

The beautiful poem which follows is quoted from the volume of the same name. It is from the pen of Henry and is included in a volume of that name recently published at N. Y.

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town, a woman leading a fair, Craved a small altar of one who, down, The thoroughfare, caught the eye, To see, behind his eyes, a noble soul, He passed, but found he had no soul.

His guardian angel warned him not This chance of pearl to do another's wrong, He would, sorry to refuse, The altar for money. There, beside her, And with his hat held as by limb the "Covered" kind face and rung his

The sky was blue above, and all the air Commerce where the stinger stood, And many paused, and listening, To hear the voice that through the air I think the guardian angel heaped aloud, The cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars, Before a church, and overhead the All immortal heaven in the air, Held lowly heaven, land of the best, As if an angel, pointing up, had said: "Yonder a crown awaits this singer's

The hat of its stamped brood was worn Into the woman's lap, who drenched Her knees upon the hand of help; 'twas And noon in her glad heart drove for fears, The singer, pleased, passed on, and "Men," "I know by whom this was wrought."

But when at night he came upon stage, Cheer cheer went up from that throng, And flowers rained on him. Naught was the tumult of the welcome save that That had sweetly sung, with close face, For the two beggars in the market place.

A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

A PROTESTANT AMONG THE SONS OF A NON-CATHOLIC NOVITIATE.

A non-Catholic writer in the York Mail says that to pass a few in the peaceful quiet of a Catholic novitiate after the enervating influence long struggle in the money-making money-losing channels of the world, would indeed, marvel at the even, eventful career of the young man, a novitiate, many would wonder such an existence could be possible, others might experience an inclination to commit suicide at the bare thought of the unending monotony to be foisted within on old gray building which recently visited the novitiate, to consider that underneath that exterior tranquility there was a constant struggle in progress, a fierce fight, the extinction of the novice's bitter enemy, an unending conflict with a war from which the victorious non-Catholic would emerge, a creature who has assigned his will to his superior's keeping, and whose movements, life, or at least so long as he remains steadfast to his vows, are to be guided solely by that superior.

I had been invited by the master of novitiate, a well-known Jesuit, to spend a few days in the novitiate as a guest. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, mingled with a slight giving of the thought of the supposed uninteresting solitude of the place I was going to. The novitiate was a small, three-story building, with a garden and a walled courtyard. The novitiate was a small, three-story building, with a garden and a walled courtyard. The novitiate was a small, three-story building, with a garden and a walled courtyard.

Rebuking a Bigot.

From the New York Star. Some hitherto unheard-of Baltimore Protestant minister preached a bitter sermon on Sunday in that city denouncing Roman Catholicism. Alluding to the installation of Cardinal Gibbons, he angrily declared that America wanted no Catholics, no red hats. It was a queer declaration for a clergyman to make on Independence day. His creed assuredly is not that of religious toleration; rather whatever creed he has is sullied by the silliest bigotry imaginable. We will venture that Cardinal Gibbons is great enough in mind and big enough in heart to say kinder things of his wild critic.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal." He Acted Wisely. "I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. "Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

"Kathleen Mavourneen."

The faint footfalls In quiet halls Within my heart go sobbing over These sweet old notes, And I breathe from Erin's fields of clover. The shamrock green Grows up between The bars, through which the song is stealing. The four-leaved flower With magic power, A dear remembered face revealing.

THE CZAR'S HORSES.

From the Catholic World for July.

It was after Plevna. Not the Plevna of Toldben, that set the bell-towers of Petersburg and the Kremlin rocking, and was the brilliant prelude to the passage of the Balkans, but the Plevna that made Russian mothers weep from the Arctic Sea to the Golden Chersonese, and left the White Czar's army crushed, annihilated behind the living ramparts of Roumania.

From shattered brigades, decimated regiments, and obliterated battalions a red stream crept away towards Nikopolis. The ambulances lumbered heavily, the dying moaned or shrieked through the silent, the wounded mingled their blood with the mud and water of the roads, and the bravest could scarcely repress their cries of agony as the jaded horses made frantic efforts to respond to the lash laid on with cruel and experienced hands by the panic-stricken drivers. The rain fell in torrents, and as evening came on the wagon train entered Tzulemaka, a small hamlet, so called by its Russian settlers in loving memory of the far away native city on the swift flowing Petchora. It was a poor place at best, and its one street was soon choked up on an almost impassable mass of mud; so stiff with clay, so filled with holes, that progress was slow, and every moment saw its stalled wagon and foundered horse. The teamsters swore and shouted, reading the air with strident voices and appalling Russian expletives; the wounded moaned, hearing the about of Sultan's victorious borders in every answer, the comrades' voices, cut the traces, mounted the leader, and rode rapidly off in the wake of the vanishing train.

Then silence fell on the street, and the wind came moaning down from Plevna as if it, too, had got a mortal wound from Melean steel. It circled around the deserted wagon, stirring its cover and rattling its cut traces and dangling chains. At the sound the canvas stirred again; brown, nervous fingers pushed it aside, and a face, surmounted by a bloody bandage and lighted by fierce gray eyes, appeared. "Vasil, Dimitri!—a thousand devils! why do you not go on! Do you suppose, you pigs and sons of pigs, that I can stand this much longer! Hurry, or you shall be knouted within an inch of your lives!"

But the miserable hovels sent back his voice, and the wind tore it to tatters and scattered it far and wide. Again he looked, and when he saw what had happened he lashed himself into such a fury that the wound in his head burst open, and his life would have ended then and there but for—well, but for Katinka. In one of the hovels where the lay swearing, like the Russian heathen he was, there lived a girl who was stangely alien to the inhabitants of the village. Her father was one of several soldiers who drifted southward after Sebastopol, and finding Bulgaria a land of plenty, had married and dwelt there. But the young wife died; he soon followed her; the boy ran away, and only Katinka was left.

"Only Katinka." That's what the people said every day, half angrily among themselves, half apologetically to strangers, for they thought her almost half-witted, but she was different from the other girls never joined the merry-making, she had no holiday attire, she had no lovers, she never lingered during the hot summer evenings to gossip with the girls, she would not wear the native costume, but clung to the ugly peasant dress of her father's province, and she worked incessantly. Her work was spinning wheel was idle only when she embroidered or when her loom rattled; for her cloth was always in demand, and her fillets, sarafans, and veils vied with the Moscow work that the Jewish pedlars sometimes brought among them. Indeed, they were prettier, for she worked with grasses from the plain beyond the village, and imitate them in form and color until envy was lost in admiration. She was pre-eminently a solitary nature, and never sought or seemed to need the companionship so dear to youth. And yet she was neither ill-tempered nor ill-favored. A Polish artist who wandered across the Carpathians one summer, and strayed into the village, had made many sketches of her and had said she looked like a St. Cecilia; but even this was against her, for their calendar admitted no such saint, and artists are counted mad the world over. The girl of medium height, with a light, slender figure and large, soft eyes whose quiet gaze held in angry but complete check the rude love and rough gallantries of the village lads. Her skin was clear and colorless, but her hair was a warm golden and hung in massive braids and then at the icon of Our Lady of Krizan that hung on the wall, the aureola glittering in the light of the

taper that burnt before it. She was passing quickly—and it must be owned, indifferently—for the man dead in the bottle and dying in the ambulance; for the war was so remote from her life as the reeking field was from Tzulemaka, and the echoes of its horror were as intangible as the vanished smoke of the guns. As the noises ceased she stopped her wheel and began winking her third eye; but a wild knocking at the door startled her, and as she stood listening a shrill voice cried: "Open, Katinka, open in the name of St. Nicholas, for there's a man bleeding like a pig out here!" She hurried to open it, and the storm and a boy rushed in together. The youngster was badly scared, and stammered and stammered fearfully through his story. He and three or four companions, watching their chance, had crept out to have a game in the deserted wagon; but as they swarmed into it the ghastly bleeding figure met their eyes, and with a howl they dropped in the mud and went their several ways, roaring, Osmir running to

Quickened from her usual composure, she caught up an old toupouze, threw off shoes and stockings, and, catching instinctively at a roll of linen rag, followed the excited boy into the street, through its mud, and to the wagon. A glance showed her that she had made a mistake; she would have to grapple for the unconscious man (with the odds heavily in favor of Death), and she knelt beside him, trying to staunch the blood, but he tossed and threw his arms about so wildly she could do nothing. Osmir, clinging to her skirts, his large, light blue eyes popping with fright, and his hands on her shoulders, begged her to let him help. But he came back alone. The men were loath to come out into the storm; besides, the man might have a fever or die on their hands, then who would pay for their trouble and expense? Osmir had reported that he wore no coat and had no sign of rank about him, so, of course, he was only a private, who would not have even kopceks, much less roubles, to reward their care. Then, too, the "Little Father" of Russia had millions of men and would be none the worse for the loss of this one. Finally they would not come. It was too much trouble.

