

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

NO. 798.

JANUARY 27, 1894.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Toronto *Mail* of the 26th, in dealing with our article concerning the threatened action against that paper, for criminal libel, by Archbishop Cleary, endeavors to justify its course by claiming that the press should be free to discuss the relations existing between the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church. We may remind our contemporary that it has outstripped all legitimate bounds and seeks to sow strife where harmony now exists. At least 99 per cent. of the Catholics of this country see no cause whatever for unfriendliness or opposition to their spiritual guides, and Catholics experience no hardships whatever at their hands in the exercise of either their spiritual or temporal affairs.

IT WERE unfair for our contemporary to put forward such men as the editor of the *Canada Recus* as exponents of Catholic opinion. That gentleman and a few others who have been engaged in attacking the clergy belong to the revolutionary school, which has very little regard for Christianity in any form. It will be remembered that the strictures passed on the editor of the *Recus* were brought about because, in referring to the criminal conduct of a priest in Montreal, he insinuated that the people should be on their guard against the priesthood in general. Our contemporary will surely not say that this was justifiable; yet he seems to think that the Archbishop of Montreal was wrong in his condemnation of the editor, and is therefore an enemy of the freedom of the press.

LET us turn the tables for the purpose of illustration. We will say that a Methodist minister in Ontario had been guilty of a crime against morals and that a man professing a Methodist published a newspaper which circulated largely amongst that denomination, and that that man warned his readers to be on their guard against Methodist preachers in general. What, we ask, would be the fate of such a man and his paper at the hands of the Methodist denomination, from its general conference all the way down to its lowest member?

OUR Toronto contemporary, while posing as the friend of equal rights, is as violently anti-Catholic as the Montreal *Witness*, *Orange Sentinel* or *Lindsay Warbler*. When it left the ranks of the Conservative party it became the organ of the extreme Protestantism of Ontario. Knowing full well that anti-Catholic, and more particularly anti-clerical, literature is taken by its constituency with the same relish as salt on a pasture-field, that class of matter is supplied in abundance from week to week by a staff of anonymous writers, while its regular correspondents, in Montreal and at the capital, send over the wires messages tinged with bitterness against everything Catholic.

FROM time to time there arise little unpleasantnesses in all Protestant denominations. They are family affairs and are settled according to the laws governing the different churches. Once in a great while, too, there may happen some little differences between Catholic people and their priests, and between the priests and their Bishops. These, too, are family affairs which can be straightened out under the laws governing the Church; and is it not unseemly and injudicious on the part of our contemporary, whenever a little ripple of disaffection appears amongst a few Catholics towards their spiritual guides, or on the part of a priest against his Bishop, to endeavor to give it sensational importance and thus encourage a spirit of unrest amongst the people? This is the work of the scandal-monger, and we must in all candor say that our contemporary has long been engaged in it.

AMONGST the public men of Canada, Sir John Thompson holds a very high place. In his early years he was a Methodist, and conscience never directed a man to

wards the "Kindly Light" if it did not direct Sir John Thompson. His change of faith took place at a time when it could have brought him no temporal advantage; and we all know that in the race for preferment, especially at this day, the Protestant invariably has a very good start. The P. P. A. ritual is proof abundant of this. During the last few years Rev. Dr. Douglas and others have written letters concerning Sir John Thompson that may fairly be called savage in their nature, because he saw fit to travel in the path directed by his conscience. A short time since Mr. Lu Papineau of Montebello discovered the beauties of Presbyterianism when the tax collector rang his door-bell. For this he received and deserved the condemnation of all high-minded men. The *Mail* has not one word to say in condemnation of those who have been abusing Sir John Thompson; but those who severely criticised Mr. Papineau's action are held up to scorn as the enemies of civil and religious liberty.

OUR Toronto contemporary, since it left the Conservative ranks, has by its unfairness towards the Catholic Church done much mischief in the community. It has created amongst many Protestants the impression that we are plotting with politicians for the purpose of gaining undue advantage over our Protestant fellow-citizens. Facts and figures it has not and cannot give in proof of this, and all the charges take the form of insinuations. If, as our contemporary has so often asserted, Bishops and priests meddle too much in politics, what have they gained thereby? We ask for nothing but fair treatment; we look for no ascendancy over our Protestant fellow-citizens; and were we so inclined, how could we entertain any hope of success when we form but a small minority of the population?

IT IS quite true that the Catholics of Ontario vote almost to a man in favor of the Mowat Government, but why need there be surprise expressed at this? By the *Mail* and the extremists we have been rounded up, as it were, and astonishment is now expressed because we are found all together. Were any other denomination in Ontario vilified as the Catholics have been would any member of it be found shouting in favor of its persecutors?

A CONVENTION of P. P. A. delegates tore into Hamilton last week. Things have come to a queer pass when hundreds of men will enter a city in fear and trembling lest they be recognized, and place assumed names on the hotel registers. Worse than all, we find some preachers in the assemblage—clerical misfits and irrepressible firebrands. Our old acquaintance of London, Rev. Junius McDonough, Methodist, was there in all his borrowed glory—for it will be remembered that he has committed to memory the letters of "Junius," and occasionally sends one to the papers with his own name at the end. Little can be known of the proceedings, as reporters were not of course admitted. It has become known, however, that a warm discussion took place on the proposition to expunge from the ritual the clause which obliges members to swear that they will not employ a Catholic in any capacity. The motion was voted down, and therefore the ritual remains in its original shape. Our Catholic people need not, however, feel any great degree of uneasiness on this account, as the membership comprises almost entirely persons who are not employers—out-at-elbows politicians, veritable Wilkens Micawbers, who are themselves looking for something to do.

IT HAS become known also that a resolution was passed favoring the inspection of convents, monasteries, etc. Because of the number of persons who "escape" from these institutions, it was considered a very advisable proceeding. We may say to these ignorant persons that such a thing as an "escape" from convents or monasteries was never known. Those few who are in the lecturing field posing as "ex's" and "escapes" were ignominiously ejected for bad conduct. Were a committee of the P. P. A. to set out upon a work of the kind alluded to it would be in order to get a board of

medical gentlemen to examine into their mental condition, and, if found sane, then it might be deemed prudent to call in the services of an able-bodied masiff, and have them attended to in the same fashion as the ordinary criminal tramp and house-breaker.

MARGARET SHEPHERD was there, comfortably wrapped in all her shamelessness. The *Times* of the 24th says that she held a secret session in one of the hotel parlors with thirteen "ladies." This reminds us of the saying of Sir John Macdonald on the occasion of the vote on the Jesuit Estates Act, when thirteen members of Parliament voted against its allowance; but as we are now dealing with "ladies," we will not enter into full particulars. Margaret's troupe of thirteen "ladies" have undertaken the task of bringing to the Catholics of all Canada a knowledge of their form of Christianity, and, to prove its excellence, have taken an oath to deprive them of their daily bread, for the love of God.

OUR fellow-citizen, E. J. McRoberts, school trustee, insurance agent and spiritualist, was on hand, thirsting for the treasurership. He may be excused on the ground that he has a weakness for "seances" and the P. P. A. convention was a grand one. What a glorious thing it would have been, to be sure, had he produced the spirits of King William, Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, Lord George Gordon, Maria Monk and all the other calendered saints of Orangeism and P. P. Aism.

THE meeting is over, and the delegates have returned to their homes. It is more than probable that every one of them is fully convinced that a lucrative office of some sort will fall into his lap as soon as Sir Oliver Mowat is deposed. It is safe to say that such a gathering of hungry office seekers never before took place in Canada. Meantime the Catholic Church is still in the land. Her Bishops, priests and people are endeavoring to do their part as good Christians and good citizens, bearing malice to none, and dealing out to all the same measure of justice they demand for themselves. It is not to the credit of Protestantism that more energetic work is not done by its leading ministers to stamp out this plague spot on our social life. The Presbyterian clergy are almost alone in opposition to it. Many of them deserve much praise for the sledge-hammer blows they have dealt the nasty production, but we regret to say the clergy of the Church of England, and those of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational denominations are, almost without exception, either silent on the subject, or engaged in promoting its spread amongst their people. Shame on them! They are doing the work of the Evil one while wearing the livery of the Master.

THE *Hamilton Times* says that Prof. T. Passmore of London, lectured in that city last week. His subjects were very warmly anti-Catholic, one of which was "Are we justified in publicly attacking Romanism?" Just here we might say to the "professor" that there would be something mainly in such a course on his part had it been impressed upon his mind when he was a little fellow that it is naughty to tell lies. Why should the "professor" speak of attacking "Romanism" publicly when the approved method of the P. P. A., of which he is a member, is to attack it after the fashion of the safe-blower and the masked burglar?

BUT who is this "professor"? And how did he come by the title? A few months ago he was known in this city as plain "Thomas Passmore." He came here as an amateur printer from a neighboring hamlet, and we verily believe that even now were a three-cent quad and a hair space placed before him, he could not for the life of him tell which is the quad and which is the space. The late Dr. Cahill said that while getting shaved in a barber shop in Washington the tonsorial artist told him he intended shortly to leave that business as he thought it would be more profitable to become a lecturer; and in like manner we may reasonably suppose Thomas Passmore has become a "professor." It is more than probable that association with Margaret

Shepherd, and witnessing her success so far as nickels are concerned, gave him a considerable load of assurance.

NO DOUBT he was also sand-papered by Mrs. Baskerville, who, we believe, did considerable work on the P. P. A. paper in this city, of which Thomas was at one time owner. Parenthetically we may say that Mrs. Baskerville is a very energetic anti-Catholic propagandist and it would seem indeed as though she were a pupil of that person referred to in the Dublin ballad:

Arrah, Mrs. Magrath, did you hear the news?
But, of course, my jewel, you knew it?
The quality's going to save our souls,
An' I'll be as for lettin' them do it.
We may curse and swear—the devil may care,
We may rob, blaspheme, and be wicked;
Sure they'll send us to Heaven, and pay our fare,
And give us a first-class ticket.

SO come along to Merrion Square, An' as sure as my name is Kelly Each murderin' thief will get mutton and beef, If he brags with Mrs. Smyley.

MRS. BASKERVILLE'S mode of working, however, is somewhat different from that adopted by Mrs. Smyley. This good lady thinks she can bring about the "conversion" of Catholics by distributing amongst Protestants bundles of literature concerning the Catholic faith. So preposterous are the statements made in these tracts that we will not be uncharitable enough to say that Mrs. Baskerville is the writer. We will merely venture the assertion that the father of lies himself wrote them and that Mrs. Baskerville read the proofs.

BUT we are forgetting the "professor." The *Hamilton Times* says that "in the afternoon there were present at his lecture about thirty people, and in the evening the paid admissions were thirty-four. Some of these were disgusted with themselves for attending, as the so-called lecture was a miserable affair and the speaker's style simply execrable." We would advise Thomas to take a longer course of training. We fear, however, that he will never succeed as a lecturer; but if he is determined to carry out the work he has on hand in that way, would it not be more effective were he to go to Rome at once and commence demolishing the Papacy at the fountain head. A course of lectures before the Propaganda might settle the whole trouble; and, if not successful in that manner, he could try a bomb.

THE Protestant Alliance of London, England, have withdrawn most of their agents from Italy and closed a large number of their book depositories, having discovered that their labors on the peninsula have been without result, though nearly a million dollars have been squandered in the effort to spread Protestantism. Italians who abandon the Catholic Church do not become Protestants, but Free-thinkers, and at the present moment there are not more than 35,000 Protestants in Italy, including the Waldenses, who have retained their peculiarities handed down from their forefathers since long before Luther raised his standard of religious revolution.

THE *Carmelite Review*, a monthly published by the Carmelite Fathers, at Falls View, Ont., comes to us in an enlarged form, and otherwise very much improved. Since beginning, this periodical has shown signs of enterprise truly remarkable, and its appearance now gives us the assurance that its rare merits have been appreciated to the fullest by its readers.

AN A. P. A. editor in Fort Wayne, Indiana, has got himself into trouble by making sensational accusations against the religious ladies who conduct the St. John's Orphan Asylum in that city. The editor in question, William B. Bidwell, manages an A. P. A. organ after the usual style in which such organs are conducted, by calumny and abusive language, and he stated recently that a girl in the institution was confined in a dungeon in order to cover up some outrageous conduct toward her. There is no dungeon in the institution, so that the charge carries absurdity on its face; nevertheless he asserts that he will prove the charges he has made. A suit against him has been initiated in the civil courts by Bishop Rademacher to recover \$100,000 damages, the object being chiefly to learn the editor's informant and to bring him to justice.

THE Toronto *Mail* has a very keen scent for troubles in the Separate schools, and if at any time there happens to be a dispute of any kind between trustees, it is sure to be aired in the columns of that journal for days, or weeks, or even months together. There has been a dispute in Ottawa between two French candidates for the trusteeship, one of whom was elected by a majority of one, and the unsuccessful candidate entered a protest, basing his claim to the seat on a charge of clerical intimidation. The case was settled by the resignation of the unsuccessful candidate, who, perhaps, did not wish the turmoil of a law suit on the question, and there will be no election. The *Mail*, however, continues to publish, day after day, long and uninteresting details of the case, assuming always what has not been proved at all, that there was gross intimidation by the Very Rev. Vicar-General of Ottawa. Such election disputes are of common occurrence in all sections of the Province, and very little attention is paid to them by the public. The only reason for the extraordinary prominence given to this case by the *Mail* is that it occurs in connection with a Separate School Board. The *Mail* is welcome to all the capital it can make out of this tempest in a teapot. It so seldom occurs that there are even such small troubles on Separate School Boards, it would be a pity to deprive the *Mail* and its readers of the gratification derived from the contemplation of one such when it does happen. It is only to be regretted that the gratification will be short-lived, as the difficulty will soon settle itself. There is another small difficulty at Hintonburg, a suburb of Ottawa. This also is being investigated by the *Mail*. It is a godsend to that journal that it has arisen just as the city dispute is coming to an end. It may give an opportunity for another month of sensational headlines to the *Mail's* columns. It has already made all the use it could of the circumstances which have thus far been developed.

THE indications are that parties in Great Britain stand nearly as they were at the time of the last general election. There have been twenty-nine contests for vacant seats, out of which four were gained by the Liberals, which had been held by the Conservatives, and four by the Unionists from the Liberals. Eight were retained without a contest by the parties which had won them at the general election, namely, two Unionist seats in England, four Liberal seats in Ireland and two in Wales. Of the other thirteen seats, each party retained its own.

MR. GEO. B. SWIFT, the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of Chicago, has explained publicly that the cause of his defeat was the issuing of A. P. A. circulars in his favor. He says: "The A. P. A. circular purporting to have come from Republican headquarters was what did it. There was no convincing many hundreds of voters that that circular did not come from the Republicans, and my name might as well have been signed to it so far as the effect was concerned."

THUS it appears that A. P. Aism is not a success in Chicago. It is certain, however, that Mr. Swift's committee issued the circulars, and thus made sure the defeat of their candidate. The circulars were traced to the proper quarter from which they emanated, and credited to the party responsible for them.

THE A. P. A. south of the border, equally with the P. P. A. on our own side of the line, pretend to count largely on Jewish assistance in their anti-Catholic crusade. Whenever they count up the numbers against which they have to contend, they estimate the Jews as "non-Catholics," who will therefore be enlisted on the side of the persecutors. They forget for the time being that the Jews are as truly non-Protestant as non-Catholic, and cannot be induced by a Protestant cry to join in an anti-Catholic crusade. In New York, at least, the Rabbi Silverman, the most influential man of his order, has pronounced against the A. P. A., declaring, further, that "the Catholic religion is the greatest power in the world for good, and the greatest power for peace—greater than all the standing armies of the world." A. P. Aism will find no encouragement from that quarter.

BLAKE IN OTTAWA.

An Admirable Address on Home Rule.

