

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1882.

NO. 204

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
A nice assortment of Imported
TWEEDS now in stock.
ALSO—
New Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Underclothing, Etc.
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Sincerity.

Oh, bring me now sincerity,
A true and living verity;
Let me be short and ever true,
In everything we think or do,
Let's have sincerity.
Alas! the world is lewdly;
Yet there's some truth in brevity;
And cruel wit is sharp as steel,
Regardless of how others feel.
Who love sincerity.
Cease, world, this idle mockery,
This worse than foolish foppery,
For souls are lost upon the sea
Of mocking words that cannot be
In truth sincerity.
Lark not sullen graving,
Nor apish, lawning snavery,
But sing, quiet, genial truth,
All brightly told by cheery youth,
With warm sincerity.
Then all would live so joyously,
All nature would seem heavenly;
True smiles would wreath each happy face,
And beauty gain that rarest grace,
God's own sincerity.
—Albany Argus.

THE BAZAAR.

Extract from Pastoral letter of His
Lordship Bishop Walsh:
We solemnly promise and engage to
cause a High Mass to be celebrated on the
first Friday of every month, for the space
of ten years, for the temporal and eternal
welfare of the benefactors of the new
Cathedral. The celebration of the afore-
said Mass will begin on the first Friday of
the month following its dedication. We
request of the Reverend clergy to make
this fact well known to their people and
to explain the great spiritual favours to
be gained thereby.
Persons purchasing or disposing of
tickets for the coming Bazaar will gain the
above favours.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Freeman's Journal.
M. HYACINTHE LOYSON has gone into
the boarding-house business. He adver-
tises in Galgan's Messenger for board-
ers who want "home-rest and quiet."
According to Abbe Beecher, who made a
schism in the New Galician Church by re-
fusing to carry Madame's coal up stairs,
M. Loyson has very little quiet and rest
to spare. From the pulpit of Notre Dame
to the keeping of a pensionnat for English
boarders! *Facilis descensus* indeed!
The time is at hand when parents must
decide what to do with their children as to
schooling for the coming term. God has
given them great power. This week or
next they must exercise it. "What doth
it profit a man to gain the whole world
and lose his own soul?" What doth it
profit a man to give over his children's
soul to "colorless" teaching, and gain
nothing—not even a guarantee of worldly
success? It is true that the children of
Catholic parents have attended the public
schools without loss of faith. These chil-
dren have had unusual safeguards at home,
and more instruction than can be given
in the fifty-two hours of the year which
Sunday-school teaching occupies. No
child can, under the most favorable cir-
cumstances, attend these schools without
great risk; no child can attend them
without having faith weakened and doubt
engendered. Protestant bigots rejoice
over the falling away from "Romanism"
which the public schools cause; Henry
Ward Beecher and the rest of the apostles
of materialism rely on them to bring
about the "Americanizing" of the child-
ren of naturalized American citizens.
This "Americanizing" means the divorcing
of them from "Romanizing" influen-
ces. A Catholic child, to be thoroughly
impregnated with the life of his religion,
must live in a Catholic atmosphere. His
home does not usually have this atmos-
phere. His father and mother are too
busy to talk religion. Religious books
and pictures, with the exception of the big
table which nobody reads, are not com-
mon. The Rosary is perhaps said in Lent
and perhaps it is never said. He is taught
his prayers and sent off to Catechism class
to be prepared for his First Communion
and Confirmation. After that he assists
at Mass hastily, and at longer and more
infrequent intervals approaches the Sacra-
ments. What safeguard has he? All
his surroundings are against his continued
firmness in a belief which his "colorless"
education teaches him is false.

Buffalo Union.

"PRIESTS are openly insulted all over
France. Some rowdies set a huge bull
dog on the Abbe Veinet, Professor of The-
ology, in Paris lately, and the best re-
sult was a case of shreds, and but for a his-
tory passer-by would have done the old
man serious injury. The police lately re-
sisted from a crowd of ruffians, who were
dragging him to the river, the Abbe For-
tler, an eminent prison chaplain, who
wears the decoration of the Legion of
Honor for planting, amid a shower of
bullets, the ambulance flag on the church
tower at Gravelotte, thereby saving all
the wounded in the church. The govern-
ment of France, in fostering the spread of
infidelity is fostering a brood of cowardly
ruffians and ingrates who may yet prove
the instruments of its own overthrow.

Our readers will be pleased with the
following account which we reproduce
from the *Almonte, Ont., Gazette*, of the
25th inst., of Bishop Ryan's recent visit
to his birth-place: On Friday last there
arrived in Almonte the R. C. Bishop of
Buffalo, whose visit to this locality is not
without interest. Some fifty-nine years
ago a family named Ryan came out from
Ireland and settled for a time on lot No.
22 on the 2nd concession of Ramsay, which
is now the site of Glayton. Here our vis-
itor of last week was born. The father
being desirous of giving his rising family
more educational advantages than the lo-
cality admitted, left Canada for the
United States, and settled somewhere in
Pennsylvania. The boy born in Canada
appears to have made good use of his op-
portunities, and also has secured the ap-
proval of his ecclesiastical superiors, as,
after passing through all the gradations of
the R. C. priesthood, he was appointed
Bishop of Buffalo, and is greatly respected
by his people. On Sunday last the Bis-
hop occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's
Church, morning and evening, and preach-
ed two very eloquent sermons.

Catholic review.

The appetite of our Protestant friends
for the scandals thrown from the Pope's
garden is not as keen as it used to be.
Perhaps we had rather said they have
learned from experience to be more cau-
tious and discriminating in their selec-
tion. The appetite remains, and some-
times our over-zealous, sinister-headed
brethren are taken in; or rather, perhaps,
they take in the weeds, which, like the
book eaten by the prophet in the Apoc-
alypse, are "sweet as honey in the mouth,
but very bitter in the belly." Apostates
from the Church are almost without ex-
ception bad eggs. We never knew of
but one honest seceder, and that was
Blanco White, who attracted some atten-
tion in his day, in England, but had so
little to say against the Church he had
left, and so much that was complimentary,
that he was not by any means considered
a savory morsel. He had no pungent re-
velations to make of the secret corrup-
tions of the confessional, so they dropped
him, and the poor man developed through
the English establishment into independent
free thought, and finally died without
faith of any kind, a melancholy wreck of
a naturally brilliant intellect. We never
heard anything disparaging to his moral
character. But as for the rest—Bis-
hop Frutis you shall know them. They
have generally been noticed that apostate
priests had a decided partiality for mat-
rimony. In this they imitate the example
of this great apostle of the reformation,
Luther, who, in violation of his solemn
vows, married a nun who was equally
equally solemnly vowed. They are
consistent followers of their great pro-
totypes. It was so with Lahay, the
apostate Irish monk, who some thirty
years ago traversed the country delivering
snappy lectures "to gentlemen only," and
finally ended his miserable life in prison,
in Chicago; sending for a priest in his ex-
tremity and desiring to be reconciled to
the Holy Mother whom he had so long
vilified and maligned. Excessive drink-
ing was not by any means the worst vice
to which he had been addicted.

Catholic Columbian.

SCARCELY a week passes during which
some murder is not committed in Ohio.
These murders are not telegraphed to Ire-
land or England, yet when even a man
knocks another down in Ireland we know
it here the next day, and the poor Irish
suffer for their lack of civilization. Ohio
is about equal to Ireland in territory but
the latter almost doubles the former in
population.

The Catholic Church has all the ele-
ments of continuity and perpetuity and
consequently has no need of resorting to
outside means for defense. If her right
to exist is God-given then only God could
cause her to cease to exist, but this He
will not do, for His words will never pass
away, and His words was the assurance
that he would be with the Church "all
days even to the consummation of the world."

A GENTLEMAN of veracity who called in
our office the day, was unfortunate in
having an interview lately with the notori-
ous anti-Catholic Cowles of Cleveland.
The latter declared that if his will could
be executed, he would to-morrow order
that every Bishop, Priest and Convent,
be burnt to ashes. There are many such
as Cowles, who are too sneaking to de-
clare their feelings openly. Satan would
like a chance to issue that order. Mr.
Cowles, but we all know that the gates
of his realm will not prevail and long
after your miserable body will have passed
away, that glorious Church will continue
on earth, the self-same doctrine.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

THAT good and venerable man, known
as "Papa" Oertel, died on the 11th instant
at his residence, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.,
in the seventy-first year of his edify-
ing and useful life. He came to this
country in 1837 as a Lutheran minister,
but was converted in 1840 to the True
Church. He edited a Catholic paper in
Cincinnati, removed to Baltimore and
edited the *Katholische Kirchen Zeitung*,
then removed, with his paper, to Jamaica,
where he died. May the soul of James
Maximilian Oertel, and all Christian souls,
be the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen.

The London Times devoted its editor-
ial column, the other day, to the illness of
the Prince of Wales, and the dailies, gener-
ally, are making an awful fuss about it.
But the people must be getting sick of
sympathizing with him, though they all
feel for the poor Princess. During his
last serious illness, we were in our native

place, the sea-port of King's Lynn, about
four miles from the Prince's Norfolk seat
of Sandringham. We well remember the
universal anxiety that was then felt for
him, and the general joy over the appar-
ent repentance of the convalescent prodi-
gal, who publicly attended the Thanksgiv-
ing service, with *The Dawn*, for his restora-
tion, held at St. Margaret's Church, at
Lynn. His local medical attendant, Dr.
Kendal, since dead, told us how deeply he
was touched at the spectacle of the sor-
row-stricken Princess, sitting night and
day by the bed-side of her husband, sick
unto death, and praying to God for his
recovery. Was he worthy of such devotion?
The countrymen of Alexandria do not
seem to think so. The Danish cap-
tains, then in port, would come into the
office of our father, who is still the Danish
Consul at Lynn, and ask us: "How is the
Apple of our Eye?"—that is the pet-name
given to their deservedly beloved Princess
by the people of Copenhagen—"How is
the Princess? We do not care about him,
blank blank him, he is not worthy to
drink the water she washes her hands in."
And these bluff old sailors, descendants of
the Scandinavian vikings, voiced the sen-
timents of the English people, properly so
called.

Baltimore Mirror.

THE members of the female religious
Orders devoted to teaching are among
the most useful members of the Church.
They live to do good. They have consec-
rated themselves to the training of young
girls, and of whatever militates against
that work they have made sacrifice. They
have quit their homes; and, abandoning
friends and comforts and pleasures, they
have gone apart by themselves, a holy
people, to practice the counsel of perfec-
tion, and to educate, Christians
should be led to imitate the example
of their care. There is a noble mission,
and nobly do they fulfill it. With all
a mother's love they guard the innocence
of their charge, and by precept and ex-
ample discipline them in righteousness.
Virtue they propose as the highest good,
and so arousing and directing the con-
science of the little ones, they get them to
perform all their duties from a religious
motive—even the most trivial, from the
time they rise in the morning till the mo-
ment when they retire at night. By this
means they instruct their wards how to
sanctify every one of their daily actions,
according to the admonition of St. Paul
to the Corinthians—"Whether you eat or
drink, or whatsoever else you do—do all
to the glory of God." By this means,
too, they make better students of them
than they otherwise would be, for the
gentle maids will go through with their
tasks more perfectly when they do so
please the Lord and obey their parents,
than when they have not these principles
to sustain them. And in the regulation
of these tasks, the Nuns and the Sisters
have no superiors. Themselves com-
monly graduates of convent schools, they
know from experience what lessons should
be given; themselves accomplished, they
are competent to impart to others a polite
education; and themselves zealous in
their vocation, they are skillful in
awakening in their pupils an enthusiasm
for learning in the branches which are
useful as well as in those which are ornamental.
The result of their ability and
methods are to be seen in the goodness
and decency of the children of the lightest
class in the land. Hardly a Catholic
family but had or has some of its members
under their refining hands, and not a few
Protestant and Israelite homes boast of
their amiable and talented daughters who
received their schooling in some of our
academies.