Anger stirred Katinka's breast. She left the wagon, and, bare-headed and drenched with the rain, she knocked at the door of Petrovitch, the blacksmith, whose broad back and mighty arms would be sufficient help, if he would lend them. The door swung to and Petrovitch stood on the threshold. "A woman, and Katinka!" he growled with an oath. "What do you want, little fool, on such a day?" "Your help, Petrovitch the strong one," she answered. The smith grinned at this tribute, and said: "My help! Has the Czar sent you a present of horses that you want me to come show?" "Not horses, but a dying man to nurse."

Petrovitch whistled and scratched his big head, and then he said: "I want you to lift him from the wagon yonder to my house. The other men are afraid," she added slyly; but you, Petrovitch, fear nothing, not even the fever; although he has not got that," Petrovitch swore like a Fiend, his face changed color and shrunk back within the door. "He is badly wounded and will die if he bleeds much longer. Come, Petrovitch!" And she seized him by the arm and actually dragged him into the street. Petrovitch doubled his humanity, but he had no job to be dragged from a good fire, a black pipe, and a cup of kvas into a storm of wind and rain (and that by a woman who has no claim on you), just to help a soldier who is shot.

What if he was dying? He enlisted for that, that's what he was paid for; and Petrovitch swore like a Fiend, but that that not another step would he go. Then Katinka turned on him, white with scorn, and with sparkling eyes. "Coward!" she said, and left him. He stood petrified. Coward! He, Petrovitch, who was born in the Oural and had won a cannon ball, and who had fought the English at the Alma and the Malakoff; who had wrested at Nizhnee-Novgorod and had thrown the best man that could bring forward. Who did not fear, even in his journeyman days, to hold and shove the wildest of the Ukraine ponies they brought him? It was not to be born! And he waded after her, shaking his fat and swearing he would break her bones; for in Bulgaria, as in holy Russian and free England, women are beaten at discretion, and with community approval on occasions. But when he reached the wagon he found Katinka before dragged to the tail-board and was about to jump down. She caught sight of him, and, bringing her now blazing eyes to bear upon him: "Back," she cried, "back! I will have none of your help, but I will bear him on my own shoulders to my hut."

Of course it did him no hurt, but it was dealt with good-will, and, knowing the man's savage temper, she might well have feared the consequences. But it seemed to amuse the giant mightily, for he roared with laughter; and, pushing her aside like a child, he caught up the soldier and had him under shelter before Katinka recovered her breath. She followed him slowly, her anger spent, and thanked him in a shamefaced way, so in contrast to her late fury that the smith shouted again, and as he went out of the hut cried: "When the Czar sends you the horses I must show them. Mind!" And Katinka was alone with her charge.

He was not pleasant to look at. His shirt was torn and bloody, and his face was covered with a two days' growth of intensely black hair, which made his pallor ghastly. His trousers were smeared with clay, his face grimed with smoke and blood, and the bandage about his head dripped red. His lips were tightly compressed, and a deep furrow and tendred him, his shining eyes rested on her tranquil face, and his throbbing wounds healed under her touch. She worked harder than ever, for there were two mouths to feed now, and he asked for many things she did not have—things that only the rich farmers and Barins used. But when he named the man she always said, "Yes, it is here," and he did not know until long afterward that the sweet lips lied.

Of himself he told her little—he was merely a soldier; but of Russia he told her much, and bade her call him Nicholas, saying only, "I am Nicholas, the son of Ivan of the Steppes." As the days passed he grew strangely dependent on her, he listened for her footsteps, he was restless in her absence, and when she passed to and fro about her duties his eyes followed her unweariedly. At first he laughed, for none of the beauties of Petersburg had so affected him, and this little peasant girl could not be compared to those radiant women. Then he felt annoyed, then angered, then— "I will tell you. One day as she dressed his wound, bending over him, he suddenly seized her wrist, drew her down to him, and kissed her. She did not say a word or make an outcry, but a strange pallor grew upon her, and she turned away and went out of the hut. When she came in she was silently finishing dressing the hurt and went to work at her loom. What he asked for she gave him, but with averted eyes and troubled look. She was patient and gentle, but her frank, sweet smile was gone and her soft speech was still. He fretted under the change, and was so fractious and exacting that she put aside her weaving in despair and sat by the window to finish weaving the coins on a bridal robe ordered from her by a village belle. At first his face brightened, but when he saw her dull care look and found the silence still unbroken, his eyebrows drew together and he sharply bade her sit near him. She glanced up quickly at his tone, but did as he asked. He lay looking moodily at her, scarcely knowing where or how to begin what he wished to say. He had never made an apology in his life, and he was not sorry he had kissed her, only sorry for the effect. The village was sunk in its mid-day sleep, the air was warm and the girl exhausted, so in the long silence fatigue again conquered. The busy hands dropped, the lids fell, and the head, with its weight of golden hair, dropped lower and lower. One long break swept across the room, and he drew his feet close to it, and he idly untwisted it. As he drew it across his fingers the rattling of sabres and thud of hoofs came through the open window, and the voice of his sergeant-major above him, only sorry for the effect. The village was sunk in its mid-day sleep, the air was warm and the girl exhausted, so in the long silence fatigue again conquered. The busy hands dropped, the lids fell, and the head, with its weight of golden hair, dropped lower and lower. One long break swept across the room, and he drew his feet close to it, and he idly untwisted it. As he drew it across his fingers the rattling of sabres and thud of hoofs came through the open window, and the voice of his sergeant-major above him, only sorry for the effect. 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The Singer's Alms.

The beautiful poem which follows has frequently been published without the author's name. It is from the pen of Henry Abbey, and is included in a volume of that gentleman's poems recently published at Kingston, N. Y.

A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

A non-Catholic writer in the New York Mail says that to pass a few days in the peaceful quiet of a Catholic novitiate after the energetic and busy life of a money-making and money-losing channels of the world, is much like the sensations one would experience were he to be suddenly transported by magic from the bustle and excitement of Broadway, with its babel of sounds, to a calm and sequestered valley tenanted only by timid birds and wakened solely by their simple lays. Many would, indeed, marvel at the even, uneventful course of life which obtains in a novitiate, many would wonder that such an existence could be possible, and others might experience an inclination to commit suicide at the bare thought of the unending monotony to be found within an old gray building which I recently visited. How few would pause to consider that underneath the exterior tranquility there was a constant struggle in progress, a fierce fight for the extinction of the novice's bitterest enemy, an unending conflict with self—a war from which the victorious novice comes forth a mere cipher, a creature who has assigned his will to his superior's keeping, and whose movements for life, or at least so long as he remains steadfast to his vows, are to be guided solely by that superior.

He guardian angel warned him not to lose this chance of pearl to do another good. He waited, sorry to refuse. The sacred-for penny. There beside he stood. And with his hand held as by limb the best. He covered his kind face and sung his nest.

DRESS OF THE CLERGY.

Among the amusing comments upon the splendid canon of priests, and the kinds of hats which a Cardinal can wear. Of course, the writers are conscious that they mean the hats worn on ceremonious occasions. But there is something in these speculations far more dangerous than would appear. Those who have seen the splendid vestments of the Catholic clergy, and who have studied the power and persistence of the Protestant tradition, are aware of the damage such useless discussions can do. It is the belief of the biologic Protestant mind, thoroughly shaped by inherited ideas, that Catholic prelates and priests are hardly men. They are, in fact, a strange world, different from others, perhaps inspired by evil; else why this gilded dress, these foreign vestments? To the Catholic every garment worn by a priest has a deep symbolic meaning; but the Protestant knows nothing of this—he sees that all is strange, and that is sufficient. While this is going on, and while he sees before him the splendid vestments, his worse suspicions are confirmed. He cannot tell what the matter is, but something must be wrong.

tion I asked him to outline the rules of the house for me. He did it as follows: "We arise at 4:30 in the morning, and I can assure you candidly that for the first four months of my novitiate I never heard that rising bell without a shudder. It seemed as if I could never become habituated to the early hour. Now, however, I experience no difficulty in complying with its call. A half hour's meditation follows our departure from the dormitory, this being succeeded by Mass in the chapel. Breakfast comes next, after which we have an instruction from the master of novices. He is also our confessor, and of course is enabled to study the minds and dispositions of all under his charge, this being absolutely necessary for the grounding of the novices in the future life which they are to lead. Breakfast over, we go about our tasks for the day, some to the kitchen, some to the garden or wherever their various duties may call them. Besides a half holiday twice a week, we also have two hours of recreation daily, one after dinner and another after supper. It is not hard, you see, and is merely a slight fortitude of the work to come when the novitiate ends. This is simply a probationary stage, during which we can change our minds at any time and return whence we came. It is not the novitiate that is the serious work begins. This is like a home where there is a large family of brothers. Once we leave it, we are scattered for the remainder of our lives, and rarely return to it again for any length of time. We are transferred from house to house, always prepared to obey our superior in whatever he may direct. I decided, however, to make an essay at rising the following morning at 4:30. You will not be surprised when I tell you that the trial was a failure, not only on the first day, but also during my whole visit. That opening clause in the regulations was a terrible stumbling-block to me.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE.

