

The Catholic Record.

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CLERICAL.

We make a specialty of Clerical Suits, and turn out better fitting and better finished garments than any Western House.

N. Wilson & Co.,
136 DUNDAS STREET.

Autumn Leaves.

DR. R. D. JOYCE.

With scarlet berries laughed the rowan tree,
The mistle thrush sang from the hazel bough.
And high and wide the stately oak-tree flung
Its fretted branches, rich with acorns brown,
While from a leafy spray, so light and scrovy,
A brown thrush sang its song with dulcet
note.
Dew-drops awakening the glad red-treast's
throat,
Responsive from its thorny bower,
The blackberry, like living garlands, shone
By the borders of the widening stream.
The bog-lark drooped its head of silvery
snow,
And the last iris shone with golden glow,
And yellow snailflowers closed their drowsy
eyes.
Calm autumn died.
The last flowers withered in the tracheous
air,
The little stream with mournful murmurs
rolled,
And the trees dotted their robes of bronze
and gold,
And fading blue and green, and glowing red,
And all the outside lands lay damp and dead.
The thick rain would pour and swell
the fill,
To rivers, and the rivers into seas,
Till all at once should rise a southerly breeze,
Born mid the bowers of some more genial
clime,
And make a milder summer for a time!

PASTORAL LETTERS

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF OTTAWA.

JOSEPH THOMAS D'HAHEL.

By the Mercy of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Ottawa, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, &c. To the Clergy, Religious Communities and all the Faithful of this Diocese, Health and Benediction in Our Lord.

OUR DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, The Church, One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman is, you are not unaware, daily exposed to serious trials: christian piety, public morality, faith itself, the supreme good and source of all other virtues, these each day, are threatened with the greatest dangers.

It is a most painful and lamentable thing to see so many souls, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, grasped from salvation by the whirlwind of a deluded world and precipitated into the abyss and into eternal death. Nevertheless, the greater the calamities which afflict the Church, the more the Vicar of Jesus Christ feels the necessity of watching over her safety and her integrity. The more souls are exposed to be lost, the more his zeal and charity are inflamed. Hence, does he make use of all possible means to defend the rights of the Spouse of Christ, to foresee and repel the dangers which threaten and assail her.

But as all victories in the Church have been won by the help that God Himself sent forth in due season and by the power of His omnipotent arm; Our Beloved Pontiff not only calls upon all men of good will in the ranks of the army of God, who, on the throne, or at the head of governments or simple subjects, understand that the Church alone has the solving of the difficulties that enslave modern society, but with all possible diligence he implores divine assistance by the aid of his labors and care may produce a happy result. To this effect the Pope considers that no more efficacious means could be successfully employed than to gain favor with the glorious mother of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary. It has always been, does he remind us, the chief and solemn practice of Catholics to take refuge under the shield of Mary in times of trouble and in perilous circumstances. The Catholic Church has always, and justly so, placed her hope and confidence in the Mother of God who exercises so extraordinary a power with her Divine Son. This devotion was manifested, in a most special manner, when the violence of spreading error, or intolerable corruption of morals, or the attacks of formidable adversaries, seemed to endanger the militant Church.

Hence at the approach of the solemn anniversaries that recall the innumerable and precious favors which the devotion to the Holy Rosary obtained for Christians, Leo XIII desires that this year, this devotion be the object of a very special attention in the Catholic World, in honor of the Sovereign Queen, that by her intercession, he may obtain from the Divine Son of Mary a soothing relief and an end to his sufferings with the return of wayward souls to truth and virtue. He states, that in our days, we stand as much in need of Divine help, as at the time when the great Dominic raised the standard of the Rosary of Mary for the purpose of remedying the evils of his day. He recalls remarkable victories obtained by the recitation of the Holy Rosary. Whence he infers that if we employ the same means, we may see the calamities of our sad epoch disappear. In view of this, the Sovereign Pontiff most eagerly encourages the faithful to recite the Rosary in public as well as in the family and not to discontinue this holy exercise.

He expresses the desire that particularly during this year the month of October be

entirely consecrated to the Holy Queen of the Rosary. He therefore prescribes:

1. That throughout the catholic world during this year, the feast of the Holy Rosary be solemnly celebrated by special and splendid offices.

2. That from the first day of the month of October until the second of November, in all churches where the ministry of souls is exercised, and even in the other churches and chapels dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, five decades of the Rosary, that is the beads, be recited, adding thereto the litany of the Blessed Virgin.

3. That while these prayers are being recited, the holy sacrifice of the mass be offered or the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament be given. The Pope then approves of solemn processions being made.

To induce the faithful to recite these prayers and assist at the offices, the Vicar of Jesus Christ vouchsafes to open the treasure of the church and grants the following indulgences:

1. To all those who from October 1st to November 2nd will have assisted at the exercise of the public recitation of the Rosary with the Litany, and will have prayed in his intention, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to be gained each time. The same indulgence is granted to those who being hindered by a lawful cause, from attending these public prayers, will have recited them privately in the same intention.

2. To those who during the time determined whether publicly in the sacred edifice or in their homes (on account of illness or other reasons) will have performed the pious exercises, at least ten times, and who having confessed their sins will have approached the Holy Table.

3. To all those who on the feast of the Holy Rosary or on one of the following eight days, after having likewise purified their souls by a salutary confession, and received holy communion and offered prayers to God and His Holy Mother for the wants of the Church, according to his intention, a plenary indulgence.

That you might better understand the idea of the Sovereign Pontiff, we have repeated to you almost word for word a great portion of the Encyclical Letter which Leo XIII has just addressed (1st September) to the Bishops of the whole world, urging them to ask the faithful confided to their care, in his name, to spend the month of October in praying Almighty God through the intercession of Mary, for the cessation of the evils which afflict the Church.

We entertain the hope, dearly beloved brethren, that no one amongst you will refuse to pray, nor to receive the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist, in the intention of the Great Pope who has in several circumstances, not only manifested his particular benevolence towards the diocese of Ottawa in general, but also towards its religious Communities, its clergy, its college and its professors and even towards him, who notwithstanding his unworthiness, has the charge of your souls.

Wherefore the Holy name of God being invoked, we have ordained and decreed, and we now ordain and decree as follows:

1st. The desire and order of the Pope in relation to the prayers to be recited, to the confessions and communions to be made during the month of October next are promulgated.

2. From the first of October till the second of November in all the churches and chapels where the holy sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated, the officiating priest, or any other appointed by him, shall recite in a loud and intelligible voice, each day, after mass, or in the evening at a convenient hour, at least five decades of the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

3rd. The officiating priest shall recite these prayers in the morning or in the evening according as they may hope to have a more numerous attendance, after mass or in the latter part of the day.

4th. The Most Blessed Sacrament will be exposed before the recitation of these prayers, which will be followed by the Solemn Benediction with the Sacred Host exposed in the Ostensorium.

Catholics, themselves, do not unfrequently lend their aid, without realizing it, to the satanical manoeuvres inspired by the enemy of all good, and skillfully conducted by the occult chiefs of the army of evil.

Leo XIII can seemingly no longer depend on a human succor, sufficiently powerful, to rescue him from the evils which oppress him. God, as he says, must rise and with his omnipotent arm disperse his enemies.

For this reason he implores the Lord to come to his assistance. But as prayer in common is more efficacious, the Holy Father, by His Encyclical Letter of the 1st September last, requests the entire Catholic family to unite in his prayer, which he offers to God through the mediation of the most Blessed Virgin Mary.

We therefore confidently hope, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that no one amongst you will neglect to assist at the public prayers prescribed during this month by the order and in the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff, and that those who will be legitimately prevented from so doing, will recite in family or in private the Beads of the Rosary with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

That you may be more eager in the performance of this exercise we, to-day, come to show you the efficacy and immense good derived from the recitation of the Rosary, so that, more fully understanding its benefits, you will, every day, faithfully recite it and thereby co-operate in obtaining the triumph of the Church. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, herself revealed the Rosary to St. Dominic, whilst he was combating the errors of the Albigenses, and through the preaching of this admirable devotion he was instrumental in obtaining important spiritual victories and the conversion of innumerable souls.

The Pope has the hope, that by the fervent recitation of the Rosary, the Church will, once more, win a signal victory. The world is in a deplorable state because of the darkness, resulting from ignorance, the falsification of history, &c.; because the cold breath of egotism penetrates hearts; because man would usurp the place of God; because the devil, who has invented a counterfeit of the Church, succeeds but too well in embodying into his society men who should war against it.

The Holy Rosary will be a flow of light that shall dispel darkness, a celestial flame that will enkindle hearts, a prayer that will recall Christians to the path of humility and all the other virtues, the banner under which the soldiers of Christ will be strengthened and enabled to vindicate the cause of God and His Church.

The Rosary is a light. The complete teachings of faith are reproduced in fifteen representations. These representations are the mysteries of religion: the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Resurrection, the glorification. The Rosary reminds us of the life of Jesus and Mary, of their sufferings, their deaths and their triumphs. The Saviour and his Mother therein appear to enlighten and encourage us by their examples.

The Rosary is a flame that revives hearts, draws them closer to the hearts of Jesus and Mary, both of which are burning with love for God and for us; it unites them to these perfect hearts and excites them to these perfect hearts and to the practice of those virtues of which Jesus and Mary are the most sublime models.

The Rosary is a prayer. What then is a prayer? It is an act of faith, an act of hope, an act of love; the expression of our confidence in the Lord; the proof of humility, the recollection, the peace of soul and heart, the union of man with God. The Rosary comprises all that.

Oh! how beautiful is the prayer of the Rosary! fraught with the sweetest and tenderest sentiments of piety. The prayer with which it commences resumes the doctrines preached by the Apostles. Can darkness exist where shines the light of faith?

After the act of faith, the *Pater* taught us by Jesus Christ himself. Shall not the order willed by the Creator be restored if the Father in heaven be recognized by his children?

Then follows the *Ave Maria*, sublime salutation, begun by the Archangel Gabriel, continued by Saint Elizabeth, and completed by the Church. Mary, who extirpated ancient heresies, will cause modern errors to be dispelled.

Then lastly the *Gloria Patri*, short hymn of praise in honor of the adorable Trinity, to whom nothing can resist. Good Catholics who in no measure whatsoever desire to take part with the enemies of the Church, will during this month, range themselves in battle order under commandment of the Great Chief to mark the triumph of the Lord over Satan; they will raise the standard of the Rosary, and the Rosary will be, in their hands, a most powerful weapon.

This is the duty of all. Dearly Beloved Brethren! let us fulfil it with all the precautions necessary to touch the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to bring forth new on earth, as in heaven, the reign of God. Let each one then faithfully recite every day, either in Church if possible, or at least privately, the Beads and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

The present Pastoral Letter shall be read at the prone of parochial churches and chapels and at chapter in religious communities on next Sunday. Given at Ottawa, in our episcopal residence, under our hand and the seal of the Diocese and Countersign of Our Secretary, this twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and eighty three, being the feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

+ J. THOMAS, Bp. of Ottawa.
By Command,
J. SLOAN, Pt. Secretary.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Republic.

For unconquerable obstinacy, impenetrable stupidity, a miraculous density of intellect that no experience can enlighten, and a cimmerian darkness of brain that no argument can illuminate, the modern specimens of the genus Orangeman can challenge with safety the lowest example of the African Hottentot or the most debasing embodiment of the Kentucky mule. For over half a century every effort of conciliation that was possible to human nature has been exerted by the Catholics of Ireland to bridge the gulf that has separated these thick-headed fanatics from their countrymen. In general, we have abstained from interference with their absurd processions and idiotic demonstrations, even when their evident object has been to hurt our most cherished religious feelings and trample on our dearest aspirations. We have blended the colors which they have flaunted, as badges of a cruel ascendancy, with the hues of our own unaltered nationality, and at a thousand nightly gatherings when they could not count units to the Catholic hundreds, the union of orange and green in standards and streamers and badges has attested our desire to sink the memories of bygone feuds in oblivion, and extend the hand of brotherhood to all who own a common motherhood. The boons we have wrested from a landlord oligarchy we have shared with them. We bore the brunt of the battle alone, yet grudged them not their portion of the spoils of a victory achieved without their aid. If the Catholic farmer can lay down his head at night without the nightmare of eviction on the morrow disturbing his repose, his Protestant co-laborer can sleep in equal security. We have welcomed tardy recruits from their ranks to our banner with a warmth that has not often been the thumbrail which has not often been the thumbrail of the tried compatriots of our own religion. We treasure the memory of Emmet and John Mitchell as reverently as that of St. Laurence O'Toole or Daniel O'Connell. We tender to Parnell, Protestant, a tribute of affection as sincere as that we bestow upon Davitt, for reconciliation has been received! How have our sacrifices been rewarded? Let the story of Orange rowdism at Anghacloy answer. A mob of howling fiends, frenzied with whiskey and blinded with bigotry, silenced by brute force the voice of one of Ireland's most faithful and devoted representatives. A gang of drunken brawlers and unthinking fools made a pandemonium of the quiet Ulster village for a day, and placed in the hands of the common enemy, their oppressors, well as ours, an argument for stiling the accents of justice and reform that will be only too readily utilized. In the face of such an incident as this the stern question arises, how much farther shall Irish Catholics proceed in a policy of self-effacement to win the questionable adhesion of the small remnant of ignorant prejudice and blatant bigotry that desecrates the soil of Ireland? Have we not gone far enough to secure an alliance which has become unnecessary? All that is noble, all that is patriotic, all that is manly and honest and true amongst the Protestant tenantry of Ireland, has long since fallen into line under the banner of the National League. Shall we humiliate a glorious cause or impede a triumphal progress by any further appeals to the deaf ears of a demoralized crew who are as placed in the traditions of savagery as they are impervious to the promptings of reason?

