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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—B. JOHN KIRK, D.D., LL.D.

VOL. VII.—NO. 19.

TORONTO. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Archbishop O'Connor's Installation Address.

WELCOMED TO ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY AND LORETO ABBEY.

We had to go to press with the last issue of THE REGISTER before the conclusion of the installation ceremonies in St Michael's Cathedral. In the hurry of closing the report it was unavoidable to have some mistakes of omission. Among the names left out of the list of persons present were those of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, Hon. John Costigan, Rev. Dr. Teoff, Principal of St. Michael's College, Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, University of Ottawa, Rev. Brother Edward, Visitor of the Christian Brothers, Alderman Darcy Scott, Ottawa, M. J. Haney, Toronto, George O'Keefe, Ottawa, James W. Mallon, Chairman of the High School Board, Toronto, E. J. Heath, James A. Gorman, W. T. J. Lee, W. Prendergast, Separate School Inspector, and others.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

The remarks of Archbishop O'Connor in reply to the addresses from both clergy and laity came too late in the day to be included in our report. We give to-day a shorthand report of these important utterances. His Grace said:

My Lords Archbishops, Bishops, Reverend members of the clergy, and dear brethren: All that you have witnessed here to day, and heard expressed, goes to show the importance of the duties laid upon my shoulders. As was said to you, these duties were so heavy that I would not have dared to assume them unless by command of the Holy Father, and I feel that should any success attend my efforts in this grand archdiocese of Toronto, it will be due to the fact that I have obeyed that command as all good churchoom ought to do.

COMMAND OF THE HOLY SEE.

The Holy Father in the Brief removing me from the diocese of Loudon—in which I have labored long, in which I found a great deal of true, honest and loyal friendship, in which I was nobly supported by the clergy as well as by laity—has laid down, finally, what is expected of me as pastor of God's church. The Holy Father reminds us that it is the duty of a pastor of the church to instruct the people placed under his care not only by the doctrine of the word but by the example of good works; that he must promote peace and harmony amongst those whom he rules; that he must in all things govern unto their eternal salvation; that he must remember that in all circumstances he is under the guidance of the best of all masters, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; he must teach and instruct by the doctrine of the word—not our own word, my dear people, but the word of Jesus Christ Himself.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND ITS MEANING.

When it is a question of doctrine in the Catholic Church there is no such thing as opinion. When the Catholic Church has decided that such and such an article has been taught by Jesus Christ Himself, we accept it loyally because Jesus Christ is the only true teacher, and what He teaches must be accepted willingly, because He is not deceived, nor can we be deceived. The doctrine of the word, my dear brethren, embraces not simply what we call faith, not merely the articles of faith, but all those regulations in the Church which maintain its faith in its freshness and in all its purity. The discipline of the Church, my dear brethren, is an essential part of her teaching, as well as the article of faith; and just as a strict compliance with the teaching of Jesus Christ brings the graces of God upon those who believe, so also, my dear brethren, those who observe the discipline of the Church, her regulations in all things, obtain, too, from Almighty God those blessings which promote their interests here and hereafter.

BORN TO ACCEPT THE CHURCH.

We are all bound, therefore my dear brethren, to accept the belief of the Church, to accept her practice, to accept her regulations; and it would be wrong for us to strive to exempt ourselves from church laws, because by doing so we simply deprive ourselves of grace that Almighty God intends for our sanctification here below and our eternal salvation hereafter. The pastor of the Church is called upon to teach by the example of good works.

The noble address of the laity has reminded me that I am a successor to a number of prelates who have gone before in this church, and it is to their example I look, after that of Jesus Christ Himself, as one which I must follow if I would endeavor to bring upon my work, and upon you as well, God's blessing.

THE MEMORY OF BISHOP POWER.

I was born long enough ago, my dear brethren, to remember the death of Dr. Power, the first bishop of this diocese. I remember the grief which was felt by all the Catholic population at the great loss this new church then sustained. But my dear brethren, I remember still better the great admiration I had for him, because, true shepherd as he was, he laid down his life for his flock, the poorest of his flock; because, as you are aware, he contracted his last fatal

disease in attending fever stricken patients in the shades of this city. I of course never saw him, but I have always maintained for him the highest respect and admiration and looked upon him as a model of what a true bishop ought to be.

CONFIRMED BY BISHOP DR CHARBONNEAU.

I know the good bishop Charbonneau. He confirmed me. I met him very frequently during my college course, and a time I have listened to his words, and many times I have admired the beauty with which he celebrated the mysteries of God's Church. We all know what he did for education in this country; and if I and the Bishop of Hamilton, and the Bishop of Peterborough and others, are what we are today—ministers of God's church—we owe it in great measure to Bishop Charbonneau, who provided for us, and the priests of this diocese an education whereby we might bestow ourselves somewhat for the great things to which Almighty God Himself called us.

ARCHBISHOPS LYNCH AND WALSH.

Of the two late Archbishops—Archbishops Lynch and Walsh—it is not necessary for me to speak. You knew them well, you understood their methods, you helped them to carry out God's work in this diocese. My good people, anything I might say about them would fall far short of the opinion you yourselves have formed of them. My relations with them were very close. Archbishop Lynch ordained me priest, and Archbishop Walsh consecrated me Bishop, after my appointment as his own successor in the See of London. Now, my dear brethren, with examples such as these before me, is it to be wondered at that I feel somewhat terrified at the obligations and the burden placed upon me. But my dear people, the mission to which I am called is a noble one, it is the mission of Jesus Christ Himself going forth and teaching all nations, teaching the doctrine of Jesus Christ—none other, the administering of the sacraments which He instituted for our sanctification. And surely, my dear brethren, if in the human heart there is any desire to excel, it ought to be in striving to do well the work of the Master.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF OFFICE.

The mission is a noble one, but, as has been well said by the Bishop of Hamilton, the responsibilities are very heavy, the burden is exceedingly heavy. My dear brethren, failure, should failure occur, would simply be disastrous to me, as well as to those over whom I may have to rule. My dear brethren, were I to trust to myself, failure would naturally result. But I find myself here to day, encouraged by the command of the Holy Father, I find myself here to day guided by Jesus Christ the Lord and Master of us all; I find myself here to day experiencing the strongest proofs of the friendship of my fellow Bishops throughout the whole Dominion. Because I can assure you the kind words said for me, the good wishes expressed in my behalf, are a very great source of courage. We are, my dear brethren, that I have given to do my duty very quietly, not I think with a great deal of success. But all have spoken so well that I feel encouraged to day that the friendship of men like these, supported by good advice, will naturally lead me to success.

DUTY OF THE PRIESTS.

The address of the clergy of the diocese, too, breathed in every word the real priestly spirit. It is remarkable how the gentlemen have not forgotten the vows made on the day of ordination, the vows to respect and obey the Bishop placed over them by lawful authority. They have promised to me not only those two virtues, but also loyal cooperation in all things pertaining to the welfare of this diocese. In the ordination service the priests are called co-operators, the fellow workers of the Bishop under whom they labor; and it is a fact, my dear brethren, that the work of the Bishop must be a failure unless he is supported by the clergy, just as the work of the clergy must prove a failure unless it receives honest support and cooperation the part of the Bishop who happens to be placed over them. They have promised, my dear brethren, their obedience and co-operation.

CORESPONDING DUTY OF THE BISHOP.

In return I promise them that respect which a Bishop ought to show to his priests, and that affection which will bind us together as one. We are engaged in one work, and we are simply priests of one diocese, co-operating to the good of the church and the honor of Almighty God. I promise them a loyal support in all their efforts; I will strive to make their work lighter and encourage them in all that is good, however that it will make these good men fulfil their duties with more zeal and with greater fruit.

VICAR-GENERAL RE-APPOINTED.

Let me say here that I am exceedingly pleased at the kindly remarks they make concerning the Administrator. I am very much pleased, not because it surprised me, but, on the contrary, to find most recognized, and it is a great satisfaction for me to day to proclaim the Rev. Father McCann my Vicar-General in the Diocese of Toronto. I do

it in recognition of the testimony borne to him to day by his fellow clergy, and I do it also as a mark of my personal esteem, because I have known Father McCann as a pupil of mine, known him as a priest, and always knew him to his worth. Consequently I feel that I honor myself more than I honor him in appointing him Vicar-General of this diocese.

THE LAITY OF THE DIOCESE.

I will derive a great deal of cheerful support from the laity of the diocese. The address of these gentlemen representing the diocese is to me a very great comfort, and at the same time encouraging to always do my best in order to come up to what they believe a good bishop ought to be. I was very much pleased to have them recall the early days of St. Michael's College and the good work done in this diocese by the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, my dear brother, to acknowledge, too, with them that were it not for that college and the work done by the Basilians most of us would have been unable to reach the dignities and the honors that have been bestowed upon us either in Church or State.

ACCORD BETWEEN LAITY AND CLERGY.

I am also very much pleased to hear them say there exists between them selves and the clergy a loyalty and an accord which cannot be equalled. We are, my dear brethren, we are all followers of the same master, the same teacher, the same religion, the same church, the same God, and the same Pope. I thank them for it most sincerely, and I thank them in your name as well.

THE BISHOPS OF HAMILTON AND DETROIT.

It is another source of special pleasure to have myself installed in the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto by the good Bishop of Hamilton and the good Bishop of Detroit, Bishop Foley. These two right reverend gentlemen were my sponsors on the day of my consecration, and they answered before God, and before God's church, that I would strive to do God's duty. They are here to day my brethren, and witnesses that they believe I have done my best in a small measure, that which the eyes of man see. It is a great gratification for me to have them present, and I thank them most honestly for affording this gratification and pleasure. The bishops present are also entitled to many thanks on my part. There were many other bishops who would have come had they been able to do so, and I was very much touched with the expression of regard they uttered when they found they could not be here.

PRESENCE OF THE LEGISLATORS.

I fuel very much that the Catholic church of Toronto is honored with the presence of the legislators both of the Dominion and of the Province, men who are striving to do their duty and who I trust will receive the blessing of God in legislating for the country at large. We do not always agree with men's political opinions but let us admit they are prompted by honest motives and are seeking to advance the best interests of the country in whatever they do.

TRIBUTE TO THE JUDICIARY.

I am also glad to see present so many of the judiciary of the province, men whom I honor and men who deserve honor; because there is no doubt about it, the judges in our Province are worthy of the noble position which they occupy, and their administration of the law is an example to us all—being distinguished by that fairness, that moderation, and that prudence which should characterize every good and honest judge.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

I am delighted to see here present members of other folds not within the Catholic church. As I said before I will always respect your beliefs, just as I expect you to respect mine; and by these means there is no doubt we shall always reign in the midst of harmony and peace, and we will have here a city united in heart and mind, not necessarily in opinion or belief. But God grant that it may be united in that harmony and love which should characterize all the citizens of our country, all the citizens of this noble city of Toronto.

THE CITY OF TORONTO.

My dear brethren let me say as a last word that the fact that I have been appointed Archbishop is, as I said, a matter of great importance to me, but that importance has increased by the fact that I have been appointed Archbishop of Toronto—Toronto the centre of the commercial and industrial life of this province, holding a most important place in our great Dominion. This which possesses so many educational establishments being an aid and doing honor to their professors; Toronto which possesses so many of those who are not connected with the Roman Catholic community—all this makes me feel the importance of the position to which I have been called to day and it makes me feel also the necessity of the support which has been promised me in your address, and the necessity of your prayers; because after all my good people every good and perfect thing comes from heaven, and unless we obtain that good perfect thing from heaven by prayer we will certainly fail in our efforts.

PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

But by God's help procured by prayer, my dear brethren, there can be no such thing as failure. Almighty God Himself will make up for defects or weakness in teaching his Holy Word.

THE BLESSING OF PEGO LKE.

You have asked for the Apostolic Blessing. I take especial pleasure in giving you the blessing of the Holy Father, though perhaps some may not believe it, because the Holy Father is one of the most remarkable, if not the most remarkable, men of the day and as an old man striving to do right, striving to help others to do right, his blessing will be good, not only for those who believe in the Catholic church, but those outside the faith. The Archbishop then solemnly pronounced the Apostolic Blessing.

only in that country in which religion is respected, in which God always stands first, that there can be prosperity and the blessing of Almighty God.

UNITY IN THE NATION.