FROM the Ottawa *Free Press* of the 26th we learn that on the previous evening an audience that filled the Opera House in every part greeted Hon. Edward Blake when he rose to deliver his lecture on Home Rule. The stage was prettily decorated with British, American, Irish and Canadian flags, as well as the banners of St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's lined in the background and palms lined the front of the stage. Those on the platform when Hon. John Costigan, chairman for the evening opened the proceedings were: Archbishop Duhamel, Father Whelan, Canon McCarthy, Hon. R. W. Scott, A. F. McIntyre, Q. C., P. Baskerville, Hon. E. H. Cronson, P. P. John Heney, C. Higgins, J. L. McDonald, Mr. Riley, United States Consul; Col. Panet, Dr. MacCabe, J. Harvey, C. Mohr, F. B. Hayes, J. Cowan. Mr. Costigan made a few opening remarks, stating that the object of the meeting was not alone to listen to an exposition of Home Rule, but it had a more practical side, which would be the opening of the subscription list at the close of the address. Ottawa adherents of the cause of Irish Home Rule had given many proofs of their sympathy, and to show that they still had the cause at heart, he need simply state that \$1,260 had already been subscribed before the opening of the meeting. He then read an address to the lecturer of the evening.

MR. BLAKE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Blake after thanking them warmly for the reception, said: It is with varying emotions that I find myself addressing a meeting in Ottawa, where the greatest portion of my public work has been done. I rejoice here to-night to resume even for a few hours my relations with the people of this city in a cause which has commanded general sympathy and approbation on the part of the Canadian people. As far as I am concerned the subject of Home Rule has been kept far removed from the pale of party politics. (Applause.) The honorable gentleman then proceeded to refer to the labors of Mr. Parnell, whose claim to the gratitude and admiration of the Irish people he had always admitted freely and from his heart. He gave Mr. Parnell credit for establishing the Irish parliamentary party which, when once a decision had been reached, acts as a unit in carrying that decision into effect. It was only by acting as a unit that they could hope to succeed. This was a sacred principle of their cause, never to be violated by any man without danger to the cause. Another principle of the party was its absolute independence of all other parties. It exists as an Irish national party acting for Irish national objects. This position deprived the members of office and emoluments but it enabled them to act as allies of the Liberal party without being subordinated and to act solely in the interest of Ireland without any entanglements. These things were essential to the triumph of their cause. Mr. Blake then described Mr. Parnell's foresight in recognizing as far back as 1881, a force by which he hoped to succeed in a constitutional movement, namely, the enlisting of the sympathies of the masses of Great Britain, and when ultimately in 1886 he was able to secure the arrangement of a reasonable plan for the settlement of this great question by the assistance of the Liberal Democratic party of Great Britain. It was upon these broad general lines upon which Mr. Parnell led the party, that he, Mr. Blake, had largely moulded his views of this question and upon which he had acted ever since.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

After alluding to the enormous change which had taken place in public opinion during the last ten years upon the Irish question, by which Home Rule had so rapidly advanced, he spoke of the majority given for it in the last general elections and the consequent passage of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Commons. It was true the bill had been rejected by the irresponsible chamber, but even the House of Lords did not pretend that it had any right to do more than secure a second determination of the question by the people. The popular body was becoming more popular and more powerful, and all they had to do was to look forward to the next election for the success of their aims. Although in the elections of 1892 the Liberals placed the question of Home Rule in the forefront of their programme, that programme also included legislation of particular interest to the Democracy of Great Britain and the Irish Parliamentary party in aiding, as they were now aiding, the Government to carry into effect other features of that programme, were at the same time advancing the cause of Home Rule, because that legislation was the elucidation of the principle of Home Rule. Mr. Blake strongly contended that the interests of the Radical and Democratic party of Great Britain were identical with the interests of the masses in Ireland. He also pointed out with great force how the Irish party, by strengthening the hands of the English Radicals, were strengthening the hands of those

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

WARMTH of the patient was concerned. As a last resort a pair of heavy German felt socks were procured and pulled over the cold feet, but the artificial warmth failed to do what was required. The second box brought relief, however, that one of the visitors brought in, wrapped around a parcel, a paper giving an account of a cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After reading the article the sick man determined to give them a trial. Before a box was gone the good effects were noticed; the second box brought still further improvement. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth were taken, the end of each proving a milestone on the sure road to complete recovery. Twenty boxes were taken in all, but the end fully justified the expenditure, for, as Mr. Helrose put it, "I feel better and younger than I have for years. I eat heartily, I sleep sound and I can do a day's work alongside of anybody. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under Providence, did it all. Thank God, I should never have known of them. Since they cured me I have recommended them to my friends everywhere, and I shall continue to recommend them."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, chronic erysipelas, and after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They effect a radical cure in all cases arising from months of worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold only in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from their address.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Jan. 25.—Grain deliveries were limited, and some of the buyers offered 1/2 per cent. for the ruling prices. Oats 36 cents to 37 per cent. Barley 38 to 39 per cent. Dressed hogs 90 to 91 per cent. Pork 50 to 51 per cent. Lard 70 to 71 per cent. Flour 50 to 51 per cent. Tallow 20 to 21 per cent. Sugar 10 to 11 per cent. Coffee 12 to 13 per cent. Tea 14 to 15 per cent. Rice 16 to 17 per cent. Beans 18 to 19 per cent. Peas 20 to 21 per cent. Apples 22 to 23 per cent. Hops 24 to 25 per cent. Wool 26 to 27 per cent. Cotton 28 to 29 per cent. Indigo 30 to 31 per cent. Spices 32 to 33 per cent. Metals 34 to 35 per cent. Minerals 36 to 37 per cent. Livestock 38 to 39 per cent. Poultry 40 to 41 per cent. Fish 42 to 43 per cent. Fruits 44 to 45 per cent. Vegetables 46 to 47 per cent. Miscellaneous 48 to 49 per cent.

Toronto, Jan. 25.—Flour—Straight roller, 72 to 73; extra, 74 to 75; white, 76 to 77; 50c; spring No. 5, 58; red winter, 57; goose, 56; white, 55; hard, 54; No. 2, 53; No. 1, 52; No. 0, 51; No. 00, 50; No. 000, 49; No. 0000, 48; No. 00000, 47; No. 000000, 46; No. 0000000, 45; No. 00000000, 44; No. 000000000, 43; No. 0000000000, 42; No. 00000000000, 41; No. 000000000000, 40; No. 0000000000000, 39; No. 00000000000000, 38; No. 000000000000000, 37; No. 0000000000000000, 36; No. 00000000000000000, 35; No. 000000000000000000, 34; No. 0000000000000000000, 33; No. 00000000000000000000, 32; No. 000000000000000000000, 31; No. 0000000000000000000000, 30; No. 00000000000000000000000, 29; No. 000000000000000000000000, 28; No. 0000000000000000000000000, 27; No. 00000000000000000000000000, 26; No. 000000000000000000000000000, 25; No. 0000000000000000000000000000, 24; No. 00000000000000000000000000000, 23; No. 000000000000000000000000000000, 22; No. 0000000000000000000000000000000, 21; No. 00000000000000000000000000000000, 20; No. 000000000000000000000000000000000, 19; No. 0000000000000000000000000000000000, 18; No. 00000000000000000000000000000000000, 17; No. 000000000000000000000000000000000000, 16; No. 0000000000000000000000000000000000000, 15; No. 00000000000000000000000000000000000000, 14; No. 000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 13; No. 00, 12; No. 000, 11; No. 00, 10; No. 000, 9; No. 00, 8; No. 000, 7; No. 00, 6; No. 000, 5; No. 00, 4; No. 000, 3; No. 00, 2; No. 000, 1; No. 00, 0.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

HEFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 25.—Cattle—Good light steers brought \$3.25 to \$3.50; fair to good fat cows, \$2.15 to \$2.50, and several small lots of stock at \$1.75 and \$2.00. Hogs—Good heavy weaners scarce to day, and all strong choice lots bringing \$4.00 to \$4.50. Light to fair at \$3.50 to \$4.00, as to quality.

Sheep—Good to best Yorkers sold at \$1.00 to \$1.25; good mixed pickers, \$0.75 to \$0.90; medium and heavy, \$0.50 to \$0.65; pigs were rather dull, at \$0.50 to \$0.60.

Sheep and Lambs—Good to choice 78 to 88 pound lambs sold at \$1.50 to \$1.85, and fair to good 60 to 70 pound lambs sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50. Canadian selling at \$1.00 to \$1.25; good 94 pound (nearly all weaners) sheep sold at \$1.50, and fat 50 pound mixed sheep at \$1.25, with fair sheep at \$1.00 to \$1.25.

TORONTO.

Butchers' Cattle—Good useful cattle brought from \$2.80 to \$3.00; good to choice sold at from \$3.00 to \$3.25; and the best cattle in the market could be bought at \$3.50.

Sheep and Lambs—A bunch of 100 lambs, averaging 50 lbs., at \$1.75; a bunch of 50 sheep, averaging 85 lbs., at \$1.50; a bunch of 25 sheep, averaging 80 lbs., at \$1.25. The latter price was paid for a bunch of 10 choice fat sheep, averaging 180 lbs.

Cattle—Trade of heavy, thick, fat hogs was slow, and prices rather easier at \$1.75 to \$2.00, weighed off ear. Stores and mixed lots sold at \$1.75 to \$2.00.

Calves—To-day sales were made all the way from 45 to 85 a head; a bunch of 17, averaging 40 lbs., sold at \$1.75.

Milk Cows and Springers—Good springers were bought to-day at \$20 to \$40 each. Milk cows sold from \$10 to \$15; the latter price being paid for a choice animal.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR.

Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld., Rheumatism.

Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw.

By. McMullen, Chatham, Ont., Goitre.

Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Neuritis.

James H. Baily, Parkdale, Ont., Neuritis.

C. I. Lague, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.

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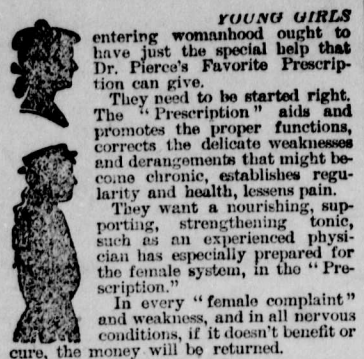
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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

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YOUNG GIRLS entering womanhood ought to have just the special help that Dr. Parrot's Favorite Prescription can give.

They need to be started right. The "Prescription" aids and promotes the proper functions, corrects the delicate weaknesses and derangements that might become chronic, establishes regularity and health, lessens pain.

They want a nourishing, supporting, strengthening tonic, such as an experienced physician has especially prepared for the female system, in the "Prescription."

In every "female complaint" and weakness, and in all nervous conditions, if it doesn't benefit or cure, the money will be returned.

Miss MARGIE JACKSON, of Barbree, St. Lennox, P. E. I., writes: "I was lying sick for some time with female complaints, and all the medicine my friends gave me did me no good."

Death was approaching, but my friends had given me up to die. I heard of your wonderful medicine, and I bought a bottle of it. I had taken the last. I got entirely well. I am still enjoying good health, and I expect to praise your medicine every where I go.

FOR THE SICK ROOM! JEYES' FLUID The Great English Non-Poisonous Disinfectant

As used in Her Majesty's Household, and by Hospitals, Asylums, Prisons, and Colleges for Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, and other Infections. It is a powerful and safe disinfectant.

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A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant syrup.

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ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

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BOYS IF YOU ARE INTELLIGENT and energetic enough to sell goods, and honest enough to make a fair profit, we dress J. HAZELTON, English, but send 15 cents for a sample of the fastest selling novelty in Canada. Big Profits.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas. CHAPTER XXIX. BACK TO GLASGOW.

"Life is real, life is earnest. And the grave is not his goal." —LONGFELLOW.

On a gloomy December afternoon, four years after the events described in the foregoing chapter, and exactly fourteen years from the commencement of this story, Mabel Forrester finds herself again in Glasgow.

It is the same sort of weather as it was on the former occasion. Not a whit more cheerful is the aspect outside the window, and within the same room, in the same hotel, everything looks pretty much as it did fourteen years ago—that is to say, everything except the occupants of the room.

There were two then—now there is only one, and she is no longer a bright, careless child, but a sober, grave woman of six-and-twenty.

Mabel is much altered. At a first glance you would scarcely recognize her. All the fresh roundness of her girlhood is gone forever; she looks worn and thin, and her brow is deeply lined for one so young.

Her eyes, however, are unchanged; though their usual expression is melancholy, they have lost none of their brilliancy. Her hair, too, is of the same beautiful auburn tint as formerly, and she does not look unhappy.

Mabel is only one of those to whom spring time was so very bright and long that it left no place for summer. Autumn came upon her just when her summer was beginning, and she knows that autumn, though it bears no resemblance to glad spring, may often bring with it a peculiar charm of its own.

I have passed over the four years which immediately followed the breaking off of her engagement to Hugh, first, because my story is already too long; secondly, because the sorrow I should have to describe is a sorrow not to be lightly treated, and I would rather say of the events of those four years only that which is absolutely necessary.

Never for one single moment has Mabel regretted the step she took when she became a Catholic. Bitter, indeed, beyond all words was the sacrifice that step entailed, but Mabel, thanks to Hugh's noble behavior, was not tried beyond her strength. She had had wonderful help to support her through the first season of her trial, such help as converts especially is immeasurably precious.

Ah! who can tell what are those early days of a convert's life? It is not that with the novelty wears away also the charm of the new religion, or that with additional experience comes the blight of disappointment; nor is it, again, because all was bathed in a radiance of enchanted light, that the convert looks back to the first days of his admission into the Church with such unutterable fondness; for those who have been many years in the bosom of the Church will not refuse this tribute to their *Alma Mater*, that after any number of years, they are daily learning fresh lessons of her glorious beauty. They will tell you how by experience they have found out that the well of living water with which the Catholic Church refreshes her thirsty children is fathomless. Let no one be deluded by the prospect of disappointment, with which borderers on Rome are so often arrested on the threshold of the Church. Nothing can be more false than such warnings. Show me but a true son of Holy Church, and he will indignantly deny that his Mother has grown less beautiful because he knows her better. The religion of Catholics never loses its charm, but there rests undoubtedly over the early days of conversion a peculiar golden sunshine; the first smile of God's welcome to the wanderer who has come home. This was the sunshine which made Mabel's cross a possible one to endure. All through the agony of the long struggle that smile was upon her, comforting when all earthly comfort would have been unavailing, strengthening her, and making happiness, even along the "Via Crucis," a reality.

The first year after her conversion was spent at Francones. Jessie, to whom Elvanlee was no less full than to Mabel of painful associations, gladly availed herself of any excuse for remaining abroad. She had been greatly distressed, not by Mabel's change of religion, but by the consequences it entailed—all the more so because the matter was totally incomprehensible to her, and she felt herself in a measure guilty and responsible for the sorrow which had come upon Hugh and her sister-in-law. When, therefore, she became convinced that all her attempts to put matters straight between them were quite useless, she easily abandoned the idea of returning to Elvanlee, and took the Chateau St. Anne for another whole year. The following Winter was passed in Italy, the Summer in Switzerland, and then, in order that her children might acquire the German language, Jessie took up her abode in Dresden.

The longer she put off her return to England, the less inclined she felt to go back; nor was it until the Summer immediately preceding the period I have now reached in my story, that, after four years' absence, Elvanlee Castle became once more her home. Mabel had been her constant companion, and of course, went back with her to Elvanlee.

Very painful, even after years of preparation, was that return; but Mabel bore it, as she had borne all the rest, bravely. She was changed—

very much changed—no one could deny it. The girl was all gone out of her. A grave, yet not altogether saddened woman who answered to the name of Mabel Forrester—a woman in experience several years older than she really was—a woman who, having known what it meant to love passionately, and yet, at the call of duty, to forego that love, could never be the joyous, light-hearted creature she had once been, but who, nevertheless, having learned the secret of true peace, could endure with a spirit of calm hopefulness which shed a soft glow over her own life and other lives around her.

She still corresponded with Hugh—she still wore his betrothal ring. There had been no renunciation of the love vowed between them. Though, by the will of God, separated probably for ever on earth, both had realized that the promise binding their two hearts inextricably together, had been to endure beyond that mortal life of the grave is the goal. Life was real—life to Mabel was earnest; and though physically she had suffered much, the tone of her mind was as brave, as hopeful, as enterprising as it had ever been, even in the days of her ardent youth.

She had stood for some minutes looking out into the dreary street, lost in a dreamy retrospect of the far past, when there came a knock at the door. Mabel, having carelessly answered, "Come in," a waiter announced "Dr. Graeme."

Mabel came forward with outstretched hands. "I had almost given you up, Geordie—this is kind!"