London Universe.

Edward Stephens, of Liverpool, wants donations; in fact (as Mr. Micaewer would say), money. He wishes, he says, "to build a mission-room for the purpose of controversial classes and special evangelistic services." A lady will give £100, but Mr. Stephens wants £2000. Of course he does. In the comedy, when Miss Sundry gives her bank notes to the Countess Stravinsky, the adventurer exclaims, "Ah! too good, too good!—have you any more of the same sort?" The reason why Mr. Stephens requires £2000 of other people's money does not seem to us a very powerful one. He asks out of "love for the reformation and the Gospel in its simplicity." We fancy that we must have heard something like this before. But the increases our distrust as he gets warmer, as thus:

"In this way we shall be able to reclaim the benighted Romanist, Ritualist, and learn them the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are still like Mr. Briggs, "we can't see it." For we argue thus: If Liverpool (after 200 years at it) has failed utterly, notwithstanding boundless resources and the efforts of a whole army of clever men—if at this very hour the people of Liverpool are nearer to the Church of God than they have ever been since the revolution under Henry—will Mr. Stephens pervert the "Romanist," change the Ritualist, or silence the infidel? To use his own elegant diction, will he "learn them the pure Gospel?" If so, never had £200, united with bad English, been so miraculous before.

Baltimore Mirror.

One of the growing misfortunes of American social life, and that wherein it differs from the ancient republics, heathen though they were, is the disposition of sons and daughters to throw off the links of obedience, the authority of counsel, and the unselfishness of love for their parents. We do not sermonize on the subject. It is in our mind a grave social subject, although we leave its moral teaching to the pulpit, from whence the best lessons come always. The bond of the household is the obedience of the wife to the husband, the love of the husband for the wife, and these qualities reflected in their children, obedience and love for father and for mother.

Moneigneur Capell's views of the condition of Catholics in London leads us to understand the necessity of application for aid from this country, where the Church is much better situated. Out of a population of four millions, about two hundred thousand are Catholics. They are mainly composed of foreigners. Not more than ten thousand full-blooded Englishmen are members of the Church. Of all these a very small number only are not of the poor classes—"hewers of wood and drawers of water." The few members of the aristocracy, mainly converts, are depended upon, to a great extent, to support the institutions connected with religion.

CATHOLICISM.

North Western Chronicle.

A Protestant minister whose desire for notoriety was greater than his judgment or love of truth, recently attacked Mgr. Capell in a lecture in Brooklyn and made several utterly false accusations against his integrity. The religious editor of the New York Herald, himself a Protestant minister, thus discusses the subject: "The Rev. Dr. Fulton has a perfect genius for getting into hot water and getting badly scalded, and seems never to be happier than when he has managed to get people talking about him. His pet hatred is the Catholic Church, which seems to be a red rag that makes him perfectly wild. Never very careful or accurate in his utterances, he becomes crazed with venomous spite whenever Catholicism is mentioned. His feeble intellect is at once thrown off its balance and he rages like a fanatic at the full of the moon. Mgr. Capell says as a visit, and as a distinguished stranger and a fancied orator he is naturally received with due honors and asked to preach and lecture. The people have certainly been very polite to him and they have honored themselves by being so. But every household has its cat or snarling dog, and Dr. Fulton fills the part admirably. He has run down the front stoop and with a vicious growl snapped at the pantaloons of our guest. He is said to have made a charge of embezzlement against Mgr. Capell, and when faced in the matter he declared that rumor was his only authority. If he were a naughty child he would be spanked and sent to bed, and if he were only or merely an idiot he would be shut up in a dark closet and lose his supper, but being less and worse than either, or than both together, there is nothing for Mgr. Capell to do except to make him confess his spitefulness, and send him back to his kennel. The American people have endured him as patiently as the circumstances would allow for nearly a year, and if Mgr. Capell just shakes his cane at him, he will hasten round the corner with a regular and canonical howl of agonized fear. We have no patience whatever with a man who greedily calls attention to himself by making charges which he knows he cannot substantiate, and the only authority for which is wretched hearsay."

Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., has been called to assist the Superior General, Father Sorin, of the University of Notre Dame, Ind.

The Vatican has authorized the Catholic bishops who were expelled from Prussia to open negotiations with the Prussian government for their return to their parishes.

Rt. Rev. Conductor-Bishop Fleck confirmed seven hundred soldiers in Metz, Germany, recently. The sponsors were two Generals, two Colonels and the Mayor.

The Catholic Bishops of Scotland have sent the following names to the Holy See as candidates for the vacant Archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh: Archbishop Eyre, Monsignor Smith, Vicar-General of the Eastern Archdiocese, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rigg, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Just as the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth is about to be celebrated, a German writer has produced a biography of the reformer which, according to Mr. Froude, is the best work on the subject. They do not think so at Rome, for the Papal Recorder, M. Balan, announces that he is going to improve the occasion by printing two volumes of hitherto unpublished documents in the Vatican relative to "Brother Martin." M. Balan's contribution to the history of the Reformation will be looked for with some interest.—Globe.

In London and the suburbs Mass vestments are used in thirty-seven Protestant churches as against the same number last year; incense in ten, as against the same number last year; lights on the communion table in 64 as against 59 last year; and the "eastward position" in 204 as against 270 last year. The number of churches in which the two latter uses obtain is greater than it has ever been; but in 1876 incense was used in eight churches in which it has since been discontinued. Vestments are used this year in the same number of churches as in 1876, but there has been a slight fluctuation in the interval. What changes in the doctrine in various directions have occurred in the same time we do not know.—Ex.

There will be a grand excursion to Detroit from London on next Monday, Oct. 22nd. This will be the best excursion of the season, and our readers should not lose the opportunity of seeing that beautiful city and also the magnificent art loan exhibition.

Messrs. Raymond and Thorn, Dundas street, have opened out a magnificent display of fur goods for the winter trade. It would be well to take a look at the goods before purchasing elsewhere. They are of the richest kind and at prices that will be found very reasonable.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

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Little Black Sheep.
BY ONE OF US.

We are a happy household flock,
On the pleasant Fenland hills,
And still when I think upon those days,
My heart to the memory thrills.
O for the trout in the mountain beck!
The bees in the heather bells!
And the cat's call the summer woods,
And the silent lonely fells!

I was earliest up, and latest out,
And always in some disgrace;
'Twas a jacket torn, and unclean task,
Bare feet, or a dirty cap,
Oft to the woods at dawn of day
And oft to the mountain side,
The little black sheep of the household fold;
And always in some sad plight.

I had stripes to take on every hand;
I had lessons in every book,
But nothing troubled me half so much
As my mother's sorrowful look.
And oft when the house was dark and still,
I have felt her kiss on my hot, dry lips,
And her hand upon my head.

And I heard her say: "Is Jack awake?"
Then what could I do but sigh,
Fling little brown arms about her neck,
And whisper: "I'll try! I'll try!"
I'll try to learn, I'll try to be good,
Oh, mother, for you own dear sake,
And when I failed I was sure to hear
In the night: "Is Jack awake?"

Honor and gold to-day are mine;
Yet many my friends have seen,
And wonder and doubt how I have won,
I such a little black sheep.
I could not stray from my mother's arms,
Was true for her love's sweet sake,
And I father's that she had seen,
She would ask: "Is Jack awake?"

Now I have boys of my own to guide,
And one is idle and wild,
You think I am the Fenland hills,
The days when I was a child?
Ah, no! ah, no! my little black sheep
I whisper: "I'll try! I'll try!"
And very soon his little hot hand
Seeks mine with pentent sigh,
He softly says: "I want to be good,
To-morrow, I'll try! I'll try!"

THE WIZARD OF SAINTE MARIE.

Wm. Seton in The Catholic World.

One mild, moonlight night in April, 1648, the Jesuit missionary Father Daniel reached the western shore of Lake Huron. His well-worn shoes and tattered cassock told him that he had journeyed many a league, and, seeing near by a bed of moss, he was fain to lay down and pray himself to sleep, lulled by the voice of the whip-poor-will. And while he slept the expression of weariness passed from his face; he smiled; his lips murmured words of delight, for a golden vision had arisen before him. Again he was in his far-off ancestral home in Normandy; strains of sweet music fell on his ear; he beheld his friends beckoning him to come to them; his father and mother, too, he held. In fact, all that might go to make life on earth a paradise came before him in this tempting, intoxicating dream. But by-and-by in the sky overhead appeared a great, flaming cross; onward through the air it slowly moved towards the west, then just ere it disappeared below the horizon Father Daniel awoke. He opened his eyes with a look of bewilderment, as if he could not realize where he was, and as he gazed about him he heard the melancholy howl of a wolf. But presently the truth burst upon him; more than a thousand leagues he was from dear old France, alone in the wilderness of North America. Then, making the sign of the cross, he said aloud: "Ad majorem Dei gloriam." While he was wondering how long he had slept he heard, besides the howl of a wolf, the sound of a human voice among the bushes, and in another moment an Indian stepped forth into the moonbeams. He was tricked out in his war-paint; in his right hand he carried a tomahawk, and in his left hand he held a scalp. "You are doubtless one of the pale-face medicine-men from the mystic land of the rising sun," spoke the savage; "otherwise you would not be resting here so peacefully without any arms to protect you." "I carry this, and I have no fear," answered the priest, rising to his feet and holding up a little crucifix. "Atsan—for such was the other's name—smiled, then asked whether he was going. "To Ossosane," replied Father Daniel. "There I hope to found a mission of the holy church and to teach the red men to love one another."

"Well, I hope that the Hurons of Ossosane will listen to you," said Atsan, "for then they will learn how to be warriors; they will become squaws, and my tribe will easily vanquish them." "Pray, to what tribe do you belong?" inquired the missionary.

"I am an Iroquois," said Atsan proudly.

"An Iroquois?" echoed Father Daniel, who felt a cold shiver through his veins at this much-dreaded name. "Well, is this the first year that you are here? For I perceive that you have taken only one scalp. Or are you weary of shedding blood?"

"I might have grinded my joints with scalps," said the other, "but for a season I have vowed during twelve moons to kill no more Hurons." "You interest me; there is some romance in you," continued Father Daniel, taking him by the hand. "And while I am going to preach the faith among those whom you call your enemies, yet I trust to meet you again."

"It is possible we may meet again," said Atsan. "And when that day arrives I shall perhaps tell you why my tomahawk refuses now to strike any Hurons." "Well, is it far to Ossosane?" inquired the priest.

"It is half a day's march." "Oh! that seems a very short distance to one who has trudged all the way from Quebec," said Father Daniel, smiling. "I have taken two whole moons to get where I am."

"If you like I shall keep you company part of the way to Ossosane," pursued the Iroquois; "for there are more wolves than one roaming through the forest, and you are too brave a pale-face man to be devoured by the wolves." Accordingly, as day was beginning to break, the missionary resumed his journey to the chief town of the Huron nation, and as he spoke the Iroquois to some pretty well, he endeavored to give some instruction in the faith to his swartthy companion. He spoke in simple, winning language, and when at length they separated within a couple of miles of the journey's end they had become quite good friends. "The Iroquois medicine-men are wise," were Atsan's parting words, "but they are not like you; they teach us not to love our enemies."