Hence, my dear brethren, it is our desire that in this nation, we shall be united in doing our duty towards Almighty God, and surely to do that does not require that we quarrel amongst ourselves about the most sacred things. If we do not know let us pray to Him, the Author of light as well as of truth and He will make us understand what we have to do in His best interests, as well as in the best interests of ourselves and of our neighbors.

THANKS TO THIS HIERARCHY.

Now, my dear brethren, I have kept you for too long, but there remains for me yet a pleasant duty. I want to thank from the bottom of my heart, the good archbishops, bishops, and priests who are present here to day to honor you and to humor me, because I cannot doubt for a moment, dear brethren, that their presence here to day is an evidence of esteem in which they hold the Catholics of this fine city of Toronto. I thank them for it most sincerely, and I thank them in your name as well.

THE CHILDREN'S MASS.

An inspiring spectacle was presented in the cathedral on Thursday morning when Archbishop O'Connor celebrated Mass for the school children. Twenty-five hundred boys and girls from the senior classes filled all the seating accommodation of the church, and furnished choral and congregational singing of the highest order and such as is but rarely heard in our churches as all joined in the hymns selected for the occasion. These selections were:

- (1) "Vivat Pastor Bonus,"
- (2) "Hail Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star"
- (3) "Hymn to the Blessed De La Salle,"
- (4) "Holy God, we praise Thy Name."

Mr. D'Amato directed the congregational singing, and Bro. Odie Baldwin with a spirit of his boys occupied the organ gallery. The singular courtesy of the children, their reverence in dress, and their merit in the singing was admirable. His Grace, Archbishop Gauthier, and a number of visiting clergy were in the sanctuary. Vicar General McCann, R. V. Fathers Ryan, Hand and Tracy assisted at the Mass. School Trustees: D. A. Carey, William Ray, Michael Walsh, and Secretary Hall were present. The aisles of the cathedral were filled with the mothers and sisters of the young people. After Mass, one of the senior boys, J. L. Costello, (De La Salle Institute) read the following address to the Archbishop:

Most Rev. Daniel O'Connor, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

May IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—We, the youngest and most cherished portion of your spiritual flock, assemble here to day to tender to your Grace a most cordial welcome as our new Archbishop. With feelings of love and respect we offer you our most heart felt greetings and our best wishes for a long and happy future in your new home. It was with joy that we learned that in this our city, and under the shadow of this grand old Cathedral, you spent your early boyhood days at the feet of the learned and devoted Fathers of St. Basil's Community preparing for the most holy and most august of all states of life the sacred priesthood. Your long and vast experience in the Catholic Association in our fair Province of Ontario, makes us confident that we shall ever be the object of your most tender and paternal solicitude. We assure your Grace that we appreciate as much as we possibly can the priceless blessing we enjoy in having schools in which religious culture is combined and blended with secular instruction, schools in which we are taught the worship of God, respect for parents and superiors, obedience to the civic law, as well as the true value of science, industry and honesty. We trust that your Grace will always preserve those principles so carefully implanted in our youthful minds by our teachers. In our daily class prayers we shall unite in beseeching our Heavenly Father to crown your labors with His choicest blessings. That may the Holy Will of God to grant you many years in our midst is the sincerest wish of your beloved children, who humbly ask your blessing. The pupils of the Toronto Catholic Schools.

May 4, 1899.

His Grace replied to the address, speaking for fifteen minutes. He referred to his farewell Mass for the children of London, in St. Peter's Cathedral, and expressed his pleasure at meeting the school children of Toronto so soon. He complimented the boys and girls on their behavior and singing, and also complimented the teachers and trustees in the same connection. The remainder of the address was a fatherly instruction on the subject of Catholic education. Towards the conclusion His Grace spoke of the day being the feast of the Blessed De La Salle and went on into an earnest appreciation of the plan of education of the Christian Brothers. The three school trustees present were then introduced to the Archbishop, who repeated his impression of the children, and thanked them for their services to the cause of Catholic education. Remarking that he himself respected the authority of the trustees as much as he believed Catholic parents respect it, the Archbishop asked their permission to give the children a holiday.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR AT LORETO ABBEY.

The first Friday was celebrated with more than usual solemnity at Loreto Abbey, everything tending towards honoring the Sacred Heart. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor paid his first visit to this institute and honored the occasion by offering up the Holy Sacrifice. The chapel presented a touching spectacle, the adorations of nature, tastefully arranged with little gleaming lights in abundance, beautified the main altar, while the decorations around the shrines of the Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin gave evidence that the beautiful devotions are finding ready response in loving hearts. At half past seven the pupils entered the chapel, clad in the Abbey uniform, wearing long white veils and red sashes, flowing down their shoulders and hanging in silken folds down the side, the Sacred Heart Badge conspicuous on each, giving unto significance of these saffron. On the entrance of His Grace, attended by Very Rev. J. McCann, V. G., and Rev. Wm. Moore, and acolytes garbed in white and red, the Te Deum was sung in grand chorus, followed by the Litany of Loreto. During the Mass the choir surpassed themselves in the exquisite rendering of those hallowed hymns to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, which are always a delight to hear, but especially when they are the outpouring of young hearts that seem imbued with the deep sense of their signification. At the solemn words of the "Domine non sum dignus," all left their places and walked two and two towards the altar; the nuns first, enveloped in their

long black communion veils, then the white veiled novices, the postulants, and lastly the pupils, it was surely a spectacle for angels and for man, and a joy to all present, from the youngest child who was privileged to approach the Holy Table to the religious who had so many, many times so closely embraced her Divine Spouse. After Holy Communion, Miss Ruby Sheen sang with much sweetness and devotion that beautiful sacred song: "Thy Will be Done."

At half past nine, the pupils assembled in the Reception Room and entertained His Grace with music, and an address of welcome and good wishes, to which he responded in words of great encouragement.

THE ARCHBISHOP AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

There is a turn for originality noticeable in public functions at St. Joseph's convent. And in all cases the freshness and surprise are well combined with the taste that invariably distinguishes the name of this great teaching order. In the welcome tendered to Archbishop O'Connor of Tuesday afternoon, the prominent feature was a dialogue address, in which a number of pupils represented "Memory," "Science," "Hope," "Charity," "Faith," "Harmony," "Religion," "Science," "Hope," "Charity," "A Child of St. Joseph," and "Archbishop O'Connor's Guardian Angel." Of course the most eloquent praises were bestowed upon the illustrious subject of the performance. For the rest the programme included choruses and instrumental selections. Archbishop O'Connor in addressing the pupils gave them ten minutes of musical instruction and a great many encouraging words. Vicar General McCann and nearly all the priests of the city were present. The large music hall was beautifully decorated and there was a crowded attendance of ladies.

CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC POSITIONS—AN EXPLANATION.

The Editor of The Catholic Register.

SIR.—In your issue of April 27th "A Catholic Liberal" writes complaining of the appointments made in Toronto by the Customs and other Departments of the Dominion Government. Your correspondent very rightly points out that the Catholics of Toronto are not receiving their share of the patronage.

"A Catholic Liberal" goes on to inquire whether any of your readers can let him know if there is anyone at Ottawa looking after the Catholic people's rights and interests. I have taken the trouble to enquire about the appointments complained of and I beg now to advise "A Catholic Liberal" that Toronto, and not Ottawa, is the place where our co-religionists need looking after. All such appointments under our form of Government are made upon the recommendation of the member for the constituents in which the appointment is to be made, if he is a supporter of the Government, and if not then by the Liberal Association, or the defeated Liberal candidate. This practice is quite open to criticism but nevertheless it is well established and cannot be diverted by the Ministers, unless of course some special circumstances arise and the matter is considered by the Council. In the present instance all the appointments made were on the recommendation either of Mr. Bortman, M.P., for Centre Toronto, or the Liberal Association for East or West Toronto.

These appointments were not laid before the Cabinet. It was therefore impossible for anyone but the Minister in question to know anything about them until they were actually made. Would it not be well therefore for "A Catholic Liberal" to lay the blame where it is due, namely, upon the Toronto gentleman who recommended the appointment only of Protestants?

I might further add that I am informed that Mr. L. V. McBrady a barrister of your City is the Catholic representative on the patronage committee of the Toronto Reform Association. Perhaps he can give some light on the subject.

OTTAWA, May 6th, 1899.

Rev. Dr. Teoff's Lectures.

The course of university extension lectures on Moral Philosophy delivered by Rev. Dr. Teoff, of St. Michael's College during the past winter was brought to a successful close on Tuesday evening. The Rev. Dr. in responding to a general vote of thanks tendered him in his class, said: "I hope that some of the fruits of the course would be to stimulate a love for a higher class of reading than is ordinarily found in the secular press and in popular novels and emphasized very strongly the importance of guarding the home circle against the pernicious influences of some present day books and papers, as six days of doubtful reading could not well be counteracted by all the good we might possibly crowd in on the seventh day. It is pleasing to note that the Dr. will be prepared to resume this course in the early autumn.

"*It is a Great Public Benefit.*—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove sorrows as well as lameness, and is an incomparable panacea and corrective.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

Once on a time to call a woman "womanly" was to bestow on her the crown of praise; but we have changed all that. We have the doctor-woman, the lawyer-woman, the orator-woman, the journalist-woman very much with us; but the female woman—as a simple-minded American citizen justly remarked—is fast becoming as extinct as the dodo. Has anybody reflected on the serious consequences to English literature that will ensue if this sort of thing is allowed to go on? For what are the novelists and poets, and romancers to do when there are no longer any lovely women to rave over and invest with a halo of sanctity? Genteel, ethereal, clinging, and suchlike terms will have to pass out of existence as applied to women. They certainly are not true of the majority of celebrities, blushing and golfing damsels of the present day. When things have reached such a pass that the distinction between the sexes shall be merely nominal, and have no outward semblance, either in dress or manners, whither shall the distracted poet flee for epithets wherewith to describe the Dulcinea and Gloriana who no longer exist? How can he speak of "Fairies feet, whose skimming tread Bends not the daisy's modest head," when those same feet are pounding away on the pedals of a bicycle at the rate of ten miles an hour? Or how shall he speak of her?

"Soft voice and clinging grace," when she is energetically shouting on a platform, and demanding, with vigorous thumps upon the table, the extension to her of equal rights with the tyrant man? The whole scheme of novel-writing will have to be altered. It has been undergoing a change lately, indeed, and not a very wholesome one or encouraging one. We have had the woman with a past: she has dominated most of our stories; for some time (I am speaking of general literature), doubtless the next generation will see another change, and we shall have stories of the masculine woman; her trials in love, her arts in diplomacy, politics, government, etc., and her triumphs over male cruelty and want of appreciation. That is to say, if there is any "next generation" at all. As a certain lady doctor, distinguished for her intellect and capacities, put it recently: "Next generation? Bah! call it the next de-generation!"

There are touches of humor even in a hospital.

A couple of matrons were discussing recently, in the waiting-room of a large hospital, the condition of a young gentleman of some six summers, who leant against his mother's knee, and listened to the description of his woes as if the relating of them were a personal insult to himself, if one might judge from his scowling countenance.

"Well, Mrs. Thompson, I tushie around here as fast as I could peet, dragging him along, and I says: 'Let me see, a doctor for the love of Heaven, this child's been and swallered a dime!' So they sends me into the consulting room mighty quick, and the doctor, he looks down Johnny's throat, and he says: 'It's in the diagram,' and he takes a thing like a tweezers, and puts it into the boy's mouth, like he was goin' to draw a tooth, and the next minnit, out comes the dime. I was that thankful I could hardly speak, and the doctor, he said: 'If he hadn't been able to get the dime out of his diagram, he would have had to operate on him to get it out of his esophagus!'

Johnny, to whom the possession of a diaphragm and oesophagus was so much Greek, eyed his mother defiantly, as in the way with small boys who have been rescued from some new way of committing suicide. Another small gentleman of four with a very woe-begone countenance, was lifted onto the doctor's knee for examination. "Where's your stumbuck?" enquired that awesome personage, gently. "I haven't got one," was the rather startling reply.

To a lady physician at a woman's hospital comes a little old woman of eight, who, with a big-headed baby in her arms, and a large empty bottle in her hands, presents a greasy and dirt-laden paper which, unfolded, proves to be a hospital prescription slip.

"Please, ma'am, I want some more of my physic," she observes, bobbing down, apparently under the weight of the stubby infant, but, perhaps, with some notion of a civil obedience. "Bless the mite!" cries the doctor, consulting the slip and eyeing the bottle. "you don't mean to say you have drunk a pint of medicine in two days. I ordered you enough for a week."