London Tablet, June 12. It is not often that we have to acknowledge such fairness in the treatment of a Catholic question as we recognize in the following extract from a recent number of the Sussex Daily News. Unhappily political events are leading a new bitterness to old controversies, and it would be well if all our contemporaries would imitate the Sussex Journal and just stick to facts: "The solid Protestant North" is a piece of fiction, and it would seem from a few other facts, that the story of a Catholic persecution of the Protestant minority in the rest of Ireland is a malicious invention. Readers will remember that all three of the leaders of the Home Rule movement have been decided Protestants, and that while up to 1885 a Catholic member for an English constituency was a *rara avis* indeed, a very large proportion of the Catholic constituencies of Ireland were represented by Protestants. There are things which are or ought to be well known to all politicians, and prove that a difference of religious creed has been no obstruction whatever to the favor and confidence of Catholic electors. But let us turn to a field which is necessarily less known, and see what has been the use and wont in the distribution of municipal honors. In the city of Galway at this moment the Chairman of the Town Commissioners, the Chairman of the Harbor Board, and the Poor Law Guardians of the district, are all Protestants. In the city of Waterford, soon after the Municipal Reform Act of 1845, Sir Benjamin Morris was elected Mayor, and again in 1846, 1850, 1852, 1854, 1859, 1862, 1867, 1872, 1879, and in 1884 and 1885 Protestant Mayors were elected in this Catholic city. In Limerick, at the first election in 1841, thirteen members, some of them from the old Corporation, were elected to the new Council. Since that period thirteen non-Catholic Mayors have been elected, and since the Corporation has had the power to elect sheriffs, for four years the office has been filled by Protestant gentlemen.

to lay it aside, as in the instance just cited. So, too, should the public be impressed with the fact that the clergy are men; that they wear clothes like those of others; that they sorrow and rejoice, laugh and weep, as ordinary mortals do. When that has been thoroughly accomplished, a long step will have been made towards the conversion of this noble and generous people. Once let their minds be disabused of the hints, accusations and suspicions of the great Protestant Tradition—once lead them on to understand and to feel the beauty and grandeur of our religion—and the rest will be easy enough. The first step in this path can be made by convincing them that the clergy are men, are just like them, only with a divine mission. The human side of religion makes the initial impression on minds ripe for the gatherer.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

TOUCHING ADDRESS OF THE CARDINAL. A number of pilgrims left London for Lourdes on Monday, receiving on the previous afternoon the blessing of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, at the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill. His Eminence on the same occasion delivered an address. He said: "I have great joy in coming to give you a benediction upon your pilgrimage. It is not unfitting that I should give you a blessing in departing from your homes, though you have already received the blessing of our Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, we here are bound together as pastor and flock, and it is fitting that I should give you my blessing, and that I should also give you the last words of a loving farewell. You are going to Lourdes to bear your witness as the witnesses of your faith, that there is a world besides this proud, visible world in which men live and think, that they are the masters of all things. You are going to bear your witness that there is another world which is divine and supernatural, and although it be invisible, rich in might and majesty and power." "The world will not believe in this. Our Lord foretold it would be so. He said that the Holy Ghost should come, whom the world would not receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. He is invisible, and the world will not believe in anything which it cannot see, and the world does not know Him. It does not believe in anything which it cannot handle and know by its senses. But in the midst of this world, in all its pride and all its power, in all its wealth and tumults and warfares and contentions, which, like waves of the sea, are continually rising and raging in the midst of us, there is the kingdom of God in all its peace, in all its power, reigning over all things. Well, the world will not believe in miracles, it tells us that the laws of nature can never be broken, can never be suspended; that a miracle is a departure from the laws of nature. The world will not believe that the Holy Catholic Church is the greatest of all miracles. The Holy Catholic Church is built upon the incarnation of the Son of God, and that is the greatest miracle that God ever wrought. And the Catholic Church has seven Sacraments of the Holy Eucharist, which is a miracle. And the laws of the natural world which we hear of are nothing more than this—that God by His hand and by His will is always keeping everything in this world in the way in which He first created and founded it, but at any moment He can change the pressure of His heart and the inclination of His will, and then these laws are never a moment of the Creator of all things. If a blind man receives his sight men say that cannot be. And yet WHO GAVE THE SIGHT IN THE BEGINNING but the Creator of all things Himself. If a crippled limb is restored they do not believe. Why? Cannot He who made the limbs remake them at His will? What the world calls miracles we call the working of the power and will of God, nothing more. You are going to Lourdes because you believe that God permitted His Blessed Mother to show and manifest herself in a miraculous way there. We know that at the grotto at Lourdes there are kinds of answers to prayers have been received, cures of diseases incurable by the most sense of the world have been wrought there. You are going to bear witness to the power of the prayers of the Blessed Mother of God. But you are going to show that the power of such poor creatures as we are, in the power of your own prayers, in the power of the prayers of those who are associated together in this great pilgrimage. What are you going to pray for? First of all you are going to pray for the interests of the Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ; next you will pray for the unity of all the bishops and prelates throughout the world, who under Him, have the care of the whole flock of Jesus Christ. There was never a moment when the whole Church and the pastors of the Church were so united as they are at this day. Pray that their union may be made more solid, more and more complete, more and more powerful to guide the flock on earth.

CARDINAL MANNING ON HOME RULE.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning has lately written an important letter to an American friend in reply to one calling his attention to the assertion of Rev. Mr. Arthur, in a letter to the Times, that it is a moral mystery how any friend of religious liberty can vote to hand over Ireland to Parnellite rule. "You ask me," he says, "whether I share the fear expressed by Mr. Arthur as to religious liberty of Protestants in Ireland if Ireland be handed over to the Parnellites' rule. I have no such fear; first, because I believe that the Catholic, and not the Protestant, should live and die a Protestant. He is not a man, either by his American kindred or Cambridge education, or Irish sympathies, or English antecedents, to persecute Protestants anywhere; least of all in Ireland; and further, because the whole power wielded by Mr. Parnell is the sympathy and trust of the Catholic people of Ireland, in whose behalf I have no hesitation in saying that they have never persecuted their Protestant neighbors in matters of religion, and have been always a conspicuous example of respecting that liberty of conscience which has been so cruelly denied them. "The children of martyrs are not persecutors. In proof of this read the life and action of Lord Baltimore and the Maryland Constitution of 1633. Mr. Parnell would readily take the oath framed by the Catholic Lord Baltimore: 'I will not by myself, or in any other way, directly or indirectly, molest any person, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.' He invited the puritans of Massachusetts to come to Maryland, in 1645 when persecution again broke out in England, Baltimore received into Maryland persecuted Episcopalians, Protestants, who fled Virginia. It was Puritan revolution in England that brought Puritan revolution in Maryland and disfranchised the Catholic population. "The great American Union of this day is true to the spirit of the Baltimore and the Catholic people of Ireland would never adopt a policy which outthrew the toleration of Maryland. But we do not need to go out of Ireland for proof. Mr. Fox, in his excellent pamphlet, 'Why Ireland Wants Home Rule,' has quoted Ireland and Taylor to show that when in the reign of Mary, Protestants fled over to Dublin for safety from Parliamentary England, Dublin merchants rented and furnished 74 houses to shelter those who fled from Bristol. They provided for them, and after the persecution ceased, conveyed them back into England. Taylor says that on those occasions Catholics had the upper hand, and they never either injured or killed any one for professing religion different from their own. By suffering persecution they had learned to be merciful. "Again, in 1689, the Catholic Parliament in Dublin passed many laws in favor of liberty of conscience, at a moment too, when in England and Scotland Catholics were proscribed. It is senseless to quote old texts when the great revolt of the 16th and 17th centuries was the *res* subject of debate. The unity of the Christians was an ancient and precious heritage, and they who broke it were each one severally and personally guilty of the act. "The preservation of religious unity for the peace of commonwealths was the duty of States, but when unity was once broken the generations born into this confusion and division of the past are in the condition in which persecutions is a crime, because the millions are unconsciously born into a state of perversion of which they are not the authors, and a heresy because faith is the moral act of human liberty. Reason, heart and will force may make hypocrites, it can never generate faith. "The pastors and people of Catholic Ireland, are too profoundly conscious of wise truths to debate the divine traditions of their faith with human cruelties. Retaliation would level Ireland down to the massacres of Cromwell and the penal laws of Ormonde, but that may not be suspected. "But it must be acknowledged," says His Eminence, "that with July 12 near at hand, with Belfast, and conflicts in Canada and Newfoundland before our eyes, and certain recent speeches ringing in our ears and having Mr. Arthur's letters in remembrance, I cannot but be afraid there may be appeals to animosities of flesh and blood in the name of religious liberty, and that the fiery cross may be sent round, not by the Catholic majority of Ireland, but by politicians, and even by lords, whose power gone, *odisse quos laeris*. They need fear nothing from Catholic Ireland, and they will do well to read again Esop's fable of 'The Wolf and the Lamb.' "The able letter from which we have condensed the above extract concludes with the statesmanlike sentence: 'England, Ireland and Scotland must, in my belief, all alike have Home Rule in affairs that are not imperial, but there is an august sovereignty of a thousand years, the centre of a world-wide empire, standing in the midst of us. England, Scotland and Ireland can be handed over to no man nor to any movement; neither can they wrong one another, nor put fetters on the liberties of any member of our great imperial Commonwealth. The sovereignty pervades all its parts and will ever restrain and promptly redress all excess of delegated power. I wish I could have written you a shorter reply, but on subjects so near my heart I hardly know when or where to stop the pen.' "Believe me always faithfully yours, "HENRY EDWARD, "Cardinal Archbishop."