"Given me up, eh?—why?—didn't you know well enough I would come?"

"I knew you would if you could, Geordie, but my telegram must have taken you by surprise. I was afraid you might have been out."

"So I was, but that good creature, MacLeod, came riding after me. Mary opened the telegram, and sent him off instantly. Well, Mabel, welcome home to Scotland once more!"

"Do you know, Geordie, this is the very same room that auntie and I were in the night you and I first made acquaintance?"

"Nonsense!—you don't mean it!"

"Why, it must have been just about this time then, twelve—no, fourteen years ago, Mabel. Heigh ho! but times are changed! You are changed—too much changed," added the Doctor looking attentively at Mabel.

"Why, bless my soul, what have those foreigners been doing with you?"

"I am growing old, Geordie," said Mabel, laughing. "Would you like to see me run downstairs as I did that night? By-the-way, have you seen anything of Katie?"

"Yes, I have; but just let her be a bit. I have a deal more to hear about yourself first, Mabel. Tell me your that young vagabond presently. How are you, Mabel? You look as if you wanted some north-country air."

"I am well, Geordie—quite well. Do you know why I asked you to meet me here to-night?"

"I have not the slightest idea; you should have come to Edinburgh. Mary would have been so pleased."

"Thanks, Geordie, I know. How are Mary and the children? and how do you get on with your brother-in-law?"

"Mary is aye flourishing, the bairns are fine, and my respected brother-in-law and myself get on well together; you know the lives with me. I could not spare Mary. But now then, Mabel, what brought you to Glasgow?"

"But, Mabel—impossible! you can't live by yourself," began the doctor, looking bewildered.

"Yes, I can, and what is more, I will!" answered Mabel, with quiet decision. "It is not that I came to consult you about, Geordie. I want to know from you all about the house, and whether I can have it in March."

"Yes, you can; the people had applied for a renewal of the lease, but you need not grant it. Why don't you come and live with us, Mabel?—it would be much better," said the doctor, gravely.

"Because I choose to have a home of my own, Geordie. You need not distress yourself; I am not going to do anything extraordinary. You remember poor old Rawley, as we used to call her in our school-days?"

"Don't!" laughed the doctor, some particular recollection connected with Rawley just then tickling his fancy.

"She wrote to me only a few days ago in great distress; her pupil, to whom she went when she left me, is now grown up, and Rawley feels her self too old to recommence another education, poor old lady. I am going to have her to live with me. It will be a kindness to her, and, at the same time, I shall secure the services of a respectable chambermaid."

"I don't see how you can do that, Mabel. She won't interfere with me, and we shall pull very well together."

"Not a bad arrangement," remarked Doctor Graeme. "I hope she will be amiable, though; the old lady never liked me, I fancy. Do you remember how, whenever she found us talking in the library, she used to come with her eternal, 'Now, Mabel, my love, haven't you got your music to practise, or your Italian exercises to prepare?' and she used to look daggers at me meanwhile."

"Poor dear Rawley!" laughed Mabel again; "she used to think I was in love with you, Geordie."

"Were you, Mabel?" asked Doctor Graeme, leaning forward, and gazing with a curious, wistful gaze into the sweet, grave eyes, that met his without the smallest confusion, as Mabel answered simply:

"As children often are, I suppose I was, Geordie; you were so kind to me, I could not help it. But don't let's talk of all that now—it's gone by for ever. Will you see about this business for me?"

"Yes, gladly—thank you, Mabel," returned Doctor Graeme earnestly; "it was the only acknowledgment of love he had ever either asked or received from any woman. 'And in the meanwhile, until your own house is ready, may I tell Mary you will pay your long-promised visit?' he resumed, after a short pause.

"Yes, I should like it very much, Geordie. Now tell me what you know of poor Katie."

"She is at present in the Bridewell in this town; she is that they call here 'up for the Lords'—that is, she will take her trial at the next assizes for a very grave crime."

"Oh! Geordie, what for?—for stealing again?"

"Much worse, Mabel; she has been drowning her child and attempting suicide."

"How very dreadful! Can't I see her, Geordie?"

within a short time after Henry VIII., in the interest of "Reform," had confiscated the monasteries and their estates and had divided among his favorites, thus really founding the great landed aristocracy of England, English towns and villages, and the highways, began to swarm with healthy men begging for money, clothing, or food. Until the era of "Reform" such a thing had not been known in England. And hence arose the laws against "sturdy beggars," which first appeared when England had broken with the religion that had been from the first the inspiring principle of its civilization.

A generation ago beggars in any numbers were practically unknown in the United States. The Public school geographies of that day nearly all informed American children that beggars were plentiful in Italy and Spain, and American travellers on their return home were accustomed to speak of these beggars as a "picturesque" feature of those lands. Indeed, one American of that day, happily still alive and in honor to his native land for his versatile abilities, in a book which he entitled "Roba di Roma," devotes a whole chapter to an almost loving description of the beggars of Rome, forty years ago.

But what of the beggars of New York? There must be thousands of them. They resort principally in the well-to-do parts of the town and in the approaches of the elevated railroads and the ferries. They are most decidedly not picturesque. They have none of the amiable traits or winning ways that Mr. Story found in his Roman beggars, who bestowed their prayers and blessings alike on those who gave and those who refused.

"I'll 2 o'clock. Oh, do try, Geordie! How did you happen to hear she was in prison? Do you know anything of her history during these last few years?"

"Not a word. I happened to be in the Court the day she was brought before the magistrates. This is how it came about: Mary, you must know, has lately developed a strange fancy; she picks up all the ragamuffin lads she can lay her hand upon, and tries to train them to domestic service."

"The rascal had the impudence to give himself out as a servant of mine, so I was called up to the court in consequence. I had to wait some time before his case came on, and it was there I saw our old friend Katie. She pleaded 'Not Guilty' to the charge, so was committed for trial. As far as I could make out, the case against her is this: The villain who is the child's father has been convicted of some very heavy misdemeanor, and at the former assizes was sentenced to twenty-one years of penal servitude. It appears that he was arrested at last through the treachery of one of his own set, a girl, an elder sister of this Katie's."

"Maggie," interrupted Mabel—"it must have been Maggie. Katie always hated her."

"Yes, Maggie—it was Maggie—you are right. I remembered her again when I saw her, though I had seen her only once—the night I went hunting after your *protégée*, Mabel."

"Well, but go on, Geordie—tell me all," exclaimed Mabel eagerly.

"It seems that jealousy existed between the sisters. Apropos of this man Cameron, there was a quarrel, in which Katie very nearly killed Maggie; and then, in a fit of insanity or intoxication, threw both herself and her child into the Clyde. It was still daylight when she committed the act; two sailors on the Broomielaw Bridge, who

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Vital Truths to be Gathered from a Study of the Childhood of Jesus.

There is surely a vital truth for our own lives to be gathered from the interpretation of the childhood of Jesus. It gives us a deeper sense of the sacredness and the power of the home.

The perfect manhood of Him whom all Christendom adores as the Son of God was matured and moulded in the tender shelter of the home. It was there that He felt the influences of truth and grace. To that source we may trace some of the noblest qualities of His human character. And yet, if there is anything which Christendom appears to be in danger of losing, it is the possibility of such a home as that in which Jesus grew to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

Is it not true "The world is too much with us, late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and still for a moment, hat in hand, and gazing fixedly into the glowing firelight while his mind travelled back through the fourteen years to that wintry evening, when, under the gates of the gloomy Bridewell, he had listened to the little wailing voice crying so pitifully for the imprisoned mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STURDY BEGGARS.

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nothing else than the Catholic religion can provide the remedy that is required for the selfishness of the prosperous and the bitterness that are destined to be one of the greatest future dangers of the Republic.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

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The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and seek.

And yet—so runs my simple and grateful creed—this appearance is only transient and superficial. Deep in the heart of humanity lies the domestic passion which will survive the mistakes of a civilization not yet fully enlightened, and prove the truth of the saying: "Before the fall, Paradise was man's home; since the fall, home has been his Paradise."

To return to our local illustration. What would be thought of a man who would seek to hold up the Ottawa Journal to obloquy because it was shown that out of the seven hundred and fifty names published as having visited Chicago, three had got off at Detroit?

An A. P. A. Opportunity.

Rabi Baba is a Nestorian from Persia, who is a man of unusual abilities, as his record in this country shows. He was employed for a time by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Since this last performance Rabi Baba has not been heard of. What is the A. P. A. doing that they neglect to put this Oriental tramp in the lecture field?—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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Toronto Testimony. DYAR SIBS.—Two years ago I had a bad attack of rheumatism, and the medicine I took did me no good.

Thousands like her.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter."

Mina's Linalin relieves Neuralgia.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC CLAIMS IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY.

A paper read by Mr. Joseph Pope, before the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, on the 12th December, 1893, in reply to a lecture entitled "Roman Methods of Controversy," delivered by the Rev. W. J. Mackintosh, M. A., on the 12th May, 1893.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

He does not tear anything to tatters; on the contrary, he is moderate in itself. In an article of thirty-two pages on "The Roman Catholics in England," this anonymous writer devotes one page to the pamphlet in question. The hardest hit is as follows:

"It should be premised that whatever errors, accidental or otherwise, may be detected in these lists, they are entirely free from understatement. There are names inserted which have no business there, and some names of little children are set down as though they were adults; but no name has been left out that could be got hold of, and the humblest claim to social position, such as kinship to an attorney, has been held sufficient for admission to the honors of the list."

We are not particularly concerned in the accuracy of this pamphlet, still, as it has been published, it is well to know how far it is to be depended on. Fortunately this question is capable of easy determination. I have often looked through "Rome's Record" and my impression, notwithstanding the reviewer's statement to the contrary, is that the principal errors are those of omission. I need not go outside of this city to give one notable example of this, in the person of the Right Honorable gentleman who was the first President of this society.

These mistakes apparently have occurred chiefly in the cases of extreme High churchmen, who in externals, approach so nearly to Rome that it is no wonder the newspaper was occasionally deceived. It is surely not necessary to ascribe such natural error, particularly when committed by a secular newspaper in search of a sensation, to "Romish malignity or love of falsehood."

To return to our local illustration. What would be thought of a man who would seek to hold up the Ottawa Journal to obloquy because it was shown that out of the seven hundred and fifty names published as having visited Chicago, three had got off at Detroit? Would not any reasonable being say that so far from the newspaper being blameworthy, the fact of only three names out of seven hundred and fifty being wrong was pretty good evidence of the correctness of the list as a whole?

Our critic says that the pamphleteer went to Russia, Germany and America for names. Why did he not say also Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland? The fact is, the book appears to be exactly what it purports, a list of prominent British converts. Following, as a sort of supplement, under the heading of "List of a few foreign converts," which heading is printed in large type, are the names of a number of Americans, thirteen French, forty-nine Germans, one Russian, two Swedes, four Danes and six Swiss. Surely that is legitimate.

Could any one who had never seen the book, conjecture from our critic's description its true structure? I will add that there is nothing in the reverend gentleman's criticism to indicate that he ever even opened it. Nor does this surprise me. I can well understand that the imposing array of eminent names there presented is not calculated to promote an Anglican clergyman's peace of mind.

As it is manifestly impossible to discuss the false decretals, and the Lollards, and the Albigenses and Martin Luther, and a host of other controversial subjects, in the brief space of half an hour, I think I should best fulfil the object we have in view, by devoting a few minutes to the claims advanced on behalf of the Anglican Church. And first let me disabuse the minds of those, who like our reverend critic, may consider that the Catholic Truth Society has any animus against that communion.

To one casually looking over our publications the impression is perhaps not an unnatural one, but the explanation is very simple. Almost all our books are imported from England, where the Established Church stands for the great body of non-Catholic thought. Let me assure our Anglican friends that there is no antipathy to their Church on the part of the Catholic Truth Society. On the contrary, it seems to me that the notice we pay to

it points the other way. It shows that at any rate we recognize in the Anglican Church certain forms in common with our own, which render comparison possible. How is a Catholic profusely to discuss ecclesiastical history, with those who do not believe in any visible Church, or in the Episcopal form of government, or in the idea of sacramental grace, or who do not pretend to a corporate existence of more than a relatively few years?

There is, however, a body of men within the Establishment—certainly not inferior in learning or piety to the rest—who do, I believe, in all sincerity claim those attributes for their Church and for themselves. They affirm that: "Their communion is one with the ancient Church as it existed in England for a thousand years before the Reformation. That union with Rome is not essential to Catholicity. That there was an ancient British Church in existence before the days of St. Augustine; that this Church was independent of Rome. That gradually the Popes imposed their power, until the sixteenth century, when the English Church threw off the Papal supremacy and resumed its original position in the Christian world. That the succession was preserved in the person of Archbishop Parker, and that the Church of England is to-day a living branch of the Holy Catholic Church. For many who hold and preach this doctrine I entertain the highest regard—for some of them an affection that will last with my life. I can only hope that what I feel called upon to say here may be received by them without offence, as I am sure it is uttered without malice."

Now, first, as to the early British Church. That Christianity existed in England before the mission of St. Augustine is an undoubted truth, though how it came there no one can say with any certainty. It seems to have reached its greatest development during the early part of the fifth century, or just before the arrival of the Saxons in 449. This savage race, issuing from the forests of northern Europe, remote from all civilizing influences, was the fiercest of the northern barbarians. Heathenism they swept down upon the Britons, whom after many a desperate struggle, they drove before them into the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall. In little more than a century Christianity, says Professor Emerson of Harvard, in his introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages, had almost disappeared from England proper, and was to be found only in Wales, Ireland and Scotland.

Thus the greater part of England was again without knowledge of God, and so it remained until Pope Gregory, attracted by the beauty of a group of fair-haired Saxon slaves exposed for sale in the market place of Rome, sent St. Augustine to recover the land. We all know what happened: How the saint went forth on his mission; how he landed on the Kentish coast and succeeded in winning over the rude Saxon king; how Christianity spread throughout the land; how again Mass was sung and the saints invoked on English ground; how Augustine founded the See of Canterbury and governed the Church, subject to the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. The few remaining British Bishops would not at first cooperate with him, not because he came from Rome, but for the expressed reason that they considered he did not receive them with sufficient deference. Within a comparatively short period, however, an understanding was effected. Together the British and Roman missionaries undertook the work of conversion in the north, and, at the Council of Whitby, in the year 664, the supremacy of Rome was formally acknowledged. From St. Augustine and his successors the Church of England derives whatever she may possess. Indeed this is so well recognized that a favorite name for their body, among many high Anglicans, is the "Church of St. Augustine." St. Augustine is recognized as the founder, and he, as is not disputed, received his authority direct from Rome.

But supposing, for the sake of argument, that the ancient British Church had preserved its local identity—suppose there had been no Saxon invasion and the Anglicans of to-day could trace their succession in a direct line from the Bishops who met Augustine, would that justify their present attitude towards Rome? I answer no, because the British Church, in common with the churches of Gaul, Africa and elsewhere, acknowledged the authority of the Holy See. I do not merely assert this after the fashion of our critic. I prove it. In two leaflets issued by the Catholic Truth Society, intitled respectively, "The English Church always Roman Catholic," and "We will be found quotations from St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, as also from the Venerable Bede and other early British writers, which seem to me to place this fact beyond doubt. I observe, however, that our critic feels some difficulty in accepting our quotations, all of which, he charitably says, are open to the suspicion of not being genuine. To verify these patristic utterances would require more time, and call for more learning than I for myself possess. I think, however, I can remove the objection by supplying confirmatory evidence of what the Fathers say, from English writers, all of them Protestant, and some of them eminent divines of

our critic's own Church. For the correctness of these quotations I hold myself personally responsible, and as they are all from well known writers, any attempt at fraud on my part can easily be detected and exposed. 1st. Bishop Goodwin, the late Anglican Bishop of Carlisle, says in his "Church of England, Past and Present": "There is no evidence of any substantial difference between it (the British Church) and the Church which Augustine established." This is pretty straight and to the point.

2nd. Archbishop Trench, the late Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, says in his "English Past and Present": "The fact that we (the English people) received our Christianity from Rome and that Latin was the constant language of the Church, etc."

3rd. Hume, in his "History of England," says in effect that the early British Church differed from the Roman only in the mode of computing the date of Easter, and in the shape of the tonsure.

4th. Emerson, in his introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages, says the same thing.