"Twasn't me, ma'am," she replies, glibly, giving a hitch to the heavy infant which finds its rest on the thin arms and sharp elbows of its sister. "Twasn't me as had it, 'twas father; he felt awful bad, and so he drunk it all on Sunday!"

The doctor writes "repeat" on the slip, and gives various admonitions regarding the unsuitability of any particular mixture for general family purposes.

The slight sketch of Aubrey Boardman contributed to the Catholic World for May by Louise Imogen Guiney opens up a long vista of possibilities that might have happened in the reconstruction and renewal of religious art, had that somewhat errata genius but lived a few short years longer. The world judged Beardley, as it always judges each and every one of

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world
—TERESA"

TALKS BY "TERESA"

That we should meet him here no more.

Good Friday was the day God chose To take him from his earthly home, And save the Angel of Death arose And pointing upward bade him come.

On Freedom's altar rod with blood His brave young life he freely gave, And sank beneath the surging flood, Where rolls the broad Atlantic's wave.

The sea now holds his lifeless form In calm repose where pearls lie deep; Unveiled by cloud or fitful storm, While waves a mournful requiem weep.

Another home with vacant place— Such is our Father's holy will; And sadly we shall miss his face, But ever love his mighty will.

On God's great boson he will rest, Free from the ills and cares of earth;

Woe not for him, supremely blest,

Who reaps reward of noble worth.

Farewell, dear Dan, with spirits sad From you we now are forced to part: For many a life have you made glad Which now will bear an aching heart.

Weep not, dear loved one, for thy loss, God takes his jewels one by one; He who has bravely borne his cross Now serves before his Master's throne.

—Sadie Walsh.

BENEFITS OF IRISH EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. John J. O'Shea writes as follows in the Forum for May:—"The Irish are a prolific race, and they are a moral race. To these cognate virtues they conjoin the fact of physical excellence. Anthropologists assign to them the highest plane in healthy manhood. The English race may, for man, be the heavier, but the Irish Celt is the more muscular and the better built. The women of the Irish race have no superiors in point of general comeliness, purity of life, and healthy femininity. To integrity of conduct they add a cheerful and sympathetic temperament which enables them to surmount all trials and to brighten the places where they find a home.

It is impossible to estimate the benefits which the coming of a people of such qualities as these conferred upon a decaying and moribund population, such as existed in New England and many other regions at the period when the Irish immigration set in, like a physiologist's Gulf Stream, to arrest the downward decay. Two eminent medical authorities in Massachusetts, Dr. Allen and Dr. Jesse Chickerell, in analyzing the Registration and Census returns for that State thirty years ago, declared that were it not for the foreign element, the population must in the course of a few decades die out. There has been in Boston, according to their analysis, no natural increase in the American population; and in every state in the State where Americans were settled the same startling phenomenon was witnessed. They raised the question whether this was due to a higher civilization or a lower physical condition of womanhood; and he would be a bold umpire who would undertake to decide this point. If a high civilization were the cause, there is reason to think that the standard has been lowered since then, nor that the physical condition of American womanhood has been elevated; for the same paucity of numbers among American families is noticeable still....

A very cautious estimate of the number of Irish immigrants since the beginning of the century is four millions. There have been nearly four generations since then; and Irish families in this country are large—probably seven children in an average would not be too high an estimate. In Ireland, where, because of poverty, the marriages are few, the average is five. Could we add to these four millions the hundreds of thousands who came from time to time in the preceding century, with any certainty of an approximate total, we might find ourselves confronted with the fact that one-half—possibly a good many more—of the people of this continent to-day have Irish blood in their veins. So much for the moral and physiological sides of the investigation.

THE BANNER BRANCH.

Branch No. 36 C.M.B.A. of Deseronto, Ont., again takes its place as the Banner Branch of Canada, having broken all previous records in C.M.B.A. working by initiating 35 applicants on Wednesday evening, 19th April, all secured during April, which, with other initiations during this month, will give this branch the enviable record of having not only initiated the largest numbers at any one meeting, but also in any month, wholly obtained in that investigation.

Grand Deputy Brother E. J. Edwards seems determined to keep in the lead, and set an example for all other Grand Deputies throughout Canada.

Who will beat this work in any month this year?

Organizer Killackey, who was present at the meeting, highly commended the work of the members, especially Bros. Edwards, McNeill, Gaulin, Hynes, Hart, and Meagher, and urged them to make it fifty before the end of the month. He also delivered a stirring address on C.M.B.A. fraternity, as manifested in Deseronto.

An Interesting Case.

Mr. W. G. Physal, proprietor Dodge Hotel, 88 Wellington Street East, Toronto, says:—"While living in Chicago I was in a terrible shape with itching and bleeding piles. I tried several of the best physicians and was burnt and tortured in various ways by their treatments to no avail, besides spending a mint of money to no purpose. Since coming to Toronto I learned of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used but one box and have not been troubled with piles in any shape or form since."

A YOUNG HERO'S DEATH.

The Nashville, Tenn., Catholic Herald publishes the following account of a young hero's death, which will be interesting to many in Toronto—

From out the dismal gloom of sadness which has enveloped us for the last few days we arise to pay our tribute of love to the hallowed memory of a prince of the human race, the intimated and esteemed young hero, the late Daniel (or as we loved to call him) Dan Murray.

Words are inadequate to express the sorrow which overshadowed us when the wires flashed the sad news to our city that the friend of our boyhood, the cherished companion of our manhood's dawning bloom, the Polar star of his friends' best wishes was no more, that the Eternal Authority had issued the sad edict and the soul of Daniel P. Murray had taken its flight to his Oliver and left but the innumerate clay to mark where all that was noble and generous in man united with all that earth could borrow from the cherubim of Heaven had once found resting place.

We see him now as he was in the tender bloom of boyhood's rosemary, laughing, gay and actuated with an impulse to spread the effulgence of his own plenitude around the companions of his youth, we see him as the dawn of manhood's pride placed on his brow the garland of a nobleman of nature, brave, generous, and unselfish, the admired of all who knew him, the youthful oak to which a parents' declining vine of life might cling with final love and affection, the cornerstone of a friend's dearest love and the object of his associates' pride. Those who knew him loved him those who had heard of him mourn his loss the more deeply that our community had been deprived of one of its grandest figures at a time and place when our sorrow must be only felt in the anguish of our hearts. Our tears mingle with those of his relatives above his hallowed memory. We knew him and we loved him. The murmuring waves of ocean chant the dirges of the dead above his noble dust. The land that gave him birth and that he loved so well clasps not his mortal form within her bosom. No lettered slab, no marble shaft, no sweet wild flowers mark his resting place on earth; nothing but the white-capped waves that roll in ceaseless billows o'er his breast and come to bear for him the kisses to that land which Heaven in its divine decree forbids him to return to—these alone mark the place where the bower of manhood lies peacefully sleeping to await that summons which shall reunite soul and body, never again to be separated by the tribulations of mortality or the miseries of death. Sleep, calmly sleep, friend of our youth; sleep where the waters of the deep scintillate with the flashing of gems untarnished by the hands of man; sleep the peaceful slumber of the just; sleep on; your name and love will be ever green in our memory, and let us pray that when the tomb is closed to enter amid everlasting happiness we may be united with the friend and companion of our youth once more.

Daniel P. Murray was born in Nashville 25 years ago, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Murray, who reside at the corner of Church street and Addison avenue, this city. When our flag was raised in the stern demand of war and volunteers were called for by President McKinley, Dan Murray enlisted in the Fourth Tennessee Regiment at Knoxville, on July 28, 1898. He was soon after made a corporal in Company G, and accompanied the regiment to Cuba. After spending several months there the regiment was ordered home, and while on board the transport Dixie it was that Mr. Murray's death occurred. It cast a gloom over his friends in Nashville and elsewhere.

There will be a Requiem High Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul next Thursday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Joseph's church.

No more sweet "Endle's" touch shall thrill.

Will we reach the other shore.

Since it is God's most holy will.

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THURSDAY, MAY 11 1892.

May 11—Ascension Day; Holy Day of Obligation.
 12—SS. Nereus and Companions.
 13—S. Stanislaus.
 14—S. Paschal I, Pope.
 15—S. Isidore Agricola.
 16—S. Ubaldus, Bishop.
 17—S. John Nepomucene.

Ireland and the New Councils.

The first meeting of the Irish County Councils has given a splendid object lesson of the vigor and determination of the National spirit. With very few exceptions Nationalists have been elected to preside over these bodies—the first Ireland has ever acknowledged to be representative of the people. From one end of the country to the other the councils united in a demand for Home Rule, thus giving the United Kingdom to understand that that great question calls more imperatively than ever for settlement. It is a peculiar thing that the Imperial Parliament hastily approved the Coercion Act as soon as possible after the results of the Irish elections. Because the "toleration" doctrine did not go down with the people, they were promptly confronted with the consequences. In other words refusing to allow the administration of their local affairs to remain in the hands of the landlord class, that has made the country what it is, desolate of industrial life, the Irish electors are ineffectually informed from Westminster that the only alternative is the continuance of coercion by England.

That the threat from London will fail in its object is made clear by the first acts of the Irish councils. The people fully realize that they have disarmed the enemy within their own doors, and they also know that by their representative councils they have created a national voice that coercion acts cannot drown and that cannot be silenced by proclamations from Dublin castle. Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde, Chairman of the Wexford County Council, has proposed a plan for rendering this national voice more effective. Upon his motion the Wexford Council passed the following resolution:

That we appoint a delegation of three members of this Council to meet in Dublin a similar delegation from each of the other Irish Counties, and from each of the six County Borough Councils for Ireland for the purpose of discussing from time to time matters of public interest, and of taking such steps upon them as may be deemed advisable.

Some sentences from Sir Thomas Esmonde's explanation of his resolution may be given here. "We are entering upon a new phase of our history. Thinking men throughout the country will agree that the main weakness in the Irish body politic has been the want of common intercourse. We are a small people. Our population is decreasing. We are a poor people. And our national capital is being drawn away from us at the rate of over £8,000,000 sterling per annum. The protection of the nation's interests requires the application of the entire resources of the nation; and these can be intelligently and effectively applied only by the collective deliberation of the country. I am told that the suggested national council will have neither authority in its voice nor power in its hands. I answer: Firstly, that our assembled delegates will speak with a greater authority than any assemblage of men that has ever come together at any period of Ireland's history, clothed as they are in the direct and unquestioned representation of the people (cheers). Their authority is absolute, it cannot be disregarded. And secondly, as to power, I say that your County Councils, through your District Councils, and your Board of Guardians, strong

in the support of public sentiment, will wield a power which, if capably directed, will be more than a match for Dublin Castle and Downing street combined. And now, gentlemen, you will ask: What is our National Council to do? The National Council will, to a large extent, take upon itself the duties of a local legislature.

It will unquestionably be the best means of preparing the way for future concessions in the shape of self-governing powers; for it will show, that even as things are, we possess considerable powers in that direction; and, further, that in view of the use we make of these powers, there can be no objection in refusing to carry the principles embodied in the Irish Local Government Act to their logical and inevitable conclusion.'

What a spectacle in a democratic age, an age of alleged government by and for the people! The Irish people threatened by coercion from England are simply applying themselves with energy and patience to devise ways and means for arresting the national decay and making the country fit to live in.

The Forthcoming Convention

On another page we publish a letter from the secretaries of the Toronto Association that has summoned a convention of Catholic Liberals for the 23rd of the present month in this city. We take it that the word "Catholic" is intended to imply nothing more than that all the Liberals concerned are themselves Catholics. This letter has already been printed, without comment in The Record; and with comment of a peculiar kind in The Kingston Freeman. The latter paper says: "It has often occurred to us that a convention of Catholic Liberals should be held yearly for the purpose of discussing affairs in general from a political point of view. . . No doubt when organized on a substantial basis . . . annual meetings will be held."

The resolution embodied in the letter of Messrs. Lee and Malvey would indicate that the convention has to do entirely and essentially with Cabinet representation. The construction which The Kingston Freeman would place upon the convention cannot be mistaken. The yearly convention would simply be an organized annual parade of political partisanship under the Catholic name.