Some Hurons of Ossosane, who had been on a trading expedition to Quebec

the previous summer, had brought back word that Father Daniel might shortly establish a mission among them, as Father de Brebeuf and Father Jogues had already done in other places along Lake Huron. His appearance, therefore, this April day was not altogether unexpected. Still, the excitement and curiosity was great when Father Daniel passed through the palisade which surrounded the town, and at the head of the multitude who advanced to meet him were the chief sachem, Ontarho, his handsome daughter, Weepanee, and a noted medicine-man, or wizard, Okitiori. The last had a vicious countenance and scowled when he saw the priest bow to the maiden, who wore about her neck a string of party-colored shells, and whose loose, dark hair, which fell to her waist, was adorned with discs of shining copper. Almost the first question which Ontarho put to Father Daniel was whether he had met any Iroquois on his way through the wilderness; and when the latter frankly owned that he had met one solitary individual of that tribe the previous night, the other Indians drew nearer to him and listened with eager ears. It was evident that the missionary had imparted startling news, for where one of this ruthless tribe was found lurking there must be others; and immediately the trembling squaws declared that there came a day when they would venture beyond the stockade to prepare the corn-land. For stretching along the lake for the distance of a mile was a strip of uncommonly fertile soil, and no better corn could be seen anywhere than the corn which was grown by these industrious Huron women.

Weepanee alone appeared calm and unconcerned, and expressed her willingness to fight forth and hoe her father's patch of ground. Whereupon the chief shook his head, and Okitiori again frowned when he heard Father Daniel say: "Of such as you, Weepanee, I hope that my Christian flock may be composed; you have a fearless heart."

"To-morrow," spoke Ontarho—"unless the enemy in the meantime shows himself—to-morrow you may go forth and till my land. But to-day you must stay and help to build the Blackrobe a mission-house." Accordingly with willing hands Weepanee assisted in this good work. Hundreds of men and women were thus busily employed, and by the time evening arrived there was a not unseemly structure ready for Father Daniel to occupy. It was seventy feet long, composed of bark laid over an arched, arbor-like frame; in the walls were numerous crevices which served for ventilation, and through the roof was a hole for the smoke to escape. Father Daniel himself made a cross of two hickory boughs, which he placed as far as possible from the smoke-hole; and if he had no bell wherewith to summon his flock to prayers, he was furnished with a tin kettle which had found its way here from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence, and which made a pretty loud noise when he struck it with the stick of copper which Weepanee gave him. "I am glad that you are pleased with what we have done for you," said Weepanee just as the sun was setting. "Indeed I am," answered the priest. "And though this is not the first mission which the church has established among the people, I hope that it will surpass the others in numbers and in zeal." "I heard you say," pursued Weepanee, "that you were going to a whisper, 'that you had met on your way hither a solitary Iroquois brave; pray describe him to me.'"

"He was tall and fine-looking, and carried himself like a warrior," replied Father Daniel. "Yet he could boast of only one scalp."

"Are you sure? Only one scalp?" said Weepanee, ill-concealing her emotion, which the wizard's keen eyes observed from a distance. Indeed, since morning Okitiori had held aloof from the others and had watched with sullen visage the work going on. He had already heard of the Jesuit missionaries. "And if this pale-face medicine-man who has come among us succeeds," he muttered to himself, "then nobody will put faith in me; Okitiori's power will be gone."

"What I have told you about this Iroquois seems to cause you joy," continued Father Daniel presently. "May it be that you know him?" "Know him?" ejaculated Weepanee, with an air of alarm, and glancing nervously round. But her father was not within earshot, nor was Okitiori, although she perceived him watching her. "Know him, did you say? Oh! no, indeed. I would shun an Iroquois as I would a rattlesnake. I loathe all who belong to that cruel, bloodthirsty nation, and the one whom you met must be but a faint-hearted fellow, since he has taken only one scalp." Yet Weepanee's expression belied her words, and while her lips were uttering an untruth her heart was in a flutter of joyous expectation. Father Daniel, however, deemed it best not to press anything more on the subject at present.

On the morrow Weepanee set an example of boldness, and, at the head of many other young women, led the way to the corn-land. A flock of wild turkeys had got there before her, and she slowly withdrew to the edge of the woods as she approached, and a couple of foxes, too, slunk away. For a time she labored industriously with her primitive hoe made of a forked root. But sooner than her companions she seemed to lag, and then went off to slake her thirst, not far from the lake, which was close by, but at Wolf Spring, a fountain hidden in the gloom of the primeval forest, and whose water, even in midsummer was icy cool. When Weepanee reached this lonesome spot she did not immediately drink, but carefully examined the fresh green moss which grew about the rock out of whose cleft bosom the water bubbled. But not a trace of human hand or foot did she discover. "Yet what a pleasant couch this would have made for my Atsan!" she murmured. Nor was there a single twig broken off the laurel-bushes which surrounded the bed of moss. "I do not think he has been here," she said. "Where can he be?"

Presently, while she was listening to catch the faintest sound, a loud, fearful cry rent the air above her head, and a moment afterward down through the branches of a whitewood-tree tumbled a huge panther with an arrow driven through and through his quivering body. "Oh! what a narrow escape I have had," exclaimed Weepanee, shuddering and jumping back from the dead brute at her

feet. "The Great Spirit guided me here exactly in time—he was about to spring," spoke a voice which she recognized at once, and out of a dense laurel thicket her lover emerged with outstretched arms. For a moment neither of them breathed a word; their hearts were too full. Then looking up in Atsan's face while he caressed her, "Ay," said Weepanee, "as when a few years ago you generously saved my dear mother from the tomahawk of one of your own tribe, so to-day you have saved me from death." Then, while she embraced her again and again, "Can you wonder," she added, "that I love you even if you are an Iroquois? Can you wonder?" "Well, am I quite safe here?" inquired Atsan when the first passionate caresses had ceased. "Safe?" said Weepanee, with a look of tender reproach. "Oh! how could you imagine that I would allow any evil to befall you! In the opening beyond these trees are only some squaws at work with their hoes; a few men without weapons are on the edge of the lake mending their canoes. But the greater part of the inhabitants of this place are Hurons, and they are the palisade listening to the preaching of a new medicine-man, a pale-face." "No doubt the one whom I fell in with the day before yesterday," said Atsan. "And I told him if he asked any questions, to frankly answer that he had met an Iroquois the previous night, and that I am not afraid." "Father Daniel told me that he had met you," said Weepanee.

"Indeed! Well, how knew you 'twas I and not some other Iroquois?" asked her lover, smiling and questioning him apart, and he said that the Iroquois whom he had met had captured only one scalp, and by this fact I recognized my beloved."

"Well, it was for love of you that I made the vow to kill no more Hurons during the space of twelve moons," said Atsan. "I know it, and am quite sure no other Iroquois is like you in goodness." Then shaking her head, "But, alas!" she added, "your nation is terrible indeed; your warriors are everywhere; at all seasons, in the most unlooked-for places, they appear—stealthily, as I would call it, seeking in the woods. Alas! they will end by exterminating us. There will be no Hurons left by and by." "None except Weepanee. But she shall live when the last fight comes; no arrow shall pierce her heart; no hand shall steal her scalp," declared Atsan, again clasping her in his arms.

"Well, tell me," pursued Weepanee, "how soon may danger threaten my native town?" "There is nothing to fear at present," said her lover. "No war-party will march in this direction for several moons—perhaps not even then. But when we do advance, 'twill be with warriors from each of the five tribes who compose our mighty league. Ay, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas will take part in the final struggle with the Hurons."

"Alas! you will sweep us away even as grass disappears in a prairie fire when a whirlwind blows!" moaned Weepanee. "O Atsan, Atsan! what will become of my father? I dearly love my father. Between him and you my poor heart is divided. Oh! what will become of my father?"

"When the fatal hour arrives, if I cannot save him he will know how to die like a brave," answered Atsan. "But hark! is it he calling you?" Weepanee listened and presently heard her father shouting her name. "Flee!" she said, pushing Atsan away from her, and she fled like a snake out of the grass he started—but Okitiori, whose small eyes twinkled maliciously, and he seemed to rejoice in her confusion. "The sachem's daughter is fond of solitude," spoke the wizard, but she loathed to linger by the fountain and admire her pretty face in its limpid water. "Go to there when I am thirsty," answered Weepanee.

"Always!" said Okitiori, with a cunning grin. Then, pointing to one of her moose-horns, "but whence that blood?" "Why, surely enough, I have hurt my foot!" exclaimed Weepanee, with a look of alarm. "Well, tarry here a moment while I go for a drink; I, too, love Wolf Spring," said the wizard. At these words Weepanee's heart throbbled violently, and when in a few minutes he came back and questioned her about the deer's blood, she could hardly speak. "What has happened to my child?" said Ontarho, who now joined them. "You are trembling as if you had seen a demon in the forest."

"A dead panther has scared her," put in Okitiori. "The animal has barely done breathing, and its blood has spurted on her foot."

"Why, sure enough," exclaimed the chief. "I wonder who killed it." "I saw not whence the fortunate arrow came, but the panther seemed to drop from the sky," answered Weepanee. "Some friendly spirit from the Happy Hunting-Ground must have sent it as a gift to Okitiori," spoke the wizard, again smiling maliciously. "Its coat is superb; I will go and fetch it home." "Father and I will accompany you," said Weepanee, who was determined, should the wizard turn her lover to the forest, she would intercede with her parent for Atsan's life, or else to die with him. Accordingly all three returned to Wolf Spring. But Okitiori, albeit keen of eyesight, seemed not to observe the foot-prints which led away to the distant end of the hollow oak; while Weepanee kept pointing to a squirrel which was jumping from tree to tree, and begging her father to shoot. Whereupon the guileless Ontarho wasted half a dozen arrows on the little creature, who escaped unhurt, to Weepanee's inward joy for she took it as a happy omen that she would be true to Atsan.

On the morrow Weepanee was impatient to go again to Wolf Spring, but her father bade her stay and hear the new medicine-man discourse on the God of the pale-faces. Full of high hope was the heart of Father Daniel when he saw the crowd assembling in front of the mission-house in response to the call of his tin kettle. "This kettle had done many good things since it left old France," he thought to himself, "but nothing half so good as this."

We need not repeat all that he said to his attentive listeners; enough to know that when he got through many expressed a willingness to be baptized, and among these was Ontarho, who, being head chief, had great influence over the others. Weepanee, however, strange to say, refused to follow her father's example, which much grieved Father Daniel, who knew that she was a young woman of character and ability, and other maidens would probably hold aloof, too, from the sacrament when she saw her do so. He argued with her manly but in vain. Weepanee kept inwardly repeating: "My God shall be the same God as Atsan's; I wish to go to the same Happy Hunting-Ground that he goes to." But of course she durst not speak this aloud; and great was the delight of the wizard, who was lying on the roof of the building, gazing down upon the priest with eyes like a wildcat. Okitiori had done nothing thus far to interrupt Father Daniel. Angry words, indeed, he had muttered, but only to himself. When, however, the missionary, after baptizing a score or so of Hurons, paused to say that he hoped they would change the name of the town from Ossosane to St. Marie, he could no longer curb his friendly tongue, and springing to his feet, "Friends and brothers," he cried, "what has come over you? Have you all become children again? For the papoose is ever crying after something new to play with. This strange Blackrobe, who appeared among us only yesterday, already turned your heads? He bids you lay aside your tomahawks and love your enemies. He bids you to think more of raising corn and tobacco than of sounding the war-whoop and adorning yourself with your glorious scalps. He even urges you to love the Iroquois, who have never spared the life of a Huron and who make bonfires even of our squaws and papooses. O friends and brothers! heed the voice of Okitiori. Keep the ancient name of your town. Ossosane was known as a happy spot, then happy on all this broad and beautiful lake, long before the great grandfathers of this false magician-doctor was born; and 'twill be known generations hence, unless you become children and do what he requests. But mark my words: if you forget to be warriors, if you love your enemies, then the powerful Iroquois will one day come and jeer at your death-songs while the crackling flames consume you." When the wizard had concluded his appeal not a few braves shook their heads, especially the young and fiery ones, and it needed the influence of Ontarho to make them change the name of the place to St. Marie. But even he, renowned though he was for wisdom, was not able altogether to undo the baneful effect wrought by Okitiori's artful speech, and the discontented ones withdrew to the council-house muttering, "Okitiori is right, Okitiori is right."