5th. Hallam, in his Constitutional History, admits that the clergy of England always acknowledged the Papal supremacy.

In addition to these authorities I might quote Montalambert, who declared that "if England is Christian at this hour she owes it to the monks and emissaries of the Holy See," though, as Montalambert was not a Protestant, I do not choose to rest anything on his assertions.

But not only is it true that in matters of faith and doctrine the early British Church was subject to Rome, it is a fact, despite it who may, that no country in the whole world exceeded England in the loving obedience which our fathers paid to the successors of St. Peter. "Not only did the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy take root in Germanic Britain," says Professor Ranke, "but with it a veneration for Rome and the Holy See, such as no other country had ever evinced."

In the face of witnesses such as these, what becomes of the theory of an independent British Church? What ever may have happened afterwards, it seems to me impossible for any candid mind to withstand the testimony brought in support of the claim that, from the earliest times down to the Reformation, England was subject in spiritual matters to the Roman Pontiff.

I do not for a moment seek to obscure the fact that there was a national spirit in English Catholicity which found expression in certain local "uses" and customs, just as France had its Gallican rite; nor do I deny that the kings of England, from time to time, quarrelled with the Pope, as did the kings of Spain, but what I do maintain is that during all those years of which we have been speaking, there was but one religion in the kingdom—that of Rome; it was one faith—the Catholic.

It was the supreme consciousness of this fact that wrung from Macaulay these memorable words (He is speaking of the Universities): "When I think of the spacious and stately mansions of the heads of houses, of the commodious chambers of the fellows and scholars, of the refectories, the combination rooms, the bowling greens, the stabling; of the state and luxury of the great feast days, of the piles of old plate on the tables, of the savoury steam of the kitchens, of the multitude of geese and capons which turn at once on the spits, of the oceans of excellent ale in the butteries; and when I remember from whom all this splendour and plenty is derived; when I remember what was the faith of Edward the Third and of Henry the Sixth, of Margaret of Anjou and Margaret of Richmond, of William of Wykeham and William of Waynesford, of Archbishop Chicheley and Cardinal Wolsey; when I remember what we have taken from the Roman Catholics—Kings College, New College, Christ Church, my own Trinity; and when I look at the miserable Dotheboys Hall which we have given them in exchange (Maynooth), I feel, I must own, less proud than I could wish, of being a Protestant and a Cambridge man." (Speeches, p. 682.)

In process of time there came a change, and England, or rather its adulterous and bestial king, wearied of the restraints to which the Roman obedience held him. Inflamed with pride, avarice, and lust, he determined to sever the bond which had connected England with the centre of Christendom for a thousand years. What he failed to complete his savage daughter accomplished. The Church and ecclesiastical communities were pillaged, the altars were overthrown, the Sees were despoiled, the professors of the ancient faith were hung, drawn, quartered, racked and roasted, and finally driven out of the kingdom, or obliged to hide in the holes and corners of the earth. A new regime was inaugurated.

The reverend gentleman is very angry at Father Damen for saying that Henry VIII. was the founder of the Anglican Church. He calls the statement a "slanderous attack." Yet Father Damen in saying this uttered nothing original. He who has been styled the most impartial of English historians said it long before:—"Cranmer and most of the original founders of the Anglican Church, so far from maintaining the divine and indisputable right of Episcopal government, held Bishops and priests to be the same order." (Hallam's Const. Hist. vol. 1, p. 323, note.)

Nor is Hallam alone. When our reverend critic was writing his lecture he had at his hand, and quoted from, a very celebrated author who did not scruple to apply to the Anglican

Church the self-same word in the self-same sense. Let him open Macaulay's History of England, turn to chapter 1, p. 60, and he will find it so employed twice in two consecutive lines:—"If for the purpose of associating the sense of these laws we examine the books and lives of those who founded the English Church, our perplexity will be increased; for the founders of the English Church wrote and acted," etc.

He will also find much more in the same chapter amplifying this view:—"But as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the Government. Much was, therefore, given up on both sides; a union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England."

And again:—"The man who took a chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Archbishop Cranmer." (p. 57.)

And again:—"To this day the constitution, the doctrines and the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang." (p. 53.) And much more to the same effect.

Let me also refer the reader to Lecky's History of the eighteenth century. "The (Anglican) church was designed to be a State Church, including the whole nation, governed by the national legislature and disposing of vast revenues for national purposes. It may reasonably therefore be concluded that those who interpret its formularies in the widest and most comprehensive sense compatible with honesty, are acting most faithfully to the spirit of its founders." (vol. 2, p. 541.) and Hume's History of England (vol. iii, p. 138) for confirmation of the statement that the Anglican Church was the outcome of the Reformation and the result of compromise.

Now I submit, with such gravity of countenance as under the circumstances I can command, that when Hallam and Lecky and Macaulay and Hume agree upon an historical fact, one should be permitted to share their opinion without being exposed to the charge of ignorance or knavery.

Departing from his usual practice our critic favors us with a quotation from an historian in support of his view of the antiquity of the Anglican Church. It is not very precise, nor very apposite, and it has apparently got into the wrong place in the reverend gentleman's pamphlet, but here it is:—"Professor Freeman, speaking not as a theologian, but as a historian, says that, legally and historically, the Church of England after the Reformation is the same as the Church of England before the Reformation."

Of course we are not told where or in what connection Professor Freeman uttered these words, but let that pass. Speaking not from a theological but from an historical point of view, no one doubts Professor Freeman's statement. We may be quite sure that Henry VIII., who made the laws, took good care to give a legal status to the work of his hands, and that so far as Acts of Parliament could preserve the continuity, it was legally, and therefore in a sense historically, the same Church after as before the Reformation. What we are interested in knowing is was it the same Church ecclesiastically and spiritually as before? Did it teach the same faith, administer the same sacraments, acknowledge the same head? That is what many anxious minds want to know, and the reverend gentleman may take my word for it they will not all be put off by quibbles on the word *quality* or rubbish about washing one's face.

From mere motives of expediency, and not from any belief in its divine appointment, Elizabeth determined that the new Church should retain the episcopal form. The Queen's choice of primae fell upon Matthew Parker, some time Dean of Lincoln, who she decreed should be Archbishop of Canterbury. On the accession of Elizabeth there were fourteen Bishops in England. All of them refused to have any part in the consecration of Parker, and in consequence thirteen of them were instantly deprived of their Sees. This unanimous refusal made it necessary to look about for some of the Bishops who had resigned or been deprived at the beginning of Mary's reign. Of these William Barlow, who had been Bishop of Bath and Wells, was chosen to consecrate Parker, assisted by Coverdale, Scory and Hodgkin, three other deprived Bishops. The ceremony was performed. Archbishop Parker ascended the chair of St. Augustine, and from him the Anglican episcopate of to-day derive their orders. The question which so deeply concerns our English Church friends is, was this consecration of Parker valid? To determine it we are obliged to ascend one step and propound the enquiry whether Barlow, the consecrator, was himself a Bishop. This is the crucial point. In examining it I do so from the position of an Anglican. As a Catholic I may say that the subject of Anglican orders has never been pronounced upon by the Church, and until she says so there is no absolute certainty on the point. It is not material to the controversy between Rome and Canterbury, so far as Rome is concerned. For even supposing it could be demonstrated beyond all doubt that Anglican orders were valid, the fact would not make the English Church Catholic. The Greek orders are certainly valid. That many of the sects of antiquity possessed true orders is beyond dispute. Rome has always acknowledged the orders of the Armenians, the Nestorians, the Old

Catholics and many other heretical bodies. The Catholic Church therefore has no possible objection in denying the Anglican claim. But while the point is not material so far as the Roman Church is concerned, it is absolutely vital to an Anglican, because if his Church does not possess the succession, obviously she cannot form a part of the Catholic Church. The importance of the question is therefore apparent.

Let us enumerate in a word the conditions necessary to constitute a valid ordination. The consecrator must himself be a Bishop. He must pronounce certain words and perform certain manual acts, with the intention of imparting sacramental grace.

Now, (1.) Was Barlow a Bishop? (2.) Did he consecrate Parker? Taking up the latter point first. As to whether Barlow, supposing him to have been a true Bishop, fulfilled the requisite conditions in his consecration of Parker, I may say at once that we have in the register of Parker's consecration, which is among the archives of Lambeth Palace, *prima facie* evidence in the affirmative. It is true there are several suspicious circumstances in connection with this record. In the first place it was not produced or specifically alluded to until after the lapse of fifty years, when every participant in the ceremony had long been dead. When during Parker's lifetime the consecration was challenged, the Archbishop replied, not by producing the register which would have settled the question, but by obtaining an Act of Parliament (8 Eliz. Cap. 1.) supplying whatever defects might have occurred. Notwithstanding this, the register is there, and competent critics are of opinion that it is genuine, and consequently that Parker's consecration, apart from the question of Barlow, was in regular form.

To come now to the point. Was Barlow a Bishop? In the first place, no record of his consecration can be found. That fact, though unusual, taken by itself, is by no means conclusive against him, for the omission might have been accidental, and in any case registration has never been held to be essential, but as we enquire further, doubts multiply. He is said to have been consecrated by Cranmer, "the most infamous personage in English history," (letter to the *Guardian*, May 20, 1868,) to Dr. Littledale, an authority for whom our critic professes high esteem. That again is not material, provided he complied with the formal conditions of the ceremony, and had the right intention, for Cranmer was undoubtedly a true Bishop. The fact, however, of his being an infamous personage or, as Littledale in the same letter calls him, "an utterly unredemptive villain," renders it important to enquire what Cranmer's views on the necessity for episcopal ordination were. Fortunately they are on record, as are those of his colleague, Barlow. Cranmer avowed his conviction, says Macaulay in his history of England (vol. 1, p. 59), that there was no difference between Bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands, was altogether superfluous. According to the same authority, he stated that the king might, in virtue of his authority derived from God, make a priest, and that the priest so made needed no ordination whatever. He also held that his spiritual functions were determined by the demise of the Crown, and when Henry VIII. died he and his suffragans took out fresh commissions. (Macaulay Hist. England vol. 1, p. 61.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 46 and 48 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.50 per annum.

Advertisements—Ten cents per line each insertion, arithmetical.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1894.

LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1894.

(OFFICIAL.)

The following are the Lenten regulations for the diocese of London:

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indulgent from the Holy See, A. D. 1884, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz., Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty-one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law. In case of doubt the pastor should be consulted.

Lord may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence, throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the holy season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions. They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the public devotions, family prayers, especially the holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the diocese.

M. J. THOMAS, Sec.

HOW TIGERS ARE TAMED.

In our last issue we announced that we had been credibly informed that the Archbishop of Kingston had given instructions to a prominent firm of lawyers in his city to notify the editor of the Toronto Mail of his responsibility for criminal libel on account of the shamefully slanderous letter published by him in the name of an ex-priest on the 18th inst., and the equally slanderous preface with which the editor, speaking for himself, introduced that letter to his readers. We now print the letter of His Grace's lawyers, as published in the editorial columns of the Mail:

Kingston, Jan. 29, 1894.

The publisher of the Toronto Mail, Toronto:

Sir,—We have received instructions from the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Kingston, relative to your publication of a very scandalous libel against the Roman Catholic Archdiocese and Bishops of the Province of Ontario in general, and against himself in particular, on the signature of "Ontario Priest," on the 18th inst.

Although history takes no notice ordinarily of anonymous revilers, he deems it right to call attention to this attack upon him as being directed, not only against himself personally, but against the character and prestige of the episcopate.

The ex-priest who figures as your correspondent makes several charges which the Archbishop declares to be notoriously false, calumnious, and derogatory to his sacred office; and you appear almost to emulate him in the desire to injure the Archbishop when you head his letter with the extraordinary language which you have used, and which certainly justifies the Archbishop in regarding you as conspiring with the writer to reflect upon his character, and the administration of his sacred office.

On behalf of the Archbishop, we warn you that should you publish any more libels against him, he will in his own time, and in such manner as he may think fit, take such legal action against you as he may be advised.

Yours truly, WALKER & WALKER.

It is exceedingly interesting, and not all the less amusing, to observe the wriggling of the doughty champion of all anonymous slanderers of the Catholic Church, when brought face to face with Messrs. Walker & Walker in sight of the public. Nervous prostration, resulting from a guilty conscience, was never so fully displayed by a journalist. The significant hint at prosecution for criminal libel contained in the lawyer's letter, and the prospect of two or three years' convict labor in the quarries of the Kingston Penitentiary, had plainly terrorized the amiable editor's soul; whilst, on the other hand, the continued support of his paper by the secret societies, whose favorite organ it is, and by whose patronage it lives, would most surely be forfeited, if he were to make an open, candid act of contrition for his flagitious abuse of the liberty of the press, as against the Hierarchy of the Church. Self-condemnation and Christian self-humiliation were not, however, demanded of him by the considerate and tender-hearted Archbishop of Kingston; who, reserving his right to choose his own time and

his own method of punishing his inveterate maligner for his iniquitous libel of the 18th ult., gives him no peremptory order to humble himself then and there, but only a formal notice of prosecution before the criminal courts of the Dominion at a future day, should he presume "to publish any more libels against him," what was the poor editor to do in such straitened circumstances, placed, as he was, between the devil and the deep sea?

After forty-eight hours' consultation with his legal adviser, he puts forth the following pleadings for merciful consideration, which, we suppose, would be substantially his pleadings from the dock before judge and jury:

1st. He avers, with dove-like simplicity that the headlines (his prefatory statement to his readers in presenting the ex-priest's letter) to which exception is taken, were simply a summary of the letter. Here is the editor's preface: "A ruthless despot in an Ontario diocese! Insults and degradations from an Imported Ruler! Accuser, judge and executioner! A mitred Czar! Catholic priests down-trodden and abused." This lovely description of the Archbishop, who, by peremptory order of the Holy See, and despite his repeated remonstrance, was indeed most happily "imported" from the Green Isle, which we all lovingly call our own, to rule and govern the flock of Christ in the Mother-diocese of Ontario, under the special conditions of the hour, is admitted by the editor of the Mail to be his own production, his key-note to all the secret societies for the orthodox appreciation of the anonymous libel, and the ante-prandial whetting of their no-Popery appetites in anticipation of the delicious feast provided for them. With piteous appeal to the public to surrender their mother-sense through commiseration for him in his sad straits, the broken-hearted editor asks old and young to believe that he meant nothing at all by this innocent preface; he did not mean to stamp the Archbishop with all those hideous characteristics; in fact, he did not intend to convey any opinion at all; he would have written the same preface in double-headed capitals if he were His Grace's best friend; he merely gave a summary of a sweet paenegyric upon the Archbishop of Kingston! Oh! all ye gods and little fishes! what weak cobwebs will not a distressed editor grasp at for sustenance when his reason is perturbed by fear, and the ways of escape are barred against him on every side! If an unscrupulous pill-maker went round the country, advertising and vending some deleterious nostrum in all the towns and villages, and for the purpose of cajoling the farmers, hired the services of a licensed druggist, who came forward on every platform and professionally announced the all-curing properties of the nostrum, albeit in the language of the pill-maker's advertisement, does any sane person imagine that, in case of loss of life resulting from the use of those poisons, the professional druggist, who, with mighty appreciation, recommended them to the farmers, would not be held responsible by judge and jury and by the common sense of mankind as an accomplice in the destruction of human life?

2nd. That first pleading of the editor of the Mail was ludicrous enough; but the second is the very climax of drollery. Here it is:

"As the letter (the ex-priest's libel) dealt with a matter of interest, it received publicity, without the slightest suspicion that His Grace could be reviled by it, or that Dr. Cleary's prestige would be impaired."