Boston Pilot.

THE Sultan happens to have some prin-
ciples, at least in religious matters. Bigot
and barbarian he undoubtedly is; but he
believes in his creed, and would look upon
anybody but had or has some of its members
under their refining hands, and not a few
Protestant and Israelite homes boast of
their amiable and talented daughters who
received their schooling in some of our
academies.

New York Tablet.

It is a lamentable and a disgraceful fact
that amongst a large proportion of our
so-called "Irish" young Irish-American
Catholics there is a growing disposition
to shirk Catholic society and abandon Catho-
lic practices as being unfashionable. As
for anything Irish, they would not touch
it with a forty-foot pole. Indeed, they
would pass unnoticed on the street their
Irish-Catholic fathers or mothers sooner
than admit to their high-toned friends
their Irish paternity. The male portion
of these creatures rejoice under the eupho-
nious names of "Hen," "Gus," Vivian, or
Rapert, the other sex bearing such "fashion-
able" names as Dollie, Emma, Jane, etc. If
they have the unpeakable misfortune to
be christened Bridget, it must be softened
into Delia or Beldia or "Bee," while the
grand name of Mary must be transformed
into Mamie or Mollie or Dollie. These
are the class who pocket all manner of in-
sults to their faith and their race from
their "cultured" non-Catholic friends. If
some Catholic doctrine or practice is made
the butt of ridicule in those refined circles,
they will actually take a hand in sooner
than divulge the dread secret that they
belong to the unfashionable religion which
disowns such unworthy members. If
those upstart Catholics condescend to go
to church at all, they will do so in a speak-
ing manner, as if afraid that the eyes of

their tony friends were on them. To be a
Catholic is, in the estimation of these
sneaking creatures, had enough, but to be
Catholic and Irish—oh! what would Hen
or Gus or Arthur think of that? What
matters it that America was discovered by
a Catholic, that Catholics first proclaimed
the grand doctrine of religious freedom on
these shores, that in the life and death
struggle of the revolution Catholics shed
forth their blood and treasures in the
cause of freedom? Oh! all that is history,
but it is not fashionable to mention it.
And, again, what a noble and glorious
part Irishmen played in revolutionary
times, the record of which is embalmed
with the immortal names of Patrick
Henry, Gen. Sullivan, Commodore John
Barry, "the father of the American navy,"
and numerous other heroes of the same
race! This, too, is matter of history.
"But," whispers the sycophantic snob, "we
must not refer to the past. 'Hem' may
not like it." In the same manner the
services of Irishmen and Catholics in help-
ing to preserve the Union when its very
existence was threatened during our civil
war are gratefully acknowledged by all
Americans, but our Catholic toady would
never bring up such an objectionable topic.
The Irish popular movements of the day
he extols as a religious duty to freely
ignore; to be seen in converse with
Land-Leaguers would be social ostracism.
The reason for the condition of things de-
scribed above is not far to seek. Ignor-
ance, dense and downright ignorance, lays
at the bottom of it. In ninety-nine cases
out of a hundred the man or woman
whose goal will your tony Catholic doc-
trines and delusions regard him with
secret contempt and loathing. No person
in whose composition there is anything of
the manly element can regard such a
grovelling creature but with disgust. It
will always be found that he who denies
his race or his religion is devoid of any
of those noble qualities which constitute one
of God's noblemen. He will not lift an
arm in defence of his country or strike a
blow for freedom. A man without the
courage of his convictions is contemptible;
such a man is your Catholic snob. If
Catholic parents would see to it that their
children shall grow up imbued with the
principles of the faith, by the truth at all
hazards, the genus Catholic snob would
soon become extinct. "The child is father
of the man," and youth is the time to
mould the manly character.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION OF "CURS."

Freeman's Journal.

Notwithstanding the fact that the
secular newspapers are notoriously unre-
liable in matters of Catholic news, there
will always be a number of gullible per-
sons ready to swallow every word they
put forth. The *Herald* is continually
scattering abroad rumors which have no
foundation whatever in truth, and these
rumors it elaborates with a persistent and
evident pleasure in lying. On the tenth
of August the Associated Press gave this
dispatch to the papers connected with it:
MONTREAL, August 11.—Bishop La-
che of Three Rivers, has forbidden the
ladies of his congregation to wear curls,
under penalty of committing sin.
The *Herald*, of the 13th, "embroidered"
this bare statement very carefully:
"The announcement," it said, after
favoring the public with the usual
Heraldic analysis of Canadian morals, and
the intentions of the clergy, "of the pre-
paration of the Pastoral would have been
looked upon as a correspondent's canard
were it not that it filtered into the press
through one of these semi-official news-
papers, which are published in many parts
of the Province of Quebec, and thus
public attention towards the pulpits from
which it will be read."
La Parole thus characterizes the organ
which the *Herald*, in its wisdom, calls
"semi-official": "Having fabricated a
falsehood which was at once spread
through all North America, this pretended
Catholic journal republishes the com-
ments of the American press on this 'fact'
which did not exist." The editor of the
Baltimore Mirror, Mr. L. W. Kelly, wrote
to the Bishop of Three Rivers, and re-
ceived the following reply, dated August
10th:
"Sir—The telegram published by the
New York *Herald* and dated Montreal,
August 11, is false. Bishop Lache, of
Three Rivers, has not forbidden the
ladies of his congregation to wear curls
under pain of sin." He has published the
decrees of the Sixth Provincial Council of
Quebec, which have been approved by the
Holy See. The seventeenth decree treats
of the education of young girls, and
among other regulations lays down this
rule: "They should be inspired with a
love of Christian modesty and simplicity,
and with contempt of everything that
they may faithfully observe this direction
of the Apostle, 'In like manner, women
also in decent apparel, adorning them-
selves with modesty and sobriety, not
with plaited hair, or gold, or pearls,
or costly attire, but as becoming women,
professing godliness, with good works.'"
I am, Sir, etc.

"I quoted this extract word for word
from the decrees of the Sixth Council of
Quebec, and it is on that quotation that
the telegram was built."
"I sent you with this a copy of my Pas-
toral, and you may find the decree in
question on page 162."
"It is thus that the enemies of the Catho-
lic Church scatter falsehood."

The secular papers have paraphrased
this piece of "news" in a thousand differ-
ent ways, as they paraphrased the other
"news" regarding the elevation of Arch-
bishop Fechan to the Cardinalate. Catho-
lics ought by this time to have learned
how untrustworthy the secular press is in
Catholic matters.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

Written for the "Catholic Record."
Kennedy, Minn., Aug. 27th, 1882.

St. Paul, the political capital of Minne-
sota, and commercial metropolis of the Am-
erican North West, is beautifully situated
on the Mississippi, and is a place of great
historical interest. In the days of French
dominion in America, St. Paul was a point
of importance and was visited by traders
and missionaries, some of whom have left
honored names in the history of the coun-
try. Father Hennepin in his exploration
of the Upper Mississippi, was the first white
man who visited this interesting spot.
Here he cast eyes on the rushing torrent
of the rapids which he called after St.
Anthony, and no doubt also paused to
contemplate the tender and suave beau-
ties of Minnehaha about midway between
the present cities of St. Paul and Minne-
apolis. This lovely fall, immortalized in the
verses of Longfellow, is justly considered
by the people of both places as one of the
greatest attractions to the visitor. In
summer Minnehaha is daily visited by
hundreds and sometimes thousands of per-
sons many from most distant points. I
remember driving there from Minneapolis
one day in early spring. The day was
clear and beautiful but the wind bleak and
chilling. We were, consequently, the
only pilgrims to Minnehaha that after-
noon. The snow and ice of the long
Northern winter yet skirted the sides and
feet of the fall, as if lingering to enjoy as
long as nature could permit the smiles and
fragrant breath of the "laughing waters."
We spent two or three hours in studying
the beauties of this favored resort and for
my part I could have spent days there,
every moment I remained, brought into
view some new point of interest, some
clearer line of beauty. If Minnehaha be
really lovely, as we all know it is, in the
sunshine of summer, it is, in my estima-
tion, much more lovely in the joyous days
of early spring-tide. Through some of the
vicissitudes and contradictions of nomen-
clature on this continent, the county in
which St. Paul is situated is called Ram-
say, and that in which its charming sister
city—Minneapolis finds place is called
Hennepin, a name like that of
Marquette, illustrative of that apostolic
zeal which emboldens and sanctifies the early
history of America. Why, then, I dare to
ask, did not the American pioneers of
Minnesota give the same name in the first
instance to the city and county and in the
second instance honor the city by the
name of the county? Surely the memory
of Father Hennepin should be dear to all
Americans but especially to these residing
in Minnesota. It is a fact worthy of
notice in the school histories of the
United States and Canada, very little
mention is made of the man who first
visited these vast regions to open them up
to the influence of religion and civilization.
It does seem that because they were
missionaries of the Catholic Church their
memory is to be left in oblivion. But the
memory of such men cannot die. To
the fearless and exalted piety we owe
the exploration of the whole North Amer-
ican continent, if we except a narrow strip
on the Atlantic coast from Virginia north-
ward to Massachusetts. Before the exis-
tence of heresy dared to venture from
the seashore devoted missionaries of vari-
ous religious orders had carried the light of
evangelical truth and the goodness of
evangelical counsel and precept into the remot-
est wilds of this vast continent. Whether
we look towards this Northwestern country
or direct our eyes towards Florida or Cal-
ifornia, we see the same evidences of Catho-
lic zeal and apostolic devotedness. The
flippant mendacity of Puritan bigotry has
never been slow to fasten on Catholic
devotedness and self-sacrifice every charge
that malignity could invent or cowardice
suggest. But history is at hand to bear
testimony to the fact that America was
first won to Christianity and civilization
through that devotedness and self-sacri-
fice. Why then are not the names and
deeds of the sainted pioneers of religion
and civilization in North America brought
under the notice of our school children?
Do not these men deserve at least as much
prominence as others known only by their
names and distinguished only by a success
resulting too frequently from unscrupu-
lousness? Ought not the examples of
heroic virtue rather than those of men
of good fortune be held up to youth?
Near Minnehaha is Fort Snelling,
an important station of the American
regular army. There is always a body of
troops kept at this point. In former
times when hostilities with the red man
rendered settlement in many parts of
Minnesota a very perilous undertaking,
Fort Snelling was one of the business sta-
tions of the American army. It is now
as peaceful as if the sudden call to arms
never resounded within its walls.
St. Paul is a city of about sixty five
thousand inhabitants and is increasing
very rapidly. I visited nearly every point
of interest in the city. I regretted that
in retreat it was impossible for me to see any
of them or have the privilege of an inter-
view with Bishop Ireland who resides in
this city. The name of this worthy pre-
late is known throughout America in con-
nection with Catholic colonization. His
mission with Catholicizing several Catho-
lic colonies in this state and has met in
this movement of true Christian charity
with very decided success. The churches
and schools of St. Paul are fine, com-
modious edifices. Some of the churches pos-