"I will call my native place St. Marie if it pleases you," said Weepanee to Father Daniel after he had spoken to her privately a few minutes. "And when you ask us to love the Iroquois it proves that your heart is full of goodness; you will inquire nobody; you would be peaceful as a squaw. But—but I cannot love all who belong to that bloodthirsty nation; no, not all."

"Can you love any?" inquired the priest in an undertone, for he recalled the look of delight which he saw on the face of the Iroquois whom he had met journeying hither, and now he suspected that he had discovered the reason why she refused to be baptized. "You may speak to me in perfect confidence," he added. "Your heart is full of goodness; you will inquire nobody; you would be peaceful as a squaw. But—but I cannot love all who belong to that bloodthirsty nation; no, not all."

"Well, well, never mind," continued Father Daniel, who read in her countenance the inward struggle that was going on. "Never mind; I shall say no more at present. But let me see you with an one whom you may in all things implicitly trust." "Oh! I know you are very good," answered Weepanee, with moistened eyes; "and although I do not wish to become Christian, I will call Ossosane St. Marie to please you."

Three days elapsed before Weepanee ventured once to meet her lover at Wolf Spring; for whenever she went Okitiori followed with his restless, wolfish eyes, and whenever she passed near him he would ask, "Who killed the big panther? Who killed the big panther?" But on the third day of the month, while Father Daniel was giving an instruction in Christian doctrine to a number of converts, among whom the most devout was her father, Weepanee eluded the vigilance of the wizard, who was amusing himself by interrupting the priest with foolish questions, and stole away unobserved to the forest. She tapped on the hollow tree to call Atsan's attention, then began to bark like a puppy; and presently out he came from the dark hole.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEATH-BEDSCENE OF HENRY VIII. DESCRIBED.

"The last day of Henry Tudor had now passed, and the night of the dying agony commenced. It was a condition of fearful bodily suffering to the King, broken by intervals of remorse and prayer. Had human pride vanished! Had mercy returned to the royal breast? Was the King at peace with the world? No! at every other act of vengeance was to be consummated. For a year or so before the King's death the warrants for execution were signed by commission in consequence of the monarch's state of health. But in this special case the royal tyrant expressed his determination and pleasure to sign the Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant with his own hand."

Dean Hook justly remarks that nothing more terrible than this scene can be imagined: "At ten of the clock, when the cold sweat of death covered his face, when in dreadful agony from head to foot, the awfully prostrated monarch was making a faint effort to sign the fatal document." The action manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit and evinced the domination of a final impotence. In the very arms of death he would destroy the living; on the threshold of the grave he had just wrenched from the hands of God to make one more sacrifice to the enemy of mankind. Yet even that thirst for the blood of an illustrious subject, whose age he had left nearly childless, might not have been the last of the crimes of this unforgetting prince. A few hours more elapsed (two o'clock in the morning), and the shadow of death was casting a deep and solemn gloom upon the royal chamber. The end now came. The final contest was brief; and, in a pulse throbbing, the spirit of the long-dreaded King Henry was wafted to the presence of that Omnipotent tribunal where so many of his iniquitous judgments deserved to be reversed. A death-bed had been described as the altar of forgiveness, where charity and tears commingled as the spirit of prayer communes. These attributes were absent from the dying couch of Henry Tudor, whose last, despairing words, they had just witnessed, Lord Hertford and Sir William Paget had a conversation outside the apartment where the body of the dead monarch lay, still warm and horribly convulsed in feature, the very sight of which made Sir Anthony Browne fall to the ground in a swoon. Yet Hertford and Sir William Paget were made of sterner stuff. The subdued parity between the whisperers was the first access to a deliberate perjury in relation to the late King's "last testament." Paget hesitated, and glancing at the door, half open, for a few moments looked thoughtfully at all that remained of his royal master, and told Hertford that his "observations were ill-timed." The sudden appearance of Archbishop Cranmer upon the scene gave more confidence to Paget. A terrible storm raged at the moment (three o'clock in the morning). A look from one to the other pierced their eyes; they feared one another; nevertheless, the last step had been taken. They had resolved to violate Henry's "last Catholic will," and to keep his death a secret for three days, till the conspirators had arranged their plans. Mr. Froude remarks that Lord Hertford "did not dare to make public the last conversation he had with the King the day before his death." This sentence contains a withering verdict, and is an exposition of the author's sentiments as to Hertford's actions at this time, not the less of value from its fortuitous candor. Another question remains still unexplained: Did Lord Hertford and Archbishop Cranmer read the predominate boy-king, Edward VI., at any period of his painful regal pupillage, anything, even a syllable, from his father's last "will and testament?" Or what explanation did they give him as to the special command to have him educated by the ancient Catholic church of England? Did they impart to the young King his father's injunctions for Masses for his (the father's) soul's health, and the due maintenance of the old religion? Do the Protestant eulogists of Archbishop Cranmer approve of the unparalleled desertion in this regard of his master's confessor in the Council? Do they approve the worst kind of perjury—the violation of solemn oaths sworn at the bedside of a dying man?

It is worthy of remark that during his life-time King Henry had drawn up no will, but that he had signed "last testaments." "The King," writes his devoted courtier, Sir Anthony Browne, "a gloomy horror of death, and when some gloomy feeling visited his Highness he generally began to think of altering his will and bequeathing more money for Masses for his soul after death."

And now, in memoriam, here is a striking incident, new, perhaps, to many of our readers:

The royal remains being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the dilapidated walls of the Convent of St. Mary, and there the leading coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage along a bad road in heavy weather, it was placed upon a stand, and after a while the attendants discovered that the pavement of the chapel was quite wet from the stream of blood proceeding from the coffin. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, which had burst, when suddenly the men discovered two drops of blood on the King's blood. The narrator—one of the royal household—says: "If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dogs, was my informant." The plumbers, who were greatly affrighted, corroborated the above statement.

The dismantled convent alluded to had been the prison of Queen Catherine (Howard), whose execution took place five years before the corpse of her ruthless husband reached his temporary resting-place. The reader will remember the denunciation of Father Peto at Greenwich Royal Chapel (1633), in the presence of the haughty monarch and his then idolized Anne Boleyn, when the fearless friar compelled the King to Ahab, and told him in his face that "the dogs would in like manner lick his blood." Some Protestant

writers question the above relation. Be it, however, coincidence or the verification of prophecy, the fact stands, and needs no further reference from me.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon, whom I have just quoted, describes Somerset's government as that of a usurper, and the period one of the most disastrous in English history. "The doings of unbridled fanatics and unscrupulous self-seekers made the late tyranny seem in comparison a time of law and order; and men who groined beneath the Seymours and the Dudleys were presently crying out for the Church and the laws of Henry VIII. The magnificent architectural decorations were destroyed, and frescoes white-washed, and in the roof looted the royal arms took the place of the crucifix."—S. Hubert Burke, in Catholic World.

THE PRIEST'S REVENGE—AN EPI-SODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

One day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fegrecq and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. Father Aurin was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of heaven was present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the tocsin resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled trembling together; the priest, seeing such an emotion. "My friends," he said, "the Sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

Then, bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated elements. Meanwhile the tumult outside increased; some of the people had hastily left the church, when a child rushed in, crying, "O save him! save the priest! The soldiers have entered the village, and they are following close after me." The priest took off his chasuble, stole and all. Two dragoons came to the door of the church; the priest, seeing them, quickly descended the altar-step, and passed through the sacristy. In the churchyard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp, and scaling the low wall of the cemetery, reached the open country. The soldiers, who were strong and active, leapt over fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed and were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous banks of a river. Without pausing to consider, he plunged into the water and swam across. Meanwhile, on the opposite bank, he looked back, and saw one of the two soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the priest ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he had reached the summit. He had now out of the sight and reach of those who sought his life; he is saved. But scarcely had he reflected with deep thankfulness for his escape from his pursuers, when a cry of distress struck his ear. He paused and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. He stepped, retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he saw that the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. The priest, who had ever inculcated lessons of charity and preached forgiveness, who had taught men to return good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of an enemy in distress. With the King's will, which he had fled from his pursuer did he now hasten to his rescue.

When he reached the banks of the river, the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream, and dived again and again, he seized the drowning man. At length he reached the shore, and he was bringing back to land the senseless body of the dragoon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fegrecq, he gasped in a faint accent, "What is it you who have saved me, and whom I had sworn to take?" "It is so," said the priest calmly, "and now I am your prisoner; I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We were always told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the priest, "you now see whether we only thirst for revenge. Every priest, my every Christian, is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, and I thank God for it. Thank Him, and cease to persecute those who believe in God and serve Him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "there come my companions; we soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can. I will go and meet them, and tell them you have escaped. They might not share my feelings. Adieu! I shall never forget you. Here they come; save yourself!"

They separated never to meet again.—Youth's Companion.

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength, and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY A CURE.

These are the successive effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fertilizing stream. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

A Common Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, which may easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

OCT

An Irish

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FATH

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A REBUKE.

An Irish Protestant Bishop's Poem.

(The Dublin Nation prints the following poem by Dr. Plunket, the Protestant Bishop of Meath. The desire of the poem, says the Nation, is to rebuke the miserable fankeys, who, though born and bred in Ireland, affect to despise everything Irish, and strive to pass themselves off as English in all but the accidents of birth, which they should be regarded as their misfortune and not their fault. We have, unhappily, far too many of such mean-souled creatures amongst us; they are not all of one religious creed; Protestants no doubt form the numerical majority, but the Catholics are the most odious of the lot. Upon all of them Lord Plunket's patriotic "Rebuke" should fall with great force.)

Ye sons of Erin: who despise The motherland that bore you, Who nothing Irish love or prize; Give ear, I will not spare you The stranger's jeer I do not fear, But can I pardon ever Those who revile their native Isle, Oh! never, never, never!

That persons so refined and grand As you are, should belong to This very low and vulgar land, Is sad, and very wrong too! But 'tis too late to mend your fate, With you are we forever bound; Oh! never, never, never!

Well then, what do you hope to win In spite of all your labors, By means which offend the kin And court the prodder neighbors? Ah, no! dear sirs, the sadly errs Who tries to be superior— Mark what I say, it will not pay— Oh! never, never, never!

From Irish soil you love to roam, But let me just remind you, You'll nowhere find a happier home Than what you leave behind you; The world exists from shore to shore, 'Twill be a vain endeavor, On seas so bright you'll never light, Oh! never, never, never!

Go point me out on any map A match for Great Killarney, Or Kevin's bed, or Dunlo's gap, Or mystic shades of Binn Ben Bulbin, or Shannon's waves, Ah, me! I doubt if ever An Isle so fair was seen elsewhere— Oh, never, never, never!

Where will you meet with lads more true And where with truer usages? Those genial hearts, those eyes of blue, Pray tell me where to find them, You may not grieve such joys to leave Or care such ones to find them, But friends more kind you'll never find, Oh, never, never, never!

And now my friends go if you will And visit other nations, But leave your hearts in Erin still Among your poor relations; The spot of earth that gave you birth Resolve to love and cherish, And you'll repent that good intent Oh, never, never, never!

FATHER THOMAS BURKE.

From The Month.

We are not going to attempt either a biographical sketch or a panegyric of the great Dominican who has lately passed away to his reward. His biography we leave to his religious brethren, who will perform the task with the loving zeal of familiar affection. A panegyric is not needed for one so widely known and universally loved as Father Tom Burke. No one who has listened to his voice but still has ringing in his ears at least the echo of his powerful, graceful, winning oratory. No one who has sought his spiritual guidance but reverences him as a man of singular holiness and insight into the things of God. No one who has known him in the near relations of private or monastic life but has a glowing recollection of his thoughtful kindness, the gentleness of his heart, his universal sympathy. No one who has encountered him in his playful moments but has now and again been compelled to cast aside dull care and distracting anxiety under the irresistible spell of his innocent, merry wit and playful, guileless humor.

Yet we cannot pass him by unnoticed. The greatest misdeed of our century among English-speaking nations within the present century has a claim merely on this ground to a few words in memory of his eloquence. A Catholic priest who has by his genius earned for himself a world-wide fame has a right to some slight tribute to his memory in the pages of a Catholic magazine. A Friar Preacher who has attained to an eminent success in that which is the special aim and object, the distinguishing mark and characteristic, of his great Order, deserves to have his success commemorated by those who love, as all good Catholics must love, the sons of the great St. Dominic. We cannot forget him.