It may be that a large majority of the Catholic electors of Ontario are Liberals in politics; but even so it is asking rather too much of them to wear bits and bridle and walk round the political ring once a year badged and classed as a religious auxiliary of the Liberal party. The question naturally arises, are the Catholic Liberals of Ontario so satisfied with their political classification that they are solitaires to boast their partisanship? It is a timely point for discussion, because we observe that it arose in the House of Commons last week during the debate on the address, when a French member (Mr. Lemieux of Gaspe) alluding to British Liberalism and British Toryism implied that the words carried the same meaning and appealed to the same national and religious feeling here in Canada. Mr. McInerney, a Catholic, in reply said:

It is well known to every man who studies our politics, that the large majority of the Irish Catholic people of this country are pro-Union gentlemen opposite, and it is well known to every man of political maturities in Canada that a number of Catholics do so because they believe that in some mysterious way the Liberal party in Canada has some connection with the Liberal party in England, that the Liberal party in England has been the great friend of reforms, and that it has given them, as honest gentlemen opposite claim, the measure of Catholic emancipation. Now, Sir, I have here to show that, whilst these gentlemen make such appeals as that in order, as I have shown, to prejudice men's minds apart from the general questions upon which their judgments should divide them, the Liberal party in this country has not been the friend of the Irish Catholic population, nor have they, when power given them, legitimate cause of power given them, legitimate cause of power given them in the country. What do we care to do? We see that the Irish Catholic population in Canada is not even represented in this Chamber by any member of the Cabinet. It is true that the Solicitor General is a member of the Government, but not of the Cabinet, and in this whole Government there is but one representative of that large body of the population. Compare, if you please, that conduct with the conduct of the Liberal Conservative party. The Liberal Conservative party though charged with illiberalism towards Irish Catholics, placed that late Sir John Thompson at the head of their Government, and with him there were three other gentlemen of the Irish Catholic persuasion. There was the hon. member for Victoria, N.B., (Mr. Costigan), the

Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Sir Frank Smith who had a position in the Senate, and Mr. Curran, now Judge Curran, of Montreal. I have referred hitherto in this Chamber from calling attention to the matter, because it may wear a demagogic look, but I believe that when such appeals are insidiously made, as they have been made, by the hon. member for Gaspe, it is time for such an answer and such retaliatory arguments as I have made here to night.

Here we have the true keynote to the theme of the forthcoming convention. The secretaries of the association do not go further than to say that it has been called to consider Cabinet representation. Well, it is a subject that may be considered either from Mr. McInerney's point of view, or the convention may declare that the present Cabinet is constituted as it ought to be. In the second event over the suggestion of The Kingston Freeman might receive some countenance and the Catholic Liberals of Ontario would by the mandate of a convention be classed as partisans whose political-religious badge would be renewable year by year. Much depends upon the Convention itself. Despite the definite announcement sent out in the first place by the secretaries, there is still room enough for supposing that the organizers of the Convention do not know their own mind. In The Globe, which we are glad to see is backing them, there appeared on Tuesday last a manifesto putting quite a different complexion upon the intended purpose of the convention than the original declaration set forth. Then it was Cabinet representation only. The sole cause of dissatisfaction among Catholic Liberals was indifference to the representation in the Dominion and Provincial Cabinets, which has "always been recognized." Now we are told that the motive inspiring the executive committee is primarily associated with the danger of Catholic electors going back upon the latter-day Liberalism—with which there is admittedly just dissatisfaction—to their former allegiance. Let the manifesto speak for itself. The following is its opening paragraph:

During the recent visit of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Toronto, a deputation representing the Executive Committee having in charge the coming Catholic Liberal Convention waited upon the hon. gentleman for the purpose of explaining to him the reasons for calling the convention, and to ask for his co-operation in making the gathering a success. They pointed out to him that since the Conservative party in Ontario had abandoned their anti-Catholic attitude and were endeavoring to undo the mischief that attitude had caused them,

THERE WAS DANGER THAT MANY OF THE CATHOLIC ELECTORS WHO FORMERLY VOTED WITH THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, BUT WHO FOR SOME YEARS PAST HAVE SUPPORTED THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN ONTARIO MIGHT RETURN TO THEIR FORMER ALLEGIANCE IF SOMETHING WAS NOT DONE TO RETAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE.

No intelligent Catholic in this province, Liberal or Conservative, will pretend that there is any sort of reason, positive or accidental, for the calling of a convention to be found in the fact that Catholic electors are changing from one party to another.

In the making of this public declaration we can only assume that there has been an injudicious disclosure of the councils of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Harty and the Convention executive.

The document goes on to record Sir Wilfrid's cordial recognition of the idea of doing "something to retain the confidence" of Catholic Liberal electors; allusion is made to his having also given "valuable and kindly advice" on the subject, and Hon. Mr. Harty is also said to have promised "any information to promote the success of the convention." It may be mentioned that three or four of the Toronto papers had published palpable misrepresentations of the interview with Mr. Harty, and the paragraphs in the manifesto concerned with the name of the Commissioner of Public Works are simply intended to show that instead of any cause of hostility existing between Mr. Harty and the promoters of the convention, they are equally desirous of its success, with the common view of saving the party against the danger of electoral gravitation towards the Conservatives, for some time very noticeable in Ontario constituencies where Catholics are numerous. So that the convention is a word is a Liberal family affair, in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and The Globe are the fathers of the household.

We have now only to offer a few remarks upon the situation as thus defined. The promoters of the convention and their government advisers at Ottawa and in Toronto are, according to their own declarations, only

negatively interested in the principle of Catholic representation. What they are positively anxious for is to avoid the natural consequences of their own indifference to this principle. However, if the principle is practically served by the final result, it of course amounts to the same thing whether the desideratum is helped along by negative or positive causes. The Province is as honestly desirous for Catholic representation in a Liberal as in a Conservative government. This paper is not beholden to one political party or other to the value of a pinch of snuff. We are beholden only to our constituency; and we shall watch with care to see that a purely political convention—such as this forthcoming gathering—is in point of fact—does not assume any unwarranted liberties with the right and reputation of Catholic electors to perfect freedom of political opinion. We believe, notwithstanding the reasons that may actuate a convention of party workers and leaders, that the political opinions of Catholics can be altered only by their intelligent and honest judgment as individual voters—if one or other political party in this country is unwilling to recognize the civil rights of Catholics. Nothing more will occur or has occurred to intelligent Catholics in public life. Catholics—Irish-Catholics especially—in regard to civil interests, are notoriously placed at a disadvantage by the activity of secret societies influencing Cabinets and political organizations in this Dominion; and their electoral strength in their only weapon of defense against such treatment as the forthcoming Convention if conducted upon right lines may have some power to remedy.

The newspapers of Toronto all had interesting and well written reports of Archbishop O'Connor's installation. The Globe's report was excellent.

With real regret and not a little surprise we have seen the announcement in our Irish contemporary, The Shan Van Vocht, that it has suspended publication. We hope it had advanced satisfactorily upon the road to prosperity. It certainly deserved to succeed, and the Irish literary and national movement is distinctly poorer by its fall.

In addition to his Ottawa government mission, Prof. Mavor, of Toronto University, has been commissioned by the Ontario Government to study the subject of workmen's compensation in England and Scotland. It is not compensation to workmen, however, but to holiday-makers that this interesting gentleman should write an essay upon.

Hon. John Costigan's political attitude is attributed to an alleged act of leniency shown towards his son by the Government. This at least is the view of The Winnipeg Telegram. A Cabinet position is the bribe Mr. Costigan is playing with according to certain other authorities in Toronto. Mr. Costigan does well to preserve silence. Those who assail him are far too mean to deserve his notice.

It was a thoughtful action on the part of the Collegiate Institute Board to welcome Archbishop O'Connor to Toronto by the following admirable resolution: "Moved by W. E. Cager, seconded by Mr. Fraser and unanimously adopted.—That this board desires to record the arrival in the city to-day of the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, the newly appointed Catholic Archbishop to the See of Toronto, and to express its gratification that so able an educationist as His Grace is to take up his residence in our city, and that this board extend to him a most hearty welcome."

The High School Board is the only educational and representative body in the correct sense below the University at which Catholics and Protestants sit together. The board has always worked in harmony and never as far as we know has any sectarian issue been brought up. The present chairman of the board, Mr. James W. Mallon, is one of the Catholic representatives. The resolution above referred to was offered by two Protestant gentlemen. All these things go to show that when men are in earnest for the public welfare, they are alive to the merits of all who are working with success in a good cause.

Copies of Liberal papers from all over Manitoba have reached us. They are presenting to their subscribers a special supplement containing Mr. Greenway's latest speech on the School question, in which he declared that he has not abated one jot or tittle of the enacted exclusion of Catholics from the benefits of public education in the province—for which they are, however, taxed through the nose. The same papers are publishing inspired editorials on the subject. The following gem of ingenuity from The Brandon Sun is a fair sample: "They [the Conservatives] have no policy because the Conservative party has a bad record on the school question,

the railway question and the financial policy for Manitoba. Their leader went into the Federal Cabinet to force the remedial bill, and separate schools upon Manitoba." Evidently there is oclocia inspiration in the ozone.

Lord Rosebery graciously wishes the Liberal party in Great Britain to turn Tory, or turtle, or Whig—or something else than Liberal. His Lordship has publicly adopted the platform of Mr. Chamberlain and is judgment that the entire party should hesitate to do the same. Mr. Chamberlain was driven out of the Liberal party by Home Rule. Lord Rosebery was driven out by Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain joined the Tories. Lord Rosebery, who is only a decoy Tory, should do likewise. Instead of that, however, he intimates his willingness to come back to the party and wipe out Home Rule. He is putting a poor price upon the convictions of those strong statesmen who let the deserters and weaklings of Liberalism go over to the enemy and held the best traditions of Liberal government enblazoned on the Home Rule banner.

A Washington despatch on Monday told a horrible story of the Indian trouble in Bolivia. It is alleged that priest incited the Indians to resist 120 of Col. Pando's men, that the arms of the soldiers were taken away, the men subjected to revolting treatment and finally locked inside the church for the night. In the morning the priest, after celebrating the so called "mass of agony," allowed the Indians to take out the unfortunate victims, two by two and 103 were deliberately murdered, each pair by different tortures. Seventeen escaped death by having departed the day previous on another mission. This story is a fair specimen of the long-distance yarns that are put into periodical service against the Catholic church by some hidden but sleepless enemy. The most ignorant imagination could not conjure up anything more ridiculous. The "mass of agony" is a masterful touch.

Just now while Cecil Rhodes is so largely in the public eye by his connection with a "school question" which has dropped up in Rhodesia is of equal interest. But the Rhodesian school question is of special interest to Canada as The Morning Post, of London points out. It appears that one of the first Bills to be submitted to the new council henceforth responsible for the local administration of that country deals with public education. The scheme is Mr. Rhodes' "The Roman Catholics" according to "The Morning Post" who have done good educational work in Rhodesia, naturally desire to avoid the fate of their co-religionists in Manitoba, but seeing in this instance that they have no greater weight than that of the Church of England or any other religious body. Mr. Rhodes is determined to give fair play all round. All he insists on is that religion in some form or other shall be taught in the schools and a proper standard of efficiency maintained. To meet his first point he has, I understand, inserted a clause in his Bill which provides, subject to certain numerical qualifications as regards the children attending school, that a Minister or properly qualified person of any denomination recognized as a religious body by the Council shall be allowed to enter any State School for half an hour daily, or at such time as may be agreed on, and give religious instructions in the particular faith which he professes. To meet the second point State aid is to be given in the case of the Voluntary Schools, and subject to the report of an Inspector a capitation grant allowed. It may be, as in this country, that certain religious bodies will urge Mr. Rhodes to make a change in this respect and invite him to remodel his Bill so as to give the grant according to the number of the teachers employed rather than to the number of children attending school. But Mr. Rhodes maintains, and rightly maintains, that the only fair and proper method of State aid in the case of Voluntary Schools, at any rate in Rhodesia, is a grant per child.

In about three hundred years this stage is reached, as the tradition affirms, and as, at all events, happened with Protestantism.

Luther began his revolt in 1517, and in the fifteenth year of the nineteenth century, the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo gave Europe time to breathe and look about her and an appealing sight it was which met her gaze.

Protestantism answered very well for a time; during the purely destructive process of its history. But destruction cannot go on forever, it must cease either when there is nothing more to destroy or when it has itself lost its power and feels the need of something greater to submit by.