sessing great merit in an architectural
sense. For the higher education of young
ladies there are well appointed conven-
tional establishments, in fact, from a
Catholic standpoint, St. Paul is one of the
best provided cities in the Union, with all
the requisites of a vigorous and progres-
sive religious life. So many of the houses
in this city are built of stone that St.
Paul wears a more solid and, in the eyes
of Canadians, a more respectable appear-
ance than many other cities of the pub-
lic. Building stone in endless quantities
is to be found within the city limits and
their immediate vicinity. I was glad to
learn that many of the leading business
men of St. Paul are Catholics and that
they enjoy the confidence of their con-
temporaries and the esteem of their separated
brethren. One of the very finest residen-
ces in the city, and indeed in the whole
North-West, is that recently purchased
from Mr. R. B. Angus, now of Montreal,
by Mr. Denis Ryan, an Irish Catholic
gentleman well-known in the Ottawa dis-
trict. This magnificent residence is situ-
ated on woodland avenue, one of the most
picturesque and fashionable quarters
of the Minnesota metropolis. The build-
ing is constructed of white brick with
brown stone foundation and white stone
door and window facings and ornamenta-
tions. It is three stories in height and of
commodious dimensions. Its cost is esti-
mated at \$80,000. Mr. Ryan is one of the
most remarkable men in St. Paul. By
birth an Irishman, belonging to a respect-
able family, he came, while yet very young
with his parents to Canada and lived for
many years with them in the Ottawa dis-
trict, not far from the city of Ottawa.
Of an active, energetic turn of mind, he
devoted himself with assiduity in his ear-
ly years to put to profit the scanty ad-
vantages offered by the township schools.
With such success was that assiduity re-
warded that while still a very young man
he could boast of a larger store of general
knowledge than generally falls to the lot
of youth in Canadian rural districts.
Shortly after the close of the American war,
Canada was suffering from such a severe
commercial stringency that thousands of
our young men sought homes in the
American republic. Mr. Ryan was one
of the many who resolved to find else-
where what his own country could not
then promise, success in some business
undertaking adapted to his tastes and tal-
ents. He left Canada for the territory of
Utah and there engaged in the mining
business. From the outset everything
seemed to favor him and in a few years he
became proprietor of mining interests of
immense value and to-day, through his
own industry, perseverance and merit he
is possessed of a large and secure fortune.
About five years ago Mr. Ryan married
Miss Rasche, a Catholic lady of good old
Maryland stock. Mrs. Ryan dispenses the
hospitality and presides over the domestic
affairs of their beautiful mansion with the
dignity and kindness that bespeak the
true lady.

There is published in St. Paul a Catho-
lic journal called the North Western
Chronicle. It is a well conducted and cle-
verly written paper with a wide con-
fidence. Amongst the contributors the fore-
most appears to be the Pioneer Press.
I must confess that what little I have seen
of it has not produced a very good impres-
sion on me. It seems to me to be deeply
tinged with religious prejudice and no-
thing intolerance. There is yet amongst
certain classes of Americans a great deal
of the latter feeling, which finds expres-
sion now and then through such journals as
the Pioneer Press. But in the face of Catho-
lic progress and the loyalty of Irish Amer-
icans to republican institutions it can-
not even when supported by such papers
hope for lengthy existence or at all events
for enduring influence. F. C.

Two Mysteries.

The existence of God is a mystery. We
know most surely that God is, we know
that he is infinite and eternal, the begin-
ning and the end of all things, but we
cannot understand these things. When we
begin to reflect on a Being, who had no be-
ginning and is changeless, we get lost, we
come from light into darkness, or rather we
get blinded with the excess of light. God
is then a mystery, and it is remarkable
that God should be a mystery. But the be-
havior of man to such a God is also a mys-
tery; not a grand and divine mystery, but
a degrading, shameful mystery. If those
who believe in God were proud of being
his creatures, if they adored and loved
him, and spoke of him with awe and lived
only for his pleasure, and in the hope of
continuing one day to behold and possess
him, then all would be right, all would be
reasonable. But to believe in God, and
to neither fear nor love him; to believe
in him, and to scarcely bend a knee to
him in praise or prayer; to believe in him
and show our belief mainly by taking his
name in vain, by outraging and insulting
him; to believe in him and to be ashamed
of serving him; to believe in him and
his threats of hell—this is the conduct of
many Christians, and I say it is an incom-
prehensible mystery, and a shameful and
horrible mystery.

A Convert Receives His Mother into the Church.

At Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Mrs. Mary
Stobinger became a Catholic, and re-
ceived conditional baptism from her son,
who, a convert too, became a priest.

The wicked even acknowledge virtue
while living in opposition to it. They can
see what a beautiful adornment it is in
the person of another, but they cannot see
the void its absence creates in their own.

The Old Man at the Altar.

For many years the demon of discord lurked among the people of Clare, and faction fighting extensively prevailed. Scarcely an aisle took place in which the calender did not present an imposing array of names as prisoners indicted for assaults more or less numerous. These continued until the O'Connell election in 1828, when the Roman Catholic clergy prevailed on the heads of factions to become reconciled. John Banville wrote some spirited lines describing this event, which he recited to me; and among the present them by readers must be the heading, "The Old Man at the Altar."

An old man knelt at the altar, His enemy's hand to take, And at first his voice did falter, And his feeble hands did shake. For his only brace he wore, Had been stretched at the old man's feet, A corpse, and also cold and grey, By the hand that he now must greet.

The old man soon stopped speaking; For rage that had not gone by, From under his brows came breaking, Up into his enemy's eye. And now his hands were not shaking, But clenched, and his eyes were fixed; And he looks a wild wish to be taking Revenge for the son he has lost.

But the old man looked around him, And thought of the wrong he was in, And thought of the vow that bound him, And then crying tears like a woman, "Your hand," he cried, "is that hand, And I do forgive you this story, For the sake of our bleeding land." —Charles Kieckhafer, in Irish Nation.

THE WRAITH OF THE ACHENESE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II. (Founded on fact.)

But they had not proceeded far when Heinrich's countenance fell. He had begun to think of Moida; and she determined to tell his friend all that he knew about her, and ask his advice in regard to the hated Otto Von Kessler, who had so unexpectedly reappeared when he and Moida hoped that he would never come back from Hungary. Accordingly, as they walked along Heinrich frankly told Carl how he had made the girl's acquaintance at the "White Lamb." "And really," he said, "she is a most bewitching girl. I have often wondered that you did not speak about her. And she is the model whom I have chosen for my water-wraith. But, Carl, she will only allow me to copy her head. But she is very stubborn. However, I do not give up hope. Some day I may conquer her scruples, and then, Carl, what a splendid model I shall have!" While Heinrich was speaking Carl had stopped short; and now he was staring at his friend with a dazed look, which puzzled Heinrich and made him say: "Carl, Carl, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," answered Carl, letting his eyes fall to the ground and shaking his head. "Go on. Have you anything more to tell about this young woman?" "Well, yes, I have," answered Heinrich. "And now the latter went on to speak about Otto Von Kessler. "What is he back? Is he persecuting poor Moida again?" exclaimed Carl. "Why, then, you know something about the villain?" said Heinrich. "Oh yes, Heinrich, I do. I know as much as myself—ever more. Poor, dear Moida! we must save her from him; for I believe he is capable of doing almost anything. Ay, jealousy has well-nigh made Von Kessler a madman."

And now Carl was as frank with Heinrich as Heinrich had been with him; and he told how Moida had allowed him to model her graceful figure, but not her head. Whereupon Heinrich exclaimed: "Carl! Carl! who would have believed it? The dear girl has managed to throw dust in your eyes as well as mine. I thought I had her all to myself; you thought you had her all to yourself. Oh! who would have imagined she was such a coquette?" "Well, I forgive her," said Carl. "So do I," said Heinrich; "and now after we have drunk our beer we can have a brief talk with her, and then go to bed."

It was not long in reaching the "White Lamb"; and when they entered the beer-hall and cast their eyes around for Moida, then receiving a strange girl writing on the guests, they immediately began to fear that something had happened. "Moida went away yesterday about noon," said the host in answer to their question; and I much regret her loss, for she was an excellent servant, even if she was a little prudish and shy in her ways. "Well, come let us not lose a moment in seeking her," said Carl. "Yes, yes we must make haste," returned Heinrich. Whereupon, off they went, determined to get track of the missing girl; and woe to Von Kessler had he crossed their path in their present mood.

In less than twenty minutes they discovered that Moida had been crossing the Isar-Thor bridge on the afternoon of the previous day. "She appeared furious and nervous," said the old woman who gave them this information, "and she asked me which was the shortest route to the mountains. She said she wanted to go to Eben, a village just beyond the Achense, where one of her aunts, it seems, is wedded to a miller. So I had her cross this bridge, and then keep straight along the highway for seventy-five or eighty miles." "Well, not a quarter of an hour after that girl of whom you are speaking of passed over the bridge," put in an old man who was listening, "a student whom I have often seen at the 'White Lamb,' asked me whether I had seen her going in this direction, and I answered yes. For I know Moida well; she has handed me many a schoepen of beer. And now, young gentlemen, it seems that you are also anxious to find her. Why, how many lovers she has! Ha! ha! ha!"

should journey on to the ancient castle of Rafenstein, which stood, as we know, hard by the Achense lake. "It is not far off," said Carl. "One of the roads to Eben runs close by it, and there we may, perhaps, get tidings of Moida." To this Heinrich agreed. And so to the half-ruined castle they went, urging along their jaded horses; for black, angry clouds were beginning to darken the sky, and thunder-pellets were falling.

The fugitive girl likewise heard the thunder approaching. "But never mind the storm," murmured Moida. "I am now close to my dear mountains, and I may consider myself out of danger." But if Moida really thought that she had successfully eluded Otto Von Kessler, a feeling of sadness blended with her joy. "For who knows," she sighed, "whether I may ever meet Carl and Heinrich again."

But of the two Moida felt that she regretted Heinrich more the Carl, for he was more full of human nature, more like herself; and now the very thought of him brought tears to her eyes. The big raindrops were falling not many rods behind her when Moida got to the border of the Achense. She might have continued along the highway, which skirted the south-end of the lake; but a peasant, in whose hut she had passed the night, had informed her that by taking a boat she might considerably shorten the distance to Eben.