Father Thomas Burke did not receive the name of Thomas at his baptism. His baptismal name was Nicholas, and he took the name of Thomas when he entered the Dominican Order, in honor of his patron in religion, the Angelic Doctor, who cast over him the shadow not of his name alone. It is needless to say that he was a sprightly, merry, mischievous child, always up to some trick or other, and often incurring well-deserved chastisement from his good, pious mother, who was not unkindly to the wiser man's voice respecting education of children. On one memorable occasion, which in after life he loved to talk of, a Franciscan friar came to his mother's house to complain of one of the boy's tricks. The mischief was regarded as so serious (especially as it had excited the good friar's wrath) that poor Master Nic had to take off his shirt, and the whip was applied with such vigor that he was soon "clothed in rags of his own skin." But first of all (and it was the same on similar occasions) his good mother knelt down, and made her little boy do the same, and then made him repeat slowly after her the collect, "Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, all our actions," etc. "I used to join with all my heart," Father Burke used afterwards to say, "but the Lord never did prevent it; down the whip always came!"

It was in 1847, when he was scarce seventeen years old, that he went to Rome with the intention of carrying into effect the desire of his heart, to serve God under the cowl of the Black Friars. Those who knew him but externally would not believe that such a merry, mischievous, reckless youngster, who had ever a wicked twinkle in his eye and could not resist the attraction of a genuine bit of fun, could ever become a staid and serious monk. Perhaps they were right: staid and serious Tom Burke never was. The wicked twinkle never left his eye even when he was a Very Reverend Prior; and the love of innocent mischief and boyish fun persevered with him till his death, and helped him not a little in the great work he did for God. Somehow in his most noble flights of eloquence there was always that dash of fun, that humor which is a characteristic of great orators, and in-

roduces into the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero the unexpected *jeu de mots*, or playful vein of wit, running athwart their magnificent appeals to the patriotism or justice of their listeners. But when we say he was never a staid or serious monk we must guard our words against being understood. Among the brightest sallies of wit, in the midst of laughter and merriment, he was serious in an instant if he were consulted by those who needed his advice in matters spiritual or temporal. Every trace of the boisterous merriment was gone, and the quiet, earnest tone of heartfelt sympathy was always ready to bind up the broken heart and pour balm into the wounded soul. Those who saw him in his lighter moods could scarcely believe how grave and wise was his spiritual counsel, for he spoke as one whom God had commissioned to convey His divine message to the troubled soul. As in the pulpit, so in the confessional, his exuberant power of fun was of great advantage to him. He was at once *en rapport* with his penitents. He buoyed them up with his own wondrous buoyancy of heart; he turned their thoughts away from themselves by his flashes of well-timed humor; he filled the most diffident with confidence; he introduced thoughts of heaven and aspirations after God in such a genial and natural way that virtue became attractive to those who had before shrunk from it, and religion could not fail to speak full cheerfulness and joy when spoken of by one who was himself so cheerful and joyous. The words which Cardinal Newman has written of St. Paul have already been applied most aptly to Father Burke, and we cannot do better than quote them again: "His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrate, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments give forth; and he was ever according to their own precept, 'rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep'; and thus he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers."

As one might have safely conjectured without being informed of the fact, Father Burke was a lover of little children. His own innocent soul reflected by one who was himself so cheerful and joyous. The words which Cardinal Newman has written of St. Paul have already been applied most aptly to Father Burke, and we cannot do better than quote them again: "His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrate, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments give forth; and he was ever according to their own precept, 'rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep'; and thus he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers."

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ain't I the son of Tom Burke the baker?

Father Burke had learned humility in that best of schools, the school of suffering. Few men who continue in active work, as he did, have such intense bodily suffering to struggle against, sometimes amounting to an almost excruciating agony. A few weeks before his death, one of the Dominican Fathers who was taking him round the church at Haverstock Hill was telling him the extraordinary number of pangs of glass of the stained-glass windows, when he remarked, with a look of mingled humor and distress, "I tell you there are not nearly as many pangs in that window as in my poor body." For years his suffering had been almost continuous, owing to internal ulceration. But so far from being him down, it seemed to rouse him to greater activity, and to rouse fresh bursts of drollery. While undergoing a most agonizing operation, he was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open, with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the operation. He absolutely refused to take chloroform, preferring to endure the agony for the sake of the Cross for which he had endured the agony on the Cross for him. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke, under stress of the pain, uttered a groan. "Poor fellow!" said a Protestant doctor who was holding his head, in kindly pity. "Don't pity me," replied Father Burke, quickly; "it is the best thing that could happen to me. If your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began to suffer, he might have been in heaven now!" When the operators reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers who was his confessor to be sent for. "No," was the answer; "it is not necessary. He has known my interior for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology: *Ecce homo non judicat de interioribus*."

Father Burke's love of innocent mischief accompanied him to the last. Only a short time before his death he was coming over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of laboring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles, and ran off for a drink before the train started. "What a nuisance!" said Father Burke, "fellow-travellers!" "I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest: cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere?" "Certainly," said Father Burke, "if you will leave me free to use what means I like."

The man consented, and when the Irishman returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, "Marwood." Then, turning to his fellow-traveller, he said, aloud, "Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmahinich?" The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, "Yes, very well." This was quite enough. The Irishman seized their bundles and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there. When the man heard of the trick that was played on him, he was not a little wrath with Father Tom, who had the malicious satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of curious and inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the supposed hangman.

To say that Father Burke was an intense lover of Ireland is unnecessary. His visit to America, and the lectures he delivered there on Irish subjects did much to counteract the mischief wrought by Mr. J. H. Froude, who had come to the States with the express object of prejudicing the American mind against poor Erin. Father Burke, on the contrary, had come across the Atlantic as a visitor of the Dominican Order. When urged to reply to Froude's calumnies, he objected that he had no books and no means of mastering the subject. But a friend gave him the run of a well-stocked library, and the result was the magnificent series of lectures which are still sold in a popular edition in England and Ireland, as well as in the States. The work he did in America was enough to have won him the admiration of ordinary vigor and energy. His lectures were incessant, sometimes three times on the same Sunday. In Boston, on one occasion he addressed forty thousand people, and special trains were run from neighboring cities for the benefit of those who desired to listen to his eloquence.

The chief sources of his power as an orator were his splendid action, magnificent force, richness and rapidity of thought, and marvellous dramatic power. He never wrote his sermons out and when he did he scarcely ever kept to what he had written. His eloquence was of that spontaneous character that will not brook the trammels of memory. He mapped out carefully the main divisions of what he was going to say, and prepared the substance of it, but for the form he was almost compelled to trust to his unpremeditated eloquence and to his inimitable rapidity of wit. His thorough acquaintance with St. Thomas, his immense theological knowledge, and his wide information on general subjects, stood him in good stead when long preparation was impossible, and his wonderful flow of language never concealed any scantiness of the ideas it expressed. On the contrary, if his language held his audience entranced, the richness of thought underlying his words gave to his sermon a solid and lasting influence over the minds of those who listened to him. In this respect he was perhaps without a rival. Most great preachers have weeks or months set apart for the preparation of their discourses. Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Segneri preached (as was pointed out in the meeting held to inaugurate some memorial commemorative of his genius) only on certain extraordinary occasions, and at long intervals of time. But Father Burke was always ready at the beck of any struggling nun or curate or parish priest or charitable institution, while for the last ten years of his life an insidious disease was wearing and torturing him with constant pain. But in spite of all this his power never seemed to flag. His sermon on the opening of the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill, though he was wretchedly ill at the time, and it was not considered as all one of his most successful efforts, was nevertheless full of a deep thought-

fulness which made it intensely interesting, and abounded in striking passages exactly dangerous to the moral and intellectual dangers of the present day. It has been remarked of him that his eloquence was always devoid of exaggeration, and his every statement would have stood the most critical test. At the same time there was an *elan* about it, a vigorous enthusiasm, a loving fervor which carried his audience with him irresistibly. His language was never turgid or bombastic, but simple and unadorned: it derived its force chiefly from the intense earnestness of the speaker.

One of the most touching and perhaps one of the grandest sermons he ever preached was preached in London shortly before his death. It was on the Gospel, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The way in which he paid the mercy of God and the sinner's return to Him was masterly, and strong men around the pulpit were moved to tears. A good judge of oratory, and distinguished lawyer, who had often listened to him, pronounced this the best sermon he had ever heard him preach.

If we were to point out what we believe to be the leading traits of Father Burke's character, we should sum them all up in his highest form includes all the perfect virtues. It is the reflex of the perfect simplicity of God, which includes and is all His other perfections. Simplicity in man, singleness of aim, abolishes self to put God and God's work in its place. Thus it includes humility, charity, zeal, obedience, fortitude. It was Father Burke's simplicity which made him the good, holy, humble religious that he was, and his simplicity perfected the wonderful natural gifts God had given him. In his oratory he was always simple in his dealing with souls he was always simple in suffering and in joy he was always simple. Even in his rollicking and almost reckless mirth he was always simple, and his raucous stories always tended, however latent the tendency, to point some useful moral. The inimitable song on the celebrated Mrs. Smiley poured well-merited obloquy on the shameless proselytism of Protestant bird's nests. The equally irresistible story of Father Johnny Roach and his sermon was, under the surface, eminently instructive. Father Burke, in his coldest moods, had always in view the service of his Master. The fastidiousness he batted on bravely till the last, and the words of the wise man respecting Israel's sweet singer may be applied, with but a slight change of meaning, to Father Burke.

"With his whole heart he praised the Lord, and loved God that made him: and he gave him power over his enemies. In all his works he gave thanks to the Holy One, and to the Most High, with glorious words. And to the festivals he added beauty, that they should praise the holy name of the Lord, and magnify the holiness of God."

A JESUIT'S VIEW.

A Distinguished English Priest on Ireland and Irish-Priests.

HIS OPINION OF FARNELL AS AN IRISH LEADER.

The Rev. R. F. Clarke, editor of the London Month, the leading Catholic magazine of England, who is now on a visit to America, published in the Month a series of calm and able articles on the condition and prospects of Ireland. He has visited Ireland and examined for himself. His views deserve the attention of Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans. In his last article (the Month for September) he gives pitiful details of the chronic poverty of Ireland, and showing the difference between this and the accidental and temporary suffering in English districts, he continues:

But is not the cause too deeply rooted to afford any hope of remedy? Is there any chance of prosperous days for Ireland? of peace and prosperity where gloom and sullen discontent now prevail, breaking out here and there in crimes of violence and the curse of secret societies? Will there ever be harmony or love between Celt and Saxon? I must not bring these articles to a close without some attempt to solve the perplexing problem.

Professor Baldwin in his evidence before the Richmond Commission, says unhesitatingly that never was the ill-feeling towards England stronger in Ireland than at present. In America? Is far stronger still among the Irish and their descendants. It has entered on a new phase of late. It is no longer the hopeless feeling of a slave who performs duties. It is no longer the reluctant dependence on one whom we respect for his omnipotence over us. There is a great alteration in the tone in which Irish newspapers and Irish patriots write of England. Education has done much to bring about this change.

The very concession made to Ireland done still more. But the enormous growth of the Celtic race in America and other countries is perhaps the largest contributing element. A new Ireland has sprung up beyond the Atlantic. The little isle which lies in ominous proximity to England's shores is no longer the chief dwelling place of the Irish race. Their hearts ever remain there, it is true, but they themselves carry their country and their faith with them into other lands, and Erin breathes freely among the free institutions of the New World. Each emigrant ship which carries away the peasants, swept from the estates, where they had lived for centuries, to make room for cattle or more remunerative grazing lands, adds to the strength of new Ireland. Every act of oppression or cruelty at home has not only strengthened her hands but has added to her ever-increasing and ever multiplying army of recruits. While the whole population of the United States has increased 100 per cent. within the last forty years, the Catholic population, who are for the most part Irish, have increased to the astonishing rate of 810 per cent. Since 1880 I am told the increase has been more rapid still. The close, compact organization existing among them adds not a little to their numerical strength, and every year they are a more important element in the political world.

Encouraged by this consciousness of a

growing power in the States ready to support them, and emboldened moreover, by their own successes, the Irish have of late met the English face to face in a way never attempted before. They are beginning to wake up to a consciousness of power. They are looking out for signs of weakness in their foes. They are furnishing their armor and preparing for the fray, and engaging in preliminary skirmishes.