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The question naturally arises, are the Catholic Liberals of Ontario so satisfied with their political classification that they are solitaires to boast their partisanship? It is a timely point for discussion, because we observe that it arose in the House of Commons last week during the debate on the address, when a French member (Mr. Lemieux of Gaspe) alluding to British Liberalism and British Toryism implied that the words carried the same meaning and appealed to the same national and religious feeling here in Canada. Mr. Costigan, a Catholic, in reply said:

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WHY THE TRICK?

Written for The Register.

The trick, becoming quite common now-a-days amongst sectaries, of calling themselves Catholic, even with the big O is worth a short notice if only to find out why they do it.

If they mean that their horses, the whole "combunary" of them, as an old soldier used to put it, can be catholic in any other sense than as a tramp's wallet is catholic because it refuses nothing from old rags up to jewels, they are victims of a very ridiculous delusion.

But let that pass for the present till we enquire why they do assume the great name at all, sometimes timidly, like children afraid to touch a strange object for fear it would bite, and again, boldly, as if they had some share in it. If anything is notorious it is this, that for nearly three hundred years nothing that could be the object of thought was so odious to the minds of Protestants as Catholicity. They scorned it, they caricatured it, they reviled it, they slandered and persecuted it till the ingenuity of invention could no farther go. Read, in any history, the lives of Henry and Elizabeth, of Charles II, and his brother, of William and all the Georges—it is the same old story with endless variations.

The "monster of the seven hills," the "nameless one of Babylon," "reprobate," "idolatrous Anti-Christ"; these, and such as those, were the common, indeed the popular, names for the Catholic Church in the English-speaking world. In our own youth they were all too common, and may be heard yet in the back districts, whether of town or country, but they have lost most of their power and all their charm. Men of thought have gone to the opposite extreme of seeking out new appellations why to work the grand name of Catholic into some sort of confraternity with themselves or their confraterniles.

What is the reason of a change so wondrous and complete? With what feelings should we greet it? As practical living proof of the heavenly character of Catholicity? This, of course; for nothing that is short of heavenly could have survived the vehemence of animosity, hatred and scorn the Church has had to encounter. But is the growing love for the name Catholic evidence that people are not only ashamed of their previous conduct, but also willing to turn back, like the prodigal, in penitence and sorrow, towards the home of their true father?

This, too, is due to a very considerable extent, and I beg to engage your attention in a subsequent article. It deserves to be treated by itself.

But I would seek the cause of the remarkable phenomenon—said many others which must be present in so complex a case—as largely in the providential events of the second two decades of the century.

There is a recognized tradition in the Church that three hundred years is about the measure of a heresy's duration. It may still exist, of course, for it is necessary according to the text that those should be heretics; but, by about that time it usually has so outrun or shrunk away from its first definition, that it needs new motives, new cries and a new name. Indeed the invention of "taking" seems like the headings of their sermons by sensational preachers, is one of the most engrossing and constant works of heresy.

Protestantism answered very well for a time; during the purely destructive process of its history. But destruction cannot go on forever, it must cease either when there is nothing more to destroy or when it has itself lost its power and feels the need of something greater to submit by.

In about three hundred years this stage is reached, as the tradition affirms, and as, at all events, happened with Protestantism.

Luther began his revolt in 1517, and in the fifteenth year of the nineteenth century, the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo gave Europe time to breathe and look about her and an appealing sight it was which met her gaze.

It is well known to every man who studies our politics, that the large majority of the Irish Catholic people of this country are pro-Union gentlemen opposite, and it is asking rather too much of them to wear bits and bridle and walk round the political ring once a year badged and classed as a religious auxiliary of the Liberal party.

And from that day forward the name Catholic, hitherto so despised and reviled has risen so steadily in honor that even the veriest Protestant finds a pride in trying to appropriate it.

St. Michael's Welcome to His Grace.

Thursday, May 4, 1899, is a day long to be remembered by the present generation of youth at St. Michael's College. It was the day on which a proud Alma Mater welcomed back to her portals, and trenched ones who had in turn been student, professor, and religious within her classic halls. Superior of the sister college at Sandwich, Bishop of the important diocese of London, and in length returned to his own.

We see, laden with all the honors of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Every professor, alumnus, and student felt the force of these facts. And as each reviewed them in mind, the personality of Dr. O'Connor mingled with them, quickening them into ardent life and sending thrill of admiration and joy through the hearts of the whole assembly.

All were gathered in the study. On the date with His Grace sat Archbishop Gauthier; of Kingston, F. Provincial; V. Marion, C.S.B., Superior; Dr. Teefy, C.S.R.; V. G. McCann, Rev. D. Cushing, C.S.R., Superior of Sandwich College; Mungroin McEvoy, of Hamilton; Father Quintiliano, S.S., of St. Patrick's, Montreal; Dean Egan, and a great number of other good priests. The programme consisted of two fine orchestral selections, a ringing chorus "Bishop so Glorious," by the Gle Club; "Honour and Arms," artistically rendered by Mr. J. J. Costello. The address of welcome accompanied by a presentation of an elegant set of pontificals—the reply of His Grace and a few words from Archbishop Gauthier. Throughout it was grand and impressive. Everything seemed to contribute to the charm of the gathering—from the gay hunting, college motto, and colours, up to the highly-intellectual and Catholic spirit that informed the whole scene. But by far the grandest and most impressive event of all was Archbishop O'Connor's address to the boys. It was a pleasure for him to return to his native See, especially because in it was situated his old Alma Mater. He had glad memories of St. Michael's: in it he had experienced the hard toll of student and professor life, in it he had made his religious profession, and received ordination. Next to his diocesan cares, his interests were his interests. Catholic education had always its attractions for him. It was a grand work. The preliminary scope of St. Michael's was to fit young men for the priesthood and give them a basic Catholic education. There was a high aim—one which finds a significant expression in the college motto, "Dico me bonitatem et disciplinam et scientiam." Priests nowadays must be not only good men, but must be well fitted with knowledge to cope with the powerful fallacies of the times, but they must too have minds firm, cultured, and trained to exactness, so that both word and deed may reflect the discipline of their chosen method. This discipline was necessary in any college, and the boys should consult their own interests by living up to its demands, as embodied in the rules. Doing well their work, making success in their studies, as would make ordination, especially if at his hands, a matter of the utmost pleasure to the ordaining prelate. With these and other words of encouragement an unexampled impressiveness on the young clerics.

After a short intermission, dinner was served in the refectory. Outside the students, about 110 members of hierarchy and clergy, sat down to a meal which could not be described as sumptuous. After the viands were fairly well disposed of, some few short speeches were made. Father Provincial in the name of the community congratulated the Archbishop on his elevation, and thanked him, the vicar, and the assisting clergy for their gracious presence. His Grace then, in a few well-chosen words, declared again his warm interest in St. Michael's welfare, and paid the good done by the noble Canadian community, and hoped for great things in the future. Archbishop Gauthier next arose, and in a happy strain said that although not a graduate of St. Michael's College, still on looking around on such a fair array of alumnus brilliancy and talent he almost wished he were. After extolling the honesty and strength of character possessed by Dr. O'Connor, he concluded by saying that the longer he knew him the more he liked him, and hoping that the friendship would wax stronger in the same proportion as before. Bishop Dowling being called upon delivered a most strikingly clever after-dinner speech. It was relate that his high and remarkable sense underneath a rich veil of humour showed off his old most reverend classmate to the best advantage. Vicar-General McCann was the next speaker. He thanked Archbishop O'Connor for his kind words and advice. He had already received such things from him, in all firmness, even as a student under his care at St. Michael's. He was proud of having the noble doctor for his professor, and St. Michael's for his alma mater.

LAST PONTIFICATES AT ST. BASIL'S.

An elaborate musical programme was prepared by St. Basil's choir last Sunday evening, in honor of the first appearance in St. Basil's church of His Grace, Archbishop of Toronto. An impressive procession announced the entrance of His Grace, who was attended by Fathers Teefy and Mungroin, deacons of honor, and Very Rev. Father Marion, assistant priest. The gorgeous vestments, long line of cope-bearers, and white-robed choristers made an unusually impressive vespers service.

Father Brennan preached the sermon on charity and alms giving, and spoke encouragingly of the work done by the ladies of the parish. In his own eloquent way he impressed on each and every one the duty which was theirs, to materially assist the worthy charities of the church with generous donations. The statement read was one that told much of how the sufferings

of the poor were relieved during the past winter by the good ladies, and paid them a most deserved compliment for their work of charity and good deeds. The ladies and gentlemen brought them so frequently together. There was a generous response to the reverend pastor's heartfelt appeal.

The musical numbers were all well given. The soloists and soloists were sustained by Mr. Maure, Miss Ward, Miss Boney, Messrs. J. and M. Costello, and Donville. Mrs. Mouré's beautiful soprano voice is always delightful when singing is charming, clear, and modulated. Her time and time is always excellent. It was a great pleasure to listen to Mr. Costello's manly baritone. He was equal to all the demands made upon his resonant voice, and was in his old-times happy voice. His voice was a most important in Mr. Michael Costello's charming soprano voice, which is always heard with pleasure. A concerted trio by Verdi, of the Italian school of composition was presented by Mrs. Mouré, Mr. Costello, and the soloists who also sang an Ode Salutis. Sir O'Farrell would add much prestige to St. Basil's choir. In these days when tenor voices are so rare it is a pity that one who knows how to sing has no place to go. The musical temperament is not identified with St. Basil's well-managed choir. Mr. Mouré presided at the organ, and Father Murray conducted.

THE ARCHDIOCESE ON DEVOTION TO MARY.

We take from the Globe the following report of Archbishop O'Connor's sermon at the High Mass on Sunday in St. Michael's cathedral. The mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Ryan.

The Archbishop's text was—"For so bold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." He reminded his hearers that the May devotions would place the church every Wednesday and Friday in May at 10 o'clock. These devotions were a simple verification of the prophecy which the Blessed Virgin Mary made in her own behalf. The Church at all times has celebrated feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which were observed throughout the world over. But there were other devotions in her honour, which had arisen from time to time in the Church, and were, perhaps more perfectly than those which she herself had appointed, but this prophecy which the Virgin Mary had made in her own behalf was being fulfilled.

With regard to these exercises, which were established by the Church during the month of May, no one was obliged to assist at them, but the fact that so many did assist therat was a proof of how much the people revered the Blessed Virgin, and how pleased they were to bestow upon her all the honour they could, as an infliction in their way of the honour which Christ Himself and the Apostles had always shown her. The devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, all the devotions of the Church concerning what they were to believe and practise in reference to the Mother of God, were found in the Hall Mary and Mary. The words full of grace were spoken first by an archangel who was sent from the throne of God, and by God Himself, in order to make known to the Christian world of that day what it was to be a member of the family of God. Virgin sometimes the Catholic Church has been accused of putting the Blessed Virgin Mary in the place of God Himself. Catholics, of course, knew that this was not so, and could not be so; the words of the archangel, which he had just quoted, pointed out very clearly and definitely the infinite distance between God and His holy mother.

The Virgin, as His hearers knew, meant in all cases things belonging to God by His very nature.

He had received from no one, and nothing could be added unto or taken from Him. God granted unto each one these favours in measure, but He himself received favours from none.

In sharing with us He lost nothing, but He remained perfect and complete as before.

Hence when Catholicks said that the Blessed Virgin Mary was full of grace, they meant only that she had received from the Almighty God the fulness of all favours.

She was not God; otherwise she could not receive favours, but being God's creature, she received more from the Almighty than any other. Almighty God, in His goodness, had poured out upon her all His graces. Therefore, God had only assured her, and the Catholic people, that she was full of grace.

Catholicks are aware that the difference that was placed acting in record with the beliefs of the Church, between the mother of God and God, in honouring the mother of God in honouring the mother of God, they did not intend to give to her the honour which belonged to God. They honoured the Blessed Virgin Mary because God honoured her. She was honoured far more than any other God's creatures. Of no other was it said that they were full of grace—not even the angels.

In saying that the Blessed Virgin was full of grace it meant, in the first instance, that she had received from Almighty God the fulness of personal perfection. Besides the grace attending towards personal affection.

The Blessed Virgin received other graces which fitted her state or calling to which Almighty God had called her.

The archangel's words to the Blessed Virgin, touching the conception of Christ showed that she was intended for a vocation calling far beyond that of any other God's creatures.