As good luck would have it, a skiff lay partly drawn up on the beach, while the ferryman stood leaning on his oar beside it, as if he were waiting for a passenger. "Well, I'll venture it," thought Moida. "He has stout arms; the storm-wind is in our favor, and he will soon row me across to the other shore." The boatman needed only a wave of her hand to shove his boat into the water. "And he is well clad," said Moida inwardly. "For such rough work as this. The huge cowl which covers his head and conceals everything except his eyes will shelter him from every drop of rain."

Moida was right. The fellow was admirably protected against rain, and hail, and sleet; nothing could be seen of his features save two glittering eyes. In less than a minute the boat was starting, forward amid the waves; and one bellow, higher than any of the others, at once rose up behind and kept close very close to the stern where Moida sat, as though it was striving to overtake her and swallow her up. But the wind, which was now howling like ten thousand demons, kept the bounding skiff ever a few feet in front of this hungry, chasing bellow. Already the Rabenstein and other high mountains rising in the lake were becoming veiled by murky clouds which were covering all swiftly along one after the other, took all manner of fantastic shapes; and presently Moida was left for the water to rest upon save the tiny bark, the raging waters, and the boatman who was plying his oars with murky, dark eyes.

While Moida was vainly endeavoring to get a glimpse of the farther shore, an immense fiery serpent darted zigzag athwart the sky, followed in an instant by a tremendous peal of thunder. The girl, who had seen many a vivid flash of lightning, but never before saw such a flash as this, now began to tremble and said to herself: "Oh! why was I so impatient? Why did I not wait until the tempest was over? And while she was thus saying, a low rumble in the distance, which was the forerunner of the hailstones; and poor Moida bowed her head and groaned and prayed aloud as they fell upon her. "Boatman, boatman!" she cried, "why did you let me venture forth on the lake in such a furious storm? Rash man! why do you not know what was coming?" "I know what was coming," answered a voice which Moida had heard before; and she felt a cold stream through her veins and scarcely dared to lift up her eyes as she heard this voice. "Merciful God! the Virgin!" cried Moida, appalled by the sight of Otto Von Kessler, who now flung back his cowl and was not staring at her with a pitiless look. "Merciful God! Holy Virgin!" again she cried; and this time her wail was answered by a fiendish laugh. "You are not in St. Michael's Church now, are you not on the straggle of the Old Academy," spoke Otto. "Nobody will interrupt me here. And if Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach wish to find their 'Liebe,' they must seek for her among the fishes of the Achense." So saying, Von Kessler grasped Moida by the shoulders—in vain she struggled, in vain her imploring words fell on ears of stone—then into the foaming lake he tossed her. Having done the deed, the murderer stood a moment balancing himself in the rocking boat, straining his eyes to see whether the body would rise to the surface. While he stood thus looking, and clutching in his right hand a big stone which he meant to fling at his victim if she reappeared, another fiery serpent darted across the heavens. Then, without a cry, without a groan, down fell Von Kessler, struck dead by a thunder-bolt.

"I have never seen the Achense agitated by such a tempest as this," spoke Carl to Heinrich, as they stood by one of the tower windows of Rafenstein Castle, watching the angry waves breaking on the beach. What added to the wildness of the scene was the hour; the shadows of night-fall were beginning to steal into the chamber, and gave to an ancient suit of armor hanging against the wall a weird, ghastly appearance. "And you know that they say that the black rock in that lake, which is now hidden by the reeds, is haunted," pursued Carl. "It is said that pleading cries are occasionally heard coming from it." "Ha! you might think you believed that silly story," replied Heinrich. "Well, laugh at me as you will," went on Carl. "I do firmly believe in ghosts and spirits; I am not a materialist." "Nor I," returned Heinrich; "and yet I have no faith in ghosts, hobgoblins, water-wraiths, or spirits of any kind making themselves seen or heard by mortal eyes and ears."

He had scarcely uttered these words when a pale woman, who, along with her husband, had her home in the half-ruined castle, climbed, with all the speed she was capable of, up the tower steps exclaiming: "Do you hear it? Do you hear it? Listen! listen!" "What mean you?" inquired Heinrich, smiling at the gray-haired creature on the self and murmured, "Holy Virgin! pray for me." "She means the water-wraith; and I hear it too," said Carl, who likewise

made the sign of the cross, and speaking in a tone full of awe. Sure enough, at this moment a shriek was distinctly heard, wafted from the lake, and it was presently followed by another and another; and the shrieks seem to come from the very rock where the water-wraith was sometimes said to make her appearance. "I must listen down to the chapel," said the old woman—an ancient chapel was attached to the castle, where Mass was occasionally offered up. "Holy Virgin! pray for me." Nor did Carl lose sight of the moment in following the frightened, credulous crone, while Heinrich took close on Carl's heels; down the stairway they went at a breakneck pace—one false step and they would have broken their necks—and the descending Carl murmured a couple of Ave Marias. Then into the chapel both he and the old woman ran. But not so Heinrich, who parted with them at the threshold, then straightway turned a step in the direction of the lake. "Good good! Here is a boat," he exclaimed as soon as he reached the water's edge. Saying which, into the boat he sprang, and never were oars plied more vigorously than these oars. Yet, strong as Heinrich was, he could barely make headway in the teeth of the angry wind. Little by little, however, guided by the loud cries, he drew near to the haunted rock. Only for these cries he might not have reached it, for all around him was naught save peeling hailstones and darkness. As soon, when the wind which warned him that he was very near the rock, Heinrich lay on his oars and listened. And while he was listening there came a huge wave which dashed his little craft violently against a sharp, projecting ledge. As he was about to be hurled overboard, the boat would have been shivered to pieces. As it was, a big hole was stove in the bottom of the boat, through which the hissing water rushed.

"Quick! Make haste, whoever you are! Jump in!" cried Heinrich, who saw that there was not a moment to lose. "Gracious God! I am saved. Blessed Virgin, your prayers have been heard!" answered Moida, as she fell into Heinrich's arms. But this was not a time for sentimental talk, for eyelashes were so brief. Nimbly the oars were plied again. But while the brave row pulled with his whole might, in through the ugly gap at his feet the water kept pouring.

But the Blessed Virgin's and St. Joseph's prayers, had indeed been heard in Moida's behalf; and just as the boat was about to sink into the lake the welcome shore was reached. "Dear, gallant, noble Heinrich! I were all the worlds Moida could utter as the young man pressed her to his heart. Then, as she burst into glad tears, "Blessing God!" answered Heinrich. "Never again shall we be parted—never again. I love you too much."

"Holy Virgin! Dear St. Joseph! Do I deserve such a bliss as this?" murmured Moida, who had been kneeling in the church, praying, replied Heinrich. "Well, it is just like him," went on Moida; "yes, just like him. What a good, pious fellow Carl is!" "Let us now be brief with our story. Instead of conducting Moida to Rafenstein, where the old woman would have given her a snug night's lodging, Heinrich led her to a peasant's house in a neighboring hamlet. And there towards midnight he left Moida clad in dry garments and took her to the inn where, as Heinrich had told her, he had his lodgings. Heinrich's truth and nobility he loved able to obtain any sounder rest than herself; when anticlerical crowd the next morning his eyes were still wide open. But now to come back to Carl. "What has become of Carl?" he asked, when he claimed the prayerful hour, when, after waiting anxiously hour after hour for his friend to return, he saw Heinrich enter the tower precisely as the clock struck twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have loved you," said Carl, continued Heinrich. "The tales the old man told me about hobgoblins and demons agitated me ever so much. I began to fear I might never see you again." At these words Heinrich smiled; then, after Carl had embraced him, "Well, you see, dear friend," he said, "that the devil has caught me. Here I am safe and sound, and before another sun is many hours high I will prove to you that I need not envy the happiest man in Bavaria."

"Upon my word, the dear fellow talks very wildly," thought Carl, who had never before saw Heinrich's eyes so bright nor his cheeks such a brilliant glow in them. "I pray God he is not bewitched." And when, a few minutes later, the cloud passed away and the moonbeams shined, Carl turned towards the couch where Heinrich had flung himself, and said: "Dear friend, what has happened? Are you ill? Why do you keep muttering to yourself and looking up at the moon?" "The sun will still show his face," said Heinrich, who had just risen. "I wish it were up to God bless the sun! I wish it were still shining," was the only response Heinrich gave to Carl's anxious question. The latter, despite the concern which he felt for his friend, in a little while closed his eyes—for he was very tired—and after a few hours of fitful slumber he was awakened by Heinrich exclaiming: "Rise, dear Carl, rise! The cock is crowing! Rise and come with me to the village church, for to-day is to be my wedding-day, and you must act as my groomsmen."

"Your wedding day! Going to be married!" said the bewildered Carl, rubbing his eyes. "Pray to whom?" "To a water-wraith," answered Heinrich, bursting into a laugh. Whereupon Carl fetched a deep groan, for now he could no longer doubt that his best, his truest friend had lost his wits. Then, as soon as they were dressed and had gone down stairs, Carl made haste to call a couple of peasants who were on their way to the fields, and whispered to them: "I beseech you help me to keep a vigilant eye on this unfortunate gentleman. Not a word is to be said to him, but if he is in his senses. But now, alas! he is gone mad."

And so, watched by half a dozen eyes, Carl, dressed in a pair of ragged, dirty, danced, his way to the church, whose bells were already ringing a joyous peal. What Carl uttered, what Carl felt, what Carl did, when a few minutes later he found himself in Moida's presence, who told him, in a few words, the story of the self and murmured, "Holy Virgin! pray for me." "She means the water-wraith; and I hear it too," said Carl, who likewise

her, and, finally, how she had promised to be Heinrich's bride—we leave to the imagination of the reader. But this much let us say; the poor fellow could hardly believe what his eyes saw, what his ears heard, and, as Carl said on the radiant maiden's face the vision of a thousand night-haunts passed before him, while from his lips escaped a sigh. But presently he mastered his feelings, then, placing himself between Moida and Heinrich, he took each of them by the hand, and, "come into the church," he said, "and offer thanks to God for this happy day. You, dear girl, have been saved from a watery grave; while you, Heinrich, need not envy the happiest man in Bavaria."

They were still on their knees praying when the minister of God made his appearance. Then the candles were lit, a couple of gingers glittered on a plate close by, and Heinrich thought, and so did Moida, that the Sacrament of Matrimony was the dearest and sweetest of all the seven sacraments. During the Mass which followed the marriage ceremony a boat full of water drifted ashore; it struck the beach opposite Rafenstein Castle, and in it was a dead boy. Stamped upon the forehead of the corpse was a small black mark, and his garments were singed and rent by the avenging fire of heaven. But this ghastly object was all that marred the beauty of the landscape. Calm was the lake as a mirror; not a cloud floated in the azure sky; not the faintest ripple on the water greeted Moida when she came out of the church declared that this glorious day was made expressly for her.