Truly a guileless, unsuspecting individual is this darling gentleman who fills the first chair in the Mail office! He is so cloistered and so completely sequestered from all commerce with this mundane sphere of nature and natural feeling, and so wrapped up in the ecstasies of the third heavens, that, on reading the ex-priest's disgusting medley of blasphemy and calumny which he was asked to fling in the face of a most honored prelate of God's Church, he barely perceived that certain friends of his among the P. P. A. and other secret societies would read it with "interest," and therefore he gave it publicity in his journal. By some sort of supernatural influence it happened, however, that "not the slightest suspicion" was awakened in his sublimated soul a hint of the possibility of the Archbishop taking offence at the outrage. Why should the Lord's anointed ruler in Israel give way to the instincts of flesh and blood and common humanity, and proceed to declare to the world through his lawyers that

the libellous statements so published are "notoriously false and calumnious, and derogatory to his sacred office?" We speak in the hearing of all Canadian citizens, and we make bold to assert that not one in the Dominion—not even the shifty editor himself—gives the least credence to this cowardly excuse. It sounds too like the culprit's pleading of "not guilty" from the dock, that is, not guilty before the court, until the crime be established by legal evidence. We have sometimes seen a big school-boy maltreat a little fellow and brag of his unmanly performance until a policeman appeared on the scene and collared the big bully. Then were heard cries of sorrow and loud supplications for pardon and promises of future good behavior. The editor of the Mail is the sole big bully we have ever heard pleading for mercy on the ground that he thought his maltreatment would not give offence—that, in fact, the little fellow should have liked to be kicked and cuffed. Just think of the awfully wicked things written in the libel against His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, and endorsed by the pious editor in his preface! How is it possible for any one to believe the Mail man's plea, that "the slightest suspicion" of giving offence never crossed his mind? Nothing less than an innate consciousness of guilt combined with a lively appreciation of the horrors of the Kingston Penitentiary could impel a man to fall back on so silly an excuse for his evil-doing.

3rd. The editor's third and last pleading is put in these extremely modest words: "The announcement by the Archbishop that he will take action against the Mail, should any more libels be issued against him in its columns, is an unnecessary warning." Oh! yes, wholly unnecessary. Doesn't the world know that the Mail's journalistic morality repudiates and abhors the use of the press for purposes of detraction or calumny? Far be it from the editor's honorable mind to allow any desperate ex-priest or ex-nun or secret society man to pour out the venom of a self-degraded and vindictive spirit upon the pages of his immaculate journal. But, jokes apart, was there ever since the days when Voltaire used to publish his articles against Our Divine Lord Jesus Christ, denouncing Him as an "infamous wretch," a more bare-faced system of calumny of the highest and best and most respected members of society, than has been practised by the Mail throughout the past eight years? One, two, or three of his daily issues every week abound in it. Oftentimes, indeed, he guards against the penalties of the law by the vulgar artifice of slandering the Catholic Church in general, or the Hierarchy in general, or the priesthood in general, these being, it is supposed, barred from prosecuting him, because they are neither individuals nor legalized corporations. But very frequently he has forgotten to employ the stale artifice, and has filled his columns with most atrocious and revolting fabrications against the best and most useful members of the community. It was enough to stimulate his malice, that they were consecrated dignitaries of the Church of God, honored and loved by all classes of society for their sanctity and usefulness of life. It was deemed quite safe to publish most evil things against them, inasmuch as every one is aware of the extreme reluctance of high ecclesiastical dignitaries to make complaint in courts of law. Their personal reputation, moreover, needed no defence, and they did not want revenge. Shall the citizens of Toronto and of the Province of Ontario ever till their latest breath rid their minds and memories of the loathsome heaps of foulest reminiscence forced upon them by the Mail's unparalleled vituperation and repeated slanders against the late Archbishop Lynch? And are they not edified by the tradition of the saintly example of the venerable prelate's patience and piety when, the day before his death (about a week after the Mail's latest outrage upon him) he made public declaration of his thankfulness to God for having kept him innocent of those horrid charges of the Mail, and then added a profession of his whole-hearted forgiveness of his calumniators, in imitation of Jesus Christ on the cross and St. Stephen while being stoned to death. We might adduce other and more recent instances of equally base and even more wicked defamation of those whom Catholics revere and love the most as pastors, fathers, friends. But our profound respect for the feelings of the living restrain us here. We will only say of them, in the language of

Swift, "The worthiest people are the most abused by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." The Archbishop of Kingston's legal admonition to the Mail man was not, therefore, "unnecessary," but rather of supreme necessity; and, furthermore, was, as we declared last week, most opportune, and is sure to be effective. This is why all the Catholic of Ontario, from end to end of the Province, are so delighted at his action—just the right thing at the right time. May His Grace never fail to take a foremost place in meeting the onslaughts of the enemies of the Catholic people, and bravely defending our civil and religious liberties!

The Mail man, having thus nobly delivered his three omnipotent pleadings, bursts forth into a long and exceedingly stupid peroration on what? do you think—on the liberty of the Press and the right of free discussion of public questions of state in newspapers. He does not intend his rhodomontade to have any weight with common-sense people, but only with the P. P. A. and other secret societies, whom his frequent appeals to them plainly insinuate that he believes them utterly devoid of judgment and honesty in the plainest matters, and that he regards them simply as his dupes and automata, greedy to swallow the most disgusting literary food he can supply. But, in the midst of all this vapoury stuff, he exhibits the fear of God or of somebody else, by carefully withdrawing from his programme of future behaviour the hitherto unlimited right of "slandering and calumniating" good men and honored citizens. This remarkable exception to his ordinary rule of action he very markedly enunciates twice in the course of his boisterous blustering. He merely imitates in a feeble way the role of Vaillant before the Supreme Court of Paris, when, fully conscious of the presence of the guillotine, he boasted and roared out that his voice is "not to be gagged" and he will die a martyr to freedom of speech and the right to assassinate every good man who differs from him. Liberty of the Press, free discussion in newspapers, is not disputed by any one, so long as it is legitimately conducted. The legitimate bounds are fixed by the law of nature, by the Divine law, by the manifest requirements of social life, by the constitutions of all civilized countries, and by the judicial decisions of our courts of justice. And should the Mail man plead from the dock that he advocates the liberty of the press, he will be condemned to hear the presiding judge instructing the jury that this is wholly irrelevant to the issue, since the prosecution does not charge the prisoner with defending the liberty of the press by any means, but with abusing it and try to overthrow it by publishing malicious libels that are "notoriously false, calumnious and derogatory to the plaintiff's sacred office."

THE RECALL OF THE JESUITS TO GERMANY.

The vote of 173 to 135 in the German Reichstag for the repeal of the law by which the Jesuits were expelled from the country under the influence of Bismarck has raised quite a commotion among the Evangelical League, which is in Germany a body resembling the P. P. A. of Canada, in its intense hate towards Catholics. This organization is at present engaged in obtaining signatures to a vast petition against the recall of the Jesuits; but though this recall is not yet accomplished, it is morally certain that it will take place in the near future.

The National Liberals, the party which is chiefly engaged in this anti-Jesuit agitation, believe that the Federal Council will not approve of this last action of the Reichstag; but this is only speculation. The vote shows at least that there is a great change in public sentiment since the Bismarckian laws of 1872 and subsequent years were passed. The Catholics of Germany have a right to congratulate themselves on the recent vote as a great victory achieved. The victory was gained only by the determined stand taken by them against the persecuting laws, and one by one they have all disappeared from the statute books.

It was on the 15th of May, 1872, when the anti-Jesuit Bill was brought before the Reichstag. The Catholics defended the Jesuits triumphantly from the false charges which were brought up against them, and exposed the iniquity of the proposed law by showing the great services which the order had rendered the country in

ministering to the people and in educational work for the twenty-five years they had been in Germany, and even in attending on the sick and wounded during the Franco-Prussian War; but all this could not at the time change the determination of a fierce majority, servile as it was to Bismarck's dictation.

The expulsion of the Jesuits was but the prelude to a series of hostile measures against the Church. But a short time elapsed before most of the religious orders were treated similarly to the Jesuits, and even those which were allowed to remain in the country were shut out from the Public schools, and harassed on the most flimsy pretexts, their property also being confiscated. In 1873 and 1874, other laws followed under which Bishops and priests were thrown into prison.

This state of affairs did not continue long, however. Persecution made the Catholics more and more resolute, until the Government in 1878 found itself face to face with the Catholic party in the Reichstag under Herr Windthorst, the most powerful and compact party in the Chamber; and notwithstanding Bismarck's boast that he would rule by blood and iron, and that he should never retrace his course by "going to Canossa," he soon found that he must adopt a policy of conciliation. The Socialists became stronger every year, and there was no power which could restrain them within the bounds of moderation, except that of religion; and Bismarck was glad enough to conciliate the Catholics whom he had persecuted relentlessly for six years. From that time the Falk laws have been disappearing from the statute book one by one, until the last one only is to be found there in the shape of the anti-Jesuit law. This also is now bound to disappear. The present Emperor is more amenable to reason than was his grand-father, and Chancellor Caprivi is also more moderate than his predecessor. Hence both recognize that it is wise to make Catholics as free as Protestants in the exercise of their religion. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that the efforts of the Evangelical League to perpetuate the last law of the persecuting code will end in failure.

ROME AND THE PAPACY.

The Italian anti-clerical press are, after all their abuse of the Pope and the clergy, much alarmed over certain rumors now afloat that the Pope has some intention of leaving Rome on account of the petty persecutions to which he is constantly subjected by the Italian Government. They are now endeavoring to convince the Holy Father that Rome is his proper place, and that by his removal therefrom the Church would lose much of its historical prestige. The Piedmontese Gazette thus moralizes on the subject:

"The Catholic Apostolic Roman Church was founded by St. Peter in Rome. *Tuus Petrus et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam.* Thus spake Christ to His great Apostle. How is it possible that a Church which is so largely based on historic tradition can renounce the place where she was born and whence she has taken her name and form, without interrupting a portion of her own tradition and relinquishing a part of her own dogmas? What is a Church without tradition and without dogma derived therefrom?"

It is refreshing to find such sentiments uttered by journals which have hitherto made it their occupation to try to show that the Church is not a divine but merely a human organization; and that the Pope is not St. Peter's successor. Other journals of the same class echo these sentiments, because they feel that the presence of the Pope is the greatest possible bulwark against anarchy and revolution, from both of which organizations Italy is seriously threatened.

There is no fear that the Holy Father will move from Rome if his living there be rendered endurable. No one is more conscious than himself of the importance of his remaining in St. Peter's own See; and in a discourse delivered in St. Peter's church on the 17th of December, he made known his keen feeling of the importance of Rome as the centre of Catholic unity—Rome, where Sts. Peter and Paul and millions of martyrs sealed in their blood their testimony to the truth of the Catholic religion.

On that day the ceremonies of his jubilee, the fiftieth year of his consecration as Bishop, were ended, and he took occasion, in answer to an address of congratulation presented to him by the Federation of Pius IX., and read by Prince Francesco Massimo, President of the Federation, to show what

the world owes to the Papacy, and the important part which Rome has had in Christianizing and civilizing mankind.

The reply was not read by the Pope himself, but by Mgr. Radini-Tedeschi, but it was nevertheless his own reply, and it was a most important deliverance. He praised the Federation for their tribute of filial piety freely accorded and bringing great consolation to his soul. He said:

"It is most just that Rome should be distinguished for manifestations of homage to Blessed Peter, who in Us lives and governs. To Peter in fact and to his successors she owes it that she arose from her ruins to a new life, which as far surpasses the ancient life as eternity does time, and spirit matter. From being the metropolis of the Roman Empire she was elevated to be Queen of all the world, wheresoever there is a soul which believes and hopes in Christ the Redeemer. She was the seat of a kingdom which disappeared, and she became the seat of a kingdom which will never have an end, whence to her is given a title of glory unique throughout the whole world, the name of the Eternal City."

He explained that it was not the Rome of earthly warriors—the Scipios and Cæsars, but the Rome of Christ which made shine from pole to pole the star of true civilization. He continued:

"And in regard to benefits of the temporal and civil order, you know also, beloved sons, that if Italy and Europe did not fall into irreparable ruin amidst the darkness and infinite miseries of barbarism, it was the work and the merits of the Rome of the Popes. Even in internal disorders, amid warlike factions, she, at one time arbitrator, set herself to compose the differences between peoples and princes; at another, to prevail by her moral force in the raising of the oppressed and in restraining the proud. And what is it that she has not done to comfort suffering humanity, and to the development of the arts and the sciences? She was the first to come efficaciously to the aid of those in poverty, to the sick, to the aged, to the abandoned, and to every class of misfortune; it was she alone who in the ages of ignorance maintained alight the torch of learning, who gave fruitful impulse to its revival, who founded renowned universities, and an infinite number of educational institutions."

The title "Roman and Catholic" is a proud distinction of the Church, though the enemies of the Church endeavor to make the title Roman one of ill repute. The Prince of the Apostles, divinely appointed to the office, fixed his See in Rome. By the blood of martyrs who suffered in Rome, in the Coliseum, and in the public places, the Church was watered and nourished, and from Rome set forth the zealous missionaries who bore the standard of the cross to the most distant countries, and brought them to the knowledge of their Saviour. Rome witnessed the trials and the triumphs of the Faith, and for nearly nineteen centuries the Roman Pontiffs have watched over the interests of the Church throughout the world.

In Rome, too, the earth can scarcely be cut with a spade without giving forth new proofs of the antiquity and unity of the faith. The archives of the Church are also there preserved, so that the loss of Rome as the seat of the Pope would be almost irreparable. Yet should it so come to pass that it be necessary for him to depart for a time it will not be necessary for him to come to America for an asylum, as the Liberal press appear to imagine must be the case. There will be more than one noble residence offered him to choose from should it ever be needful for him to make such a selection. In the event of a war between Italy and France, it may become necessary to make the choice.

A HUMPTY-DUMPTY SHOW.

Humpty-Dumpty on the wall, Humpty-Dumpty got a great fall; All the king's horses and all the king's men Couldn't raise up Humpty-Dumpty again.

The convention of the P. P. A., held recently at Hamilton, is described by the Mail as a powerful organization. We have no inclination to belittle the power of the P. P. A. We are fully aware that there is plenty of material in this Province to respond to any appeal to bigotry, and we do not deny that in the present instance the appeals which have been made so persistently by fanatical clerics and scheming politicians have had a certain amount of success; nevertheless, we have not lost faith in the good sense and good will of the people of Ontario to such an extent as to suppose that the organization we speak of will succeed in getting control over the Government of Ontario, and much less over that of the Dominion.

Is it necessary that Catholics should establish a counter-organization to meet this new foe, somewhat with its own weapons? We think not. We

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shall not say the generosity, for we do not claim generosity, but the justice and liberality of the majority in our Province, we think, will suffice to baffle the efforts of the dark lantern society, and for the present, at least, we advise our co-religionists not to entertain any such thought.

In saying that last week's meeting was farcical we are not depreciative, as the mere statement of some of its doings will show.

The convention was called by a circular, which was published by the *Globe* in the ordinary way of news. This fact alone appears to have crazed the fanatics, and the *Globe* was accused of having done thereby a malicious act. Was not the society a most secret one? And how dare a journalist violate that secrecy? Well, the *Globe* survives the anger which was concentrated against it; and it had the temerity afterwards even to penetrate into the inner temple of the cabal and to disclose the business transacted during the few days they were in session. But, horror of horrors! Their own Toronto organ was equally communicative during the first two days of the convention and let out some of its most important secrets.

A terrible commotion was caused by the betrayal of secrecy on the part of some members of the society, who, it was supposed, had communicated its transactions to the representatives of the press. The circular itself which called the meeting told the delegates: "We have a few words of caution to give delegates . . . that the secrecy of our order may be observed, as we will be surrounded by many enemies who will be eager to catch a word that may lead to our mission." We have nothing to say of the grammar of the circular, more than that being of like character with that of the poor foreigner who "will be drowned," and was drowned accordingly, it indicates that in one respect, at least, the *Mail* could say that the organization is a "powerful one," namely, in intellectual culture. How a word caught would lead to "our mission," we shall not attempt to explain.

The circular goes on to say: "By observing the above caution we will be able to conduct our business with the utmost secrecy."

The convention brought to task some press representatives who were unlucky enough to be among the delegates, accusing them of "treason," and one member was obliged to obtain a certificate from the *Globe* reporter in Hamilton exonerating him from guilt in this respect. The *Mail's* representative, who by some coincidence was a member of the convention, could with difficulty free himself from the like imputation. We presume he bound himself to see to it that the *Mail* should publish little more of the blood-curdling proceedings which had to be veiled so carefully; for the third and last day's doings were very lightly touched upon in the Friday issue of that journal. With all the microscopes at our disposal, we do not see wherein consists the terrible importance of these secrets, as the meeting simply spent its time in electing officers and disputing frantically about trifles:

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
As they sobbed and sighed and bitterly wept,
The poor little things! They lay down and cried.

