of his punishments. For an unnatural treachery, a fiendish malice, "Even the man of my peace in whom I trusted, who eat my bread, have greatly supplanted me. Let death come upon them and let them go down alive into hell." Having seen that scandal is a great sin, that it kills in our neighbor that which is of more value than the body, that it is a common sin and easy of commission, but most difficult of reparation, a crime that opposes the blessed Trinity, that afflicts the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that interferes with the work of the Church in the salvation of souls. Let us conceive a horror for scandal and let us make the firm resolution of not doing in that way. If any of us have unfortunately scandalized our

neighbor and feel that we have robbed Jesus Christ of one or more souls, which He purchased on Calvary's mount, despair not;—for the scandal giver there is pardon if he sincerely repents. "I desire," says the Lord, "not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live." God's mercy is above all His works. The festival of the Sacred Heart offers all Christians a most touching opportunity of offering reparation for the scandals of which they may have been heretofore guilty. Few, indeed, are there who can claim exemption from this grievous fault, for almost every sin, every failure to give good example, where good example was necessary, may be set down as giving bad example. The force of good counsel is great, but the force of good example is irresistible. May, then, this festival of Christ's Divine and Merciful Heart be for all a season of grace, forgiveness and reparation, the opening of a new era of promise, pleasure and perseverance—the forerunner of that unending season of love which will one day be ours, if true to the lessons taught us by that Sacred Heart, the fountain of all peace, and grace and benediction.

should be exercised in accordance with the wants of the people, and they should not be exerted to oppress. It is the duty of legislators to legislate so that the soil of the country shall belong to the people of the country. Hence Mr. William O'Brien did well not to compromise the just cause of Ireland with the impious and noxious theories of socialism. THE GLOBE AND THE RECORD. The Globe, of June 6th, tells us that we "appear" to be conscious of possessing more accurate information as to Italian affairs than even the Fortnightly Review on the subject of the relations between the Government and people of Italy with the Vatican. We take our information from Italian sources. We read in Le Moniteur de Rome, of May 1st—an authority of at least equal weight on Italian questions with Sir Charles Dilke, the writer of "the extraordinarily able and minutely detailed articles referred to by the Globe—a very clever rejoinder to an Italian radical organ, that will, we think, serve to put the Globe right on the Catholic view of Italian pacification. Le Moniteur writes: "A Catholic sheet of Tours, the Gazette Piemontaise, asks Catholic journals to explain themselves once for all what they mean when they speak of conciliation. 'The clerical papers,' says the Gazette Piemontaise, 'when you offer them a precise question, either shun a reply or, at most, declare that it is for Italy to take the initiative. Or, like the Moniteur de Rome, they affirm that the Pope is the sole judge of the solution to be given. In pursuing this mode of reasoning they make of themselves painful public spectacles.' Since the Gazette Piemontaise calls upon us for an answer, we feel bound to give and will give a few words of explanation. The Tuscan journal begs of Catholic papers to tell what they mean by conciliation. Is the ignorance which the Gazette affects really sincere? It is permissible, at all events, to doubt it. Our contemporary, in order to enlighten itself, had only to read the numerous articles published within recent weeks, by the Catholic press of the peninsula, to find ample information. We have ourselves said and repeated a hundred times that what the Italian Catholics desire, is that the independence and the dignity of the Pope be fully and effectually secured, which they are not today. Not only as Catholics but likewise as Italians, the Catholics of the peninsula demand the liberty of the Holy See, to which the present condition of things offers guarantees wholly insufficient and illusory. The Catholics of Italy are deeply impressed with the conviction that peace with the Vatican is altogether compatible with the interests of Italy, nay, more, that this peace is of supreme and vital moment for the government, and that it should under actual circumstances—according to a liberal review, recently cited in these columns, make the accomplishment of that peace its first and principal object. Italian Catholics are not alone in saying and thinking so. This is also the profound and intimate conviction of all true patriots, of all sincere men who love the greatness of their country. But conciliation with the Vatican having for essential condition a sufficient reparation, it naturally follows that it is for official Italy to take the first step. It does not at all pertain to Catholics to present a fully developed project and to propose a practical solution. Their part in the interest of Church as well as of State, must be confined to prepare such a solution, to affirm and reaffirm that such a solution may be arrived at, that it is consistent with forms the most varied, and that, if, in its search, courage and loyalty be called in, private interests, which nobody desires to be sacrificed, will nowise suffer. These principles stated and admitted on both sides, it is for official Italy, upon giving security, to make its offer. The Pope being the sole competent judge in this matter, will decide whether the security offered will sufficiently guarantee the liberty and independence necessary for the fulfilment of his divine ministry. Are these declarations clear and precise enough? We hope that the Gazette Piemontaise will be satisfied with them. We feel, at any rate, certain that we speak in language sufficiently clear and categorical. Yes, indeed, it is time to cease standing on the highway, and to go forward once for all. It is not, however, to us that the Gazette should address its exhortations, but to its own friends the liberals and the supporters of the administration—these, indeed, it should persuade of the necessity there is to put an end to hostilities and to delay—to do, in fine, something for Italy itself. The matter is pressing, and if ever the occasion was propitious it is to-day, when on every side the urgency of a solution is evident, when the general situation of Europe, the increasing international embarrassments, the internal and external difficulties of Italy, all combine in demanding the closing up of a wound which not only paralyzes its forces but exhausts its energy." Le Moniteur further publishes an address from the moderate republicans of Tours to the Deputy Fessard, himself a republican who has taken strong ground