She was to be the mother of God, and therefore Almighty God gave to her all the graces necessary to prepare her for this wonderful vocation.

The reason why Catholics took such pleasure in honouring the Blessed Virgin, and why the Church encouraged their devotions under all circumstances, was in honouring the mother of God, they at the same time honoured the Almighty. How should they honour the Blessed Virgin Mary?

By striving to imitate the virtues she herself practised. They could not, however, do this without offending God.

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REV. DR. KILROY'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The Stratford Beacon of April 24 publishes the following report of Rev. Dr. Kilroy's Jubilee celebration:—

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the appointment of the Rev. E. B. Kilroy, DD., to the pastorate of St. Joseph's church, is now matter of history. The way in which it was celebrated yesterday, however, afforded many proofs of the esteem and affection felt for their pastor by the members of the church. The children who took part in it, as they grow up to maturity, will hold it among the pleasantest recollections of their earlier days, and perhaps esteem the privilege of having been present at it, more highly than they do now. The older members who had looked forward to it and found in the day's doings the reward of their efforts, are to be heartily congratulated upon its success as well as upon their privilege in being able to hold a twenty-fifth anniversary of their pastor's settlement. Not many clergymen in these hurrying days have the privilege of ministering so long to one people. The anniversary services commenced at 6 a.m. by a mass which was largely attended, as was the mass for married men at 9 o'clock. The two principal services of the day were the Solemn High Mass at 11 a.m., and the vesper service at 7 p.m. After this latter service presentation was made to the doctor. In the afternoon a service for young men was held in the church by Father Miller, and a service for young ladies in the Separate school hall by Father Grogan. These were exceedingly well attended.

A congregation that filled every sitting in the large edifice gathered for Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Kilroy was the celebrant, with Rev. Father Downey, of Logan, as deacon, and Rev. Father Gnam, of Hesston, as sub-deacon. The service was of a bright and impressive character. The musical part was admirably rendered under the direction of the organist, Miss Carlin.

The sermon was preached by the Redemptionist Father Miller, who, with Father Grogan, has been conducting the mission in connection with the silver Jubilee.

The brief synopsis given below hardly does justice to the eloquent preacher. The subject matter was clothed in exquisite language and beautiful imagery, and was delivered with great earnestness. The sermon was one from the hearing of which any Christian of whatever sect could have received spiritual benefit.

He took for his text the miracle of Christ stilling the tempest on the Lake of Gennesaret, graphically picturing the storm which caused the disciple to awaken our Saviour and exclaim, "Lord save us; we perish," and which brought forth His reproach, "Why are ye afraid, ye of little faith?" The scene, he said, was descriptive of the every day life of the present day. The Christian was constantly exposed to dangers, and to withstand them and not be afraid he required to be fortified by faith and to be constant in prayer. Man can do nothing save by the grace of God, and prayer alone was the means by which that grace could be obtained. The important matter of life, therefore, was to know how and when to pray. How to pray, he said, was taught by the deep earnestness and confidence of those people recorded in the Gospels who appealed to Christ that they might be cured of their bodily infirmities, and that their dead might be restored to them. Their prayers were granted because their faith was sufficient. If the Christians of to-day were possessed of the same faith and were as diligent in prayer, the Father which is in heaven could perform miracles equally as far-reaching in our midst. When to pray, he said, was at all times—"pray without ceasing." He did not mean by this that they should always be on their knees, but that they should always have God in their minds and hearts, and be ready at all times to call upon Him when assailed by dangers and temptations. If they would do this they would be fortified by Him to resist evil. Then, they should pray when through the weakness of frail human nature they had fallen into the abyss of sin. The grace of God was sufficient to reach them even then, if the prayer was sincere and heartfelt.

In conclusion, the reverend gentleman in graceful language congratulated the congregation on the auspicious event they were celebrating to-day—the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the pastorate of their beloved pastor, Right Rev. Dr. Kilroy. He pointed out the trials and troubles a parish priest had to contend with, and the calamities he had to withstand in so long a period of service as the rev. doctor had given his people, and showed how deeply he was deserving of their affection. This latter he believed had not been wanting in the rev. doctor's case, and he hoped that many years might yet be spared him to minister to his flock. On behalf of the Redemptionist order, which had twice been honoured by call to hold a mission by the speaker in the parish, and indeed on behalf of the clergy generally, he extended hearty congratulations to Dr. Kilroy on an occasion of so much importance to him and his parishioners.

At the conclusion of the service Rev. Dr. Kilroy made a short address. He referred to his connection with the parish and to the ravages death had made in the clergy during his term, there being only one bishop left of those who were present at the consecration of the church, and two priests

who were there are also dead. It also feelingly referred to the many worthy members of the congregation who had passed to their reward since he had come among them. "The past twenty-five years," he said, "had a passed like a dream, and on the whole a pleasant dream." The seed sown by the first pastor of the parish had brought forth good fruit under his successor, Father Cronin, and with the blessing of God he had seen it develop and mature under his ministrations. Since thirty-three years ago, when he had stood by at the laying of the corner-stone of this church, he had always taken a deep interest in the people's well-being. He had been with them in their joys and sorrows, seen many of the older people pass to their reward, and joined the hands of others who had brought up families which were a credit to them and their church, and winning the respect of those of a different faith. "I am grateful to God for such a pastor," he exclaimed, "and in the masses I have offered up to-day my heartfelt prayers have gone out that continued blessings be poured out upon you." He hoped that the seed of the mission of the good Redemptorist Fathers now about to be brought to a close had taken deep root, and would be productive of much fruit, and after paying a tribute to the clergy who had directed and aided in it, and to those who had been associated with him in the parish work, including Rev. Father O'Neill, of Kinvara, he expressed the hope that he would be spared a while yet to enjoy ministering to as goodly a people.

THE EVENING SERVICE.

Any one who was privileged to stand in the choir gallery of St. Joseph's church and look down, would have seen a very inspiring sight. The large edifice was literally crammed with people, for Protestants as well as Catholics had assembled there to do honour to Dr. Kilroy, its beloved pastor.

The service opened by the Rev. Father Miller repeating a decade of the Rosary with the congregation.

Rev. Father Grogan preached a sermon on the duties and responsibilities of Catholics, of which the following is a brief analysis.

Our Lord came into the world that He might bring redemption to it. He sent His apostles and founded a church to carry on this work. This church, like every well organized society, must have a head. Its head is the Holy Father. It must have authority, rules, regulations. These rules and regulations are the development of the law of God. In order to be a faithful member of the church and friend of God these rules must be observed.

The precepts of the church are no new yoke, no additional burden; they are God's commands developed. We must adore God. The church tells us how, when, and where to do this. We must curb our passions and mortify our desires. The church gives us rules of fasting and abstinence for this—they must be kept. All the church's precepts are binding—they are ordered by God's authority.

The first great duty of the church is to hear mass on Sunday. They who neglect this without lawful excuse are guilty of mortal sin.

There are blessings and gifts and graces which can only be obtained through the mass. God will hold you responsible for the neglect of these.

The second great precept of the church is to contribute to the maintenance of your pastor and to all the church's needs. To neglect to do this is to commit sin. If we neglect these things we are grieving God, we are guilty of disobedience against the authority of the church, we deprive God of the honour due to Him, and ourselves of the blessings that would come from observance of His commands.

If you observe these precepts and stand by your pastor and the church, they will stand by you in the hour of need, and prepare you after death to meet God as a friend. After the sermon came the benediction.

THE PRESENTATION.

At the conclusion of the vesper service the Rev. Father Downey of Logan asked the congregation to remain for a while, as he understood that they wished to make a presentation to their pastor. In the meantime the Doctor had been told that he was required in the church for a few minutes. It was evident from the inquiring look he cast around him as he came through the vestry door, that he was somewhat perplexed as to the reason for his being summoned. As soon as they saw him the whole congregation stood up and from the changing emotions that began to play upon his face, it could be seen that he began to suspect that something unusual was to happen. One of the other priests motioned to him to stand in front of the two onyx tables that had been placed in the chancel, and as he took his stand there, the organ pealed forth in joyous strains of thanksgiving. Then slowly up the main aisle of the church came the committee of men whose delightful labour of love it had been to arrange for the presentation, headed by four winsome lassies with sparkling eyes and smiling countenances. They were Irene O'Flaherty, Edna Moore, Rhoda Knottel, and Katie Dillon. Each one was dressed in white with wreath and veil, and carried a handsome bouquet of roses. These they presented to the Doctor, and then after the committee had ranged themselves around the chair of Mr. James O'Loane, police magistrate, read the following address:—

"Rev. and Dear Doctor Kilroy. I have the honour to present to you, on behalf of your parishioners of St. Joseph's church of Stratford, this purse as a slight token of their esteem and their appreciation of your labours in their midst for the past twenty-five years. We hope that you may be long spared to continue the good work in our midst. Please accept on behalf of your people of this church."

Mr. O'Flaherty then handed the doctor a purse of gold containing \$500 in \$20 gold pieces.

During the reading of the address, Mr. E. O'Flaherty stepped forward and said:—

To the Reverend E. B. Kilroy, DD., Rector of St. Joseph's church, Stratford.

Reverend and Dear Pastor:—We approach you with feelings of gratitude

and love to present to you our congratulations and assurances of our devoted loyalty as a congregation on this twenty-fifth recurrence of your assuming charge of this mission and the spiritual direction of your people.

We have abundant cause to be deeply grateful to the good shepherd, who under the guidance of an All-Wise Head, was instrumental in selecting you, dear Father, for the duties so long, so faithfully, and so lovingly performed. Nor is it too much to say that the entire community, all of whom held you as a friend, rejoice in the good fortune which brought to them in your person for a quarter of a century of devoted labour in their midst, a man of your large-minded comprehensive and conciliatory views and zeal in co-operating in every benevolent and useful undertaking.

The twenty-five years you have guided the destinies of this congregation is only a part of your important work in the church. The other missions in this diocese, over which you had previously presided with so much success, including Savina, St. Marys, and London, have all not only experienced the same loving solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the people as has been our happy lot to realize, but each in turn has profited largely by your able management of, and your devotion to the cause of Catholic education. You have ever been foremost in the intellectual and educational movement of the time, using the great talents with which you are endowed and spending your private means for the benefit and advancement of the youth and those little ones whom God has committed to your care.

But we cannot trust ourselves adequately to speak of your numerous good works and efforts here, but where you have spent the greater part of your priestly career. Father, we will not, nay, we cannot, recount your numerous acts of devotion to the duties of your sacred office. The kindly and persuasive advice given to those who through their own faults had temporarily strayed from the fold, the loving invitation extended to those erring children to return to their Father's house, the tender solicitude evinced for the spiritual welfare of all, and the charity preached, usually forming so large a part of your sermons, have built up in the hearts of your people the tender affection of devoted children.

Never have you been known to withhold aid from those needing help: neither did you wait to learn whether they knelt at the same altar of esteem. The incident was a very impressive one, for it served to prove that the more faithful the servant of God is to the duties of his holy office, the more will he win the love and esteem of his people and be honoured by them whilst he is in their midst, and his memory held in loving remembrance when he has gone to join the 'choir invisible.'

The committee that arranged for the presentation were:—Messrs. James O'Loane, E. O'Flaherty, Dr. J. A. Dowling, M. F. Goodwin, Jas. Collins, Maurice J. Dillon, D. J. O'Connor, C. McIlhagger, Charles Wingfield, J. J. Coughlin, Dr. K. J. Robins, Charles Stock, Wm. Daly, Cornelius Quinlan, P. J. Kelly, P. O'Rourke, J. Quinlan, Bernard Payton, John Nelligan, W. S. Bolger, J. O'Donoghue, James McKinley, William McCaffrey, John Mulroy, Martin McCaffrey, Edward Swift, John Capitan, Michael Guerin, John Duggan, Joseph Walsh, R. O'Neill, John Dolan, Simon Long, J. J. Hartarty, Philip Petrie, John Clifford, John Goettler, R. McNamara, E. J. Kintz, M. Gleason, Felix Devlin, M. Dillon, T. O'Leary, Terrance O'Brien, Frank Ryan, T. F. Quirk, Edward McCaffrey, Dan Flanagan, Con. McNamara, Bernard Murray, Richard Clyne, Patrick Lennon, Vincent Welsh, J. A. Duggan, J. J. O'Brien, John Way, M. O'Brien, and Edward Walsh.