The only tolerably important matter which occupied their attention was a motion by a member to erase from their oath the obligation not to employ Catholics. It seems, however, that this motion was defeated. Of course this was to be expected. Even the member who made it had taken the oath in its present form, equally with his colleagues, and it takes time "to extract from the Ethiopian's skin the natural pig-pig-pig-pig."

The number of delegates was not nearly so large as was expected, there being only 376 Councils reported, instead of 439 hitherto spoken of as existing in all Canada. Only one of these is outside of Ontario, namely, in the Northwest.

Very many of the delegates were ashamed to acknowledge their membership, and therefore registered at the hotels under false names. Toronto men were from "Milliken's Corners"; London men from Cambridge; Guelph men from Norval, St. Thomas men from Glencoe, etc. Patrick Murphy, Count Mercier, Major General Oulmet, Sir John Thompson, and Joseph Flanagan are said to have been among the names recorded by delegates on the hotel registers.

Ex-Alderman Bell of Toronto was refused admittance to the convention.

really, it would seem, because he is a Government employe, though the association, which perhaps is unable, from want of practice, to tell the truth, makes profession that he was excluded owing to some irregularity in his credentials.

The ex-Alderman is very indignant at the treatment he received. He was one of the few who were honest enough to register their real names. Dr. Ryerson, M. P. P., of Toronto, also admitted his identity. The doctor was well received by the delegates, but they were much incensed when they found he would only pay them a flying visit. Mr. P. D. McCallum, the P. P. A. member for East Lambton, was present; but the new Mayor of Hamilton, though supposed to have been elected as the P. P. A. candidate for the office, would not demean himself to attend, though it had been understood that he would deliver an address.

Ex-Mayor Fleming of Windsor was, it is said, a canvasser for the position of president of the society, but the presidency was given to Rev. J. C. Medill of Bellwood. He is a fair specimen of the material of which the association is composed.

BLAKE IN OTTAWA.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ready and willing to grant Home Rule to Ireland. The party in power had sacrificed their time and labor in the interest of Ireland, and it was to the interest of the Irish party to make some return for this sacrifice.

PRINCIPLES OF THE BILL.

Turning to the character of the Home Rule Bill which passed the house, Mr. Blake in the most lucid manner explained the main provisions. It was founded upon assertion of the right of local self-government, a right which was held to be of great value in Canada; freedom of localities to manage their own local affairs with loyalty to one central parliament for common and national objects. (Cheers.) He enumerated what was proposed to be left to the central authority where Ireland was to be represented and have a voice. Ireland was to herself control all matters that were local—questions connected with her land, with the education of her people, with the administration of justice, property and civil rights, municipal institutions and municipal government and the like. These Irish questions are to be managed by the Irish themselves. Mr. Blake glanced at the restrictions prohibiting the legislature from establishing or endorsing any religion, so that no man should be prejudiced or preferred in consequence of religious belief. (Loud cheers.) Before a Canadian or American audience one did not need to defend this proposition. Religion ought to be a thing between the conscience of a man and his Maker. In public concerns all citizens, in so far as their religion was concerned, were entitled to equal confidence. He did not regard this clause as necessary in the bill, but at the same time they did not object to have it there, and before English audiences and even in the House of Commons he had ventured to remark that while willing to apply to Ireland this fundamental principle, he hoped they would some day have the courage and wisdom to apply it to themselves. (Cheers.) With reference to education there was a universal conscience clause for mixed schools, and to this clause no objection has been taken by the Roman Catholic population. There was also a provision that no university should be created which has any other tests than those which now apply to Trinity college. This satisfied the Roman Catholics and was precisely what the bigoted Protestants had been contending for. The bill also provided that no man's property should be taken without just compensation.

REFERENCE TO RUSSELL.

The honorable gentleman here made a passive allusion to the land question and declared that even the most extreme Unionists felt compelled to admit the necessity for compulsory purchase. He referred to the visit of Mr. T. W. Russell to Canada and to his declaration that the land laws of Ireland were the most liberal and generous ever made. Something had to be done with reference to congested districts which was the worst part of the problem, and even Mr. Russell recently wrote to the *Times* with reference to one estate in the congested districts, where, he said, the "condition of things was simply appalling," and added, "even if this land were rent free two thousand tenants could not live." This was the man who said in Ottawa that the land laws of Ireland were the most liberal in the world. (Laughter and applause.) The Bill proposed also that for three years the land question should not be dealt with by the Irish Parliament, and there was a gradual reduction of the constabulary, and its conversion into ordinary police was to take place within six years. Mr. Blake also alluded to the Imperial disallowance reserved to the Crown, and fully explained why he did not anticipate any conflict arising out of this power of veto. The question of Home Rule was now said to be in abeyance with the general election. This was so only in one sense. In another sense their hands would be strengthened by the full and frank discussion which would go on. Their ultimate triumph at an early date was assured, upon one or two conditions,

namely that the tone and temper of the Irish at home or abroad shall continue to be such as it has been, that they shall recognize the basis of this settlement as reasonable, and shall adopt it and work for it; that they shall not lose faith in the cause and shall give evidence of their support and sympathy for the parliamentary movement. They must also observe the spirit of the great alliance between the Irish and Liberal parties upon which they depended for the accomplishment of their great object, the liberty of Ireland. (Applause.)

THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

The Irish party, Mr. Blake continued, was not wealthy. Perhaps half the members were able to maintain themselves; the other half occupied a position of still greater sacrifice because their constant attendance in Parliament deprived them of the opportunity of earning a livelihood, and a modest assistance was required. Then there were election and other expenses. He had been asked why he was begging. He was not begging. The Irish people had always regarded the Irish cause as none the less dear to them because they were not living on, or even born, on Irish soil. (Cheers.) The cause had been carried on to the point now reached by the support of Ireland's sons abroad. There was a day when Irishmen abroad sent \$100,000 for every \$1,000 contributed now. That money was sent to enable the wretched people to have the exorbitant rents exacted from them, but it was no longer regarded as patriotic that the landlord should be maintained by the Irish abroad. A mere fraction of those sums devoted now to the common cause had achieved objects which could never have been achieved to the end of time under the old rotten system. Therefore he was not at all ashamed to appeal to his fellow-countrymen. The Irish party had been charged with being kept by wealthy Gladstonians, but they had never taken money from the Liberal party. They were in a position towards the Liberals of absolute equality and they could not afford to become subsidized allies. It was necessary to preserve their absolute independence of all parties in order to complete the great struggle for the liberties of their country.

A SACRED AND HOLY CAUSE.

Mr. Blake concluded as follows: "For my own part I was the leader of a party for a long time. I never made any appeals for money, but I have regarded this cause as beyond all party politics. I regard it as a sacred and holy cause (cheers), and the same feeling which induced me to leave my own country in order to lend what little aid I could towards its consummation are the feelings which make it, not a matter of humiliation but of pride, to assist in these appeals. I am now making Mr. Chairman, in the days to come when this struggle shall have been ended and the great result achieved, those will be rejoiced and proud who are able to look back and say we are of the men who did not lose faith and hope, who were not impatient but showed courage under obstacles and displayed a resolution which no difficulties could daunt and who with pen, voice and purse aided in restoring the liberties of Ireland."

HEARTY VOTE OF THANKS.

Mr. R. W. Scott then moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Blake and said that "in future years with the name of O'Connell, Butt and Parnell you will find inscribed on the same scroll the name of Edward Blake." Mr. John Lorm McDougall, auditor general, then seconded the motion in a neat speech and the meeting was brought to a close by Hon. John Costigan inviting all who wished to come up and sign the subscription list.

After the auditor general's speech following the vote of thanks to Mr. Blake, moved by Hon. R. W. Scott, you could have heard a pin drop when Mr. John Clarke from the gallery sang an appropriate Irish song which apparently touched a chord of memory in many of those present.

Two hundred and fifty dollars was subscribed after the meeting, and the total now reaches \$1,510.

THE "EX-PRIEST"

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Dear Sir—For protection of the honor of the ever-faithful and devoted clergy of his diocese, the Archbishop of Kingston begs leave to inform the public through you that the ex-priest who has given the result of his twelve years' nightmare to the *Toronto Mail* is not, nor has he ever been, a priest of the diocese of Kingston.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS KELLY,
Secretary.

Archbishop's Palace, Kingston,
29th January, 1894.

The Pope delivered in St. Peter's, Rome on the 28th ult., an address suggested by the recent disturbance in Italy. He spoke substantially as follows: "The present occasion gives us fresh proof of the devotion of the human race to the Pope, and such all blessings as our bitterness will be the fruit of when the trying conditions in Rome, which are again remembered, are remembered. We cannot on this occasion omit to recall the past, when the presence of the Pope gave Rome not merely for years but for centuries glorious and tranquil prosperity. That prosperity was the outcome of neither chance nor the institutions of man. It was rational and sure of the morrow. Life was then mild and well-ordered. No thing was wanting for the well-being of the people. The opposite state of the present. If we would profit by bitter experience, let us trace the evils to their origin and seek an effective remedy. The religious faith invoked and designed have brought moral and material ruin. Not only justice, but also political expediency must demand that we express our sincere regret to the fathers with mutual confidence and affection, and without suspicion of the type whose protracted life has made them even mortal life happy and prosperous." The Pope seemed to be in excellent health and spirits.

DIocese OF PETERBOROUGH.

Address and Presentation to Rev. Father Casey.

The following address to the Rev. Father Casey, accompanied by the presentation of a purse containing \$100, was made on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, at 8 o'clock Mass on Sunday, 28th ult.:

To the Venerable Archdeacon Casey, P. P., Campbellford.

Rev. Dear Father—We, on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, on this, the eve of your departure from this parish, desire to express our sincere regret that you have been called from among us to another sphere of duty; but while it is a source of sorrow that you should leave us, it is a source of gratification to know that you are promoted to a higher position in which you will be able to exercise those qualities which have brought you so much success in the past.

For the last fifteen years that you have exercised your priestly ministrations among us, you have endeavored yourself to all by the faith and zealous manner in which you have fulfilled the duties of your sacred office. Whether offering up the Holy Sacrifice or ministering to the sick and dying, or performing the many other duties of your office, you have always displayed the zeal and devotion characteristic of the faithful priest.

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Weak in numbers and material resources, but now in great measure, on account of the present year, we are enabled to offer you our support in many ways, for whenever he held it in his hand it would remind him that their prayers would be the greatest assistance in the most successful work of his life. He has prayed that he would continue the practice of this devotion, for it was the highest; it always brought down upon the congregation the love of Jesus Christ, and their duty to make a return of love in the perfect fulfillment of the commandments and the frequent reception of the sacraments.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

REV. FATHER RYAN DELIVERS A STIRRING ADDRESS TO THIS ORDER.

This evening St. Peter's, Jan. 27.

A very interesting and impressive ceremony was held at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes last (Sunday) evening. The beautiful church was crowded with a most attentive and fervent congregation, and fourteen members of the League of the Sacred Heart secured their crosses and diplomas.

The reverend pastor, Father James Walsh, chanted the *Vesper service*, and the crosses and diplomas were blessed and entered by Father Ryan of St. Michael's cathedral, who gave a stirring address to the members of the League before the solemn blessing and distribution of honors.

Father Ryan warmly complimented the pastor and people of Our Lady of Lourdes in the most complimentary manner, and he expressed his hope that the League of the Sacred Heart should flourish and bloom and bear many fruits of devotion and piety. He said that the League of the Sacred Heart, which may well be called the fountain of this beautiful devotion, as she gave her Divine Son His human heart, from the devotion springs and to which it should be directed.

The League at Our Lady of Lourdes was also especially favored by the immediate and splendid presence of His Grace, the Archbishop, who had done so much to make this great devotion known and loved. But the greatest success of the work and the number of those who are entering into it, is the fruit of the zeal of the pastor, and the earnest piety of the people of Our Lady of Lourdes parish.

Those who extol the League of the Sacred Heart as the most powerful and most efficacious means of obtaining the graces of the present day, are sometimes considered by cautious, prudent souls as over-enthusiastic. To such timid or capricious people, the League of the Sacred Heart, as addressed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., lately delivered to representatives of the League who were, 700 of them, with the Rev. Central Committee of the League, at the Holy Jubilee on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

Amongst other things most consoling and encouraging to members of the League the Holy Father said: "You are the representatives of one of the associations nearest and dearest to our heart, the Apostleship of Prayer, a new plant which for day so new has sprung up in the world, and which, in this present day, is already a sturdy giant, extending its beneficent shade over the whole Christian world, gathering to itself a countless multitude of the faithful in every land, but all bound together by the same thought, the same purpose, the self-same practice of devotion and of every Christian virtue."

NEEDS OF THE TIMES.

Having thus spoken of the devotion, the Holy Father goes on to show how adapted it is to the needs of our time. He continues: "According to the tradition of the past, we are to make to His servant, Margaret Mary, the worship of the Sacred Heart was proclaimed by God Himself for the people of the present day, and the society—selfishness, that egoism, which is really self-worship, the service offered to pride and selfishness."

TO COMBAT THE EVIL.

Now what more fitting and efficacious means of overcoming this enemy than the infinite power of that fire of the love that principle that gave our Lord, and the whole world in one great flame, one blessed conflagration of charity's penetration even into the corpse-like body of pagan society, making it the spirit of a new moral and civil life.

But the principle of conservation and renewal of all things is no other than the very principle that gave our Lord, and the generative principle of Christian society was the love of that divine Heart; hence the same love must be also the principle of renewal.

SPREAD DEVOTION.

And then the Holy Father gives this admirable advice to the Promoters of the League: "I advise to all the members, for he would have all be Promoters; Use your best endeavors to spread this devotion abroad, in the bosom of your own households and throughout your native land, and in every country where you are situated."

"Strive to form your hearts in the model of His. His is a Heart whose mortal life was every moment of the past, and whose life is now. A life which may be fully summed up in this formula: Nothing for Himself as man; everything for us. Such the duty of the Promoters of the League. So that each one of you may be able to say with truth: nothing for myself; all for the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The dignity and duty of Promoters could not be better expressed or more strongly urged. That dignity and duty you have always before you in the crosses of honor which are given to the Promoters of the League, and before this year is ended—this year of the Golden Jubilee of the League—many every morning the pastor of Our Lady is an associate of the League of her Son's Sacred Heart.

Diocesan Churches.

On Sunday, Jan. 21, at St. Peter's Cathedral, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor announced several diocesan changes: The Rev. Father Scullard, chancellor, Bishop's secretary and administrator of the parish of Peterboro, resigned the latter position. The

to-night a strange feeling of sadness, as something we cannot find words to express.

As the League of the Sacred Heart is your charge, your hope, your staff for so many happy, bygone hours, must to-night bid farewell to the pastor whose heart, burning with love from that radiant Heart on high, had kindled deep the fire of divine charity, and from this furnace has gone forth the flame throughout the length and breadth of this parish, uniting all as one in the lovely devotion it has been your aim to advance.

Circling years will pass; from youth's pursuits must we turn, but ever as we glance, the memory of your noble work will meet us, and our fond hearts will see adown the files of time, where'er it may be your chance to roam—hoping and trusting that God's work, so well begun in our midst, may be continued in fairer fields and more fruitful soil.

Then, to-night a staff we bring of gold! Not brilliant, but just as we are, and as we have been; but more lasting support must you have; so from nature's rugged wood have we carved our staff—strong as the bands of love and gratitude in your cherished League.

As the Sacred Heart sustains your soul, so we support you, and you support us, the members of the League. Our loving pastor and all his ways be graced, is the earnest prayer we wish you in the name of the Holy Heart, that you may be able to share in your prayers and good works, for prayer makes friendship lasting.

Signed on behalf of the League of the Sacred Heart, the following ladies: Mrs. J. O'Sullivan, Mrs. J. Conlon, Mrs. J. Gibson, Mrs. T. Blane, Miss A. Gammon, Miss E. Boland.

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DIocese OF HAMILTON.

Rev. Father Craven Presented With a Set of Vestments.

About one hundred ladies, members of St. Patrick's parish, who took such an active part in the recent fancy fair, assembled at the residence of their pastor, on Tuesday, Jan. 24, and presented Father Craven with a set of vestments.