in favor of conciliation with the Papacy. In that address we read: "Your courageous example, your desire to assure to Italy the desired strength and respect, in harmonizing the sentiment of religion with that of country—have inspired us with the purpose of registering our cordial feelings in your regard. And since you have signified your approval thereof, you may make it at your will—as you desire—a public declaration of opinion. It is for you to choose the opportunity and to select the mode, the time and the place for the publication thereof. For us, Honorable Sir, we see with heartfelt sorrow, in the fatal conflict between Church and State, the veritable origin of the many evils which so sadly afflict Italy, and we are in accord with you to recognize that there can be no other remedy for the difficulty than a full, honest, sincere conciliation between the two supreme powers. Like you, we are convinced that this conciliation would give the Papacy the assurance of the free and Sovereign exercise of its power to commence, as you well observe, by education. It would, at the same time, give force, splendor, and security to our august dynasty towards which we profess the profoundest loyalty; it would, in fine, render our dear Italy, of which we are proud, to be loving children and faithful citizens, great and prosperous." The Globe does not surprise us when it declares that those foolish Catholics who take the radical view of the saying: "A free church in a free State are extremely wise Catholics because they differ from our opinion. We repeat that there can be no freedom for the Church where the free actions of her august Head is in any way impeded, and we protest against our esteemed contemporary's interpretation of this statement as bearing on the mere exercise of the Pope's temporal authority. The Globe should, by this time, know that the Pope is not free in the exercise of his spiritual functions in Rome. His appearance in public to preside over any important ceremonial would be the signal for radical demonstrations such as those which disgraced Rome on the occasion of the burial of Pope Pius IX. The Pope is not as free in the Eternal City as even the humblest citizen thereof. If the Pope were free, the Catholics of Italy, whatever their political opinions, the friends of the reigning dynasty and of Italian unity and greatness were not so earnest and so anxious for conciliation. The Globe is not so ingenious, as we might expect, when it says that "to permit unimpeded action in temporal affairs to the head of an ecclesiastical hierarchy would, if history is to be trusted, lead a people more certainly to unpleasant consequences in the next." Our reading of history, not we admit so extensive or so profound as that of the Globe, but certainly honest and thorough, within its limits, leads us to the unalterable conviction that in so far as the Papacy is concerned its action was never by any nation impeded, nor its liberty curtailed, without baneful, pernicious, and even lethal results to the revolting nation. Instances numerous indeed might be cited, of even recent times, to establish the truth of this contention. But as the Roman question is one to which we must again return, we for the present hold over any further expression of view. THE JESUITS AND THEIR MAL-IGNANCES. "Dr." Wild, it seems, has inaugurated a regular No-Popery campaign in Bond St. Church, Toronto. It is not our intention to follow up this "Habbakuk Muchie-wrath" through his incoherent ravings. The task would be unworthy of a rational being; but as in a sermon delivered on the 6th inst. he takes occasion to re-echo a calumny which has been frequently alleged against the Jesuits, and that very lately by others besides himself, we shall take occasion to state the facts connected with that page of history which quite a number of Protestant clergy have, of late, been in the habit of misrepresenting, the suppression of the Jesuit order in the last century. "Dr." Wild says: "A majority of the Catholics of the whole world are against this order, and well they might be, for wherever the Jesuits had been they had fomented disturbances, dissensions and troubles, and had wrought evil both to states and nations. He felt persuaded the Jesuits would not stop at Quebec, but would assail Ontario itself. He could not see that there was stamina enough in either political party to resist the encroachments of this disturbing organization. It was the most compact secret order of the secret organizations of the world. It could still control governments in places where it got a footing unless it had lost its old cunning and intrigue. The members of the Society had been accused of every crime in the calendar by Roman Catholic writers of the best authority. He read a list of the countries from which the Jesuits had been expelled or in which they had been suppressed: the list included not only every country in Europe, but China, Japan and the Transvaal. Eleven Popes had censured the order. It remained for Canada to give them refuge and legal status." We had occasion, during the month of March, to review and refute certain calumnies against this order, which were advanced by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Bishop Cox, and some minor lights. We propose here to say a few words on the causes which led to their suppression in various countries in Europe, and especially to their formal suppression as a Religious Order by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773.