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The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country. Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial.

A speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sickness and complaints incidental to children. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicinal cordial.

Not a Particle of Calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

On the contrary, those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons, as medicine find Ayer's Pills invaluable. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sickness and complaints incidental to children. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicinal cordial.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886. CALENDAR FOR JULY. CONSECRATED TO ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE B. V. M.

LEO XIII AND FRANCE.

Le Moniteur de Rome, of the 13th of June, says that in the consistory held on the previous Monday, the Holy Father treated some of the grave problems that excite the public mind. It was altogether an intimate allocution, wherein Leo XIII. opened his heart of pastor and father.

generosity, of intellect, of force and of faith that will ever nerve and inspire her to meet all crises of her history. It is to the France of good works that the Holy Father addressed his meed of commendation. He wishes to tighten the bonds which unite that generous nation with the church and Pontificate of Rome. These ties are indissoluble.

It is our hope that Catholic France may in the near future more vigorously assert herself at home. The battle of right she must fight at the polls. Every strength of hers she should summon to drive, by the peaceful but all-powerful methods of the ballot box, her enemies, who are the enemies of the church, from the offices they disgrace.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Ireland is, no one can doubt it, on the eve of a crisis of pressing and gigantic magnitude. She stands on the threshold of a struggle that will try all her strength and test all her heroism. England has pronounced decisively and unmistakably—for a time only it may be—but for the time, at all events, decisively and emphatically against the concession of an Irish Parliament.

The Irish people have nothing but fire and sword and persecution to expect from the incoming administration, and that administration they must meet by rigid adherence to peace, by fervent devotion to order, by unceasing abstinence from crime.

despair. In her despair she will be overwhelmed in her strength, restless in her might, merciless in her onslaughts on her foe. Peace we desire, for peace we pray, but if war must come, if the dictates of right and the precepts not alone of civilization, but of humanity, are set at naught, and a furious soldiery and a savage rabble let loose on an inoffensive people, Ireland will for the worst prepare herself, and, if she must perish, perish with honor.

OUR COLLEGES.

We direct attention to the advertisement, which in another column appears concerning the College of Ottawa. This institution has, as our readers are well aware, acquired in this country a reputation that from us requires no special notice. Of colleges it does indeed stand true that "by their fruits shall ye know them." The College of Ottawa has no cause to fear a close scrutiny of its record. It has done in this country a work that speaks for itself and that will, we do hope, be more and more valued as Catholic education comes to be by all Catholics held in just appreciation.

"I will attempt to show you that many of the things we complain of are attributable to this need. But first let us examine and see how we are situated in this respect, whether or not there is any such want. We have schools where English is taught, it is true; whether these schools are as good as they should be is not a matter for me to present to consider. (Remember I am speaking only of higher education, and I find that in this Province the English-speaking Catholics have no college of their own.) Now, I suppose as there is no use in denying what is only true, but manifest, that there is no harm in admitting, and that you yourselves will admit, that we do not in this Province command an influence proportionate either to our wealth or to our numbers, and why is this? Let me frankly tell you why. It is to a certain degree because we have had no men among us whose education fits them to obtain and secure for us the position that should be ours, and I fear that we shall never attain that position till we shall have been in the receipt of as high an education as our means admit of and as other sections of the community enjoy. It is not a matter for me to present to consider. (Remember I am speaking only of higher education, and I find that in this Province the English-speaking Catholics have no college of their own.)"

TOO SWEEPING.

The Globe of the 15th asks: "Do those who set fire to the buildings of such as are supporters of the Scott Act, or who assault them personally, fancy that in this way they help the drink traffic? If so they never were more mistaken. Every window broken, every house fired, every man threatened or assaulted, drives twenty nails into the coffin of the 'liquor interest.' The trade is sufficiently brutal; it is wise for its supporters to proclaim the fact so practically?"

to the English speaking population! Are we to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water? If I am told that we have not been able to penetrate to these places merely because of a popular prejudice that would exclude us, while I admit the existence of such a prejudice I cannot honestly accept it as sufficient explanation of the fact. I am convinced, on the contrary, that if there could be found not one or two men only, but a choice of men among us, a hundred men, who, by their learning and previous education, were fitted to lead, were qualified to administer justice, and frame laws, and fill the higher and more honorable offices of the state, that then, but not till then, would English-speaking Catholics be fairly represented on the bench, in the Houses of Parliament and wherever else they might choose. Believe me that real merit is, in the long run, simply irresistible; there may be prejudices, but such must give way before what is irrefragable; and rest assured that, prejudices even considered, men, like water, are in the great average of cases, pretty sure to find their level, to sink if they are inferior, but to rise high if they are qualified.

But, ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid that as long as we are content with the present system of college education, we must remain precisely where we are. And not only will our young men, destined for the higher walks of life, come out of French colleges speaking imperfect or inelegant English, (for such a defect is of minor importance and might be counterbalanced by the substantial advantages of a solid education, since it is not necessary for success in life to be gifted with either the mellifluous accent of Trinity or the classic pronunciation of Cambridge), but the worst result will be that as long as we have only French institutions of this kind there will be a great and a natural reluctance on the part of English-speaking Catholics to send their sons to college at all.

Now, I submit that the advancement of our people morally, socially and materially depends, to a very great extent, on the education of youth. And I further contend that in order to fit a man for the higher positions of life a University, or at least a college education is an essential, and has always and everywhere been so considered. Now, we are a little inconsistent; we have ambition for these high places for our rising youth, and there is no reason why they should not be reached if only the means were supplied. But in our inconsistency we do not take the means to arrive at the end. I say we should; we should attend to this, and the sooner the better.

If we desire that some men of our race and creed in this mixed community should be ranked among the judges of the land, if we wish to see English-speaking Catholics holding portfolios of Cabinet Ministers and occupying seats in Parliament in fair numbers, then you must fit men for these high positions, and since it is the received opinion that the only way to prepare a man for these positions is by giving him the education to be had in good colleges, we should adopt the means that with other people have been so successful.

We have not done so up to the present; why, I am at a loss to tell. We Irish people have been always admitted to be most eager for education. Our old country was once famous for English and its scholars; in times past, ere its terrible misfortunes robbed it of every thing, Ireland was called "The School of the West." Have the descendants of Irishmen in Canada forgotten the instincts that distinguished their fathers? Perhaps it is that in the past we have had innumerable difficulties in the way, and I am satisfied that if there were united action now we could succeed, and I believe that within two years we could have our Irish college in Montreal.

Mr. Kavanagh's suggestions to the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec may well be put before the Irish Catholics of Ontario, who in too many instances prefer the cheap training of the High School to the solid Catholic education of the College. If French Colleges are not the places for Irish Catholic boys, neither are the hybrid superficial High Schools of Ontario. Catholic parents, you have now a duty to perform, in selecting a school for your boys, that you should at every sacrifice fulfill. Our Colleges are the places for them, and our Colleges will have them if you listen to the voice of conscience. Our earnest hope and prayer is that not alone the College of Ottawa, but every Catholic College in Ontario, will be filled, at their re-opening, by Catholic boys from this "Canada of ours."

renew the discussion on the Scott Act, but we do say that in our estimation a sound license system, under which the sale of liquor would be very greatly restricted and carefully regulated, would do more real and effective good than the Scott Act or any other prohibitory enactment. There is not, at all events, anything to be gained by applying the term "brutal" to men engaged in a legitimate line of trade.

SALISBURY VERSUS PARNELL.