When Heinrich and his bride returned to Munich the first thing he did was to throw open his window, and his country folk who greeted Moida when she came out of the church declared that this glorious day was made expressly for her. When Heinrich and his bride returned to Munich the first thing he did was to throw open his window, and his country folk who greeted Moida when she came out of the church declared that this glorious day was made expressly for her. When Heinrich and his bride returned to Munich the first thing he did was to throw open his window, and his country folk who greeted Moida when she came out of the church declared that this glorious day was made expressly for her.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, recently addressed the members of the Golden Branch Society, of Phillips Exeter Academy, upon "What Advantage Does an American Boy Possess?" Mr. Atkinson urged that the young men who are soon to become the workers and the controllers in the business of life should be careful not to become one-sided, and not to lose the "gumption" which every Yankee boy ought to possess, and which does not form a part of the curriculum of the school or college, but is developed only in that part of the process of education which is outside the books and independent of the teacher. Gumption is that power of applying the work of the hand and the brain together under the quick application of the will, which makes a boy or man ready for any emergency, and enables him to decide at a glance, or with a single thought, the right way of doing something. In the old time, although the organization of the schools was not as perfect as it is to-day, and although the teachers were perhaps not as competent as those of modern time, while the variety of instruction was far less, there was a no less number of able and capable men among the graduates of schools and colleges in proportion to the whole number of people than there is to-day. The necessity which was imposed on the rich and poor alike to do some part of the work of life with their own hands, while they were attempting to develop their mental powers, worked in the direction that made the teachers perhaps not as competent as those of modern time, while the variety of instruction was far less, there was a no less number of able and capable men among the graduates of schools and colleges in proportion to the whole number of people than there is to-day.

I visited all the hospitals, and cannot speak too highly of the devotion of the staff of the Catholic Charity Sisters. In addition to their own sick they are crowded with refugees of all conditions. Some died soon after admission into the hospital, and the Sisters had no means of burying them; others went mad from fright, and there were no almshouses or rooms for their restraint. At the French or general hospital a cold shell from one of the ships outside the squadron penetrated the room where there were three Sisters. The poor women were afraid it would explode, but the nuns with an officer called and assured them this was impossible. Yesterday at three o'clock in the afternoon I was talking to Sister Barbara and others at the Deaconess' hospital, outside the Moharram Bay Gate. They were attacked by the mob and the soldiers on the day of the bombardment, but some of the inmates fired pistols and the mob disappeared. The hospital was then defended by a guard of German soldiers, and the Sisters were calm and thankful for being able to remain at their posts. This morning, at four o'clock, I saw them being escorted, eighty in number, including patients, to the German gun-boat. They had been obliged to leave all at a moment's warning because of an engagement between the English troops and Arab's soldiers was imminent. Some shots were fired, and the Sisters were compelled by the advance-guard to leave the building, and were escorted by German sailors and marines. If they staid, the hall, and the lane, all alike had to march four miles through the burning town to the water-side. It is difficult and dangerous for a strong man to do this. The suffering of this band of Sisters, with their patients in all stages of disease, cannot easily be described. Owing to the mission to give the German guard the pass-word for the night on arrival at the gates, the English troops challenged the Germans, and receiving no reply, fired, the Germans returning the fire. Happily the mistake was discovered before any serious injury took place.

A Well "Cured" Editor. At No. 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., are the editorial rooms of the Sunday School Manual, edited by Mr. Withrow, of 240 Jarvis street, in the same city. Conversing recently with several gentlemen, some of them the representative of the largest advertisers in the world, Mr. Withrow remarked: "As to advertising, I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best advertised article by far. It is a splendid remedy too. Besides the many cases of rheumatism it has cured right amongst well known and most efficient service in curing a severe soreness of the chest and an obstinate headache. It does its work satisfactorily."

ROUGH ON RATS. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, 15c. Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant flatness after each meal." Sold by Harkness and Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

OF WORDS OF CAUTION. Beware of cheap and powerful astringent drugs in the treatment of Bowel Complaints, they may kill the pain but check Diarrhoea, etc., but are liable to produce inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is guaranteed safe and reliable, even for Infants, and is a specific for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Acute or Chronic Diarrhoea and Summer Complaints generally.

HARD-WORKING MOTHERS AND IDLE DAUGHTERS.

Every one blames the lady daughter, and pities the drudge-mother. The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dividing over a novel or chatting with friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen or fretting her soul in vain attempt to reduce the pile of "mending," and at the same time looking after a tumbling baby. The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew. She still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning when the baby woke her up from a heavy sleep. She is tired! She is tired! She is tired on Saturday, she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; goes to bed tired, and gets up tired. It is hard not to get angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look on her exhausted mother's face, and how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth her hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have a dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength. In all our modern world, there is not an uglier sight than this—not one. It is not natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances. She is to be pitied rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself: "She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time when she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterwards." And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; and difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time. She learned that lesson thoroughly, and frightful selfishness was developed in her. Her eyes may fall upon those lines, "So, so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, 'See what a shocking and shameful return she makes of her mother's indulgent and generous care.'"

Not far from her home an ancient bridge crossed a little mountain stream in a single arch. On the parapet at the entrance of the bridge was a Madonna venerated by the whole country. In the niche a lamp was kept constantly burning, either for a newborn child or for a person in agony. The little girl filled the glass with oil, and every day she returned to replenish it. She had sold her hair in order to devote the proceeds to this work of piety. On the battle-field might not her brother at any moment be in his agony?

The war came to an end. The young soldier returned home safe and sound, and yet he had fought bravely. When kissing his sister, he noticed that her hair was gone, in which he had taken very great pride. When he asked her about it, she cast down her eyes. "God and the Blessed Mother have protected you and have brought you back safe, that is all I care for. My hair will grow again." The young man could not resist, he kissed her, and his little sister again promised to be with her at her next Communion.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, recently addressed the members of the Golden Branch Society, of Phillips Exeter Academy, upon "What Advantage Does an American Boy Possess?" Mr. Atkinson urged that the young men who are soon to become the workers and the controllers in the business of life should be careful not to become one-sided, and not to lose the "gumption" which every Yankee boy ought to possess, and which does not form a part of the curriculum of the school or college, but is developed only in that part of the process of education which is outside the books and independent of the teacher. Gumption is that power of applying the work of the hand and the brain together under the quick application of the will, which makes a boy or man ready for any emergency, and enables him to decide at a glance, or with a single thought, the right way of doing something. In the old time, although the organization of the schools was not as perfect as it is to-day, and although the teachers were perhaps not as competent as those of modern time, while the variety of instruction was far less, there was a no less number of able and capable men among the graduates of schools and colleges in proportion to the whole number of people than there is to-day. The necessity which was imposed on the rich and poor alike to do some part of the work of life with their own hands, while they were attempting to develop their mental powers, worked in the direction that made the teachers perhaps not as competent as those of modern time, while the variety of instruction was far less, there was a no less number of able and capable men among the graduates of schools and colleges in proportion to the whole number of people than there is to-day.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great composer, died at Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something very touching in the circumstances of his death. He was only thirty-five when he died, and he had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving his last touch, and breathing into it that divinest music—his Requiem—he had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving his last touch, and breathing into it that divinest music—his Requiem—he had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving his last touch, and breathing into it that divinest music—his Requiem—he had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality.

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The Doctors Outdone. SHARON, Wis., December, 11, 1879. DAY KIDNEY PAD Co., Gentlemen—My mother, an old lady of sixty-two years, was given up with what doctors called Bright's disease. We sent for a Pad. She is now gaining strength and improving every way. MRS. R. L. STORM.

OF WORDS OF CAUTION. Beware of cheap and powerful astringent drugs in the treatment of Bowel Complaints, they may kill the pain but check Diarrhoea, etc., but are liable to produce inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is guaranteed safe and reliable, even for Infants, and is a specific for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Acute or Chronic Diarrhoea and Summer Complaints generally.

Touching Instance of Sister's Love.

It is a practice amongst young girls in the south of France and in Brittany to come on the days of a fair to sell their hair to merchants, who afterwards export it to all parts of the world. It is generally with great reluctance, and only when driven by necessity, that the poor girls submit to this separation, which brings them, when the hair is of the finest quality, about a dollar and some yards of cheap colored cotton.

In 1870 there was a family of poor laborers who managed to eke out a poor subsistence for themselves in their native village. The family consisted of the parents, three sons, and a daughter of twelve, who had beautiful auburn hair. The war broke out, and the eldest son joined the army. His departure was a cruel blow. He was very much attached to his young sister, and she was disconsolate when she did not weep, she seemed to be plunged in a reverie.

At the first fair that was held in the neighborhood, she presented herself to a dealer in hair. She displayed her flowing and abundant locks, which her face was beamed with tears. "How much?" inquired the dealer. Her sorrow choked her to that degree that she could hardly give her answer; "At least twenty-eight sous."

The merchant guessed that there was some mystery. He was a kind-hearted man, and not wishing to take advantage of the girl, he gave her the highest price that was usual, one dollar. This caused a flash of pleasure for a moment to light up the countenance of the child; but at each cut of the scissors amongst her tresses, a bitter sigh escaped from her breast. Resuming her simple head dress, she withdrew, holding her dollar fast. She then ran to a grocer's and bought lamp oil for twenty-eight sous, gave the balance of her treasure to a poor blind man on the way, and returned with the dollar.

The war came to an end. The young soldier returned home safe and sound, and yet he had fought bravely. When kissing his sister, he noticed that her hair was gone, in which he had taken very great pride. When he asked her about it, she cast down her eyes. "God and the Blessed Mother have protected you and have brought you back safe, that is all I care for. My hair will grow again." The young man could not resist, he kissed her, and his little sister again promised to be with her at her next Communion.

What is a gentleman? Dressed in a suit, wearing a scarf-pin, dressed in a coat, wearing an eye-glass, a talking of races, of horse-racing, of cock-fighting, and of snuffing himself at "Honest Whistling mazarines and honest Whistling mazarines."

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The Catholic Record
Published every Friday morning at 486 Richmond Street.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.
London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

LETTER FROM MGR. POWER.
The following letter was given to our agent in Halifax by Mgr. Power, administrator of the Archdiocese of Halifax.

Catholic Record.
LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1882.

STILL IN PRISON.

Some weeks have now elapsed since Mr. Dwyer Gray was committed to prison in Dublin by Judge Lawson.

The more Mr. Gray's trial and imprisonment are looked into, the worse the impression they create against the Dublin judiciary and its methods.

name of a public man in its columns, in the way of comment on his conduct.

THE STRIKE OF THE PEELEERS.
The Irish police are on strike. This is indeed one of the most extraordinary occurrences connected with the disturbed state of Ireland.

During the past two or three years the men have been called upon to perform a considerable amount of extra duty.

It must be also borne in mind that the position occupied by these men is one which is looked upon as a most odious occupation.

THE SALVATION ARMY.
Some few weeks since a detachment of this peculiar outcome of Protestantism found its way to this city.

Salvationists some hard blows, for the reason that their mode of procedure is as far removed from real Christian methods as was the treatment of these people by the ministers and congregations of the Church of England.

The English public finds it very hard to make up its mind as to the merits of the "Salvation Army." The representatives of the English Church evidently fear to adopt towards it the mistaken policy which drove the Wesleyan Methodists out of the Establishment and forced them to become a separate sect.