The statement that eleven Popes have censured the order is simply a falsehood. In 1814 the order was solemnly restored as a Religious Order by Pope Pius VII. He was moved to do this by the active zeal which they had displayed in the cause of education and science while they existed, but especially by their heroic devotedness to the propagation of the Gospel. Since the time of Pius VI., every Pope has been more and more attached to the Jesuits; until within the last few months Pope Leo XIII., by a special brief restored to them all the privileges and rights which had been conferred on them by the Pope, from Paul III. down to the present date. This brief is but little more than a confirmation of all that was done for the order by Paul VII., except that it is somewhat more full, and it removed some doubts regarding certain concessions which had formerly been granted. In this brief the glorious reigning Pontiff declares that the brief itself is "a testimonial of the love he bears and has always borne for the illustrious Society of Jesus, so devoted to our predecessors and to ourselves: the fruitful foster-mother of eminent men by the glory of holiness and science, the source and support of sound and solid doctrine, which in spite of the violent persecution it endured for justice's sake, never desists from laboring in the Lord's vineyard with joyful ardor and unconquerable courage." A testimony like this is worth a thousand testimonies against the order by men of the calibre of Prof. Goldwin Smith and the errant "Dr." Wild. But, it may be asked, if such was the character of the Jesuits, why were they suppressed at all? This question is more easily asked than answered. It was certainly not for any crimes of which the order had been guilty. The truth is that intrigues in many of the European courts, notoriously in the Court of Lisbon, and the Courts of the House of Bourbon, pressed upon the Pope this course, and he yielded to their pressing demands, because, as he himself said, "If you do not wish to see the court of Rome fall from its present high estate, we must become reconciled with princes; for their arms reach beyond the boundaries of their own states, and the Alps and the Pyrenees are no barriers to their power." The secular princes made serious charges against the Jesuits, but these charges were never proved, and wherever an opportunity was afforded they were positively disproved. That Clement XIV. acted rather upon the desire of secular princes than from belief in any guilt on the part of the Jesuits, is evident enough from the fact that he restored the importunities of the ambassadors for four years before he finally yielded to them, and even when he did yield he did so without using the usual canonical formalities. However, the Jesuits obeyed the decree, and the society was accordingly dissolved. They were unwilling to hold out against the Pope's decree, and though Frederick II. of Prussia wished them to continue to teach their schools in Silesia, they laid aside, even in that country, whatever was characteristic of their order; though as secular priests the schools remained under their charge. Catherine II. of Russia positively refused to permit the decree of suppression to be published in her dominions, so high was the esteem in which she held the Jesuit Fathers. Why, then, were the secular princes so anxious for the dissolution of the order? Was it because of enormous crimes of which they had been guilty, as Messrs. Smith and Wild pretend? Far from it. In France, the king was angry with them chiefly because he was not contented by them, but was refused abolition on account of his amours with Pompadour. The Court of Lisbon was against them because the Jesuits remonstrated against the creation of the colonies of Paraguay to Portugal, whereby 30,000 Indians were driven from their homes, made happy by the admirable government administered by the Jesuits. This arbitrary measure caused the Indians to revolt, and the blame was unjustly thrown by Pombal, the Portuguese Minister, on the Jesuits. England persecuted the Jesuits, not because they were criminals, but because they were zealous priests; the same reason for which Messrs. Smith and Wild would have them persecuted in Canada. Thus might we go through the whole catalogue of countries named by Dr. Wild, and we would find the persecutions to which the Jesuits have been subjected attributable to causes which redound to their lasting honor, and which prove them to be "eminent by the glory of holiness and science."

The London Tablet is authority for the statement that there have been a large number of notable conversions to the Church lately in Germany. Fraulein von Hillern, a well known writer, has been received recently by the Archbishop of Freiburg; and Baron von Lomberg, the nephew of a distinguished general, by the Bishop of Fulda. Moreover, two Protestant pastors have abjured their heresy at Mainz, and entered the seminary at Eichstadt, in order to prepare for the priesthood. THE OFFICERS of the law who were appointed to collect tithes for the ministers of the Established Church in Wales have been given a very warm reception, it would seem, by the people. On Saturday a collision occurred at Denbeigh between a mob and a body of police who were protecting an auctioneer engaged in selling property. The mob turned an excited bull loose on the police and assaulted them with rotten eggs. It is reported in London official circles that the press will not be forgotten in the distribution of jubilee honors. Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the Morning Post, and Mr. Lawson, who owns the Daily Telegraph, are to receive baronetcies. Edwin Arnold, the managing editor of the latter paper, and Editor Buckle of the Times are to be knighted, while Mr. Walter is to be rewarded for the "assistance" rendered the government by his series of articles on "Parliament and Crime" with the peerage for which he has impounded so many successive cabinets. We have reason to be grateful that this country is inflicted with so little of this nonsense. We are a plain, practical people, with handy names, and it is to be hoped we will remain so. "The O'Briens and the O'Donovan Rossa's and the McGlynn's, and the McMacKins are all at war with each other. They are giving us some idea what a Home Rule Parliament would be like. Go in bye." This elegant extract, clipped from the Free Press of the 9th inst., is but a specimen of the literature and logic to which the witty man of the Free Press has of late been lavishly treating the readers of that journal. It is true, all Irishmen are not at agreement in all matters of opinion; but are all Englishmen, all Scotchmen, all Canadians in perfect accord? Ought Canadians to be deprived of their Parliament until the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds, the Free Press and the Advertiser become like Barnum's happy family? Try again, friend. Your magnanimous tolerance, in union with the Mail, worked so admirably at the local elections, that it is advisable to keep it up. THE NOTICE by a recent issue of the Globe that Canon Durnoullin, of Toronto, favors the running of street cars on Sunday, for which he is taken severely to task by the editor. It seems the congregation whose spiritual interests the gentleman referred to is supposed to look after, is, week after week, becoming smaller, until only a mere handful of people gather on Sundays to take part in the services. The Canon believes it is because the horse cars are not in motion to bring the worshippers, while the editor lays all the blame at the door of the Canon himself, insinuating that his "services" are dull and that his people are in consequence seeking more lively and interesting shepherds. Well, we do not care to have a part in this quarrel, but we take the liberty of suggesting that were the Canon to pay less attention to politics and public affairs generally—were he to go into the by-ways of Toronto, and seek his lost sheep, whispering kind words of Christian benevolence and goodness into their ears—such a course might serve to fill more pews in his conventicle than would the running of street cars. 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At the annual meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church recently held in Winnipeg, we notice Prof. McVicar, of Montreal, was once again to the fore with his little budget news from the French evangelization department. He referred to the salient points it contained, and closed by saying that "the Church of Rome was perfecting her organization with the view of capturing all the world, Britain and America included, and that her efforts in Canada were carefully planned and energetically prosecuted." God grant it may prove to be no more than a world. The system of the Rev. Professor and his companions adopted appeals to ignorance and big-