AMERICAN GUNS IN THE ORIENT.

Robert Barr, in the first of a series of papers on his Travels and Troubles in the Orient, tells some stirring stories of American "guns" that can speak Turkish." Life would not be so very well worth living along these shores if it were not for the American gunners.....which do many things that call for admiration in the social despatches." Just how United States naval officers sometimes deal with troublesome Turks, Mr. Barr tells in the Saturday Evening Post, of May 12.

Sixty-four American gunners are serving in the British army in India. Mr. Thomas Sabine says: "My eleven year old boy has his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' External Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for emergency."

R. J. MCGAHEY, D.O.S., I.D.S.
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Saturday Night and the Obnoxious Coronation Oath.

Our esteemed contemporary, Saturday Night, maintains that this agitation for the abolition of the obnoxious coronation oath should cease rather than that a sectarian campaign should be inaugurated here. Its brilliant editor is perfectly satisfied that this insult to two millions of Catholic British subjects and to so many millions of Catholics of other nations, should be perpetuated, rather than that there should be any disturbance of the peace over a matter of such insignificance as the insulting of Catholics by characterizing their most cherished doctrines as "idolatrous and superstitions." Catholics have become so accustomed to this kind of thing that it cannot hurt them, while it will be pleasant for others to find that an occasion of such solemnity as the coronation of the king or queen of Great Britain and Ireland cannot be allowed to pass without a renewal of this wanton and unnecessary insult.

It is hard to understand how it is that Catholics so long accustomed to this kind of usage, should in the "dying hours of the century" become so sensitive about such trifles. Catholics are an integral portion of the British Empire are interested in its constitution which they have helped to frame. They are of opinion that it will tend to the welfare of the British Empire that its sovereign on the solemn occasion of his ascending the throne, should out of all his subjects, of so many religious creeds, single out Catholics alone, andigmatize them with the crime of idolatry. This declaration is made in the presence of Catholic peers, Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, and others, and reported to Catholic countries. Is this politic? Besides, is this fair to the king himself? He is obliged to swear; he has no alternative, that the religion of the far larger portion of the Christian world, the religion of the saints, and which the martyrs sealed with their blood, the religion which has ever formed in the British nation, as well as in every other the noblest models of perfection, the religion which still counts upon its rolls many enlightened people, this religion he swears is idolatry and superstition.

Has he taken the pains to examine the religion about which he makes this awful declaration?

If there is anything that is plain in moral, anything that is evident in religion, or in reason itself, it is that before he takes the dreadful oath he ought, at least, with serious care, to examine what he ventures thus to condemn so cruelly. Is there a Judge in any of our courts that would not seriously reprove the man who upon any cause presented himself to swear to a point which he had not examined? What can justify an oath is knowledge founded upon evidence, or conviction coming from thorough investigation. What investigation is made to justify the new monarch to solemnly call heaven to witness that the religion of Catholics is profane, idolatry and stupid superstition?

Surely the oath of the British monarch should not be the only one to be taken without some precaution. Therefore before he (or she) can conscientiously declare that our religion is idolatry, he should have at least examined it. His oath without this act of prudence is rash. It is without this a perversion of one of the most solemn actions that religion reverences.

Besides, the uncharitableness of the oath, there is moreover implied, a variety of absurdities, which if well considered, will be found subversive, even of the boasted claims of the establishment of which the monarch is said to be visible head. For example, the great claim of the establishment to the title of being the true Church

of Christ, is this; that through the medium of the Catholic Episcopacy, it has derived its mission from the Apostles. Then if the Catholic Church had been idolatrous, it was not any longer the Church of Christ, and consequently it could not communicate any mission. Therefore it must be that the Established Church is a new Church, and if so, then no Church at all.

It is not, therefore, for the purpose of stirring up strife, that Catholics are demanding the repeat of this obnoxious oath, to spare themselves from unnecessary insult, and the future King from all the absurdity and antagonism that such an oath entails. If there were on your premises anything emitting an offensive odor, you would try to have it removed. Will it be said, that Catholics alone should be insensible to what is offensive. What good purpose will be served by swearing at them in this way? If the Pope on some solemn occasion were to swear that Protestants are idolaters, what a howl would be raised. Even our contemporary of Saturday night, with all his boasted philosophy of "peace at any price," would hardly let it pass without an indignant protest. But here it is only Catholics. That makes quite a difference. With us, he thinks, it is only a sentimental grievance, granted. But sentiment is to be dealt with, and in this case a sentiment that should be respected. Are Jews or Mohammedans stigmatized in this way? And why Catholics? The Toronto papers should be cautious against accepting as true accounts received through the medium of country reporters. Some of these reports are incompetent, prejudiced, and even untrue, and may not be relied upon, especially when Catholics are concerned, to give a correct or impartial report.—L.

A GREAT FRENCH JOURNALIST.

The memory of that great French journalist, Louis Veuillot, is soon to be honoured by a ceremony in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre. A monument to the celebrated champion of the Church will be unveiled in the chapel of St. Benoit Labre, by Monseigneur Iluzen, Bishop of Digne. There are good men nowadays battling for Catholic rights in the French press, but there never was a man in such determined and such able defence of the Faith as Louis Veuillot is so needed at the present. He was not only a powerful journalist, but a novelist whose portrait of provincial life is said by St. Beuve, to have eclipsed that of Balzac, or a historian whose Veuillot's enemies, by the way, were compelled to admit the immense talent of this man of the people, who may be said to have taught himself, who entered journalism young and elevated himself to the rank of one of the greatest writers of France by private study, and by modelling his style on that of La Bruyere. Style, however, was not all in Veuillot's favour. He became known as a disseminator of ideas, and a hard hitter, as well as an accomplished writer. Even M. de Roquetaillade, who had frequently attacked, said that he was perfectly qualified, said that he was perfectly qualified, for the election of that "great dell" of Veuillot" to the French Academy, out of sheer admiration of the man's talents.

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THE LITTLE 'UN

Six-shabby litters were running them-selves outside the North Star in Curistor street. One lolled apart against the door-post, five leaned in a row with their backs set squarely against the front of the public house.

Smoking and blinking thus in the warmth of the afternoon sun they had anezed to such a blissful languor that when, at wide intervals, one of them revolved sufficiently to mutter a half intelligible remark, none of the others could exert himself to answer it.

"They were law stationers' clerks be-
-and in a long vacation. Law offices
were away on their holidares and the lean scribe of the profession had rarely more than three days' work to do in a week. They were lounging there to-day, these six, as they had lounged there yesterday and probably would lounge there to-morrow.

The man who dozed apart against the door-post was the oldest and shabbiest of the group. He was a tall, withered man, with a large head, heavy little sack under his sleepy eyes and a slight bulbous nose. His moustache and beard were scanty and untrimmed, and his general expression was morose and uninviting. The large head appeared larger than it was by reason of his mangy tail hat being a shade too small for it. He wore a tightly buttoned frock coat that was faded to a greenish brown and gray trousers, very baggy at the knees and very frayed about his boot tops; the boots were disgracefully down at the heel and there were black streaks in the bend of his left sleeve where he wiped his pen.

"Yes. When I heard you'd got the D.T.'s again, Mr. Faint," drawled the nearest, older to him, resuming a somnolent murmur he had commenced and discontinued a few minutes before, "I said to young Freddy here—"

"It wasn't D.T.'s this time," Mr. Faint gloomily interposed, "it was only pleurisy."

"Well, we heard it was. 'Freddy,' I said, 'we shan't see 'im any more. The third go's always fatal. I don't 'old with goin' to excess, I don't; let it be a warnin' to you,' I said, 'never to have more'n two.'

"We did talk," grinned Freddy, lazily corroborating him, "of subscribing for a little wreath—we felt so sure of it."

Mr. Faint remained passive and impervious.

The other two were drifting back into a contented stupor, when all of a sudden somebody whistled. Instantly six pairs of eyes opened and flashed all in the same direction. A dusty, pallid man stood beckoning from the doorway of a law stationer's shop across the road.

"Job for somebody?" growled one of the six. "Gon o', Freddy. It's your turn."

Freddy's long legs were galvanized into spasmodic activity and he went.

Or the other five, two retired into the North Star for consolation, three sank back into their former listless attitude and relapsed their pipes.

They were lulled by the snore of traffic in Chancery lane, out beyond the end of the street. Now and then an intrusive cart would rattle noisily past them, otherwise the quiet of the place was undisturbed, except for the monotonous grumble and thump of printing machines in some adjacent works.

Persuaded a perspiring Italian wheel-ed a piano organ into the street and, astably grimacing, drew up exactly opposite the North Star. A weary female who accompanied him attached herself mechanically to the "hand," and proceeded to turn out a tune. She scattered the notes of a blithe prelude into the air, and with the melancholy persistency of an automatic effigy, dashed on to a rollicking melody.

The loungers were startled into wakefulness. Mr. Faint glanced round about as if expecting to see something or somebody else beside the organ and organist, and all of them looked and listened with a dull enjoyment. The tune was of the music half-way—a frivolous, lilting air that got into the feet of its hearers as an intoxicant goes to the head. Several heads drummed in time on the pavement outside the North Star, printers' boys, temporarily emancipated from the neighbouring works, jigged on the curb and sang snatches of the chorus, and in a flash, as if one joyous note of the music had materialized into visibility, a tiny, golden-haired, dimpled baby girl was out there in the road fluttering her threadbare skirts in a quaint little dance, her small feet flying so nimbly they scarcely seemed to touch the ground at all.

"Here's the little 'un!" chuckled one of the loafers. "Thought it would soon bring her out."

"I saw her coming down the court. Don't she do it a treat!"

"Some youngster that lives in the same house an' dances in pantomimes—she taught her. She told me so."

Mr. Faint said nothing, but his eyes began to sparkle, and he watched her rapt and silent.

And the tiny feet went merrily as if they would never grow tired, and round and round bobbed the happy, buoyant little figure—such a little, little figure, and so lightsome that the first puff of wind might almost have caught it up and carried it floating and wavering away like the downy, feathery ball that is blown from a dandelion.

Half way through a fantastic circling movement she unexpectedly caught sight of Mr. Faint, and with a cry of delight ran straight from the middle of her dance toward him.

"Uncle Fanti!" she piped in her pretty childish treble. "Uncle Fanti!"

"Where you bin? They said you wouldn't come back no more."

"Did they?" Mr. Faint smiled pleasantly, and stooped to pinch her cheek; and when Mr. Faint smiled you would hardly have recognized him as the same man, his features were so softened and humanized. "But I have come back, you see, and here I am."

"Has you bin poorly?"

"Uncle Fanti!" She had taken one of his hands in her small chubby fingers and was swinging and leaping about his feet. "Ain't you goin' to kiss me?"

He stooped right down and kissed her and straightened himself up again shamefacedly.

"They said you wasn't coming back. Uncle Fanti," she went on, laughing into his face. "And I cried, I did."

"Cried! What for?"

"I didn't want you to go away. I wanted to see you. Oh! that's the one I like!"

The time had changed, and in a moment she had skipped away from him, and was dancing merrily in the round again.

While the weary woman was grinding, the Italian went on tour with an dusty shell. Mr. Faint dropped a penny into it, not because he liked music, but because the little 'un liked it, and the other scribes contributed a ha'penny apiece for very much the same reason.

For the little 'un patronized them all, but it was commonly recognized that Mr. Faint was first favourite. She had turned to him from the outset, and during the twelve months of their acquaintance had shown such a marked preference for his society that the others had facetiously christened him "Uncle," and she unhesitatingly accepted the relationship.

Generally speaking, Mr. Faint was not expansive or genial, but the sight of the little 'un and the touch of her wheeling hands thawed the frozen heart of him miraculously, so that he would laugh with her and play with her and chatter to her in baby English, and take a lavish delight in insisting on a diminutive little palm, as soft and pink as a rose petal, being opened very wide for the accommodation of a penny for sweets.

There had been a time when the little 'un had not been seen about the streets for many days, and by and by it was reported by a neighbour of hers, a dilapidated gentleman whose interest in astronomy brought him frequently to the North Star, that she was dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. And close on this currency was given to a preposterous and incredulous rumour concerning Mr. Faint which shall be repeated for what it worth.