In very many cases it is not considered a disgrace to be put in jail in Ireland. On the contrary the greater portion of those who are incarcerated for so-called political offences, deserve and receive from the people marks of esteem and affection which would not be extended them were they not to receive attention from the salaried flunkies who administer English law in that country.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

L'Evenement, of Quebec, of the 29th August, contains a trenchant leading article, in which the writer denounces in severe terms the desire which he says is so prevalent amongst French Canadians for the obtaining of government and other public situations.

Rev. Father Francis, a Franciscan, writes from Egypt to the Unita Catholica as follows regarding the work of the Franciscan nuns in that country.

which were open to receive them. The Sisters thanked them, and preferred to remain at their post.

"The non-Catholic mind," remarks the Monitor, "that can give expression to the beautiful sentiment—I am free to admit that for rest from this vexed world, it seems a blessing, rather than otherwise, to be a child of the Catholic Church—has already received the first beams of that divine, celestial light which must illumine the soul ere it becomes suffused with the Truth of God.

The Canadian Press excursion. St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 26, 1882. The Canadian Press Association held its annual meeting this year in Toronto.

have believed that Canada had just a few weeks before been the battle ground of eager political contestants, of whom many on each side formed portion of the party before him.

It was a matter of general satisfaction to the journalists of Ontario to note the presence of Mr. Elder, of St. John, N. B., in their midst.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE REV. G. R. NORTHGRAVES.
Wednesday, the 28th August, being the 25th anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. George R. Northgraves, W. of the Holy Trinity, a large number of gentlemen of the town of Stratford, and the Rev. gentleman as a deputation from the congregation of Stratford, and presented to him the following ADDRESS.

Reverend and Dear Father—A few of your friends, members of St. Charles' congregation, Stratford, having learned but a few days ago that the 25th anniversary of your ordination to the holy priesthood would occur to-day, feel unwilling to allow the occasion to pass without doing you some small degree, their appreciation of your devoted, and self-sacrificing ministrations, which you have ever been ready to perform the arduous duties of your office.

To reverse the aged is to reverse a thing almost sacred. In them are stored up the experiences of joy and sufferings, good and evil, that make them of great benefit to us if we only rightly consider them. They are monuments, as it were, upon which are inscribed the lessons for us to learn—teaching us what to cherish and what to avoid—what to love and what to hate.

way over the Canada Southern R. R. to Detroit, which city was reached about 10 the same evening.

Those who had friends in the city made it of course a point to call on as many of them as possible during the day. Large numbers of Canadians resident in Chicago visited the Palmer House throughout the day, but in the evening, especially, between journalists and "exiles," it seemed as if Chicago's leading hotel had been taken possession of by Canadian folk.

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Beautiful faces are the flowers of the earth. Beautiful eyes are the stars of heaven. Beautiful hearts are the jewels of the earth.

BRANTFORD. On Friday morning re-opened at Father Barlow's, of parish priest here, anniversary of his death.

SILVER. On Wednesday of Father Barlow's, of parish priest here, anniversary of his death.

FROM. Rev. Father W. After Mass on Sunday, after the driving of the plow, a number of persons were present at the opening of the fair.

PICNIC. This picnic, which was held in the Driving Park, a number of persons were present at the opening of the fair.

Mrs. O'Dwyer. Besides these articles, a number of other articles were also sent to the fair.

Just as interest in the voting on the most popular candidate carried on with under greater excitement.

The following Toilet set—Mr. Cake—Mr. G.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED.

On Friday morning the Separate schools
re-opened for the fall term with a very
good attendance. The rooms look neat
and comfortable and teachers and pupils
appear fresh and energetic after their long
vacation.

SILVER JUBILEE.

On Wednesday of last week, the Rev.
Father Bardou, of Cayuga, for so long
parish priest here, celebrated the 25th
anniversary of his ordination to the priest-
hood. His parishioners in Cayuga held
their annual picnic on the same day.

FROM GODERICH.

Rev. Father Waters returned from his
trip, quite recovered from his recent ill-
ness.
After Mass on Sunday, he read a circu-
lar (received during his absence) from Rev.
Mr. Bruyere, calling upon the clergy for
their assistance in the building fund for
the grand new Cathedral in progress in
your city.

PICNIC IN STRATHROY.

This picnic, which was held yesterday
in the Driving Park, whether as to the
number of persons present, or the inter-
esting programme prepared for the occa-
sion, was a gratifying success. The or-
ganization of the picnic, and the carrying
out of the various details of the day's
proceedings, reflect very great credit on
the esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Feron,
and the ladies and gentlemen who, under
his supervision, filled the various posts
assigned to them.

LOCAL NEWS.

The 7th Fusilier Band has been en-
gaged for the St. Thomas Catholic picnic
to be held at Port Stanley on the 13th
inst.
On Monday the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor
of the C. M. Church at Ailsa Craig, fired
a revolver at a chicken. The ball struck
a lady named Mrs. Bragg, on the right
shoulder. At last accounts, she was very
low.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS AND THE "GLOBE."

DEAR SIR,—Is it because that "the
shoe is on the other foot," or is it be-
cause the "Globe" has seen the error
of its ways touching "Charitable
Bequests" that the following
editorial paragraph appears in its
issue of the 28th:
"Example set by the late Mr.
John Tucker in the disposition of his
property is well worthy of imitation.
He could scarcely have found more
promising objects for his beneficence
than the charities named, viz: the
Hospital for Sick Children, the Infants'
Home and the Girls' Home.
To rescue a child from a life
of destitution or probable crime or
shame, to train it for usefulness and
then transplant it to some moral
home, is to be in very deed a bene-
factor to one's species. And when,
as in the case in question, the insti-
tutions are under the management
of benevolent women, the donor has
the best possible guarantee that his
gifts will be well used.
The lady patrons of these and similar
charities in Toronto are doing a work
which will cause many poor children
to rise up and bless their memories
in after days. It is meet that they
should be liberally aided by the
wealthy citizens living and dying."
What a change from the days
when the Globe howled and raved
and denounced Charitable Bequests,
and the "undue influence" which
they affected to believe was used at
the bedside of dying Catholics.
But then it was Popish bequests
that were aimed at, and the shoe
being now on the other foot may ac-
count for the change of sentiment, or
rather of tactics.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF IRELAND.

REV. LORD ARCHBISHOP DOUGLASS APPEALS
FOR ASSISTANCE IN THEIR BEHALF.
Lindsay Post, Sept. 1st.
On Sunday last Rev. Lord Archibald
Dougllass, who has been in town for several
days past as the guest of Father Stafford,
addressed the congregation of St. Mary's
church and made an earnest appeal for
assistance in advancing the work in which
he is engaged. His lordship has been
gagged for the last seven years in the
able office of gathering up the destitute
and friendless children of Great Britain,
and notably so, of Ireland, placing them
where they can have the benefit of an education
until such time as they are taken by warm-
hearted people and given homes.

BURLESQUES ON RELIGION.

The Brooklyn Eagle, of August 20th,
says:
"Canon Farrar says the Salvation Army
is composed of rowdy Christians," said I
to a member of that body.
"Is an 'unbrogue. You come down here'
'ear us,' was the prompt reply in unmis-
takable Cockney dialect.
I did go down to the Lyceum on Wash-
ington street at the night service of the
Army. The hall was crowded. The audi-
ence could not truthfully be declared an
intellectual one, but it was respectfully
dressed and well behaved, barring three or
four young sprigs, who giggled and whis-
pered incessantly. Presently the sound of
many voices in chorus was heard, and a
few moments after a young man wearing
a blue helmet, with jacket and trousers of
the same color, marched into the hall fol-
lowed by a long line of men and women—
mostly women. They filled up the cen-
tral aisle singing, as they came upon the
stage:
'I'm a salvation soldier—
One of the noisy crew;
I shout when I'm happy,
And that I mean to do;
Some say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why,
And if they tell me 'tis so,
I'll shout as well as they.'
The refrain sounded like one of George
Christy's old-time plantation melodies.
The song at an end, the young man with
the helmet gave a signal, and as promptly
as well-drilled soldiers order arms, the
band upon the platform dropped on their
knees. Then the leader offered up a
prayer. He strewed the stage with the
he dropped and prayed vigorously for the
salvation of sinners all over creation.
Prayers from others of the Army fol-
lowed in quick succession. To reproduce
any of them might convey the impression
that there was a desire to ridicule the
suppliants—an act indefensible. When the
prayers were over the army marched about
the platform singing lustily if not
sweetly, every now and then the entire
band waving their handkerchiefs around
their heads.
To the irreverent this movement was
markedly suggestive of a minstrel "walk
around." Finally the young man with
the helmet began to exhort sinners to re-
pent. He pictured the horrors of death
and a burning hell in such vigorous terms
that some of his younger listeners turned
pale and shifted about nervously in their
seats.
In the Salvation Soldier's Song Book a
hymn is headed:—
"Section. 2.—Heavy Guns—Showing
that all who are not certain their sins are
forgiven are every moment in danger of
hell-fire. If you go home to-night un-
saved you will very likely go to hell."
This song-book abounds in startling
announcements, of which the following
are specimens:—
"The only chance for you to escape
damnation is to do it right here."
"To consider yourself happy or feel
comfortable while you are not ready to
repent is the most frightful condition of
danger that any one can be in."
"Since this time yesterday sinners as
young and gay as you have gone to hell!"
"If you refuse salvation just once too
often you will go to hell!"
Several exhortations in keeping with
these announcements were made and re-
peated to by persons in the audience,
who asked for prayers that they might be
saved. Next in order were brief state-
ments from those who declared that they
had been saved.
"The Salvation Army has saved me
from a drunkard's grave. My money
went to go to gin-mills, and I've got dis-
tressed on a battened and skelkin
saucers on their wives while I've gone
shabby myself!" exclaimed one convert.
"Gory, hallelujah!" broke in a soldier
rather inopportunistly.
"If the Lord told me to butt my head
against a stone wall, I'd do it," was the
declaration made by another.
"He won't ask you to do it. He wants you
to save your head, brother, remarked the
young man with the helmet.
The female members of the Army who
had seats on the platform wore a plain
blue flannel dress, a ribbon around their
hats bearing the inscription, "Salvation
Army." Captain Westbrook and Lieu-
tenant Hallelujah Abbie. The latter is young,
handsome and inclined to talk much.
"I hope we shall all go to Heaven," said
a convert.
"O'h, I'm going to Heaven brother!"
exclaimed Miss Hallelujah Abbie com-
placently.
I believe that Abbie has gone to Phil-
adelphia, and unless that city has changed
greatly, the young lady will find herself
several removes farther from Heaven than
when she was in Brooklyn.

MR. MCGOVERN'S DIARY.