If there be any qualities which more than others shine forth luminously in the public career of the Irish leader, these are candor and veracity. So great is his self-control that he has never had yet to regret the utterance of a single hasty word, or felt bound to withdraw an exaggeration. His speeches are models of statesmanlike declarations, clear, precise and moderate. The Tories were badly cornered when Mr. Parnell made public the real facts of the Carnarvon incident. They have tried to make the public believe that their Irish vicerey spoke only for himself, and held no communication whatever on the subject with the government of which he was a leading member. Mr. Parnell has, however, during his progress through England, shown not alone the improbability but the untruthfulness of this contention. So deep and striking was the impression made by his statement of the case that the Tory agents appealed to Lord Salisbury for a contradiction, or, at all events, explanation of the Irish leader's declarations. At a meeting in Manchester Mr. J. W. McClure read a letter from the Conservative leader, which for shameless disregard of truth would put a Yankee "boodle" alderman to blush. He wrote:

"Hatfield, June 28, 1886. 'DEAR MR. MCCLURE—Mr. Parnell's assertions are a string of baseless fabrications. It is false that Mr. Parnell had reason to believe that if the Conservatives got into power after the general election they would have given him a statutory Legislature. No one belonging to the Government or connected with it gave him any indication of the kind. It is false that I was only too anxious to convince him in favor of a statutory Legislature for Ireland, and that I ever allowed the slightest leaning to such an opinion. It is false that Lord Carnarvon urged such a concession on the Cabinet, and consequently false that it was not refused by the Cabinet until the polls went against us. It is false that Lord Carnarvon urged his views in favor of a statutory Legislature on the Cabinet for six months, consequently false that he urged them 'without being opposed in the Cabinet to any extent.' It is false that after the result of the polls was known that the Cabinet averred roundly in opposition to the project for a statutory Legislature or they never had the slightest inclination towards it. I need not tell you that the story of the Land Purchase Bill, having been passed in deference to a wish expressed at his interview of the 1st of August, is simply impossible, by the fact that it had already passed the House of Lords, and the Government were publicly pledged to it. The Government resolved upon it as soon as they came into office, a month before the date Mr. Parnell speaks of.—With kind regards, yours very truly, SALISBURY."

Mr. Parnell could not suffer the "baseless fabrications" of Lord Salisbury to pass unheeded, and, unfortunately for the Tory leader's reputation for veracity, put the whole case so clearly in his speech at Chester as to leave not the slightest room for doubt that the Tories were prepared to give Ireland Home Rule had party exigencies permitted such a course, and that Lord Salisbury was thoroughly cognizant of all that passed between Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell. At Chester the Irish leader pointed out that just previous to his interview with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Land Purchase Bill had been introduced by the government into the House of Lords and passed through all its stages with great and unusual rapidity. This bill had gone through all its stages in the Lords by the 24th of July, and Mr. Parnell's interview with Carnarvon took place on the 1st or 2nd of August. It was then known in Parliamentary circles that the bill had been practically abandoned, that the government had no intention of going on with it. "They had," says Mr. Parnell, "hung it up for eight or nine days before my interview with Lord Carnarvon took place, and a delay of eight or nine days at any time in the passage of a bill would be most unfortunate, and probably would have resulted in its loss for the session; but in the end of July, in the last moments of an expiring Parliament, during a general election, when all members of Parliament were hastening down to their constituents, and when it was of vital moment to wind up the business of the session as soon as possible, a delay of nine days in the stages of a bill clearly proved that the government had no further intention of proceeding with it." Now, although the bill was practically abandoned when Mr. Parnell met Lord Carnarvon, although it was all but dead in the strictest Parliamentary sense, the Irish chief, strongly of opinion that it would be of importance to the peace of Ireland

that that bill should be passed into law, forcibly urged his views to that effect on Lord Carnarvon, who took note of his remarks. "I also told him," declares the Irish leader, "I also told him that I objected to a certain clause in that bill which provided that the remains of the Irish church fund should be used as a counter guarantee. After my interview with Lord Carnarvon that bill was immediately brought forward in the House of Lords, and it was passed through the House of Commons, and passed into law, and the clause giving the Irish church fund as a counter guarantee, which I had objected to at my interview with Lord Carnarvon, was struck out of the bill." In reply to Lord Salisbury's statement that he had fully a month before Mr. Parnell's interview with Lord Carnarvon expressed himself opposed to Home Rule, Mr. Parnell states: "He may have opposed Home Rule in July—he did not oppose it in August, or until December or January following; and when Lord Salisbury's opposition to Home Rule was developed, Lord Carnarvon resigned his seat in the Cabinet." Mr. Parnell literally buries the Tory leader under an avalanche of unassailable reasoning in favor of his contention. He goes on to say to the people of Chester:

"Lord Salisbury further says that it is false that Lord Carnarvon urged his views in favor of a statutory Legislature on the Cabinet for six months. Mark the word 'Cabinet'—Lord Salisbury says very little about himself, except the explanation that in the beginning of July he told Lord Carnarvon he was not in favor of a Legislature for Ireland. In each of Lord Carnarvon's denials he seeks refuge behind the Cabinet. Now, it is extremely probable that Lord Carnarvon, being in Ireland all the time, did not have an opportunity of being at a full meeting of the Cabinet to lay his views before them, and the question was not ripe for discussion by the Cabinet; it could not be ripe until the result of the elections was known; until it was found whether the Tory party would have power to carry out anything at all, much less a statutory Legislature (hear, hear). But my assertion holds good, that when for the first time the Cabinet—at all events the leading members of the Cabinet—decided against Home Rule after the general election was over Lord Carnarvon resigned his seat (applause). Lord Carnarvon not only represented himself to me as being a strong believer in Home Rule for Ireland, but he also expressed himself as such to several of my leading colleagues in Dublin of whom he saw after he went over to Ireland from time to time; and so far from his views on that question being shaken they became stronger and more confirmed every day he lived in the country. Then we have this interview with Lord Carnarvon, and we have Lord Salisbury's remarkable speech at Newport, in which he referred to me as the Irish chief or chiefest, I don't know which. It was just before the general election, and he thought that a little blarney might be a good thing (laughter). I believe the people of Great Britain will come to the conclusion that I was justified in my belief that he should have received such a settlement by the Tory party, and that the chiefs of the Tory party desired us to remain in that belief prior to the general election."

Mr. Parnell adds that the turn about face ultimately executed by the Tory leader was the most disgraceful breach of faith exhibited towards the Irish people since the Treaty of Limerick was broken. In the face of the Irish leader's unswerving defence of himself and of his statements against the unvarnished Salisbury, the London Times declares that "Mr. Parnell was quite recently convicted of having deliberately and repeatedly affirmed that which he knew to be false." This is a specimen of the "British fair play" to which the Irish leader has been subjected by the anti-Home Rule press. Mr. Parnell, however, issues from the controversy with Lord Salisbury as unimpaired in honor as he is unassailable in veracity. The latter presents the sorry spectacle of the leader of a great party forced to cover his want of honor by deliberate falsehood, the former adds a new title to his many claims to Ireland's gratitude and to the admiration of the world.

BRO. J. L. HUGHES AGAIN.

A friend sends us a printed synopsis of the speech delivered at the banquet given by the local brethren some weeks ago in Toronto to the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America, by Mr. J. L. Hughes, the never-idle inspector of Public Schools in Toronto. The Mail report of the festive occasion informs us that the chair was occupied by County Master Frank Somers. On the right hand of the chairman were the following gentlemen:—Most Worshipful Bro. N. C. Wallace, M. P., Deputy Grand Master of B. A.; Bro. H. E. Clarke, M. P., Major H. A. L. White, Grand Master of Ontario West; Bro. E. M. Murphy, Toronto; Bro. Thomas Keyes, Grand Secretary of B. A.; Capt. Wm. Anderson, Grand Treasurer of B. A.; Rev. Bro. Hollowell, Deputy Grand Chaplain. The following gentlemen occupied seats at the left of the chairman: Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College; Bro. Wm. Johnson, Grand Master of Ontario East; Rural Dean Cooper, Grand Chaplain; Rev. Dr. Smithett, Ontario; Rev. Wm. Walsh, Ottawa, Deputy Grand Chaplain; Bro. Wm. White, Grand Director of Ceremonies; Rev. John Gall-

gher, County Master of Frontenac; Anderson, County Master of Dundas. We give their names, that our readers may fully understand the nature of the gathering before which Mr. J. L. Hughes disported himself on "Our Educational Interests." Not a name here but of an open and avowed enemy of Catholicism, and consequently of patriotic union and harmonious action of all classes in the promotion of public weal. Mr. Hughes is a servant of the city of Toronto, whose salary is drawn from the taxes of all classes of citizens, and yet he scruples not, hesitating not, in fact never fails, to insult one of his fellow-citizens, whom he belies and traduces in a fashion too good for any one but a fanatic and fire-eater. Here is the report of his speech as us:

Bro. J. L. Hughes also responded. He said the last speaker only made an initiation to make him a good Orange man. There were thousands of citizens who held the same views and they should seek to enrol them in their ranks. The history of the past few months in Dominion showed how necessary it was they should enlarge their ranks and bring in all thoroughly legal Protestants. It behooved them to seek to inculcate their principles in the young. They need not go back five years in the history of the province to see that the battle with the Catholic hierarchy was fought among the rising generation. Catholics had demanded five things: they had got four of them. They demanded Separate Model schools and got them. They demanded the separate inspection of schools and they got two inspectors appointed for whom the Protestants had to help pay for. They demanded compulsory representation on every School Board in districts where there was a Separate school and got this. But these were small in comparison with the fourth privilege, which they also got at the hands of the Ontario Government. They demanded that the Catholic school should be placed on the same footing as the Public school system, and the educational principle of the country was that every man of whatever nationality or creed should be a supporter of the national system of education. (Cheers.) Now every Roman Catholic was made by law a primary supporter of the separate school system. Being the case, he claimed the Separate schools should stand on the same plane as the national system. They had, ever, a separate Catholic system, a separate Protestant system, and a separate system in the rural districts. The Catholic School Board should select their own text-books, while the Protestant School Board had to dictate the dictum of one man. (Cheers.) He hoped they would never be satisfied till they got equal rights with the Catholics in this respect. Then the Government attempted to say that the Protestants must take a school system, and in certain parts of the Bible, for use in the schools, while no dictation was attempted with the Separate schools. The Protestant School Board of the city unimpaired refused to accept the mutilated text offered by the Government, especially as it had been compiled by anti-Catholics. (Cheers.) They were bound to maintain the rights of an open Protestant Bible. (Cheers.)