Mrs. C. J. Bird, President of the parish work in the recent fair, addressed Chancellor Craven on the occasion.

Rev. Father—Our object in assembling here this evening is in connection with our success at the fancy fair and Christmas tree entertainment recently held at the residence of Mrs. Bird, considering the limited space for holding a large meeting, has arranged in sending out invitations to invite several members and, in so doing has tried to have each family in the parish represented by one of its members present. The committees having with increasing labor won a handsome present, it will be our pleasure to present it to you, after inflicting an address on you later on. It affords me great pleasure, as president of St. Patrick's parish in connection with the vestments, and I take this opportunity to offer my congratulations and to compliment and return thanks to the officers and ladies who have assisted and persistently worked from the commencement to the winding up of the fair, and for the united and unceasing efforts that we are placed in the enviable position of being the most successful workers in the cause of charity. It is also my duty, on behalf of the committee, to return my sincere thanks to the many friends who kindly responded to our solicitations by assisting in the cause of the orphans, and by the presents of money, and prizes for vestments and linens, and by those and we were enabled to carry on our good work so successfully. It is my pleasure, Rev. Father, to introduce in an especial manner the prize winners, the choicest plants and flowers, and I refer to the young ladies here assembled, who by their efforts in no small degree contributed to our success. Their winning vestments, and their prizes, were certainly very fair; and if they were not successful in their efforts, they were certainly very fair, and if they were not successful in their efforts, they were certainly very fair, and if they were not successful in their efforts, they were certainly very fair.

The following address to Rev. Father Craven was delivered by Mrs. J. O'Sullivan, President of the Diocese and Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, Ontario:

Rev. and Dear Father—It is the pleasing duty of the active and hard-working members in charitable matters of your parish to assemble here to-night for the purpose of presenting to you the beautiful prize recently won by this parish by the almost super-human exertions of those around you, as you are aware, Reverend Father, the good Sisters of St. Joseph's donated a set of vestments to the parish, whose exertions, in the cause of the cause of charity, you will find that we are now the possessors of the coveted prize. St. Patrick's parish, which has been so successful in its piety and good works in the cause of charity, and this has in no small degree been brought about by the zealous and untiring efforts of Rev. Father, for the spiritual welfare of the parish. It is the wish and earnest desire of those that you see around you, that in the future we may be able to maintain that proud distinction which has been yours, and that your call is made you will always find us ready and willing to respond. We, therefore, Rev. Father, thank you for the beautiful set of vestments, and pray the Almighty that you may be long spared to wear them, and to carry on the good work for which you are so ably aided in the humble prayer of your parishioners.

Signed on behalf of the parish, Susan Bird, President; Susan Watson, Secretary; Lizzie Henry, Treasurer.

Rev. Chancellor Craven thanked the ladies for their kind remarks contained in the address, and for the beautiful vestments given to St. Patrick's church. The reverend gentleman congratulated the ladies on their success in the charitable work they were engaged in on behalf of the orphans.

Rev. Father City, who so ably managed the fancy fair at the Drill Hall, also addressed the ladies in connection with the vestments given to St. Patrick's church, referring to the good work they were engaged in. Rev. Father Lynch also spoke in a similar strain.

THE HOLY LAND.

Very Rev. Mr. McEvay's Lectures in Aid of the Funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

St. Peter's Cathedral was thronged by an immense congregation last Sunday night, when Very Rev. F. P. McEvay, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, lectured on the "Holy Land." The city of Jaffa, as seen from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, presented a beautiful picture. It was built on a round hill, one side of which dipped into the sea, and far away beyond the city lay the beautiful fertile plains of Sharon. The first glimpse of the land made holy by our Lord's birth and teaching was one that filled the mind with awe, rapture and gratitude, but the landing by small boats in a treacherous confusion, manned by Arabs, who shout, sing and talk incessantly all at once, and the experience of the narrow, crooked and filthy streets is somewhat disconcerting. The very reverend lecturer gave an interesting description of the city's historical claims. It was said to be the oldest city in the world. Some good commentators argued that it was the place where Noah built his ark before the flood of course it with every other human habitation was swept away by the waters, but immediately after the flood it was claimed that Japhet, Noah's third son, rebuilt the city and called it after himself. It was burned in the time of the Maccabees because some of the people lived about two hundred men out into the sea and drowned them, and for this act of treachery Judas burned the city. The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem was a very good carriage road; there was also railroad connection. On account of the hilly nature of the road many people do the journey on horseback. Horseback riding being associated with our Lord's riding the ass, and seeing that no matter how wide the road around the mountain, nor how steep the precipice, the little animals insisted on taking the outside edge of the path, and it was better to give them their own way till you got on the level. Jerusalem, he said, was sacred alike to Jew, Christian and Turk. It was one of the three sacred cities of the world, the Median, and the Christian and to-day has to do homage to the Pasha and pay tribute to the powers of Turkey, since he could stand on the spot which was the Lord Jesus Christ laid down His life for the sins of a guilty world. The speaker described the chapels, altars and churches of the Holy Land, and said that the most important events in the life of Christ took place, and described also the views in and from the Holy City. At the top of the Mount of Olives, whence Christ made His ascension, He left the marks of His feet in the solid rock. The marks were there to this day—left foot perfect, but the right defaced by the Turks. He closed with an affecting appeal for the name of the Master on behalf of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which met with a liberal response.—Free Press.

A MAY-DAY GIFT.

By MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

Early on the morning of the 1st of May, Abbey Clayton ran downstairs, exclaiming by way of greeting to the household: "A bright May Day! A bright May Day!"

"It isn't very bright, I'm sure!" grumbled her little brother Larry, who clattered after her. "There's no sun-shine; and the wind blows so hard I shan't be able to sail my new boat on the pond in the park. It's mighty hard lines! I don't see why it can't be pleasant on a holiday. Think of all the shiny days we've had when a fellow had to be in school. Now, when there's a chance for some fun, it looks as if it were going to rain great guns!"

"Well, it won't," said Abby, pausing in the hall to glance back at him, as he perched upon the baluster above her. "It won't rain great guns, nor pitchforks, nor cats and dogs, nor even torrents. It's going to clear up. Don't you know that some people say the sun generally shines, for a few minutes anyhow, on Saturdays in honor of the Blessed Virgin?"

"This isn't Saturday," objected Larry, somewhat indignantly. "Yes, but is it the 1st of May; and if that is not our Blessed Mother's day too, I'd like to know what is!" said his sister.

"I don't believe that about the sun shining," continued Larry. "If you are ten—only two years older than I am—you don't know everything. I'm going to ask mother."

The children entered the breakfast room, greeted their father and mother, and then slipped into their places. "Mother," began Larry, as he slowly poured the maple syrup over the crisp, hot pancakes upon his plate, "is it true that the sun always shines on Saturday in honor of the Blessed Virgin?"

"It is a pious and poetic saying," replied Mrs. Clayton. "But a legendary sentiment of this kind often hides a deeper meaning. For those who are devoted to the Blessed Virgin, there is never a day so dark but that the love of Our Lady shines through the gloom like a sunbeam, changing to the rosy and golden tints of hope the leaden clouds that shadowed their happiness; and blessing the closing day of life, which, to look back upon, seems but as the ending of a week."

Mrs. Clayton had hardly finished speaking, when a long ray of yellow light fell upon the tablecloth. "There! the sun's out now, anyway!" cried Larry, "I'm so glad!"

"The clouds were only blown up by the wind," said his father. "I do not think we shall have rain to-day." "Mother, may I put on a white dress and go to buy my May wreath?" asked Abby.

"The air is too cold for you to change your warm gown for a summer one," returned Mrs. Clayton. "You may get the wreath, though; but be sure that you wear it over your hat."

Abby seemed to think it was now her turn to grumble. "Oh, dear!" she murmured. "All the girls wear white dresses, and go without hats on May Day. I don't see why I can't."

Her complaint made no impression, however; so she flounced out of the room. "My mother is the most exaggerating person!" exclaimed the little girl, as she prepared for her shopping excursion. She meant aggravating; but, like most people who attempt to use large words the meaning of which they do not understand, she made droll mistakes sometimes.

Abby had 15 cents, which her grandma had given her the day before. "I'll hurry down to the Little Women's before the best wreaths are gone," she said to herself.

The place was a fancy store, kept by two plain but pleasant spinster sisters. Besides newspapers, stationery, thread and needles, and so forth, they kept a stock of toys, candies and pickled limes, which insured them a run of custom among the young folk, who always spoke of them as the Little Women. Not to disappoint the confidence placed in them by their youthful patrons, they had secured an excellent assortment of the crowns of tissue-paper flowers which, in those days, every little girl considered essential to the proper observance of May Day.

so fine as Abby's, however. But, then, few little girls had 15 cents to expend upon one. Abby perceived at a glance that most of those worn by her companions were of the ten-cent variety. The Little Women had them for eight; and even five copper pennies would buy a very good one, although the roses of the five-cent kind were pronounced by those most interested to be "little bits of things."

Abby talked to the girls a while, and then went home to exhibit her purchase. Her mother commented approvingly upon it; and the little girl ran down to the kitchen to show it to Delia the cook, who had lived with the family ever since Larry was a baby.

Delia was loud in her admiration. "Oh, on this day," said she; "but doings in Ireland," said she; "but doings in Ireland, to be sure, it's nothing to what it was in old times. It was on May eve, I've heard tell, that St. Patrick lit the holy fire at Tara, in spite of the ancient pagan laws. And in the days when the country was known as the island of saints and of scholars, sure throughout the length and breadth of the land the monastery bells rang in the May with praises of the Holy Mother; and the canticles in her honor were as ceaseless as the song of the birds. And 'twas the fairies that were said to have great power at this season—"

"Delia, you know very well there are no fairies," interrupted Abby. "Well, some foolish folk thought there were, anyhow," answered Delia. "And in Maytime the children and cattle, the milk and the butter, were kept guarded from them. Many and many an evening I've listened to my mother that's dead and gone—God rest her soul!—telling of the blooming of the hawthorn, always put a spent coal under the churn, and another beneath the grandchild's cradle, because that was said to drive the fairies away; and how primroses used to be scattered at the door of the house to prevent the fairies from stealing in, because they could not pass that flower. But you don't hear much of that any more; for the priest said 'twas superstition, and so down from the heathenish times. So the old people came to see 'twas wrong to use such charms, and the young people laughed at the old women's tales. Now on May-Day the shrines in the churches are bright with flowers, of course. And as for the innocent merrymakings, instead of a dance round the May or hawthorn bush, as in the olden times, in some places there's just perhaps a frolic on the village green, when the boys and girls come home from the hills and dales with their garlands of spring flowers."

Delia, with a contemptuous glance at Abby's wreath, forgetting how much she had admired it only a few moments before. "Somehow it did not now seem so beautiful to Abby either. She took it off, and gazed at it with a sigh.

"Here in New England the boys and girls go a-Maying," she said. "Last year, when we were in the country, Larry and I went with our cousins. We had such fun hanging May-baskets! I got nine. "But," she went on, regretfully, "I don't expect any this year; for city children do not have those plays."

She went upstairs to the sitting-room, where Larry was rigging his boat anew. He had been to the pond, but the wind wrought such havoc with the little craft that he had to put into port for repairs.

Half an hour passed. Abby was dressing her beloved doll for an airing on the sidewalk—a promenade in a carriage, as the French say. While thus occupied she half hummed, half sang, in a low voice, to herself, a popular May hymn. When she reached the refrain, Larry joined, and Delia appeared at the door just in time to swell the chorus with honest fervor:

"See, sweet Mary on thy altars Bloom the fairest flowers of May. Oh, may thy earth's sons and daughters Grow by grace as fair as they."

"If you please," said Delia at its close, "there's a man below stairs who says he has something for you both."

"For us?" exclaimed the children, starting up.

"Yes: your mother sent me to tell you. He says he was told to say as how he had a May-basket for you."

"A May-basket, Delia! What! All lovely flowers like those I told you about?" cried the little girl.

"Sure, child, and how could I see what was inside, and so carefully done up," answered Delia evasively.

They did not question further, but rushed downstairs to see for themselves. In the kitchen waited a foreign-looking man, with swarthy skin, and thin gold rings in his ears. On the floor beside him was a large, rough packing-basket.

"That a May-basket!" exclaimed Abby, hardly able to restrain the tears of disappointment which started to her eyes.

"What can it be, mother?" asked the little girl, wonderingly.

Mrs. Clayton smiled. "It is from Santoris', the fine art store where you saw the beautiful pictures last week; that is all I know about it," she replied.

The man carefully placed the mysterious object on the table. "It is some kind of a vase or an image," declared Larry.

"Why, so it is!" echoed Abby. In another moment the tissue veil was torn aside, and there stood revealed a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Larry, in delight. "How lovely!" added his sister. The image was about two feet high, and of spotless Parian, which well symbolized the angelic purity it was intended to portray. To many, perhaps, it might appear simply a specimen of modeling, but little better than the average. However, those who looked on it with the faith saw before them, not so much the work itself, as the ideal of the artist.

The graceful figure of Our Lady at once suggested the ethereal and celestial. The long mantle, which fell in folds to her feet, signified her modesty and motherly protection; the meekly folded hands were a silent exhortation to humility and prayer; the tender, spiritual face invited confidence and love; the crown upon her brow proclaimed her sovereignty above all creatures and her incomparable dignity as Mother of God.

"And is this beautiful statue really ours—just Larry's and mine?" asked Abby. "So the messenger says," returned Mrs. Clayton. "Who could have sent it, I wonder?" inquired Larry.

The Italian pointed to the card attached to the basket. Abby took it off and read: "To my little friends, Abby and Larry Clayton, with the hope that, especially during this month, they will try every day to do some little thing to honor our Blessed Mother."

"From Father Dominic!" exclaimed the boy, in delight. "How very good of him!" added Abby, gratefully.

Father Dominic—generally so called because his musical Italian surname was a stumbling-block to our unwieldy English speech—was a particular friend of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, who, admiring his culture and refinement, devoted to his priestly duties. He was an occasional visitor at their house, and took a great interest in the children.

"How nice of him to send us something we shall always have!" Abby ran on. "Now I can give the tiny image in my room to some one who hasn't any."

"May we make an altar for our statue, mother?" asked a lively, rollicking boy, who came to anything with devotion and almost comically solemn about it.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Clayton. "And I think it would be a good plan also to frame the card and hang it on the front of the altar, so that you may not forget Father Dominic's words: 'Try every day to do some little thing to honor our Blessed Mother.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

An Exhaustive Examination of Oft Repeated Calumnies.

In St. Patrick's Church, Bradford, Eng., Rev. Father Earnshaw recently concluded a series of sermons on "The Church in Its Relations with the Bible." Father Earnshaw said that, speaking in a Catholic church, to a Catholic congregation, it seemed almost ridiculous to discuss the question, Are Roman Catholics allowed to read the Bible? They all know perfectly well that, so far from being forbidden, they were encouraged to read the Holy Scriptures; that they were bound under pain of mortal sin, to believe that they treated as the word of God, and that they were to be read with reverence and with that awe of light and learning people of education persevered in their assertion that the Catholic Church withholds the Scriptures from her people? It is an invention of the evil one, a concoction of the father of lies. Those who brought forward those charges said that in the year 1535 Martin Luther, a young ecclesiastical student at one of the German universities, when searching for some book in a library, accidentally came across an old copy of the Bible. He had opened and read, saw the deception which had been practiced by Rome, and threw the Bible open to the people for the first time. This was the beginning of the glorious Reformation.

THESE LIES WERE TOLD YEAR AFTER YEAR, and believed by people who did not take the trouble to examine for themselves these baseless fabrications. These bare, unvarnished lies. If the Church withheld her children not to read the Word of God, it might have left the Scriptures buried in the old, forgotten tongues in which they were originally written, but if she took the trouble to translate them into every modern language it was plain that she wished the multitude to read them.