He Gives an Account of Life on Board
the Servia, and Tells How He is En-
joying Himself.
From the Brooklyn Review.
The following from Mr. Hugh D. Mc-
Govern, who is well known as a resident
of this city, and who left Brooklyn a short
time ago on an ocean voyage, has been
received by his relatives in this city:—
ON BOARD THE SERVIA, July 25, 1882.
This is our third day out and the good
ship is doing well. All her officers and
attendants are doing their utmost to make
us all comfortable, and we are as happy
and in as good condition as if we were in
Brooklyn. It is very hot, however, the
water through which we are traveling
being seventy-five in temperature and
there is not a ripple on the ocean. We
manage to survive, however, and we feel
cool when we think of the poor fellows in
the fire and engine rooms, where the heat
is indescribable. It can be compared
only to that which is said to exist
in that place which the most ardent
abolished. The firemen are taking shifts
of ten minutes in length, and in truth
for most of us that ten minutes would
be fatal. Our ship is going away from
the wind and that adds to the discomfort.
It is now 10:25 a. m., Brooklyn time, and
I am sitting on the port side of the ship.
So far, our journey has been as devoid
of incident as a journey to New York via
Fulton Ferry would have been, and I am
a little sorry for it. It does not come up
to the expectation of a sea voyage which
we had formed from our perusal of Cap-
tain Marryat's works. Not once have we
had occasion to try the efficacy of the an-
tidotes which our thoughtful friend Wil-
liam McCoy, of South street, New York,
Professor Burke and Professor Gibson Ger-
man, of Fulton Market had compounded
for us. Some kind friend who left with
the steward a basket of extra-dry, with
instructions that it should not be transferred
to me until I was well out to sea, will be
glad to learn that, as yet, I have had no
occasion to use it as a medicine, but that
as a beverage it has been highly appre-
ciated.
2 P. M.—We are now passing the
steamer Alaska, of the Guion line, and in
her wake is a large sailing vessel, name
unknown.
6 P. M.—Dinner and a bottle from the
mysterious basket.
8:30 P. M.—The evening has been pleas-
antly spent in the company of the Right
Reverend Bishop Walsh, of London,
Canada, and Father Flannery, of his
diocese. The reverend gentlemen had
many instructive and amusing stories to
tell, and we felt that we had already been
paid for our journey. After our party
broke up I took a bath in water pumped
directly from the Gulf Stream, in which
we are now traveling, and found it very
refreshing. The temperature of the water
was 73.
9:15 P. M.—Brooklyn time and 10:34
P. M. ship's time.— On deck and looking
at a most enchanting scene. There is a
wool pack sky, and the moon is obscured
from sight by an immense dark cloud.
The ship is in darkness, while at a distance
through the light wool packed clouds,
forms what seem to be a chain of lakes;
the reflection of the white clouds forming
the lakes and that of the dark clouds, the
land.
July 29, 6 A. M., Brooklyn time.—
It is a beautiful morning. The sky is
clear and a refreshing breeze makes us

MAN HAS A RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

In a recent sermon Rt. Rev. Bn. Wig-
ger of Newark said: It is time to raise a
warning voice when men, otherwise good
and learned, publicly proclaim that man
has no right to property. The Church has
very clearly defined principles on this
point. She has always taught that man
has the right to ownership to property.
True it is, she teaches that absolute own-
ership belongs only to God; but what we
acquire by hard labor or by other legiti-
mate means belongs to us, to the exclu-
sion of our fellow-beings; and no man
has a right to deprive us of it. If you
hear even a priest teaching doctrines op-
posed to this principle, beware of him—
for his utterances are not of God, but are
the wild vapors of a depraved imagin-
ation."

LA SALETTE PICNIC.

The annual picnic of La Salette took
place in the spacious and handsome grove
adjoining the church on Wednesday the
30th of August, and proved in every re-
spect the grandest and most successful
ever held in the parish. For a number of
years the people of La Salette and adjoining
missions have looked forward to this
day as a day of pleasure and relaxation
and each succeeding year finds the picnic
more popular and enthusiastic. The trains
from Port Dover and Simcoe brought in
about 500 excursionists and from early
morning a continuous stream of vehicles
poured in from all directions. At least
2,500 people must have been on the ground
at 12 o'clock, amongst whom were Messrs.
Wallace, ex-M. P., Frieman, M. P. P.,
Judge McMahon, of Simcoe, Col. Skinner,
Dr. Sinclair, McKnight, Gibson, Dr. Joy,
and Dr. Carvey and certainly all were more
than pleased with Father Dillon's untiring
efforts to make the programme worthy
of the occasion. Speeches were delivered
by most of the gentlemen above men-
tioned and never was it better exemplified
that on such an occasion all shades of
religious denominations, all national and
political feelings could be blended and
all prejudices buried for the day.
An election contest for a gold headed
cane between Mr. Freeman, M. P. P. and
Mr. McKnight a prominent gentleman of
La Salette, terminated in favor of Mr.
Freeman by a majority of 16 votes. The
most interesting feature of the programme
was the contest for a gold watch and chain
between eight young ladies of the parish,
nominated by the chairman on the day of
the picnic. Miss McSloy winning by a
majority of 400, Mr. James Brady of
Ingersoll filled the chair in his usual happy
manner and contributed in no small de-
gree to the success of the proceedings.
Everything passed off in the most har-
monious manner and never has it been
the pleasure of your correspondent to
witness a more orderly gathering.
In the evening a sacred concert was
held in the beautiful church of La Salette,
conducted by Miss Reidy, of Simcoe and
assisted by the choirs of La Salette and
Simcoe. Miss Reidy sang in her usual
exquisite manner. Miss Dougal, of New
York assisted very materially towards the
success of the concert. The lady sings
with remarkable good taste being pos-
sessed of a rich melodious voice and her
execution being particularly correct. The
church was crowded to its utmost capac-
ity.
The financial success was even beyond
the most sanguine expectations of our
worthy and esteemed pastor, the proceeds
amounting to something over 1,200, which
will go a long way towards paying off
the debt with which the church is yet bur-
dened.—COM.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN BROOKLYN.

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The refrain sounded like one of George
Christy's old-time plantation melodies.
The song at an end, the young man with
the helmet gave a signal, and as promptly
as well-drilled soldiers order arms, the
band upon the platform dropped on their
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Prayers from others of the Army fol-
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any of them might convey the impression
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prayers were over the army marched about
the platform singing lustily if not
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To the irreverent this movement was
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In the Salvation Soldier's Song Book a
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"Section. 2.—Heavy Guns—Showing
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This song-book abounds in startling
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"The only chance for you to escape
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and in as good condition as if we were in
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MAN HAS A RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

In a recent sermon Rt. Rev. Bn. Wig-
ger of Newark said: It is time to raise a
warning voice when men, otherwise good
and learned, publicly proclaim that man
has no right to property. The Church has
very clearly defined principles on this
point. She has always taught that man
has the right to ownership to property.
True it is, she teaches that absolute own-
ership belongs only to God; but what we
acquire by hard labor or by other legiti-
mate means belongs to us, to the exclu-
sion of our fellow-beings; and no man
has a right to deprive us of it. If you
hear even a priest teaching doctrines op-
posed to this principle, beware of him—
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the steward a basket of extra-dry, with
instructions that it should not be transferred
to me until I was well out to sea, will be
glad to learn that, as yet, I have had no
occasion to use it as a medicine, but that
as a beverage it has been highly appre-
ciated.
2 P. M.—We are now passing the
steamer Alaska, of the Guion line, and in
her wake is a large sailing vessel, name
unknown.
6 P. M.—Dinner and a bottle from the
mysterious basket.
8:30 P. M.—The evening has been pleas-
antly spent in the company of the Right
Reverend Bishop Walsh, of London,
Canada, and Father Flannery, of his
diocese. The reverend gentlemen had
many instruct

Entertaining Her Big Sister's Beau.

BY BRET HARTE. My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please, to sit; And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise never to leave.

Just Like Other Women.

A gentleman who had the honor, as well as the pleasure, of meeting informally the Empress of Austria at Schonbrunn last summer told me the other day of a little incident which showed her independence and resemblance to the rest of us women.

Children of a Larger Growth.

We never see a procession without thinking they are so many boys filing along the street. It is chiefly in size that they differ from the boys, anyhow.

Some Truths for Readers of Novels.

We had occasion last week to remark that those who draw their ideas of the world of man, of manners from the novels they read, must enter upon the duties of real life at a very great disadvantage.

Making Herself Pretty for Her Children's Sake.

When Lydia Newman's old Quaker uncle saw he had fastened her pretty little Newport ties with poppy-red ribbons he frowned and told her it was not seemly.

Heeding the Pope's Complaint.

A Rome correspondent writes: "The Gazzetta Ufficiale announces that on the proposal of the minister of Worship King Humbert has granted the Exequatur to the Italian Bishops of Nisastro and Civitavecchia.

St. Jacobs Oil THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Stiffness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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I have just opened out in my new store, corner of DUFFERIN AVENUE AND RICHMOND STREET, A VERY LARGE STOCK OF CATHOLIC BOOKS, INCLUDING PRAYER BOOKS, ALSO BEADS, SCAPULARS, STATUES, and other objects of devotion.

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Tales of the Affections..... 15c
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Myrtle Navy T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. MONEY AT 6 PER CENT. ON FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

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Our Course of Instruction is Comprehensive, thorough and practical, and prepares students for the various branches of the young man, who proposes to engage in either, Mercantile, Mechanical, or Agricultural pursuits.

KIDNEY-WORT HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES. Ladies! to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. It will act promptly and safely. It restores the system, restores the vitality, restores the strength, restores the color, restores the hair, restores the complexion, restores the appetite, restores the digestion, restores the circulation, restores the nerves, restores the brain, restores the memory, restores the intellect, restores the soul.

Camp-Meetings Conducted as Business Speculations by Bad Men.

The pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of York, Pa., publish a card, giving their reasons for refusing to attend the so-called "Methodist" camp-meetings.

RUPTURE

Cure without an operation or the injury to the system. It restores the system, restores the vitality, restores the strength, restores the color, restores the hair, restores the complexion, restores the appetite, restores the digestion, restores the circulation, restores the nerves, restores the brain, restores the memory, restores the intellect, restores the soul.

DOT IT DOWN!

AND DON'T FORGET IT. SCARROW IS SELLING. Harness, Saddles, Trunks and Valises cheaper than any other firm in Canada.

Portrait of Renan, the Infidel.

Renan is more than ugly, he is repulsive as a monstrosity; his companions of the society of Saint-Sulpice used to consider that his ugliness was equivalent to one of those deformities which are obstacles to entering the orders of the Church.

THE POPULAR DRUG STORE.

W. H. ROBINSON, Opposite City Hall, Keeps a stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals which are sold at prices to meet the prevailing competition and stringency of the times.

IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with a medicinal artificial color for butter so meritorious that it has won great success wherever tested.

EVERYONE SATISFIED!

That we sell Cheaper Furniture than any other place in the city, and carry a larger and better assorted stock. We can afford to sell cheap as we manufacture our goods.

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Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMES AND BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADÉMIES, HOUSES, HENRY M'SHANE & Co. BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

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Our Parlor Set, hair cloth, \$45.00; our Bed-room Set, marble top, \$65.00; our Parlor Bed-room Set, \$85.00; our Ash and Walnut Parlor Furniture Coverings.

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A Teacher, Male or Female, holding a 2nd class Certificate for the separate school of vacation. Apply to JOHN MCNEILL, Secy., Forkhill P. O., Ont.

THE WHOLESALE TRADE

is attended to in the most satisfactory manner. The goods are all fresh and the prices cut low to suit the prevailing competition.