Of Mr. Parnell, Father Clarke says:— He represents as no other living man do, the prevailing temper of Ireland. He is the spokesman of young Ireland, quick with growing defiance. He alone, since the days of O'Connell, has ventured to come forward and boldly throw down the gauntlet in the face of English dominion. He alone has dared to browbeat the English Ministry in the great English Parliament. He alone has gathered his party around him and simply bid defiance to the files of English statesmen who glare hatred at him across the floors of the House of Commons. Educated in England and intimately acquainted with English feelings, an English gentleman in that which gives weight and influence in an English assembly, always cool, always calm, always courteous, he fights Englishmen with their own weapons and hides a fiery temper and an indomitable will under an imperturbable exterior. I am not in this estimate of the cause of Mr. Parnell's wonderful success expressing merely my opinion: I am but repeating what I have gathered from Irishmen who have watched events from a position of vantage.

Add to this that he has a claim, passing in Irish eyes the claims of justice. He has himself with her wrongs. He has made her sorrows his own. He has bid defiance to the opposing ranks at Westminster, and battled night and day, and all for Erin's sake! The one idea of his life for the last half dozen years has been Justice to Ireland! And what is more, for Erin he has suffered. The iron-bound doors of Balmaham jail have closed on him for Erin's sake! He has been counted as a criminal for Erin's sake! He has forfeited his personal freedom, his personal comforts, his personal order, for Erin's sake! When men wonder how Ireland in her poverty can furnish so generous an acknowledgment of all that he has done for her, they forget how the warm Celtic heart goes forth with enthusiastic gratitude to all who show kindness to their country.

I have wandered a little from the question which I proposed to myself in the early part of this article—Whether there is a proximate hope of peace and prosperity for Ireland? I return to it with some reluctance, because I fear I must answer in the negative. Ultimately I am convinced that Ireland will enjoy the reward of her long sufferings and of her unbroken loyalty to truth. God rewards nations as such in this world, and it seems to be almost a certainty that the time will come when Erin will wear the crown to which she is entitled by her heroic devotion to the cause of God. Nor does it need any dragging in of the supernatural to foresee this. Apart from any but purely natural causes, she must in the end prevail. The Celtic race cannot fail to outrun the Anglo-Saxon ere many centuries have run their course. They will do so by the very force of numbers. The average of grown children in an Irish family is five, that in an English about three. Allowing thirty years for a generation, it follows that in a hundred years the descendants of an Irish family will be three times more numerous than those who spring from the Anglo-Saxon parentage. I am not concerned with the causes of this difference; chiefly, I imagine, it is owing to race, food, and climate. But one difference there is which tends more and more to tell in favor of the Irish, and that is their superior morality. The vice so common, so almost universal in England and in Protestant America, not only tends to degenerate the Anglo-Saxon race, but actually to reduce its numbers. The dislike to large families which is prevalent at present in the upper class in England necessarily diminishes the population. Add to this that in point of quick intelligence the Celt is decidedly the superior of the Saxon, and though the intelligence has been long kept in check by the restrictions on education in Ireland, and especially by the curse of Protestant ascendancy, yet it is now under recent measures rapidly developing itself. In other moral qualities he is at least fairly his match. Ireland has therefore this security for her success in the not very distant future, that the Irish race throughout the world are rapidly gaining on the English.

Agitation in Ireland has probably only just begun. The words of the Irish members do but faintly echo the feelings of the nation when, emboldened by success, they only declare that the sooner it is recognized the better that a state of war exists between England and Ireland; and that "the people would break out into open insurrection if they had the power." Take, for instance, Mr. Hoaly's speech in the House of Commons on the famous "Sunday sitting" of the 18th of August. He is a fair representative of Young Ireland and as such necessarily carries weight. Englishmen would do well to remember that his words were no mere vaporing of angry declamation when he spoke as follows:—

This was a quarrel for life or death. This was the struggle of the Irish people fought out in the House as their fathers fought it out under different circumstances; and it was supposed that they could impart into the proceedings of the House all the refinements and mildness of language which might be expected in a discussion on the details of the London Water Bill. They were fighting for men's lives, for their liberties, their homes and their families, and were they to be shaken by no emotions? The English did not understand the position in Ireland. It was as much war between the two countries as ever (Irish cheers). They were the exponents of the state of feelings which exist in Ireland. You could not expect from them in this House to do anything but give expression to the feelings which inspire hatred and contempt for the Government of the great mass of the people in Ireland.

The sooner the fact was recognized the better (Irish cheers). The sooner it was recognized the better that a state of war existed between England and Ireland (Irish cheers). It was not physical, because the people could not give their feel-

ings physical effect, but it would be physical if the people of Ireland could carry out the war (Irish cheers). If not, then, why keep thousands of armed soldiers and police garrisoning the country? (hear hear). He merely stated the state of feeling in Ireland was such that the people would break out in open insurrection if they had power, and why was it surprising that the representatives of the English Government, in so far as language was concerned, should break out in insurrection when they find the manner in which the wrongs and grievances of their country were being dealt with? (Irish cheers.)

But if we would know the true character of Irish feeling towards England, we must look across the Atlantic and listen to the words of Irishmen when free to speak of England as they please. English readers would stand aghast if they were to peruse the columns of some of the most widely-spread papers of the States. It is not the wild declamation of a few revolutionaries or demagogues, it is the expression of the calm, deliberate opinion of the great mass of Irish and Irish-born citizens of America. It is not to be found only in godless newspapers, but in many of those which are distinctly religious. Side by side we find a sermon by Cardinal Manning or Father Burke, and tirades of abuse against England, breathing a bitterness of hate which I could not have believed had I not read them with my own eyes. I need not tell my readers that I read them with the "utmost pain and sorrow." I record the fact of their utter alienation from England and all things English.

When the Irish Bishops protest against emigration as the chief means to be relied upon for the relief of Irish destitution, they are pleading a cause, to which, if no other reason, England should listen from mere motives of self-interest. What policy more fatal to the Empire than an Empire that to foster with the money of the Empire a hot-bed of fierce hostility to England's dominion and England's sway, to increase at the country's expense the number of her irreconcilable enemies, and to place them where they can attack her unrestrained, now indeed with the weapons of tongue and pen, but with these only as a prelude to more effective weapons which they intend to employ against her as soon as some important war leaves her less able to repel their attack, or some other circumstance strengthening their own hands or weakening those of their foe gives them a chance of success in their long-nursed projects of vengeance.

In spite of the greatest good will, it is quite impossible for any one connected with the English Government to win over or satisfy, under present circumstances, the Irish people. We cannot expect this for years to come, even if it comes at all. England has a long roll of misdeeds in the past to undo, perhaps to expiate. It is only little by little that the change can be wrought. She must continue for long years a generous policy of prudent concessions. She must, at whatever sacrifice to herself, give to the people of Ireland the possession of their own land, so that it may be to the great interest of the great mass of the nation that peace and tranquility should prevail. She must as far as possible provide at her own expense and by a well-ordered system of emigration a home for Irishmen in their own land and not beyond the Atlantic. In Ireland itself there is good land enough and to spare to furnish a sufficient inheritance for more than double the present population.

It is no sudden change, no violent measure that I advocate, it is the quiet, peaceful development and extension of what has already been inaugurated by the English Government during the present Session. The liberation of Ireland from her present miseries may in the end be brought about by means of emigration, but it will be a process of violence and force which cannot fail to carry with it a thousand evils and a long scene of civil strife. If she is to be freed peacefully and happily from the curse of emigration, it can only be by England's willing concession to her of the freedom she herself enjoys, by generous effort to wipe out the cruel injustice of the past, and to restore to poor oppressed Erin, as far as is possible, the lands that were confiscated, and handed over to strangers, the religion that was persecuted to death for centuries, the liberty which has been stamped under foot by those who took possession of her soil. Not only for Ireland's sake, but for the sake of England, too, I heartily pray that the desire to do justice to Ireland, which I am sure is daily growing stronger among intelligent and educated Englishmen, may, before it is too late, become the sentiment of the whole nation.

ANSWER THIS.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

A Remarkable Result. W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Barcock Blood Bitters.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely, and I have had no pains since. Do not take Electric or Electron Oils, but see that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

A Great Source of Evil. Every farmer will admit that one of the most destructive evils to good crops is that of worms or parasites that prey upon vegetable life; other species of worms infect the human system and are productive of much suffering and ill health. Freeman's Worm Powders will effectually rid the system of this trouble, are pleasant to take and contain their own cathartic.

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LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH

London, Oct. 11, 1878. DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its character or principles; that it will remain, what has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests.

Yours very sincerely, JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

Mr. THOMAS COFFEY, Office of the "Catholic Record."

LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARY

Bishop's Palace, Kingston, 19th Nov. 1882. DEAR SIR.—I am happy to be asked for a word of commendation to the Rev. Clergy and faithful laity of my diocese in behalf of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London with the warm approval of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. I am a subscriber to the journal and am much pleased with its excellent literary and religious character.

Yours faithfully, JAMES VINCENT CLEARY, Bishop of Kingston.

Mr. DONAT CROWE, Agent for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1883.

CONFIRMATION IN WOODSTOCK.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst., His Lordship Bishop Walsh, accompanied by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, arrived in Woodstock and on the following morning administered the sacrament of confirmation to about 54 children, who had been prepared very carefully by Rev. Father Brady. After high mass His Lordship preached on the effects of confirmation to a very large congregation. There were present Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Stratford; Fathers Lamonte, Irishtown; McKeon, Bothwell; and Hodgkinson, St. Thomas. The people of Woodstock were delighted to see their pastor, Rev. Father Carlin, home again in their midst. In consequence of ill health the rev. gentleman was advised a short time ago to rest from his missionary labors and in consequence he has been in Montreal for the last few weeks. Our readers will be glad to learn that his improvement up to the present justifies the hope that he may very soon be able to resume the labors he loves so well.

IRELAND AND THE VATICAN.

A few months ago when the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic press of the world sought to place the ever faithful Irish people in antagonism towards the Vatican, we took a very clear and pronounced stand on the subject of the relations between Ireland and the Supreme Pontiff. We were then told that the Holy Father had condemned the Irish in their struggle for national autonomy and legislative independence. We denied, even before we had seen the text of the circular upon which this view was said to be based, that the Holy Father would or could condemn his faithful Irish children in their battle against the most perfidious of governments and his own deadliest foe. Cardinal Simeoni's circular was intended for the clergy alone, but its text being given to the public by a political prostrate, without soul or honor or conscience, a charlatan and conspirator worthy to rank side by side with the Keoghs and Sadoires of a past generation, it was of course distorted to suit the purposes of Ireland's foes. That the Cardinal had a perfect right to issue such a circular to the clergy or that the Holy See had an absolute and unassailable right to condemn any political agitation striving after an unlawful purpose, or seeking a lawful one by the use of unjust means, no man, especially no Catholic, will deny. Against the savage misdeeds of a few wicked and designing men amongst the Irish, some of them in the pay of the government, the Holy Father did indeed raise his voice, and his Irish children gladly and readily gave ear to his every order and every counsel. We have, from the beginning maintained, and do now maintain, that the Irish agitation for national autonomy, under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, has been always and is now conducted within legal and constitutional methods. A great movement cannot be judged by the acts or opinions of a few claiming to form part thereof. It must be judged by the professions of its leaders and its own public declarations of policy. Viewed in this light, the only just

light in which it can be viewed, the present Irish agitation, controlled by Mr. Parnell, is, to say the very least, as justifiable, and as much deserving of outside sympathy and support, as any movement ever inaugurated for the regeneration of a long outraged and oppressed people.

Since the prorogation of Parliament the various political parties have been busy formulating their respective policies, the Tories and Home Rulers being the most active and earnest. In fact, if it were not for its radical wing the Whig party had lost every sign of life. We take our statement of Mr. Parnell's policy from an independent American journal:

"In British politics, Mr. Parnell's party are, says the writer, the first to announce the programme of their operations. It is far from being revolutionary or violent, being summed up in three demands. The first contemplates the amendment of the Land Act (1) to secure the tenant the benefits intended by the Healy clause, which was meant to forbid the commissioners to take into consideration the improvement he had effected when they are ascertaining what is a fair rent; and (2) to secure more favorable terms to tenants who wish to purchase lands. The second is a demand that the clauses in the Land Act for the purpose of securing an allotment of lands to agricultural laborers be made imperative and not optional, as at present. These clauses were thought a fine stroke of policy at the expense of the Land League. It was supposed that they would enlist the half a million of day-laborers on the side of the Government and against the less than half a million tenants who compose the League. But Mr. Parnell heartily adopted them, knowing that the day-laborers are found mainly in Ulster or in the employment of large farmers in the South, and that the League would be strengthened rather than weakened by taking up their case. As the clauses have failed entirely of their purpose, the League shows its sincerity by demanding for them the efficacy of the law.