From the beginning the Church had provided her children with the Scriptures in their own language. In the Apostolic age several translations were made. In the second century

translations were made, the Scriptures being written in Hebrew, Chaldaic and Greek. But it was said at that time the Church had nothing to fear—corruption had not then set in; and when the Popes became Governors and rulers the Bible was condemned. In the fifth century, when this corruption had crept in—when the Church taught the doctrines condemned by Protestants to-day; when the Mass was believed in, as well as prayers for the dead, etc., Pope Damasus ordered St. Jerome, a priest at Rome, to devote himself to the work of translating the Scriptures. St. Jerome was well qualified for the task. He had a thorough knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldaic and Greek, and had studied the great masters who wrote in these, their native tongue. He was eminent for his sanctity and the austerity of his life. In order to reach the original documents St. Jerome went to Palestine, the land of the Scriptures, knowing the customs of the people, and there collected the Sacred Scriptures and translated them into Latin, which was the language of the Western peoples in those days, just as universally as English is spoken here to-day, so that the Bible was placed within the reach of all who could read.

This Latin translation, known as the Vulgate, has never since been equalled. The greatest scholars have admitted there was no better translation of the Word of God. Protestants spoke with pride of their English translation, its exquisite style and the beauty of its language, but it could bear no comparison with St. Jerome's translation.

TRANSLATED 1,500 YEARS AGO. Protestants say their translation was made from the Hebrew manuscript, but the oldest of these only dates back to the ninth century, whereas that of St. Jerome's translation was made from hundreds of years previously. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in his preface to the Epistles, acknowledges that there are many mistakes in the Protestant version, and the revised edition comes nearer to the Vulgate, which still remains the most accurate. Later when the barbarians overran Europe, and by mingling their dialects with the Latin, formed the modern languages, the Vulgate became unintelligible to these nations.

"History of the Middle Ages," says that when the Vulgate became unintelligible in this way it was translated into the language of the people in the different countries. The Church multiplied the Bible, setting monks to spend their lives making translations.

St. Bede, who was the father of English history, lived in the eighth century. He knew Hebrew, Greek and Latin, as well as his native Anglo-Saxon. He loved to read and to expound the Scriptures, and he died with the pen in his hand writing the Gospel of St. John. When King Alfred, the great Anglo-Saxon monarch, went to Rome the Pope confirmed him and became his godfather, and when the King returned to England he set himself to translate the Scriptures. The last work he wrote was a translation of the Psalms, which is still preserved. In the tenth century the whole Bible was translated into Anglo-Saxon, chiefly by the Bishops and priests, who would be the last person in the world to assist in spreading the Word of God if, as was alleged, the Church was opposed to such action. After the Norman Conquest in the eleventh century the Church set to work to produce copies of the Scriptures in modern English, and in the thirteenth century the whole Bible was translated into English. There was translated into English to do this if the Church desired to hide the Scriptures. On the contrary, she did her utmost to multiply them in order that her children might drink of the waters of eternal truth. The same remark applied to Germany, France, Italy and Ireland. In Ireland St. Columbkille himself wrote three hundred copies of the Psalter. With regard to Germany, printing was invented in 1441, and the Popes, then as ever, the patrons of learning, made use of the invention for the purpose of spreading knowledge of the Scriptures.

FIRST BOOK PRINTED. The first book printed was the Vulgate, and forty two years before Luther was born there were 29 presses working and 1,000 printers employed. Previous to the supposed discovery of the old Bible by Luther, 100,000 copies of the Bible had been printed, and there were 14 editions in high German and 5 in low. It was the same in all countries and in all ages. The following occurs in the limitation of Christ, written in the thirteenth century by Thomas a Kempis: "Whilst I am in the prison of this body I acknowledge myself to need two things, viz., food and light. Thou hast therefore given to me, weak as I am, Thy sacred body for the nourishment of my soul and body, and thou hast set Thy word as a light at my feet. Without these two I could not well live, for the word of God is the light of my soul, and Thy Sacrament is the bread of life." Then the question arises: Has the Church ever placed any restrictions on the reading of the Bible? On two occasions in 1,800 years the Church has thought it necessary to place some restrictions on the reading of the Bible, of which the Church alone is the custodian. In 1229 the Council of Toulouse passed a decree to the effect that laymen were not to read the Bible without the sanction of a Bishop.

This was during the time of the Albigenses, who, in the heresy of Hallam, aimed at the destruction of the Christian religion. A LOCAL RESTRICTION. The Albigenses said there were two

gods—one good and the other bad; they denied transubstantiation, the divinity of Christ, the resurrection, future life, and supported these false doctrines by quotations from the Bible, which they wrested to their own destruction. They insisted on the right of private judgment; and was it to be said that the Church was trying to destroy Christianity? The Church, actuated by a good mother, took measures to prevent her children from imbibing false doctrines, but even this necessary restriction was local in its effects, and temporary also. It only applied to the south of France, where the heresy flourished, and as soon as the Albigenses were converted the decree was no longer enforced.

Again, in the sixteenth century, when Luther rebelled against all authority, when there was a Bible mania and when it was taught that anyone might interpret the Holy Scripture for himself, when the heretics condemned portions of the Bible, including Tobias, Machabees, etc., the Epistles of St. James, which were called "a book of straw," and the Lamentations of Jeremiah, whom Luther called "a weeping ape." Then, again, the Church having kept the Holy Scriptures inviolate for more than one thousand five hundred years, it was necessary to step in to prevent their utter destruction. Henry VIII, himself, the head of the English Church, passed a law inflicting one month's imprisonment on all who read the Scriptures and exercised their private judgment; because he wished to be the sole interpreter of the Bible, according to his own judgment. The Church did not go to such excesses, even in this emergency, but merely ordained that no layman should read the Bible without the permission and guidance of his confessor or parish priest; because there were so many spurious editions that there was no guarantee that the Bible could be had in its integrity—some might be left out; it might be mutilated.

READ AS AN ANTIDOTE. In 1770 Pope Benedict XIV. issued instructions that all might read the Bible, and in 1779, when the infidelity which afterwards led to the French revolution was at its height, the Pope proposed that the Scriptures should be read as an antidote to the pernicious doctrines of infidels: Pope Pius VI., writing to the Archbishop of Florence, who was preparing an edition of the Scriptures, said: "At a time when a vast number of bad books which grossly attack the Catholic religion are circulated, even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be kept open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrines, to eradicate the evils which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times."

To come down to the present, just at the time when the correspondence was going on in the Bradford Observer on this subject, a letter appeared in the Times, stating that in Italy the Bible was being issued in halfpenny numbers, and that in this way 50,000 copies, costing £20,000, had been circulated. This was in Rome, the Pope's headquarters, which scarcely looked like condemnation of the Bible. When Catholic emancipation was before the public, M. P.'s brought forward this charge, and Dr. Doyle, the great Irish Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, said that if any one wanted to know the extent to which the Bible circulated, they need only count the number of editions which had recently been published.

The Protestant Irish Church Missions were in the habit of saying that in Ireland you would see the cross, the holy well and the beads, but the Word of God was hidden, and yet they might hear the epistles and gospels read at Mass, just as publicly as they were in Protestant churches. People who believed those charges were fooled by those who made them for their own purposes, but the truth would prevail in spite of the most persistent calumny. As to the veneration in which the Bible was held, they would not see Catholic lads pelting each other with the Bible, they would not get their

fish wrapped up in leaves of the Bible and it would not be put to the vilest uses, as was done by those who professed to respect it. These charges, though refuted, would be made again only to be once more refuted. Catholics would always love and venerate the Word of God; they had always treasured it, and would always do so, knowing that it will strengthen their faith, support their hope and increase their charity.

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"Of Whom I am Chief."

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall, I mark the writhing wretches; The hosts of "Crucify" appeal With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude I feel that I am one; And in that din of voices rude, I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back, I see the piercing crown, And of that crowd of sinner's folk I feel that I am one.

Around you, the throng I see, Mocking the sufferer's groan; Yet still my voice I seem to be As if I were alone.

Thus I that shed the sacred blood: I nailed Him to the tree; I crucified the Christ of God. I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails To cleanse away my sin; And not the less that cross prevails To give me peace within.

—Augustus.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Quinquagesima Sunday

LENTEN OBLIGATIONS.

Next Wednesday, my brethren, we enter, as of course you know, on our great and holy season of Lent. On that day, no doubt, as many of you as can will come to the church and receive on your foreheads the ashes which remind us of the penance to which these coming weeks are specially devoted.

The church is generally full on Ash-Wednesday, and one would think, on seeing the crowds pressing forward to receive the ashes, that they were all determined to enter into the spirit of the Church, and to keep Lent as it should be kept. Yet how many there are who go through this outward form, and make a great deal of it, and yet neglect all that is signified by it; who give a show indeed of penance, but bring forth none of its fruits! Some, perhaps, of the Ash-Wednesday penitents will not be seen again in the church till they come forward again on Good Friday to kiss the cross.

Yet it is better to come to church, if only on Ash-Wednesday and Good Friday, than not at all; better to do some penance and show some love of God than to neglect these virtues altogether. But how much better still it would be to now thoroughly understand and seriously take to heart what God requires of us, especially in this holy time, and to make it the means, as it may be more than anything else, of our final salvation!

First, then, to thoroughly understand what we are now to do. Everything must be well understood before it can be well done, and the keeping of Lent is no exception to this general rule. Many people break the rules of Lent because they do not clearly understand them.

Lent, then, my brethren, is not a time to be spent in penance altogether according to one's own devotion. Far from it: the duties to be performed in it are clearly and precisely laid down, and should be attended to very strictly. They are not many; they make no great demand on our time or strength; but the Christian who discharges them properly will make his Lent far better than one would who should neglect them and take any other practices, no matter how hard, in their place. It is better to keep the real rules or laws of Lent faithfully than to hear three Masses every day, and come to all the extra services, and give half one's goods to the poor, and yet neglect our regular duties.

What, then, are these laws? The first is the Easter duty, which should be made before Easter, if possible, though the Church indulgently extends the time several weeks after that festival. Make, then, this great duty, far the greatest of all the duties of a Christian, at once.

The second and only other real law of Lent is that relating to fasting and abstinence. If you attend carefully to the rules that have been read you will understand this well enough. But do not confuse fasting with abstinence; that is the most common mistake. People often say: "Oh! I have to work hard; I can't eat meat if I like." That is a great error, and a very foolish one. Many are excused from fasting on one meal and a collation; few from abstinence on the days appointed. If you want to have a safe conscience in eating meat you should consult a confessor, unless seriously ill.

Attend to these two things, then, and you will make your Lent as a Christian should. But, of course, you will also try to follow, to the best of your ability, the other devotional practices recommended by the Church at this time. Come to the daily Mass, and to the occasional services, and give alms according to your means. These practices, especially now, are of the greatest spiritual profit, and cannot generally be neglected without spiritual danger. But remember that Easter duty and fasting, with abstinence, are the real laws. Obey these, at any rate, and then, so far as you are able, add the others beside.

Ask Your Friends Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds its unspeakable relief for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

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A HOLY LENT.

"As if little girls like we could be holy," scornfully said twelve-year-old Mary Monford to her companion, Alice Randall, as they walked home from school one blustering March day. "Sister Sebastian has nothing else to do but pray and be good—the nuns love to fast, too, and it is easy for them."

"I do not think it is so easy," replied Alice, who was two years older and very thoughtful. "They have so many dispositions to deal with and so various things to try them. I should think they must find it hard to be holy sometimes. And no one can find fasting easy, Mary—but we do not have to fast."

"Sister said, 'fast from sin and mortify yourselves, children! deprive yourselves of little delicacies and candies, and that will be holiness for you.'"

"And so it will," said Alice. "I think children ought to fast in that way."

"You are just like a nun, Alice Randall. You'll be a real nun some day, I know," said Mary, as she skipped away.

Altogether it was Ash Wednesday she ran directly to the pantry, when she got home and ate a large piece of mince pie. At the supper table she repeated in substance the remarks of the afternoon, thereby giving considerable pain to her grandmother, with whom she lived, her father and mother being dead.

"Mary, my dear child," said her grandmother, "your darling mother was the liveliest girl in the village, but there was none more pious. How it must make her heart bleed in heaven, if it is possible hearts can suffer there, to see her little Mary so flippant and careless of holy things. You are wrong, my child, when you say that children are not expected to keep a holy Lent."

Mary was silent; her grandmother's words had touched her deeply, for the memory of the mother she had hardly known was the brightest star in her existence.

When her grandmother was preparing to go to church that evening, she said, "Grandamma, let me go with you to-night. I hate to see you starting out alone, and my lessons can wait till morning."

Her grandmother readily gave her permission and they set forth. "Will there be preaching to-night?" Mary asked as they came near the church.

"No, my dear," was the reply. "Father Hutton announced the Way of the Cross for to-night."

"O dear," sighed Mary, "the Way of the Cross is so tiresome."

"It was a tiresome, cruel way for our Lord," answered her grandmother, and Mary felt rebuked. She knelt as one in a dream until she heard the voice of the priest saying, "Thou who wert bruised for our sins." The words gave her a little pang. She looked up; he had reached the Fourth Station. During the rest of the service she was attentive. The words seemed to linger in her mind. That night after she had lain down in her little white bed beside her grandmother's, she could not forget them; they kept her awake. "Bruised for our sins," she softly repeated under her breath. "Who was bruised? God. Why? For my sins." Then she went over the details of the Passion from the Garden of Calvary, for Mary had been well instructed in the truths of religion. Tears came to her eyes. It was like a conversion—her heart seemed changed—she could not understand it.

She awoke the following morning in the same frame of mind, carefully studying her lessons and performing her little household duties until school time.

She was walking quietly to school, her mind full of good resolutions, when she heard a shout, the tramp of hoofs, and she lay under the feet of an angry, ferocious steer. In a moment it was all over and some one was picking her up. She knew nothing more until lying in her own bed she heard a well-known voice saying:

"Not seriously hurt, I think, but dreadfully scratched and bruised." It was the doctor; was he speaking of her? Once more the words sounded in her ears. "He was bruised for our sins," and she sank into a state of unconsciousness.

Gradually her senses returned and she understood it all. Though suffering great pain she felt cheerful and brave to endure it, for the thought that had been dominant at the time of the accident still remained and became her comfort and strength.

Through long weeks of suffering she lay there, patient for the most part, so little like her old impulsive self that her grandmother thought it a bad sign, and felt solicitous lest some internal injury should supervene and bring the case to a fatal termination. Her little companions, too, were amazed at her sweet cheerfulness and the frequency with which she asked them to pray for her, and Sister Sebastian was delighted with her spirit of piety and fortitude.

and hurt me considerably, has been to me the way of salvation, that is, if I persevere."

"What do you mean, child? I do not understand you," said the old lady.

Then she told her how the thought of the dear dead mother had ushered her into the wish to go to Church Ash Wednesday night, and the subsequent episode that had made her so thoughtful.

"It has never left my mind since," she continued. "I have thought it over and over a hundred times, of all Jesus suffered for me, and how little I had done, how careless I was of holy things, and I resolved to try and do better."

"So your illness has been a meditation on the Passion, my child," said a kindly voice, the voice of Father Paul, her pastor, who had entered unperceived.

Mary blushed and turned away, but the good priest placed his hand on her head, saying:

"I think that your own mother must have besought the dear blessed Mother for her child, and if the accident that seemed so terrible has made a saint of your little, proud, saucy Mary, it will have been a blessing in disguise."

Tears stood in the eyes of the child, as he spoke, but the sweet humility that had lately come to her kept her silent.

Easter morning knew no happier heart than that of the once careless and indifferent Mary, who, brought face to face with suffering and illness, had welcomed the graces proffered her and kept a "holy Lent."—Mary E. Manning, in Young Catholic Messenger.

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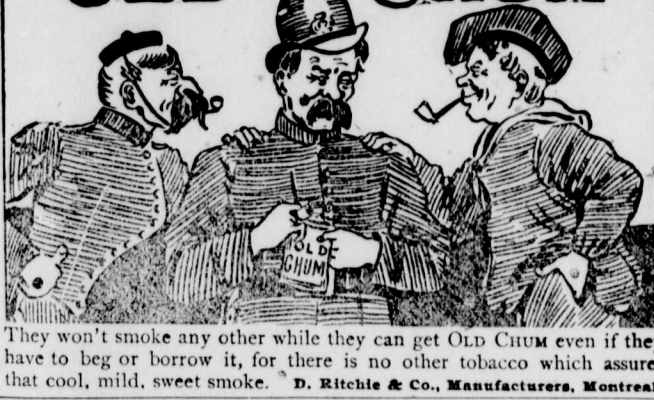
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