Be Friendly.

The showing of one's friendship implies a willingness to take trouble, to make sacrifices, to be obliging and generous for one's friends. Singularly enough, therefore, are many people who do not in the least object to large displays of friendship, who, on the contrary, efforce at stated periods in gifts and souvenirs, or who forget their own case as if one they love is in great danger, who are yet unfriendly in the small commerce and the ordinary relations of life.

Catholics of the Present Day.

We are all ministers of Christ, in the sense of having to be responsible to God, not only for the saving of our own souls, but for the souls of those in our keeping, or subject to our example. For this reason, careless, bad Catholics will have a terrible account to render one day, before the judgment seat of God for the souls they have prevented from entering the Church.

Kidney Complaint

The secretion from the Kidneys is often loaded with foreign and poisonous matter, a thick, brick-like sediment, or a mucous collection forms. The Kidneys are often inflamed and congested, causing pain and weakness in the back and many distressing symptoms.

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smartweed

is a sovereign remedy for all bowled affections. By druggists. J. R. Bond, Druggist, etc., Schomburg, writes, "I have sold medicines for over twenty years, and no medicine could give better satisfaction than your Dr. Fowler's Extract of Smartweed."

Dr. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes:

"I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil

is the most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics, are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequaled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cents.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

Dyspepsia

is the most common of all diseases, and difficult to cure, it is a chronic weakness of the stomach with indigestion. The sensitive mucous membrane, covering the stomach, becomes irritated, and nearly all that enters the stomach continues to add fuel to the fire.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil

is an article of general utility, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as relieves the pains of fractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunions, piles, and other maladies.

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LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Dublin, Aug. 28.—The funeral of Charles Kikkham took place yesterday. Ten thousand persons accompanied the remains to the depot.

Cork, Aug. 30.—The corporation passed a resolution condemning the sentence of Gray and demanding that he be released. The corporation also resolved to confer upon Gray the freedom of the city.

Dublin, Sept. 1.—Over 500 members of the metropolitan police force have been dismissed. It is expected hundreds will resign. Great excitement prevails.

Dublin, Sept. 1.—On hearing of the dismissals, some of the police on duty tore off their badges and swore they would not do duty until their colleagues were reinstated.

Dublin, Sept. 1.—A large detachment of men arrived at Kingstown from Dublin at noon today, and took possession of the police barracks. Of the entire police force, numbering 1,175 men, 240 have been dismissed and 620 declined to do further duty.

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Constantinople, Sept. 3.—Said Pasha yielding to Dufferin to-day that the Turkish troops be allowed to disembark at Port Said instead of Aboukir. Dufferin telegraphed to Granville relative to the proposal. It is understood that Hobarat Pasha, chief of the Turkish admiralty staff, has pointed out to the Porte and Dufferin the impossibility of disembarking at Aboukir, Rosetta, or Damietta.

London, Sept. 3.—The News' Kassassin special correspondent reported that the British position there is so formidable that it is hoped Arabi may test his strength against it.

Kassassin, Sept. 3.—One Indian seven-pounder mountain battery has arrived here. Stores are being fast brought up, and the engineers are busy entrenching a camp of defence. A forward movement is daily expected.

Alexandria, Sept. 2.—It is reported the English soldiers, at Meke, are suffering from diarrhoea and dysentery caused by the bad water in the forts. Bedouins continue extending positions the Aboukir side of Alexandria, in close proximity to the British outposts.

The Khedive has given the British the necessary permission to cut the dykes at Meke, thus inundating Mariout Lake, preventing an attack by the enemy from that side.

Paris, Sept. 3.—The Telegraph's special says, the acknowledgment of the power of England proves that Europe is not reduced to the leadership of one power—Germany. This circumstance will benefit none so much as France, which is the natural ally of England.

Paris, Sept. 2.—A dispatch from Ismailia states it is reported on good authority that the commandant at Tel-el-Kebir is inclined to abandon the cause of Arabi-Pasha.

Toronto, Aug. 30.—Vicar-General Rooney, of St. Mary's Church, was ordained at the Abbey Hotel, Kingston, on the 29th inst. The event was celebrated to-day by the clergy of the diocese and by his parishioners. The ceremony in the church was very imposing.

Newmarket, Aug. 29.—A bankman, named Robert Marshall, from Angus, was mortally injured by being struck on the head and knocked under the train while passing under a bridge this evening at Lundy's Cut, two miles north of Newmarket.

gara Falls; Rev. J. Bayard, Sarnia. Finance and Mileage.—Thos. Coffey, London, Mayor Thos. O'Neil, Paris; Mr. J. Barry, Bradford.

Appeals and Credentials.—Mr. P. B. Reath, St. Thomas; Mr. J. Skelly, Galt; Mr. D. Sullivan, Kingston.

The following are the Deputies for the ensuing term: Grand Deputies—D. B. O'Leite and A. Forster; District Deputies—J. J. Connor, A. H. Wandell, and John Kelz.

Mr. Thomas Coffey will represent the Canada Grand Council at the meeting of the committee of the Supreme Council on Laws and Ordinances and the revision of the C. M. B. A. Constitution, to be held at Buffalo on Sept. 6th.

The marvellous spread of this benevolent association, in so short a time, invites the attention of the Catholic journalist; and it is true that the fruits you shall know them, we must surely have had the fruiting blessing of God has been breathed abundantly upon this admirable organization.

Born in the brain of a good priest—Father Moynihan of Niagara Falls, now also no more—C. M. B. A. is Catholic in its every fibre, having been baptized and confirmed in the Church, its sponsor in the latter sacrament being none other than the officiating Prelate himself, the Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo.

Simply nativists. The little mustard seed that about five years ago was cast into Catholic soil, at Niagara Falls, has grown up into a sturdy tree. Its roots are far extending, its leaves fresh and green, and in the shelter thereof, countless widowed and orphaned hearts have found protection.

We have, time and again in these columns, advocated the special claims of the C. M. B. A., and encouraged all our Catholics to be of its members.

Catholic Review. A large company of men and women, calling themselves "free thinkers," had a field day, several days in fact, last week in the pleasant region of Watkins' Glen, New York. They represent the "Free Thinkers' Association," and they assembled at their sixth annual meeting.

long possessing race is dwindling away and yielding to the stronger blood of true Christian parentage and culture.

Many of the "free thinkers" were "gray-headed," says the report, while "some show long silken locks white with age." Surely this is a sad showing for our Protestant friends, and yet a very natural one.

Mr. Henry M. Beecher, who was criticized in his town for his liberal opinions; but since that time Streeter has so far advanced in knowledge and wisdom that now half the town is liberal, that is to say, unbelieving in a Christian sense.

Another free thinker, a gentleman of the name of Peck, from Chicago, also sang at intervals, one of his refrains being "No Hell." It is always a matter of wonder to us why he se people, if, like Mr. Henry M. Beecher, they do not believe in hell, they with that distinguished man profess not to believe, should bother so much against it.

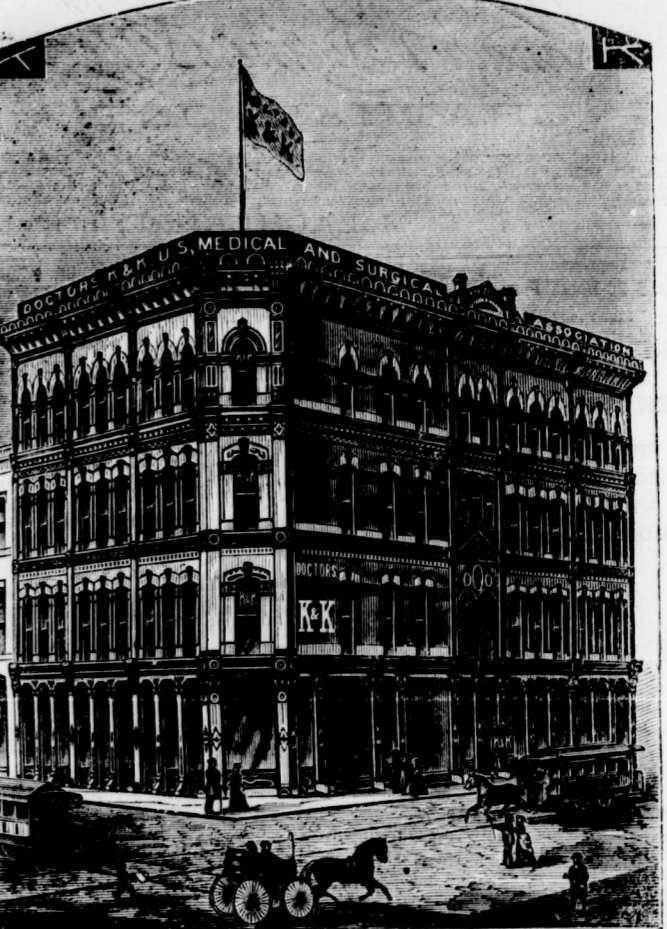
One gentleman, Mr. Chaapel, of Canada, made the only sensible remark this far regarding a scaffold in Washington, the doctrine that "lawyers and doctors should reforming just as much as preachers, that they were just as much tied down by form, ceremonies and superstition as preachers."

A romance is connected with the marriage of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P., who has just been sent to prison under Gladstone's Coercion Law. He was, while in his twenties, spending a few weeks at Bray, the Irish Newport, only a few miles from Dublin, on one day a terrific gale.

He was seen only to sweep the rugged coasts of Ireland, drove a vessel, wrecked and sinking into the bay. Signals of distress floated at his mast-head, mute appeals for help, but no life-boat was near and no ordinary boat could possibly survive the fearful gale, while the vessel he was in, quailed at the thought of swimming out there.

Suddenly while hundreds looked from the hotel windows out at the half-drowned figures clinging to the rigging of the sinking ship, and while hundreds more huddled along the beach in helpless groups, young Gray stepped out, his arms among them and volunteered to carry a line to the wreck.

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U. S. MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION. Largest in the World. J. D. KERGAN, M.D., Med. Sec. CONSULTATION FREE.

Table with columns for 'London Markets' and 'Toronto Markets - Car Lots'. Lists various commodities and their prices.

Table with columns for 'London Stock Market' and 'Montreal Market'. Lists various stocks and their prices.

TO ARTISTS. THE Government of Canada propose erecting in the grounds of the Parliament Buildings, at Ottawa, a bronze statue...

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The regular monthly meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 9th inst., at their rooms, Carling's block, at 29. All members are requested to be present.

GALT CARD CO. 50 Ladies' and Gents' visiting cards, no two alike—one name, printed in gilt, 10 cents. 50 Fine Chromo Cards, one name in gilt 50 cents—50.

VOL. 4. NICHOLAS WILSON. FASHIONABLE. A nice assortment of TWEEDS now available. New Ties, Silk Underclothing. N. WILSON.

Extract from the Lordship Bishop Paul. We solemnly protest against a High Mass on the first Friday of every month for the welfare of the benighted Catholic. The celebration of the Mass will begin the month following the request of the Rev. Father, this fact well known to explain the great objection thereto.

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