Rejoiced indeed would we be if Catholic Separate Schools of Ontario stood on the same plane as the national system. For this we have long striven and thus far fruitlessly contended. Hughes is too ignorant to be a School Inspector if he believes himself that "every Roman Catholic was by law a primary supporter of the Separate Schools." The laudacious Inspector would find great difficulty in telling when such a law was enacted, and what are its provisions verbatim et literatim. We never believe in taking law hands from any man, however big attainments in jurisprudence. We legal enactment is referred to, we specific allusion, and if needs be, we recital, to understand its provisions. We are ever slow in imputing motives. But from what we read from what our readers know of J. L. Hughes, we have arrived at the conclusion that he was justifying an accusing him of a willful distortion of fact and a deliberate mis-statement of law in declaring that Catholics in Ontario enjoy privileges and immunities in the matter of education, which them on a higher plane in these respects than their Protestant neighbors. We have again and again shown that not in this Province enjoy even equal with non-Catholics in the matter of education. Their privileges are few and restricted, in many cases unenforced, their grievances many and crying every step retarding their progress. Mr. Hughes knows all this, but telling is not his weakness, for it is not his purposes. His Bible studies have already dealt with, and we trouble our readers with his repetition. The story is worthy the Inspector the Inspector the story.

PERSONAL.

His Lordship Bishop Walsh,panied by Rev. Dean Wagner, of St. John's, Rev. Dr. Kilroy of Stratford, Rev. John Connolly, P. P., Biddulph, James Walsh, of the cathedral, Monday for Quebec to attend the monies consequent on the conferring the baracca on Cardinal Taschereau. Parents who are ignorant of the will be taught by the misconduct of children what they should have

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We give their names, that our readers may fully understand the nature of the gathering before which Mr. J. L. Hughes departed himself on "Our Educational interests." Not a name here but that of an open and avowed enemy of the Catholic church, and consequently of the patriotic union and harmonious action of all classes in the promotion of the public weal.

Bro. J. L. Hughes also responded. He said the last speaker only wanted initiation to make him a good Orangeman. There were thousands of citizens who held the same views and they should seek to enrol them in their ranks. The history of the past few months in the Dominion showed how necessary it was they should enlarge their ranks and bring in all thoroughly legal Protestants. It behooved them to seek to inculcate their principles in the young. They need not go back five years in the history of the province to see that the battle with the Catholic hierarchy was to be fought among the rising generation.

Rejoiced indeed would we be if the Catholic Separate Schools of Ontario stood on the same plane as the national system. For this we have long striven and thus far fruitlessly contended. Mr. Hughes is too ignorant to be a School Inspector if he believes himself saying that "every Roman Catholic was made by law a primary supporter of the Separate Schools."

PERSONAL.

His Lordship Bishop Walsh, accompanied by Rev. Dean Wagner, of Windsor, Rev. Dr. Kilroy of Stratford, Rev. John Connolly, P. P., Biddulph, and Rev. James Walsh, of the cathedral, left on Monday for Quebec to attend the ceremonies consequent on the conferring of the baretta on Cardinal Taschereau.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they should have done.—J. E.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The celebration of the twelfth of July acquired this year some additional zest from the anti-Home Rule triumph in Britain. The Canadian Orangemen is as intense an opponent of Irish national rights as his brother in Derry or Belfast. He looks on the establishment of an Irish Parliament as the very enthronement of Romanism on Irish soil. He has so long enjoyed the fruits of exclusiveness, so long fattened on the spoils that pertain to ascendancy, that he dreads the inauguration of a reign of justice and detests the very mention of equality. Champion, as he affects to be, of "civil and religious liberty," he knows and demands and insists upon no other liberty but that of persecuting his Catholic fellow-subject.

He began by graciously assuring his hearers that they were not Pagans or Mahomedans, but citizens of a Christian country, and as such invited them to examine the form of faith so prevalent among them—Roman Catholicism. He was sorry to admit that this was an ancient and potent religion which presented itself, he thought, in too formidable and aggressive a character. He then laid siege to, assailed, and to his own satisfaction, no doubt, demolished, papal infallibility, transubstantiation, and auricular confession. He held up Wycliff and Luther as heroes, and, needless to say, gave his ready, eager and willing hearers a full piece of his mind on indulgences, purgatory and clerical celibacy.

In Kingston, where the Orangemen love to call the "Derry of Canada," there was a more noisy demonstration than at Ottawa. Orange contingents from all portions of Eastern Ontario flocked to the old Limestone City. Brother J. Gallagher is said to have welcomed the Ottawa delegation, as an evidence that the society still lived and flourished in the Dominion Capital. He bade them welcome in the name of Kingston's Orangemen, who were, he affirmed, ever true to the tradition of "No Surrender."

Not less enthusiastic were the Toronto Orangemen than their brethren of the Limestone City. The prospects of a civil war in Ireland, by means of a repressive Tory policy, has evidently whetted the appetites of the Canadian brethren all over the country. In the speeches on the subject there was everywhere to be noticed strict adherence to the resolution which at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge was unanimously carried, amidst the greatest enthusiasm: "That this Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of British North America takes this opportunity of declaring the continued loyalty of the Orange Association in Canada to the British crown and unity of the empire, and our determined opposition to the Gladstonian attempt to pander to the solicitations of the Parnellites and other disloyal parties throughout Ireland and the British dominions in general; and we hereby pledge ourselves to aid and support the Loyalists of Ireland by men and means (if necessary) in their struggle to maintain the integrity of the Empire and their civil and religious liberty."

In this resolution Canadian Orangemen placed itself fully, clearly and unmistakably on record. From that record it will not depart. The friends of Irish self-government, knowing the position of this exotic and abominable institution, should, by its opposition to the cause they have at heart, be moved to greater efforts, and to redoubled courage in the pursuit of justice for Ireland. When the enemies of freedom and of Christian patriotism declare themselves on one side of a controversy, no good citizen can fail to perceive where lie right and truth and justice.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The total popular vote in the British elections stood on Thursday last: for Home Rule 1,382,118, against 1,455,958.

Eight thousand Orangemen have cabled to England a set of resolutions denouncing Home Rule. No one expected anything better from the Australian Orangemen. They are the same the world over, these disciples of hate and worshippers of horror.

On Monday, the 19th inst., at 5 p. m., the clergy of the diocese of Ottawa assembled in the Academic Hall of the College, presented their new Archbishop with a congratulatory address, to which suitable reply was made. After His Grace's withdrawal the clergy resolved to present him with an archiepiscopal cross valued at \$500. The address of the Catholic laymen of the city elsewhere published was accompanied by the gift of a magnificent coach, horses and trappings, valued at \$2,000.

Baron Dowse is like all the other Irish judges of whom we know anything, not only intensely anti-national, but ever ready to go out of his way to do injury to the Irish cause. Speaking at Tralee the other day he declared that "Ireland was never in a worse condition than now at the present assizes. He could not be a party to calling peace when there was no peace." Baron Dowse was evidently eager to strike a blow at Home Rule, and the local disorders in Kerry gave him the occasion he wanted. With the sole exception of the "loyal minority," all Ireland is at present—Baron Dowse to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the last general election in Italy there was as usual a great number of abstentions. Thus, in Piedmont, out of 309,230 electors, only 156,840 voted; in Lombardy, out of 318,246, 164,600 exercised the right of suffrage. In Venice, out of 216,821 on the list, but 107,128 approached the polls. In Sicily the list reached the number of 168,921, the poll 105,390, in Sardinia out of 34,021 qualified electors, 18,130 used this privilege. In Rome, however, the vote cast was proportionately large, 52,047 out of 63,261 electors casting their ballots.

The defeat of Mr. T. M. Healy for South Derry is a cause of genuine regret among Irish Nationalists. At the last general election the voting in this constituency stood:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. Healy (Nationalist) 4,723; McCalmont (Tory) 2,341; Findlater (Liberal) 1,816; Majority for Healy over both 566.

There has been some talk of providing a constituency in Manitoba for Mr. Goldwin Smith. But the Toronto News disposes of this suggestion in a manner that must find favor with all good citizens of Canada: "Their discretion in the selection of a locality remote from Toronto is to be commended. G. Smith is one of those persons who is best liked where he is least known. The North-West Territories or British Columbia

would be still better." Mr. Smith's principles are very much akin to those of the late lamented Big Bear, Miserable Man, and Bad Arrow.