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for sustaining power—the system the Catholic Church places confidence in is appeals to the hearts and to the intellects of men. In this field they are making wonderful conversions, while Mr. McVicar is wasting all his energies on some unfortunates who have become Presbyterians for a price, and will remain in the Professor's fold only while the supplies are forthcoming.

The past week has been marked by several new features in the Irish struggle against Tory injustice and oppression. In the first place the government, goaded by the taunts of their own friends, have determined to put an arbitrary end to the four months' debate of the Coercion bill. On the 17th inst. the final question on the measure will be put and all further debate on the subject will be terminated thereby. By these means the bill will be rushed through and become a law within the next fortnight or ten days. Both Farnell and Gladstone have contented themselves with a dignified protest against the injustice of thus ignoring the rights of the minority, and have pointed out that the numerous amendments to the bill were entirely due to the shamefully slipshod manner in which it had been drawn up.

How the Home Rule question affects the United States and Canada was forcibly brought to light a few days ago. At a meeting of the Emigrant Commissioners of New York, the question of permitting the landing of about ninety emigrants from Ireland who came on the steamer City of Chester came up. The emigrants had been sent out by the British Government, which paid their passages. Their admission was objected to on the ground that they were paupers and likely to become public charges. There was read at the meeting a copy of a letter sent to Secretary Bayard by Minister West in April last. In it the British minister asked whether persons whose passages were paid partly or wholly by the British Government would be permitted to land. Secretary Bayard, in reply, cited the laws in reference to pauper emigrants, and said that in such cases as those mentioned by Minister West, suspicions would be excited and they would not be permitted to land unless it was clearly shown that they were not likely to become public charges. The commissioners finally decided to permit the landing of three women and one man and their families, numbering in all twenty-one. All the others, who were detained on Ward's Island, were ordered to be taken back by the Inman Steamship Company. This action of the United States government is eminently proper, and a like course should, we think, be adopted in Canada.

At the session of the Congregational Union held in Toronto on the 9th, Rev. H. D. Hunter, of London, took occasion to propound his views on the great question now before the Imperial Parliament—Home Rule for Ireland. The rev. gentleman expressed regret that the Canadian commons had passed resolutions in favor of this measure and against the Crimes Bill. Just here it might be claimed that the members of the Canadian Commons have as much right to express their views on this or any other question as has the Rev. H. D. Hunter. To those who know Mr. Hunter, and have heard his utterances in the Congregational pulpit in this city it will seem truly amusing to note that the rev. gentleman has begun to read people lessons on propriety. Why, there is not a minister of religion in Canada who has from time to time wandered from his occupation more than the Rev. H. D. Hunter, by introducing all manner of topics into his Sunday sermons dressed up in a style of silly sensationalism which even Sam Jones would be ashamed of. It would be very much better were Rev. H. D. Hunter and many others like him to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves so much about the Catholic Church, Home Rule, Separate Schools, and such like matters. There was at one time a good market for that sort of thing, but now-a-days people are becoming more enlightened, and, outside of Toronto, very little value is placed on such preaching and such preschers.