The third demand is that the members of the British Parliament shall receive compensation for their services. This is a League question, as a very large number of its representatives are unable to attend Parliament because of their poverty. A salary for members would greatly strengthen the thirty members who attend regularly to support Mr. Parnell. But the Whigs and Tories of the House of Commons will resist the innovation, many as are the precedents for it. Were the members paid for their services, several British constituencies would elect workmen to Parliament, and would do something to change the complexion of the House. Nothing but the diuse of payment of members keeps the representation of the people in the hands of the wealthier classes, and gives an aristocratic tinge to British legislation."

IMPOSITION.

We take occasion to warn our readers against impostors of clerical appearance, engaged in certain parts of the country in embezzling public money by declaring themselves collectors for churches and other good works across the water. The people of this country have quite enough to do here without contributing to the assistance of people who require it not, but they have especially every reason to refuse patronage to the arrant humbugs who, from time to time, inflict themselves on us. If all the money that has been collected by impostors from confiding people in this country, for church purposes, were really applied to church buildings, there would be no need of now calling for further assistance towards any work, however genuine. We have in this new and struggling country churches to pay for, others to build, schools and colleges to maintain and charities to support. When we have done our duty in this regard, we may with some reason be called on for assistance, and then only in a legitimate manner, towards our brethren elsewhere.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

The insult offered to King Alfonso by the Parisian mob affords undoubted evidence of the weakness of the French ministry, which certainly should have protected a friendly sovereign from outrage. The incident is regrettable in every regard, but especially as creating ill-feeling between the French and Spanish nations. France has enemies enough without making any more. But, however blamable the Parisian populace and the French government for the insult offered to King Alfonso, there is little doubt that the young king, by very marked moderation, exposed himself to the ill will of the French nation. Alfonso gave deep offence to France by his fraternization with her deadly enemy. In a late letter to the Montreal Gazette, Mr. John Lesperance very tersely sums up the French hostility to the Spanish prince:

- 1. Alfonso is a Bourbon and has French blood in his veins.
2. France was the refuge of his grandmother (Christine) and of his mother (Isabella) when they were driven into exile. The former has her grave in French soil and the latter resides in Paris.
3. Alfonso himself was brought up in France.
4. It was at Paris that the Spanish Crown was offered him, while from Paris to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Barcelona, he was acclaimed King by the French people.
5. He went to Germany at an "awkward" time, and against the will of his Ministers.
6. He accepted the Honorary Colonely of the 12th Thiers—the German regiment, of all others, the most obnoxious to Frenchmen—on account of its war record.
7. That regiment is stationed at Strasbourg, in the heart of the loved and the lost territory.
8. And—the worst aggravation of all—Alfonso was actually on his way from Brussels, through Paris to Strasbourg, to review that regiment.

None of these causes, as explained by Mr. Lesperance, nor all of them together would justify the insolence of the Parisian mob, nor excuse the culpable weakness of the government. There remains, however, the fact that Alfonso has been seeking

men in Ireland towards the National League.

We do not by any means indeed take the editorial utterances of these Roman journals as official declarations of the opinions of the Holy Father on Irish politics, but we do hold them as setting forth the existence in the Eternal city and at the Vatican itself of a deep feeling of sympathy for the Irish race in its legitimate struggle for freedom and autonomy. Some few of our countrymen were, we are sorry to have to admit it, last Spring led away by the misrepresentations of common foes of Ireland and the Papacy into sorry and short-sighted denunciations of the Holy See. These denunciations pleased the enemy and injured the cause of Ireland. The National League has entered on a political struggle with purposes that it binds itself to achieve by means not only legitimate but commendable. Whether the League fail or succeed in its efforts, Ireland's surest guide as well as most faithful friend will be the sainted, far-seeing, and ever to be honored Pontiff, Leo XIII.

OTTAWA AS CAPITAL.

Goldwin Smith says:

"The choice of Ottawa as the capital embodied in the constitution, is now by almost every one, except the Ottawa hotel-keepers, admitted to have been a blunder. All the three reasons for it—military security, fear of jealousies between the great cities, and dread of a mob assembly—were alike futile. Every political assembly requires to keep it in the tempering influences of general society, a critical strangers' gallery, and daily intercourse with representatives of various interests and callings."

The learned professor is assuredly very ignorant of Canadian history or he had never penned any such absurd statement.

The city of Ottawa is in every regard the best adapted of any Canadian town to the exigencies of the seat of government. We fail to see, nowadays especially, when the press conveys the substance of all Parliamentary discussions to all parts of the country, that a strangers' gallery is essentially required to enable the legislature to discharge its duty properly. The city of Ottawa may not indeed be in a position to supply a gallery as extensive as there could be found in other cities, but we do venture to claim that more intelligent audiences than those which assemble to listen to the discussions in the Canadian Commons at Ottawa cannot be found in Canada. At the time Ottawa was made choice of for the seat of Government Canada was not afflicted with the presence of the Oxford professor. Had it been otherwise the perambulating system might, for the sake of the "gallery," have been maintained. We may, however, be permitted to doubt that even the Professor's influence could have led to such a result.

THE STATE OF TURKEY.

Ever since the treaty of Berlin, Turkey has sunk deeper and deeper into the slough of anarchy. Weak enough before that time, the Ottoman empire has since rapidly lost what feeble strength it then possessed, and is to-day in such a state of deplorable impotency that none could regret its removal from existence but for the complications such an eventuality should occasion. But, hesitate in presence of the difficulty as they may, the time is fast approaching when the great powers of Europe must step in to put a term to Turkish anarchy. A contemporary very justly remarks that the Sultan's government has been completely discredited by the results of the late war with Russia and that with Oriental governments discredit is ruin. These governments have, indeed, no claims on the affection of their people, whom they oppress beyond endurance. Their administrative arrangements become quite ineffective when not supported by the strength of an active despotism. For Turkey, it is rightly said, that the time has come again when every man there does that which is right in the sight of his own eyes. Brigandage is, of course, rampant, and in one town the whole body of civic officials were, some weeks ago, carried off into the mountains and retained for ransom. It is not now Armenia that is badly governed, but every province in this wretched empire, from Arabia to Albania.

the friendship of Germany and has thereby forfeited the esteem and regard of the French. The loss will, however, be not for the present at all events, so much that of Spain as of France. France is now practically without an ally or friend among the nations of Europe, thanks to the suicidal policy of the radical politicians who for some few years have controlled its affairs.

The first effort of a true French statesman were to secure the friendship of neighboring states and sympathetic peoples. The radical leaders have made no such effort. They have, on the contrary, by a destructive domestic and a shuffling foreign policy, offended every state whose friendship might be of any value. The Spanish government and people have deeply taken to heart the offence offered King Alfonso—but we do hope that some change may soon take place in French politics that will drive the radicals from office, and that there may thus be inaugurated an era of true progress at home and of real friendliness abroad.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF PONTIAC.

His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, returned to Pembroke on Monday, the 1st inst., after visiting the parishes of Brudenell, Hagarty, Doyle's Corners and Mount St. Patrick. His Lordship everywhere met with a very hearty reception, and generous contributions were in all these parishes made to the fund already inaugurated for the building of an episcopal residence at Pembroke.

We are pleased to learn that the Convent of Mary Immaculate in that town has entered on what promises to be an unusually prosperous year. There are, indeed, but few institutions in the country as well adapted to the higher education of young ladies. Well trained preceptresses, a spacious edifice, and a salubrious site, are advantages of which the Pembroke Convent can justly boast. These, in addition to the accessibility of Pembroke to all points in the Dominion, constitute claims to public support that will not, we may justly hope, be overlooked.

The Vicariate has just lost, in the person of the Rev. Father Sheehy, for many years pastor of Osceola, a most excellent priest. Father Sheehy retires to enter a religious community. He is replaced by the Rev. Father Devine, late secretary of His Lordship Bishop Lorrain. Father Devine will be greatly missed from the bazaar, but goes to a sphere of labor where his zeal and merits will be appreciated.

THE OTTAWA MAYORALTY.

We are quite happy to learn that there is likely no opposition to be offered to Dr. St. Jean for the Mayoralty of Ottawa for 1884. Dr. St. Jean makes an excellent civic officer, and as a representative French Canadian Catholic is fairly entitled to a renewal of confidence. We trust that his election will be unanimous. We may in this connection remind our Irish Catholic friends of the capital that it will be their turn to select a Mayor for 1885. It is indeed an early warning, but an early warning is salutary in giving time and opportunity for a good selection.

THANKS.

We feel under a deep debt of gratitude to the bishops and clergy of Eastern Ontario for their kind encouragement and support of the Record. It is indeed pleasing to us to have won the approval of these learned and devoted prelates and priests. We are under special obligations to His Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro, an earnest and constant friend of this journal; to the learned Bishop of Kingston, who has so kindly given us the benefit of his great influence; to His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, for kind and most acceptable encouragement and approval extended both in private and in public; to His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, for kind and repeated commendations of our paper; to the priests of Kingston, Peterboro, Ottawa and the Vicariate of Pontiac for their generous and efficacious assistance in en-

larging the circulation of the Record. We feel inspired by the zeal of these good priests on behalf of Catholic literature to make further endeavors to render this journal a truly worthy exponent of Catholic teachings and a more unflinching defender of Catholic rights.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We are still engaged in elaborating our argument on the position of Catholics in Ontario, in the all-important matter of education, as compared with the lot in the same regard of minorities in Quebec, Manitoba and the North-West Territories. We feel rejoiced to know that our readers have thus far followed our statements with the closest and most earnest attention. These statements, as may be seen by our copious citations from official documents in support of every position we have assumed, are beyond contradiction. In fact, we deny contradiction, and invite discussion as well, on the various points we have already raised as on those we intend to raise, feeling confident that our argument in favor of equal rights to the Catholics of Ontario is wholly unassailable. We ask our readers of every shade of politics to sustain us in the position we have taken, and can promise in return that instead of being educationally ostracized the Catholics of Ontario will soon be placed on a footing of equality, in that respect, with non-Catholics, secularists and infidels.

DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary left his episcopal city on the 9th inst. for Rome, bearing with him a munificent contribution from his faithful clergy and people to Peter's Pence. Every portion of the diocese seems to vie with the other in its efforts to swell the contribution to the highest possible figure. The result is that Dr. Cleary will be enabled to offer the Holy Father one of the largest contributions ever sent from America for Peter's Pence. The total, eight thousand dollars, is made up from the following donations:

Table listing donations for Peter's Pence from various locations like Kingston, Alexandria, Belleville, etc., with amounts.

We extend our heartfelt congratulations to the clergy and laity of Kingston on this magnificent demonstration of loyalty and devotedness to the Holy See.

MUST BE GOT RID OF.

The militia force in its present form has never counted us amongst its admirers. We have never, however, denied or ignored the fact that it includes in its ranks some of the best and most patriotic of our fellow-citizens of all origins and creeds. If it has not achieved success it is not through any fault, we believe, of the militia taken as a whole, but through a defective system of organization, a still more defective system of training, and a most defective system of government. The commander-in-chief of the force is, for instance, an Englishman, a very embodiment of insolent savagery and ungovernable tyranny. Since his arrival in this country a few years ago, he has acted as might some Turkish Pascha with the fellahen of Egypt. His latest is a quarrel with Col. Williams, M. P. for East Durham, whom he is said to have grossly offended at a late militia banquet. The Mail, alluding to this latest escapade of impudent boorishness, says:

"General Luard belongs to the unteachable class. An uncivilized temper and rather inferior manners have rendered him personally unpopular with the force. And his severities of language and severity of conduct, all as a rule, out of proportion to the occasion and the offence, have made the hope of an improvement in discipline out of the question. The force looks on their commander as a rather ridiculous tyrant with all the will but none of the powers of a Fantee chief. If he held together it is for the sake of their officers. If the Government are considering the case of General Luard, we hope they will give it very serious consideration. He has become a nuisance to the force, to the public, and the press. He makes the militia service ridiculous by his antics. And unless the Government can

supply a remedy for ment or abatement, warning that the House good deal of unanim session."

THE SITUATION.

Things are far from quiet in China and in that empire may prove too strong for the present very young in China is, we claim British jealousy of of rights. China is any class of foreign or feeling but therefore, foreign in each others' interest China, they but hostility towards the ively and individuals readers an idea of in China towards a place before them the N. Y. Herald Hong Kong.

THE CORRESPONDENT.