A New York despatch dated the 15th says that the news that the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Quebec has issued an edict severing all intercourse with the grand lodge of England has created much interest in masonic circles there. The grand lodge of England refused, we are told, to cut off three English Montreal lodges, which refused to affiliate with the grand lodge of Quebec.

Mr. LABOUCHERE says that were he an Irishman not a vote would he give in favor of justice to Englishmen, till Englishmen were prepared to do justice to Irishmen. He adds that the only thing necessary to make obstruction a success is that the eighty-six Irishmen take a moderate interest in the affairs of the nation and that the English Radicals act with them. He declares that if the latter act cordially with the Irish Home Rulers no procedure that can be framed by the mind of men will render it possible for the Parliamentary machine to work till justice be done.

Mr. HEALY explained his defeat in South Derry by saying that the Catholics are nine hundred behind on the register and the majority against him was not two hundred. The No Popery cry defeated him. "The Presbyterian ministers," he adds, "took alarm lest the Belfast Queen's college, which is in the hands of Presbyterians, should be taken from them under Home Rule. They also feared for their pockets, as they derived their substance from a fund arising out of investments in land. It was a natural though an unfounded alarm. They moved heaven and earth to arouse sectarian apprehensions and succeeded in exacting more implicit political obedience than I have ever seen yielded to the much abused Catholic priests. Mr. Sexton's victory hurt me, for the reason that when they saw Belfast falling to us they thought the heather was on fire. Besides the election was taken on an expiring register, and most of the deaths and changes of residence occurred amongst our friends. On a new register and at another time of the year I will win at a canter."

LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

A STRIKING MIRACLE AT THE SHRINE OF BEAUPRE. Quebec, 16th.—A great sensation was created throughout the city last night by the announcement that a very striking miracle had occurred at La Bonne Ste. Anne in the presence of 700 pilgrims from St. John's suburbs, who went down to the shrine yesterday under the direction of their cure, Rev. Mr. Plamondon. A Miss Labrie, one of the pilgrims, who for 30 years had lost the use of her legs from paralysis, and who, on going down had to be carried from the boat to the church on a chair, rose up, it is said, in the sight of all after mass, at which she had taken communion and venerated the relics of the saint, and walked back to the boat without assistance. This fact was announced to Rev. Mr. Plamondon by Miss Labrie herself, who ascended to the hurricane deck for the purpose, and after satisfying himself that the cure was really a certainty, the rev. gentleman requested the pilgrims to join in singing the Magnificat. He also announced that on the return of the boat to town a solemn Te Deum would be chanted at St. John's Church, and last evening the sacred edifice was densely crowded while the noble hymn of praise and thanksgiving was sung, and the bells of the church proclaimed in their most joyous tones the glad event to the community.

OTTAWA'S ARCHBISHOP.

An Imposing Demonstration. Ottawa Free Press, July 12. The Basilica yesterday afternoon was the scene of the most interesting event that has taken place within its walls since the funeral service of the late and first Bishop Guigues. Archbishop Duhamel has returned home, and was warmly met by all classes of his diocese. The church was most magnificently decorated, and the grand altar, with its many statues, the noble ceiling of blue studded with gold stars, stood out in bold design. The St. Anne's band, as might be anticipated, was present on the occasion, as was also the "Lyre Canadienne." The building from the floor to the topmost gallery was densely crowded, not only by Catholics, but by those of other denominations anxious to pay personal honor to His Grace as a man whom they held in the highest esteem. The chairman of the various Catholic committees, consisting of Mayor McDougall, W. H. Barry, Ald. Durocher, Hon. R. W. Scott, Ald. Heney, Post Office Inspector French, Dr. St. Jean, ex M. P., J. A. Olivier, J. Dufresne, S. Drapeau and Jos. Tasse were provided with reserved seats in the building.

For this signal mark of favor we ask your Grace to convey to the Holy Father our grateful thanks. We unite with joy and gratitude this well-merited recognition of the ability and zeal exhibited by your Grace in the discharge of those exalted duties pertaining to the head of this diocese. Twelve years ago your Grace was chosen as the second Bishop of this widely extended and important diocese, following in succession the learned and holy man, the Right Reverend Bishop Guigues, whose memory we all revere. That good and zealous prelate had laid the foundations of many churches, religious houses, schools and asylums for the poor and the fatherless in the twenty five years during which he was the chief pastor of this diocese. It has, however, been reserved for your Grace to perfect, increase and beautify the many good works that our first bishop had left complete and undone. That your Grace has fulfilled the holy mission assigned to you by Divine Providence is abundantly testified in the improved condition of the diocese and by the love and esteem entertained for their good by the Catholic children, irrespective of race and nationality. It is gratifying also for us to remember that even those of the community who do not recognize your spiritual character, do not fail to accord to your Grace that respect and admiration awarded only to the good and the just. Again, expressing our congratulations on this joyous occasion, we earnestly pray that your life may long be spared to watch over the flock committed to your wise and tender care. Ottawa, July, 1886.

HIS GRACE REPLIED in the following words:—The feeling which prevades your eloquent address is a feeling of legitimate joy, finding its source in God and His greatest glory, its motive in the interests of religion, the honor of the church, the welfare of the faithful and of the whole country, numbering in the ranks of its hierarchy, one cardinal and two new archbishops. Your joy springing from such ennobling sources is destined to be lasting, and should indeed be shared in your chief pastor. Another note echoed through your congratulations, gratitude mingles with your gladness, and this most noble feeling stirs most deeply still the heart of your archbishop elect. Casting a glance at the immense country, I see our people increase and multiply, religion, progress with this increase and the extension of the Catholic hierarchy while Catholic institutions and Catholic works of charity spread their beneficent branches over the whole extent of the country. Truly, the blessing of God has accompanied our labors, like those of the Hebrews of old. Having God for us, we have been invincible; for, if God be with us, we can prevail against us? *St. Deus pro nobis contra nos!* Thanks to His powerful protection, the church of Canada has made a stride in the way of that true progress which insures the welfare and happiness of all. But to Jesus Christ be all glory; let our hymns of thanks ascend towards the throne of the adorable Trinity. Praise also to the Immaculate Virgin, patroness of this church and of the diocese. Gratitude and lasting fidelity to the church who has nourished us with the milk of her faith, and in whose bosom we have grown strong. Love and devotedness to the great Pope who deigns so efficaciously to promote our most cherished interests, while in governing entire Christendom, he gives to the world an impulse not less powerful than certain, in order to procure for all nations, necessary security and bring all men to the haven of eternal salvation. Honor likewise to those before us, began to labor in this vineyard of the Lord. Special honor to the illustrious and much regretted Bishop Guigues founder and first bishop of the diocese. In placing us on the Episcopal throne as his immediate successor, Providence has given us a larger part in the work of the advancement of this diocese; and, if it has been ours to labor therein according to our strength and means, we have besides this, as your pastor, the great satisfaction of bearing testimony to the generous share you have thereto contributed by your lively faith, your Christian virtues, your devotedness and your sacrifices of every nature. Speaking in different languages, we have labored together with one accord to further

OTTAWA'S ARCHBISHOP.

The interests of God, of the Holy church and of religion—interests which are the common good of all. Heaven has blessed our efforts and has thereby imposed upon us the obligations of perseverance and union, that thus a fresh impulse may be given to our labors and that the good so well begun may be happily and efficaciously accomplished. The Immaculate Virgin has always been, and she always will be, our powerful patroness; with her for guide and teacher let us, like the Christians of Jerusalem, form a bright unity of heart and soul. Jesus Christ will be glorified in our observance of the law of mutual charity, not only among ourselves, but with our separated brethren, desirous of living in good harmony with us. We shall then show ourselves worthy children of the church which unites so many different nations, and we shall likewise merit God's continued blessings and the favors of His first representative on earth.

JUBILEE MISSION AT OSCEOLA.

A week of extraordinary grace has just finished here. From July 4th till July 11th a mission for the Jubilee was conducted in our parish by the Reverend Fathers Xavier Sutton and Andrew Kenny, two members of the Congregation of the Passion, worthy children of the great St. Paul of the Cross. The Fathers came here from Pittsburgh, Penn., and ours was the first of a series of three missions which they have been engaged to preach. The second one of these is now going on at Renfrew, and next week the third one will be conducted at Pakenham. The results of the mission here have been far beyond expectation. We are all grateful to the Rev. Fathers of the Passion and to our Rev. Pastor, Father Devine, to whose zealous foresight is due the visit of the Fathers to Canada.