The Montreal correspondent of the Toronto Mail viewed the Corpus Christi procession through a pair of genuine Orange spectacles, and evinces great soreness of spirit. "He telegraphs his masters in the 'Queen City of cobble-stone throwers and Pharisees,' a veritable wall of grief that such things are allowed to exist. 'The display,' he says, 'is at present confined mainly to the French quarters of the city, for in points of residence, as socially as in every other possible way, a complete dividing line exists between the two races. It is more than probable, however, now the new St. Peter's cathedral is approaching completion, that the English quarter will at no great distance of time be in its turn partially invaded.' The Catholic people of Montreal do not move along in processional order for the purpose of giving offence to any one. Their sole object is to do honor to our Blessed Saviour. Protestants, we know, will assert that the Blessed Eucharist is not

the body and blood of our Lord. They are free to hold this opinion if they will, but their Catholic neighbors believe it is, and we therefore think it is very unreasonable on their part to take offence, more especially when offence is not in any way intended. Far different is the conduct of the Mail's friends, the Orangemen. When they turn out in procession insults are deliberately and abundantly aimed at their Catholic neighbors. But from the Mail's point of view there would, we think, be nothing in this to condemn. The people of Montreal are profoundly religious, while those of Toronto are, for the most part, very Godly folks in theory, but quite the contrary in practice.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot. A forcible illustration of the spirit of caste which characterizes Protestantism is found in the fact noted by our esteemed contemporary, the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, that there is not one negro worshipper in all the eighty Protestant churches in St. Louis. "In the light of this truth," comments the Watchman, "how grandly divine appears the Catholic Church. She could not make a race division if she tried. She could not prevent a negro kneeling at the Holy Table with a white man, any more than she could shut her confessionals against the sinner." Let us add hereto the testimony of the American Catholic Tribune (colored): "If every so-called Catholic colored church in the world was done away with instantly, the colored Catholics would be at home in any other Catholic church beneath the sun."

There is an English Protestant clergyman named Canon Wilberforce at present visiting in Boston, and from an address of his, delivered on Monday last, we take the following: "The Irish question is the whiskey question. Whiskey is the curse of the Irish." No one but an Englishman would be brutal enough and brazen enough to say so unjust a word. The Irish are far less drunken than the English, as English statistics show. The Irish question is a question of English invasion and plunder and false report, and the banishment of a nation. It is also the uprising of that banished nation into a mighty force in other countries, where the false words of conceited Englishmen are caught on the fly and thrown back in their faces. This is no longer the 18th century, Canon Wilberforce. For every 1,000 Americans you can reach a million with its answer.

The Christian Advocate (Protestant) of New York makes the extraordinary assertion that the number of Catholics lay people who become Protestants in the United States is fifty to one at least, when compared with the number of Protestants who become Catholics. We take it for granted that the Advocate refers to such Catholics as formally abjure the Faith and become recognized members of some Protestant communion. Will the Advocate kindly give the number of such recruits to the Protestant body for any given year, or for as many years as it chooses? We can furnish it with contemporary lists of our converts from Protestantism in the United States from the records of baptisms and confirmations in our 6,910 churches. That many children of Catholic parents drifted into Protestantism from the very beginning of immigration to this country we regretfully admit, but this was in the overwhelming majority of cases the result simply of environment. They had neither church nor priest nor Catholic neighbors. They were, in many instances, easily orphaned. They had no chance to choose their religion. Of those who have formally apostatized, it is enough to say that they have not left the Church for the sake of leading better lives. We forbear to develop this subject out of consideration for the intelligent and conscientious Protestants who have the good taste never to boast of accessions from Catholicity in their ranks. To day, as in the days of Miss spoken Dean Swift, these latter are but "the weeds of dung out of the Pope's garden." On the other hand, converts to the Catholic Faith in this country, as in England, France, etc., are invariably from the ranks of the studious and devout, and many of them have been privileged to prove the disinterestedness of their motives by substantial sacrifices. To put it briefly: Protestantism preaches annually—from poverty, ignorance or weakness among Catholics. Catholicity profits from the intelligence, education and religious zeal of Protestants. Will the Advocate produce its converts and compare them with ours both in number and quality?

It is remarkable that the English Church which claimed recently in the convocation of Canterbury to be the Church of the first and second centuries, is still unable to prepare for its Catechism a satisfactory definition of itself. The definition proposed by the committee was opposed by Archbishop Farrar, and a compromise one adopted. The Rochester Post Express in a very interesting article on the proposed Protestant Cathedral in New York, points out the reason why there have been so few Protestant churches of grand dimensions or striking architectural effect, and why they differ so radically in construction from Catholic churches. The former are built, it says, primarily for preaching, and of necessity everything must be subservient to acoustic principles, while the latter intended as temples of sacrifice give full scope for the highest architectural beauty.

Boston Republic. William O'Brien came from Canada to the north, bruised and ashamed of the method of North America. He left Boston filled with hope, courage and a confidence in the future of the cause dear to his heart, which was equalled only by the depth of his affection for the warm-hearted people whom he met. From a land of bigotry and intolerance he came to a land of freedom and liberality. Instead of feeling a valley of paving stones and a forest of blindgones, he was greeted on all sides with cheers, plaudits and words of enthusiastic and sympathetic encouragement. He liked Boston, and

Boston likes him. Boston likes pluck, determination and persistence in a good cause. She likes a sturdy fight for freedom.