"I have just returned Affairs there are in dition. The populace over the result of the munication between and the city is entire any placards are post the viceroys' palace down by the police, should the French tack, the mob first eigners and destroy mob is ripe for reb the highest rank are white going through being drawn from guard the palace of foreign quarter is sa cover of six gun United States steam mob was expected in Saturday. The called on me at the Charles Seymour, th Canton, bringing an ence at the palace on was subsequently re the viceroys could in the journey thr uneasiness is felt by Even in Hong Kn been adopted. Ar been deposited in patrols have been i

IF THERE HAD BEEN WITH FRANCE THE WHILE ASSERTING ANNAM AND ELSEW HELD THE INTERES STATES IN THE CHIN BUT BRITAIN, IT'S ANY STATE, ESPECI ART'S JUST RIGHT INTERVENING IN ITS DISCRETION ON ITS JURY ON THE INTER

PROTESTANTISM.

Protestantism take no hold on Through a non-learned that which have concern Protest Italy, it appear Church has no evangelists, clergy, sixty-n eight are ord Italy, exercising their office in fo thirty-six unde or chapels. Th amounted to theological sch attended by se

THE WALDEN MEMBERED.

A do not indeed opportunities advance. A I ever, claims th show that in e 1881 there wa progress, the tricts of the e ving been qui Protestant co far the most is the Walde ecclesiastical oetness, and i fession of the before all ot work of evan If the Wal the most pr communions that country

LATEST CABLE NEWS.

London, October 9, 1883.—Sir Stafford Northcote, by his visit to Ulster, has succeeded in partially reopening the old religious feud between the Protestants and Catholics in Belfast; but his incitements have fallen flat on the farming classes.

The efforts of the Tories are calculated to strengthen the Nationalists at the next election, because it has been made clear that the Tory party have no solution of the land question which would secure justice to the Protestant farmers.

The Liberal press of England condemn Sir Stafford Northcote's raid, and reproaches him for stirring up religious hatred and civil strife.

The organization of the National League is progressing steadily, and the people are earnestly seconding the efforts of their leaders to prepare for the general elections.

Dunngannon's dead walls, at the time of the Nationalist invasion a few weeks ago, were posted with the following notices: "Belfast to the Front!" "One thousand Ship Carpenters are coming from Belfast to defend the Constitution against Parnell and his Crew!" "Remember past Days!"

"Death or glory!" "God save the queen!" Workhouse officials frequently provoke themselves in Ireland equal to any of the enormities which Dickens serialized. A few weeks ago an inquest was held in the boardroom of the workhouse, Waterford, into the death of Michael Power, who died in that institution at four o'clock the previous evening.

Intimidation is a very elastic word, which lends itself readily to any extension, contraction or variation the administration of the law may choose to give it. A landlord may threaten to pull the house about the ears of an unfortunate tenant, and indeed carry his threat into execution, but that is not intimidation according to law, whereas if the tenant should make the slightest objection to being exterminated—away with him!

At Clones, county Monaghan, Petty Sessions, recently John Connee, a tenant, who had been a short time ago evicted from his farm on the Clones estate of Sir Thos. B. Lennox, was charged under the Crimes Act with intimidating emergency men who were employed by the agent, Mr. Wrench, cutting and saving hay on the farm. The estate bailiff and seven others proved to defendant having said that they would "some day" do with what they deemed for assisting the agent in robbing him.

THE LATE RICHARD COSTELLO.

Belleville Daily Ontario, Thursday, Oct. 11th. Mr. Costello was born of Irish parents in the city of Quebec on the 6th of August, 1845, and came to Belleville with his parents a year later. In early boyhood death deprived him of his father, and he came almost the sole support of a widowed mother, and truly an affectionate son did he prove himself to be.

Mr. Costello was a fair share of the trade, but on the death of his brother who assisted him, business matters pressed so heavily on his weak constitution that he decided to have a change, and about a year ago accepted the position of chief clerk in the post office here. Mr. Costello was a good citizen, an active business man, and held in esteem by all who knew him.

He held several important positions in the gift of his fellow-citizens and religious; and the pastor and people of St. Michael's Church will sadly miss him. The choir, in which he so often assisted in the Requiem for some departed friend, to-day have a sad duty to perform. He was a principal in the organization of the Temperance Society of the Holy Cross, and was President of that Association; and there are here those who no doubt feel grateful for services rendered in the same cause.

He was an active member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a member of the Separate School Board and for two years Alderman for Ketcheson Ward. May God have mercy on his soul.—Com.

The funeral took place at 10 o'clock this morning and was attended by a very large number of citizens. The cortege left the Dominion House and proceeded to St. Michael's Church, where solemn Requiem Mass was conducted by Monsignor Farrelly. At the corner of Hotel and Church streets the children of the two R. C. schools joined in and headed the procession to the church. The music which the choir furnished was of a high order, Prof. O'Hallam presiding at the organ and Messrs. Spangenberg and Wenzel assisted in the chorus. After the solemn ceremony had been concluded the remains of the deceased were taken to the R. C. Cemetery.

PORT ARTHUR. From the Sentinel, Sept. 29. On Tuesday the banquet at the Town Hall, and the attendance of visitors at that early hour for the purpose of the success will testify to the efforts of the promoters. The last banquet in connection with this church was held in 1882 and the proceeds were \$1,100—quite a handsome result. On the present occasion the banquet was held in the hall, and the variety of articles exhibited being large, and of a high quality, and of a high quality.

A very handsome prie die chair, presented by a pupil of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, valued at \$5, adorns the table on the east side of the hall, while the table opposite is covered with a beautiful white cloth, and is elegantly furnished with flowers by the pencil of Miss Grace Johnston, and a variety of other articles, including embroidered in various artistic designs, silver fruit stands and vases of many descriptions, and a variety of other articles, including embroidered in various artistic designs, silver fruit stands and vases of many descriptions.

The business College at Chatham, its Standing and Success. We were pleased indeed to see by the prize list of the Toronto Industrial Fair, from the Exhibition, and also the Western Fair, that Mr. McLaughlin, the penman of the above College, is a man of the highest order, and his success in his profession is a most beautiful and useful accomplishment, as well as in other branches taught in the College, no doubt is the cause of the rapidly increasing popularity of the College during the past few years.

The Institution was established in Nov. of 1876, and for the first three years received its support almost entirely from Chatham and vicinity, but the excellent work done in the College, together with the business enterprise of the proprietor, soon began to draw students from a distance, and the result now is that yearly more than 1000 men from all parts of Canada and the United States go there to receive their instruction.

to be closed, the voting became brisk and exciting. The people gathered round the table and watched with evident anxiety, the votes being brought in by the fair counters, and so much interest was manifested by some present that they at last determined to carry their own necks. It was well known that the two candidates were running neck and neck, and a synopsis of the Reform candidate's supporters, composed of Messrs. James Connee, John Barley, S. K. Street and others, took their stand at one end of the table, and with a determination to carry their own necks, they went on both sides the energy of the lady on the other side was unbounded, and she secured many supporters. Mr. Connee, the Reform candidate, decided the election and handed in a "Five" or "Ten," that gentleman was equal to the occasion and brought down ditto. The excitement became intense just at the close of the poll and a "Five" or "Ten" went up on both sides, silence reigned as the votes were counted, and the Reform candidate was up as the returning officer declared the result, which was: Plummer..... 890 Louis..... 861 Majority for Plummer..... 29 Total for Bazaar..... \$175.49

The prize drawing which took place during an interval in the election was as follows: THE PRIZE DRAWING. Bracket Work Bag..... Mrs. J. Dwyer. Pair Elegant Boots..... A. McDermott. Embroidered sofa cushion..... Louis Belanger. Pair of Slippers..... T. Whitehouse. Embroidered Slippers..... Sarah Walsh. Sofa Cushion..... Mrs. Connee. Pair of Slippers..... Mrs. Connee. Silver Watch..... A. L. Cross. Pair of Slippers..... Mrs. Connee. Bannaret..... Mr. Grant. Sofa Cushion..... Miss Ireland. Pair of Slippers..... Mrs. Connee. Silver Watch..... Mrs. J. Redden. Silver Ice Pitcher..... Mrs. J. Redden. Silver Ice Pitcher..... Mrs. J. Redden.

C. M. B. A. NOTES. At the last meeting of Branch No. 15 of Toronto the following resolution was passed: TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS DELANEY. Resolved,—That the members of this branch express to you our heartfelt sympathy in the sad affliction it has pleased Almighty God to visit you with in the loss of a beloved, kind and affectionate son. His early death was a great shock to us all. But whilst it is hard, after the slender thread that all human affairs hang upon has been severed, to bow in submission to the divine will, it is our earnest prayer that the gentle and loving hand of the Great Creator apply the balm to the wounded heart of a stricken parent.

WOODSTOCK LETTER. Last Wednesday will ever be remembered as a red letter day in the ecclesiastical annals of Woodstock. A few weeks ago, owing to sickness, our esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Carlin, was advised to go to Montreal for the purpose of undergoing a course of medical treatment at the Hotel Dieu; he is now at home again much improved in health. During Father Carlin's leave of absence Rev. Father Brady, late of Stratford, was appointed by His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, to take charge of the Woodstock mission. This talented young priest spent several weeks preparing candidates living in the vicinity of Woodstock for the sacraments of First Communion and Confirmation which were administered here last Wednesday morning.

WANTED. A female teacher holding a first or second class certificate to take charge of separate school and general instruction. Salary liberal. For further particulars apply to Trustees R. C. School, Ont.

THE LIONESS FUR AND ROBE STORE. is the largest in Ontario. We have the best selection of LADIES' MANTLES & FUR-LINED CIRCULARS in the city. No trouble to show LADIES' & GENTS' FURS. COME AND SEE OUR STOCK.

RAYMOND & THORN. "LIONESS" 128 DUNDAS ST. Raw furs wanted of every description. SPECIAL EXCURSION TO DETROIT. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Monday, October 22. DETROIT ART LOAN. MANNVILLE & CO. have chartered a Special train, which will leave London at 7:30 a.m. for Detroit. Only two days; time, 36 hours to Detroit; 9 hours to Detroit.

WARRANTED 9 YEARS. \$115.00 (only) \$49.75. 25 STOPS. 9 Full Stops. Golden Tongue Reeds. PIPE ORGANS (25 STOPS) ONLY \$49.75. REGULAR PRICE, \$115.00. 25 USEFUL STOPS AS FOLLOWS: 1. Violin Solo. 2. French Horn. 3. Trumpet. 4. Trombone. 5. Clarinet. 6. Saxophone. 7. Flute. 8. Piccolo. 9. Bassoon. 10. Tuba. 11. Snare Drum. 12. Cymbals. 13. Triangle. 14. Gong. 15. Chimes. 16. Bells. 17. Muffled Drums. 18. Muffled Cymbals. 19. Muffled Triangle. 20. Muffled Gong. 21. Muffled Bells. 22. Muffled Chimes. 23. Muffled Bells. 24. Muffled Chimes. 25. Muffled Bells.

Advertisement for Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey. Includes an image of a pipe organ and text describing its features and price. The organ is a 25-stop model for \$49.75, a significant reduction from the regular price of \$115.00. The advertisement lists various musical instruments and accessories available, such as violins, French horns, trumpets, trombones, clarinets, saxophones, flutes, piccolos, bassoons, tubas, snare drums, cymbals, triangles, gongs, chimes, bells, muffled drums, muffled cymbals, muffled triangles, muffled gongs, muffled bells, muffled chimes, and muffled bells. It also mentions that the organ is suitable for churches, schools, and homes, and that it is a reliable and durable instrument. The advertisement is signed by Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

Advertisement for Dr. Jenner's Vegetable Liver Pills. The pills are described as safe, sure, reliable, and effective. They are a complete substitute for mercury or other injurious substances, and are particularly beneficial for those suffering from liver and stomach ailments. The pills are made from natural vegetable extracts and are easy to take. The advertisement is signed by Dr. Jenner, and mentions that the pills are available in bottles of 20 pills for \$1.00 and 50 pills for \$2.00. It also mentions that the pills are sold by druggists and storekeepers generally.

Advertisement for St. Lawrence Canals. The advertisement is addressed to the undersigned and is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.

Advertisement for Raymond & Thorn. The advertisement is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.

Advertisement for Estey. The advertisement is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.

Advertisement for Every Family. The advertisement is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.

Advertisement for Kinnabe Pianoforte. The advertisement is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.

Advertisement for a religious publication. The advertisement is for the purpose of obtaining tenders for the construction of a lock and regulating works at the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. The advertisement mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next. The advertisement also mentions that the works are to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications of the respective works, and that the tenders are to be submitted to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of November next.