The little 'un lived down Butler's court, which turned out of Curistor street, almost exactly opposite the North Star, and was never seen to go into it. Nevertheless it was alleged that he had been observed to lurk in the work-house," he ejaculated. Then his words came at a rush, but in so frenzious a voice that his wife gazed at him, wondering. "Clara—she's such a little thing no bigger than our Min was. She's exactly like Min—when I first saw her it was our little Min come back to me."

His voice quavered into silence, and he turned his face from her. She resumed her sewing with fresh energy, and perhaps it was only some trick of the lamp-light that made her harsh features seem strangely softened.

"It would be cruel to send her to the work-house," he spoke again earnestly. "Why—why couldn't we have her here?"

"Why, indeed!" Mrs. Faint laughed scornfully. "At the rate you go on we don't have enough for two. How should we manage to live at all with three?"

"Look here, Clara," he interrupted, eagerly, "I've been better for months past than I used to be, haven't I?"

"You'd good need to be—"

"I know I did. But look here! I was all right till our little Min went, wasn't I? It was that that sent me all wrong. I didn't care and I was miserable."

"An' wasn't I?"

"You was as fond of me as I was but you were a good-woman, Clara, an' I was a poor fool. It knocked me all to pieces. If she could come back, it 'ull pull me around an' I could be myself again. An' this little 'un"—he swallowed a lump that rose in his throat—"she's our little Min over again—exactly. If she was here with us it would seem—Clara! Think, if it was our little Min, an' they were sending her to the workhouse? We can't let her go there. If you'll have her here, Clara, I'll make you a promise."

"An' forget it to-morrow," she said coldly.

"I swear to you I'll keep it to my dying day. She'll help me—if she comes—it'll be all as if our little Min had never died. I'll do what that person's been worrying me to do. I'll sign the pledge for him, and take that he off an' get away from the chaps I booze with—I will."

II.

After bending all day over his desk in a cramped, sky-lighted back room, Mr. Faint finished the engrossment of two lengthy despatches, wiped his pen, drew his money, and strolled out into the North Star.

"Faint! It was a loafer scribe that called to him. "Heard the news? The little 'un's mother's dead."

Mr. Faint stood a minute startled.

"Who said so?"

"Some old gal who came over for some beer a little while ago. She says the little 'un's been over to look for you two or three times."

Mr. Faint lit his pipe with a fine callousness, as intimating that it was no business of his anyway.

Then, instead of going to the North Star, he thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and marching off with an air of most profound indifference, turned up Furnival street, as if he were going home.

Now, there were two ways into Buttler's court—one opposite the North Star, and one through a pinched archway, out of Furnival street—and with a casual glance behind him Mr. Faint vanished suddenly into that archway.

On the top floor but one of a house in the court a door opened to the sound of his passing tread, and a woman looked out.

"Oh, it's you, sir," she cried, recog-nizing him; then some one inside.

In a moment the little 'un bounded out to him, and he stooped and rose with her in his arms, her small clasps tightening round his neck, her face nestling against his, and the little figure convulsed with sobbing.

"There, there, don't cry. It's all right," he stammered, half shyly. "Rather sudden, wasn't it?" he said to the woman, with a lift of his eyes toward the floor above.

"Oh, no, sir. She's been going on rapid for some time," she retorted. "The doctor never thought she's isn't so long." As Mr. Faint offered no obser-vation, but seemed absorbed in troubled thought, she went on: "An' there's no one to take the child. She

don't seem to have no friends—he fa-ther died three years ago an' more."

"You ain't a real uncle, so I suppose I'll ha' to be the workhouse-poor mite!"

"Yes, I am," gasped Mr. Faint, aggressively. "I'm real enough. She'll go to any workhouse. She'll come with me—I shall have to have her. The parish will make me. It's the law."

"Oh, I didn't know you was really her uncle. Well, I'm glad of it. I'd have 'ad her here wif me sooner than let her go to the parish, only I got seven or my own, an' that's a handful."

He waited patiently while she completed her packing without un-haste, and when she got up, grubbing vaguely, and tied her bonnet on, he rose and went with her.

They walked back by the way he had come, in under the arch, and so up and into the presence of the little 'un herself.

She ran to Mr. Faint at once, but he was shrewd and politic, as soon as Mrs. Faint had accepted the invitation of the woman who tenanted the room, and sat down, he placed the child in her lap.

She passed a wandering hand over the tangled golden curls, and looked intently into the dimpled face and baby eyes that opened wistfully on her own worn features, then suddenly folded the little 'un to her breast and began to cry with her, and soon there was not a dry eye in the room except Mr. Faint's, and his would not have been dry either if he hadn't kept wiping them on his sleeve. He found the little 'un's bonnet and jacket, such an infinitesimal jacket that he could hardly take hold of it with both hands at once—he helped to put them on her, and attempted to pick her up for the purpose of conveying her home. But Mrs. Faint pushed him aside.

"Leave the child alone," she said, briskly. "You'll only be dropping it, or something."

And she carried the little 'un home-ward in her own arms.—A. St. John Adcock in Good Works.

Mrs. Faint made no response.

"Clara," he pleaded, "just the same age, an' so like—Come with me now, for yourself, an' if you don't feel I'll be our little Min come back to us."

"I won't come till I've finished tak-ing this living in," she cried, irritably.

"I won't leave you alone."

He waited patiently while she completed her packing without un-haste, and when she got up, grubbing vaguely, and tied her bonnet on, he rose and went with her.

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Death of Doctor Nedley, the Last Great Irish Humorist.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal of April 26th:—

We regret to announce the death of Doctor Thomas Nedley, a sad event which took place yesterday at his house in Rutland square. Dr. Nedley had attained an advanced age, but enjoyed fair health up to a few weeks ago, when he was seized by an illness which proved fatal. He was a physician of ability who filled with success some important public posts. But he was not as a physician that Doctor Nedley was famous in the generation now passing away. He was the last of the long-dynasty of wits who have set the Dublin dinner-tables in a roar. His wife will, in our social annals, be always associated with that of his life-long friend, Father James Healy, of Bray. Both were brilliant humorists, but their gifts were of a very different order. If a threadbare but useful phrase may be pressed into the service Father Healy was a wit and Doctor Nedley a humorist. Father Healy lit up a conversation with some bright wit which was at once delightful and evanescent. It was impossible to repeat it with effect; all depended on the voice, the glance, the psychological moment at which it was uttered. His good things were

"Like the snow-flake on the river. A moment white, then lost for ever."

Doctor Nedley was a rovante, a most difficult role in a tired and impatient age. The only chance for the ordinary story-teller is that his tales should be short, but Doctor Nedley's were of good old-fashioned length. No man with the slightest sense of humour, however, thought his longest story a second too long. No man ever heard him with any feeling save delight. A profound sense of the ridiculous, a voice rich and mellow, a countenance beaming with fun, a command of a Dublin accent which was at once true to life and glorified by the touch of genius, these were his brilliant gifts. Over the functions at which his tales were related "laughter holding both his sides" presided, and happy were those who assailed them.

It has somewhere been finely said by Dr. Mahaffy that the tone of Irish humour is essentially pure. Swift was an Irishman only in the accident of birth—Sheridan and Goldsmith were thorough Irishmen, brilliant wits, and the purest of great writers. Such was the note of the innocent fun of Father Healy and Doctor Nedley; the genius of humour was in their cases entirely free from the evil spirits of foulness and malice that too often dog his stories. Nedley could at times "roll and laugh in Rabelais' easy chair," but the tone of his rollicking story was pure and manly. Gifted with a pleasant voice, he sang his own ballads as well as told his own tales. The Nedley Ballads were parodies on the "Come-All-Yous," sung in the Dublin streets in other days, but which we think have almost disappeared.

It is to be hoped that copies of Nedley's songs have been preserved. Though the events to which they referred are now forgotten, their humour is still evergreen. A few found their way into print. One for example is to be found in the autobiography of Mr. Porter, the Police Magistrate, in which a burlesque account is given of the trial of a poor ballad printer who was most absurdly arraigned by the Government of the day for sedition in some almanac he had published.

"Good luck to Frank Thorne Porter, That expounder of the laws,

Likewise to Adey-Curran,

Who was counsel in the cause;

They'll find the hide of long White-

side

And him did disregard,

And freed our Printer from his claws. In the Lower Castle Yard."

Another famous ballad in Ireland contained a stanza which has been quoted in England as often as in our own country. It refers to the poor wretches who

gentry may have been the gardeners, the temporally better patients (hardly convalescent) where there is no likelihood of recovery sit in the sun—the fatally "consumed" or otherwise told-off creatures who are very soon to pass to the proof of man's mortality.

That they are witnesses also to the future destiny of the soul of humanity men can doubt who hear their cheerful anticipations of what lies to them at the end of the journey beyond the bournes. The hope of new life, or rising dawn, is there. The breath of a perpetual whisper keeps the flame that might fail alive. Even the constant request of the nurse, that she may not be forgotten by the soul she is tending when that soul is with God, gives spiritual sweetness and dignity to the patient. In the little white chapel, where the dead lie before the altar until the time appointed for Interment, all is beauty and peace.

The spirit of tenderness and joy, most human yet supernatural, which takes one like the unexpected odour of an unseen flower, even at a first visit to the palace, is greatly due to the late Mother of the Hospice, the namesake of John the Beloved. Her light step, her bright, yet soft, dark eyes, the eager expression of questing about for the kindest thing to be done, her lively jest and innocent drill story, brought sunshine to the wards, and often left laughter where there had been tears. Her illness was gradual exhaustion, the result more of labour than of years, and her passing away was that of an angel housed too long in mortal clay. Death like this, in an age when time is only valued while wedded to pleasure, and futurity ruled, is more lovely than the perfect prime of life.

As a man, Nedley had some remarkable characteristics. No man had less affinity to the poor Yoricks of fiction or the Theodore: Hooks of real life. He was a man of high spirit, independent almost to haughtiness, the last man living to take a liberty with. Courted as no man of his time was courted by the great, he was utterly unsophisticated; his chosen associates and best friends were men of his own class. With them he was freest and happiest. He was prudent in affairs and faultless in all the relations of private life, profound sympathy will be felt with him on his death-bed. Such a man's sorrowing widow, who mourns a man who was as affectionate a husband as he was a loyal friend, was a widow indeed.

As a man he was a a Servant of the Dying.

Rosa Mulholland Gilbert writes in the Dublin Freeman:—

An Irishwoman of the noblest type has passed out of the world, leaving behind her a long record of work of the highest order, successfully done and assured of future development and increase. The Hospice for the Dying is, in the Three Kingdoms, an unique charity, and Miss Anna Gaynor, known in her quality of religious as Mother Mary John, was its foundress and first Superintress, her gentle rule having extended over a lengthy period. An earlier scene of her labours was St. Vincent's hospital, in St. Stephen's green, of which she was Superintress for some years before she was chosen to initiate the new undertaking of providing a temporary abiding-place for those who, with their dear-warant having been signed by disease or time, fall, in consequence, of shelter and care, and, like the Redeemer, know not where to lay their heads. Such sufferers-hitherto been a class apart, ineligible for admission to hospitals reserved for patients who may be referred to health, or for the incurables who have possibly years before them of endurance in this life. The only door open to the forsaken dying was the Poorhouse Infirmary, and un-happily, owing to the lack of classification in our workhouse system, a death in the infirmary wards was infinitely more to be dreaded than that of a pauper in any miserable attic or lonely cellar. The religious order of Irishwomen, whose motto is, "The charity of Christ taught us," conceived the idea of providing a dying place for the agonizing, thus giving due importance, hitherto unrecognized on the part of charitable institutions, to the last of life for which the first was made." The operation of the partition of the soul from the body was taken for at least as critical as ease us in any surgery. The Sisters undertook to soothe the pains of both body and soul, to rescue one from a departure in despair, and to distinguish the dignity of the Creator or the Deity for which the first was made." The operation of the partition of the soul from the body was taken for at least as critical as ease us in any surgery. The Sisters undertook to soothe the pains of both body and soul, to rescue one from a departure in despair, and to distinguish the dignity of the Creator or the Deity for which the first was made." The operation of the partition of the soul from the body was taken for at least as critical as ease us in any surgery. The Sisters undertook to soothe the pains of both body and soul, to rescue one from a departure in despair, and to distinguish the dignity of the Creator or the Deity for which the first was made." The operation of the partition of the soul from the body was taken for at least as critical as ease us in any surgery. 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