"THE GREAT DAY."

Such, truly, might last Sunday be termed for the happy children who for the first time partook of the body and blood of our Blessed Redeemer at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city. The little chapel is a model of neatness, and the surroundings remind one of all that is pure and good and holy, and tends to raise the heart to feelings of devotion towards Him who reposes in the tabernacle of the altar.

In the early morning it was indeed a soul inspiring spectacle. The heavenly strains of the harp and the organ and the sweet, devotional singing of the chapel choir—the orderly and devout demeanor of the pupils—all tend to give an impression that happy indeed are those whose privilege it is to be placed under the care of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. His Lordship Bishop Walsh celebrated Mass; Rev. Father Dunphy, of St. Mary's Church, attended His Lordship. Before administering the sacred rite for the first time to the young communicants he referred in brief but most impressive terms to the nature of the sacrament. The names of the children who made their first communion are Miss Florence Blynn, of New York, and Miss Agnes Brown and Miss Blanche Cruickshank, of London. The parents and other relatives of the children who were present were edified by the beautiful and impressive ceremony as well as by the spectacle of such genuine devotion on the part of the pupils. In the afternoon at four o'clock His Lordship gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and also administered confirmation to a number of children. Before doing so he preached a most affecting and touching sermon, explaining the nature of the sacrament the children were about to receive, and impressing on them the necessity of becoming true and steadfast in the faith, and vigilant soldiers of our divine Lord. His Lordship's remarks made a deep impression not only on the children, but also on all who had the privilege of being present.

NEW BOOKS.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY, by Rev. Reuben Persons, D. D., Vol. I., Centuries 1 to 5. Large octavo, 538 pages. Price \$2.50 post paid. Published by Putest & Co., New York and Cincinnati. The following extract from the author's Preface will show the object and plan of this work: "In publishing the following dissertations, we are actuated by a desire to supply a want in our English ecclesiastical literature. Histories of the Church we have in abundance, but no one work which treats exhaustively, and nearly exclusively, of the many controverted points which are of interest alike to the Catholic, Protestant, and incredulous. . . . We are not without hope that our pages will be read with interest and profit by many of the Catholic laity, as well as by many of our separated brethren; for while we have not designed to produce a popular book, it would have been difficult, in a just treatment of the subject matter, to confine ourselves more carefully to the vernacular, and to avoid more rigidly the technicalities of theology, than our pages may not be pleased with the numerous references and quotations which they may deem an encumbrance to the page, but it seemed injudicious, if not absurd, to expect the reader to receive, on the author's unsupported authority, citations and assertions which might affect, and during the course of our dissertations, we are too frequently compelled to rebuke such presumption. Again, the experienced student will appreciate the method adopted, and will not regard it as an affectation of erudition. He knows that, by referring to the designated authority, he will derive, in the majority of instances, additional and valuable information concerning the matter treated in the text."

SELECT RECITATIONS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, compiled by Eleanor O'Grady, teacher of elocution at the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, and other Catholic Schools. New York: Benziger Bros., Price, \$1.25.

Charity Bazaar, Essex Centre. The Catholics of Essex Centre, in the county of Essex, being few in numbers and feeble in purse, and having done their best towards building a Catholic church in that thriving village, are constrained to appeal to the charitably inclined Catholics of Canada for assistance. And, therefore, respectfully call the attention of all such to their Bazaar, the drawing of prizes for which will take place at Essex Centre on July 1st, 1887. We beseech all who receive our Bazaar tickets to do what they can to sell them for us, as by so doing they will aid in accomplishing a very much needed missionary work. Send all money and coupons to Rev. John O'Connor, Maidstone, Ont.

Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, Ontario. As Dean Wagner, who has in his hands the work of the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, wishes to begin the erection of a suitable school-house and church at the earliest possible date, all persons who have received his appeal for help are kindly requested to fill their lists as soon as convenient, and send the proceeds, together with the benefactors' lists, to the reverend gentleman. All moneys received will be immediately acknowledged. Persons not receiving in due time such acknowledgments, will be pleased to notify Dean Wagner by postal card. 451-4

HONORS TO SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

We are pleased to note that our separate schools have been still further honored at the Colonial Exhibition. Medals and diplomas have been forwarded to the separate schools of St. Catharines, taught by the Christian Brothers, for drawing, map and penmanship. We congratulate the pastor, the Brothers and the Catholic people of St. Catharines on this distinguished honor conferred on their excellent schools.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

The festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated on Sunday last, at St. Peter's Cathedral, with more than usual solemnity, the first communion and confirmation being held on that day, besides a procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the church grounds, which are the most beautiful in the city. On Saturday the candidates for the reception of the two great sacraments were carefully examined in Christian Doctrine by His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the clergy. All were highly pleased with their remarkable proficiency, the excellence of their answering evincing the most careful training.

At the Mass at 8.30 o'clock on Sunday the first Communion was given to 132 candidates. Of these, 55 were confirmed, 15 of the number being adults who were converts to the Catholic Church. During the course of the year 14 others were also received into the Church.

The early Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Tiernan, pastor of the cathedral. After the Holy Communion was administered, His Lordship the Bishop addressed the children most impressively on the benefits of receiving worthily this most Blessed Sacrament, wherein our Divine Saviour gives Himself to us for the nourishment of our souls. This sacrament is a most powerful means of obtaining grace from God, and that the graces received may bear fruit in their souls, he exhorted them to be obedient and docile, faithful to the sacred duty of prayer, and that they should reverently prepare themselves to receive this most holy of all the Sacraments, monthly, after their first Communion. These were the means which would enable them to lead virtuous lives and contribute to prepare them for a happy death, the great object that all should endeavor to obtain.

After Mass the Bishop administered Confirmation, after a feeling explanation of the importance of this Sacrament, which gives the grace of strength and fortitude in the fulfilment of Christian obligations, and makes those who receive it become true soldiers of Christ, enabling them to fight the battle of life and to overcome temptations, whereas by the Holy Spirit of God imparts His special graces for this purpose.

High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh at 10.30 o'clock; Rev. Fathers Tiernan and Kennedy assisting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The candidates for the sacraments walked in procession from St. Peter's schoolhouse to the Cathedral, bearing beautiful banners of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the kindness of the pew holders, the processionists occupied the front pews, to be ready for the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament which was to take place immediately after Mass.

At the usual time His Lordship explained the nature and object of this procession. It is to do honor to our Lord Jesus Christ who instituted this adorable Sacrament; that dwelling with us he may give himself our daily bread, the food of our souls. As he is truly present therein in his divinity as well as his humanity, he is the object of our profound adoration, and by the exterior homage we pay to this adorable Sacrament we manifest our gratitude for his boundless goodness, and we also profess our faith in the Sacrament, that dwelling with us he may give himself our daily bread, the food of our souls. As he is truly present therein in his divinity as well as his humanity, he is the object of our profound adoration, and by the exterior homage we pay to this adorable Sacrament we manifest our gratitude for his boundless goodness, and we also profess our faith in the Sacrament, that dwelling with us he may give himself our daily bread, the food of our souls. 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KEEPS YOU COOL.

Balbriggan Underwear - 53c. French Balbriggan do. - 75c. White & Cold Cashmere do. 75c.

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C.M.B.A.

From Montreal.

AN ENJOYABLE TRIP TO THE DOMINION... The excursion of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Montreal to Ottawa...

Mr. J. P. O'Shea... Mr. J. P. O'Shea, a well-known member of the C.M.B.A., was the first to speak...

Letter from Bro. O'Shea... My dear Mr. Coffey, - In your little pamphlet on the C. M. B. A. contained in last week's Record...

THOS. COFFEY, Secy. J. O'MARA, London.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

A CANADIAN LOUNDES.

The mother of God seems to have chosen our fair country in preference to others more beautiful and more attractive to man...

during the horizon, is situated the village of Oca, with its beautiful church and monastery of La Trappe.

FROM PELEE ISLAND.

DEAR RECORD - Since you had the kindness to publish my last correspondence, I beg leave to enclose still further upon your valuable space...

The history of the Catholic Church in Pelee Island up to the present date, is told in a few words.

During the last few years a small number of Catholics have permanently settled down on the beautiful island and now form the nucleus of the future parish of "Our Lady Star of the Sea."

OBITUARY.

Mrs. John Stanley, Parkhill. It is with deepest feelings of pain and sorrow that we are called upon to chronicle the demise of the esteemed and respected wife of Mr. John Stanley...

Mr. John Carney, London. Mr. John Carney, conductor on the G. T. R. died at his home on Simcoe street in this city, on Friday morning...

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Just received at J. J. Gibbons' for spring trade - New Dress Materials, New Hosiery and Gloves, New Prints and Cottons, New Table Linens, Towellings and Blankets, New Ribbons, Laces and Embroideries, New Gents' Furnishings, at bottom prices.

THE ROSE OF JUNE.

VISIONS OF PEACE AND LOVE WHICH WERE SEEN BY LOVING THE SACRED HEART.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. In our northern climate, where the spring comes slowly, June is the month of roses.

Six hundred years ago a gentle soul - one of "the simple with whom is our Lord's communication" - was devoting himself to the Holy Mass in the great church in her monastery.

During the last few years a small number of Catholics have permanently settled down on the beautiful island and now form the nucleus of the future parish of "Our Lady Star of the Sea."

"Then the soul desiring to praise God said: 'O Thou most loving, teach me to praise Thee.'"

"Fourthly - for the most sweet taste which is had in the Mass, wherein Himself in His most loving tenderness that the soul by union with God becomes God's food."

"Fifthly - for the loving touch which love touched Him very bitterly on the Cross, transfixing His Hands and Feet with nails and His Side with a lance; and as then the soul was fastened to Him by innumerable grief, so now she remains impressed in His Heart and soul by the love of the Holy Spirit, which is written: My delights are to be with the children of men."

"Look now into the face that unto Christ hath most resemblance; for its brightness only is able to prepare thee to see Christ."

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Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM FOREST.

The concert given in the Town Hall Friday evening, May 24th, by Miss Maggie E. Gentry was a grand success.

Mr. Lamb in his comic songs was the correct thing. He was well received, piano solo by Miss Maria Donnelly was rendered with thrilling effect.

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PARNELL.

News CALLAHAN & Co. GENTLEMEN - The Olograph of Mr. Parnell, issued by you, appears to me to be an excellent likeness, giving as it does the actual expression of the subject's face.

We guarantee our "PARNELL OIOLOGRAPH," (Copyrighted), the only correct likeness of the Irish Premier in painting.

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PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

With Reflections for Every Day in the Year.

Including the Lives of the American Saints recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by petition of THE THIRD EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE, and of THE SAINTS CANONIZED IN 1881.

Right Rev. J. R. Salpointe, D.D., Santa Fe. Right Rev. J. C. Carbery, D.D., Hamilton, Ont.

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THOROLD, ONT.

FATHER SULLIVAN, OF THOROLD, is making a final effort to complete the church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, commenced some ten years ago.

BOOKS

FOR

MONTH OF JUNE

A Flower for each day of the Month June, Flexible, 80 15

PRIZE BOOKS

In cloth and imitation of cloth. Bindings in all styles and at prices ranging from 10c. each and upwards.

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The choicest goods in this line kept constantly in stock

prices to suit the prevailing competition.

THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON

GLENGARRY.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Kingston arrived in the parish of St. Raphael's of Montreal on Friday evening, the 3rd inst. to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation and make his official visitation of the mission.

On Saturday the Bishop accompanied by Rev. Father Duffy, the pastor of St. Raphael's, the Very Rev. Vicar Macdonnell, pastor of Alexandria, and Rev. Father Kelly, Secretary, proceeded to examine the candidates for Confirmation in their presbytery and Christian doctrine.

The examination proved most creditable to the children and the zealous priest, and occupied the entire day. Next day, Trinity Sunday, the children received Holy Communion before the Bishop's Mass, and at 10:30 the Confirmation solemn Mass commenced, which the Bishop conducted. Immediately upon the conclusion of the High Mass the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 138 candidates.

After the imposing and beautiful rite the Bishop received an address of welcome read by Mr. Macdonnell in behalf of the congregation. His Lordship replied from the pulpit to the people's cordial welcome and after giving a tribute of praise and approval to the children for their excellent knowledge of the Christian doctrine and their accuracy in the recital of the prescribed prayers, addressed the congregation upon the necessity of erecting a new presbytery near the church and in the one which is a decaying old house, worth the expense of repairing, and a most inconvenient and unlifting distasteful from the church. The committee, as well as the congregation generally, resolved to meet on the 10th inst. to consider and arrange for the carrying out of the project for the carrying out of this most necessary improvement.

The next day, Monday, the Bishop was taken in the carriage of Mr. Purcell, M.P. to Williamstown with the pastor, Rev. J. McCarty, and immediately on his arrival set about the examination of the children. Five hours were occupied in searching examination, and next day 2 candidates of this parish received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop praised the children for their good answers, but admonished the parents of their duty of sending the children to school as soon as possible. Many in the Williamstown parish were found to be negligent of this imperative parental obligation.

On Tuesday evening the Bishop accompanied by his Secretary and vicar Macdonnell proceeded to Alexandria, where a meeting of the Church Committee was held. His Lordship for the settlement of important parochial business. The project of a new convent for Alexandria was considered and will be proceeded with in the near future. The next day the parish of Loch in charge of Rev. I. Twomey was visited and 189 candidates examined by the Bishop's prayers and catechism, with most satisfactory evidence of the children's full knowledge of what is required of them for Confirmation. Next day Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and subsequently when applying to the address offered by the Committee in behalf of the congregation, the Bishop warmly welcomed them, he took occasion to express his personal satisfaction with the children, praying the priest, and the parents as well the children themselves for the careful exact preparation which they had made for their Confirmation.

The Bishop held a meeting of the Committee for consideration of enlarging the school of the presbytery. The congregation of Lochal, for some time, had contemplated a move in this direction they only waited for the Bishop to give them his counsel in the matter. His improvement will be gone on with forthwith.

The Bishop left Glengarry on Friday last having confirmed 957 candidates, made the proposals to the several Committees, respecting necessary improvements in these parishes as already noted. His Lordship will take part in the dedication of the new Chapel of the College of Ottawa on the 21st inst., and assist in the distribution of premiums which will take place the day after, after which he returns to Kingston. - Freeman, June 11.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

This being the patronal Feast of parish of Ingersoll, solemn high mass with deacon and sub-deacon, was celebrated at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father Walter of Goderich, preached an able and quaint sermon on this devotion. A number of people approached the table on the occasion. There were present, besides the Rev. pastor, Fr. McPherson, Rev. Fathers Waters, K. Brady and Northgraves.