The discourses of the Fathers, the eloquence of which was equalled only by their solidity, were listened to by large congregations every day of the week. Low mass at seven o'clock a. m., followed by a short instruction on the Passion of our Lord, another at 9 a. m., followed by a sermon; in the afternoon at 3 o'clock an instruction for the children, and at 7 p. m. the *Te Deum*, followed by an instruction on the Sacrament of Penance, a sermon on the great truths of religion, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—such was the daily programme of the mission. Rev. Father Kenny left on Saturday afternoon to open the Renfrew mission, and was accompanied to the station at Cobden by a large number of the congregation. On Sunday morning after mass Rev. Father Sutton addressed the congregation in a touching and eloquent sermon in which he commended them for the way in which they had attended the mission and exhorted them to persevere in the good path upon which they had entered, always pushing forward to greater perfection, relying on the powerful grace of God. The rev. gentleman's apostrophe to the crucifix, before imparting the *Te Deum*, drew tears from many of those present. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the *Te Deum*, closed the exercises of the mission, after which crowds of the parishioners might be seen thronging the sacristy and the presbytery to say a particular farewell to him who had benefited them so much during the week, and receive a particular parting blessing from his hand. On Sunday afternoon Father Sutton drove to Renfrew, to rejoin his colleague, Father Kenny. He was accompanied to the limits of the parish of Osceola by a numerous procession of the parishioners. On arriving at the boundary of the parish, John Dooner, Esq., Warden of the county of Renfrew, and Reeve of the township of Bromley, addressed Father Sutton, thanking him in the name of the congregation for his zealous work during the past week, and bidding him farewell, hoping, however, that at no distant time in the future the rev. Father and his self-denying colleague would once more conduct another retreat at Osceola. Rev. Father Sutton replied, thanking Mr. Dooner and the congregation for their good wishes, and after urging again in a few words the exhortations which he had made in the morning about perseverance, bade all good-bye, echoing Mr. Dooner's wish that it would not be long before they would meet again, trusting, however, that if that happiness were not granted to them upon this earth, it would one day be afforded them forever in heaven. The rev. gentleman then pursued the road to Renfrew, where he and Father Kenny are again engaged in their truly apostolic labors this week.

A sufficient indication of the success of the mission at Osceola is the fact that over five hundred persons approached the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion during the week. It is to be hoped that the Passionist Fathers will come again soon to Canada and often repeat their visit. Long ago famed as missionaries in the old world and also in the United States and in South America, this has been, we might say, their first visit to Canada. The abundant fruits which it is bearing makes us pray not only that they will visit us again, but that before long a house of the zealous sons of St. Paul of the Cross will be established in Canada. P.T.R.

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.

At a meeting of the R. C. congregation in St. Thomas on Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of taking action to support the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, Rev. Father Flannery was appointed Chairman and Treasurer of the fund that may be subscribed, and Mr. D. Coughlin, barrister, was appointed Secretary. After brief addresses were given by several of the gentlemen present a resolution, proposed by Mr. D. J. Donahue and seconded by Mr. J. T. Coughlin, of Glenworth, favorable to the cause of Home Rule, and pledging the meeting to do all in their power to strengthen the hands of Parnell and Gladstone in their struggle to secure Home Rule for Ireland, was unanimously carried. A subscription list was then opened, and about \$100 was subscribed in a very short time. Father Flannery, J. H. Price, S. B. Poock, D. J. Donahue, Thomas Kelly, James Brady and J. T. Coughlin were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions. The meeting then adjourned for one week.

C. M. B. A.

Death of a Brantford Brother. We have received intelligence of the death of Brother Andrew O'Donovan, a charter member of Branch No. 5, Brantford.

Acknowledgment.

Received from Branch No. 7, C. M. B. A., Sarnia, Ont., per John Langan, Recording Secretary, the sum of two thousand dollars, in full beneficiary of my late son, Wm. H. McElhannon.

Letter from Montreal.

S. R. BROWN, Esq.—DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Now that the time for the session of the Grand Council is drawing near, it may not be amiss for our members throughout the country to give expression to their views on some of the questions that will then come up for discussion. I do not propose to enter upon a general review of those questions likely to be considered, but would like to say a few words in regard to one, which I have no doubt will be taken up again, and which will not be allowed to rest until satisfactorily disposed of, namely, the establishment of a \$1,000 beneficiary. The benefits to be derived by the association in general from such an innovation must be obvious to all who have given the subject a moment's serious consideration. There are scores of men in every center of population throughout the country who are in every way qualified to become members of our association, and who would be a valuable acquisition to our ranks, but finding their resources inadequate to meet our present requirements they are obliged to remain outside, to their and our own mutual loss. The only objection I ever heard urged against this change was, that an undesirable class of men might thereby be admitted, but I fail to see any reason in their objection, because the applicant would in every case be subject to the same medical examination, the same scrutiny by the Board of trustees, and would have to produce a certificate from his father equally with the applicant who seeks our present beneficiary. Now, if a Catholic wants to join our ranks who is morally and physically qualified to enter them, the fact that he is in a position to pay assessments on one, but not on two thousand dollars, should not constitute him an undesirable person, that is, if the mission of the C. M. B. A. is to ameliorate the condition of the Catholics of this country. I do not presume to speak for others, but I know that my views are shared by the great majority of our members in this city, who while they are well satisfied with the present arrangements so far as they are themselves concerned, would welcome a change which would doubtless greatly facilitate the spread of our organization.

While writing I would like to add, that being in Toronto a few days ago, I visited Branch No. 15 in session, where I met Bro. John J. Kelly of G. C., Chancellor E. J. O'Reilly, and many others. No. 15 has not only a large but also a vigorous and enthusiastic membership, who appear to take an active interest in all matters pertaining to the association. Yours fraternally, J. J. KANE. Montreal July 9th, 1886.

HOME RULE.

Hamilton Times, July 16. A regular meeting of the Hamilton branch of the Irish National League was held in the E. B. A. Hall last evening, and was well attended. Among those present were Rev. Fathers Cosgrove, St. Patrick's, McCann, St. Mary's; Madigan, Dundas; McLaughlin, St. Vincent; Howard and Burt, West Virginia. The chair was occupied by Mr. P. Harte, the President. After the usual routine business was transacted the President in a few well chosen remarks introduced Mr. Walls, of Pittsburgh, who was warmly received. He said since his arrival in Canada on business he had had great pleasure in forming the acquaintance of some very patriotic Irishmen. He was in sympathy with the movement of Home Rule for Ireland. He considered it just and right that Irishmen should have a voice in framing the laws which govern them. He was asked not long since what was the reason that Ireland was continually in a state of agitation. Irishmen, he said, will be always agitating so long as they are crushed by the subjugation and the laws of England and deprived of the right to make their own laws. He was an Irishman and, though an American citizen, he had a strong and undying love for the land of his birth, while, at the same time, he favored justice for every country and every people. The Home Rule movement is not a religious one, though some would try to make it so. The Irish are accused of being bigoted and intolerant. This is false, as evinced by the liberal and generous spirit displayed by them in having a Protestant for their leader and several Protestant members of Parliament representing purely Catholic constituencies. Even Protestant ministers have been elected solely by Catholic votes—R. I. Nelson, for instance, for Belfast; and Mr. Jordan, a Protestant from Enniskillen has been elected to represent Canada, a Catholic constituency. In all of Ireland's struggles, most of the leaders have been Protestants, many of them having shed their blood for her. What names are more dear to the Irish heart than those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmett? Then, why should they be accused of being intolerant? There is no more generous hearted or forgiving people on the face of the globe. Why should a bigoted aristocracy in the flames of fanaticism among a portion of them to excite their minds to bloodshed and oppose a measure that was equally as much for their own good as for the majority of Irishmen? English, Irish and Scotch formed the Liberal party in support of the Grand Old Man, Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was proud to learn that in Canada the people were liberal in their views, independent of nationality, and he was particularly delighted to know that this was speci-

ally the case in Hamilton. All fair-minded men will admit that Irishmen were entitled to self government, the same as England granted to Canada and all her other colonies. The Irish race would never be satisfied till they had Home Rule, and when they got that which they will, no matter how long deferred—they would prove to the world that they were magnanimous enough to forgive England for all the past injuries she had inflicted on them. He concluded by earnestly exhorting all who were not members of the I. N. L. to enroll themselves at once and to contribute according to their means in support of the Parnell Parliamentary Fund. Mr. Howard, of West Virginia, was then called on. He said he was an American citizen of Irish descent, a lover of freedom and a hater of oppression. He took an interest in watching the great Irish movement and had often felt discouraged. But still he felt hopeful when he saw the great Irish leader, Mr. Parnell, backed by only a small band of followers, out from their proud position one of the strongest Governments that ever sat in England, and now when he saw those same gallant patriots backed by one of the most eminent and able statesmen in the world demanding Home Rule for Ireland, he arrived at the conclusion that Ireland's case was not yet hopeless. He wished the movement success.

Mr. Burt, of West Virginia, an ex-member of Legislature, was the next speaker. He strongly advocated the justice of the claims of the Irish people for Home Rule and the right to make laws to govern themselves, which if they had, and could shake off the obnoxious yoke of aristocracy which had crushed them for centuries, he felt confident they would be a prosperous and happy people. The two last speakers having to leave to attend other business, A. O'Brien proposed a vote of thanks, coupled with some complimentary remarks, to the three speakers, which was seconded by Mr. J. O'Neill and carried unanimously. Rev. Father Cosgrove was then called on, and in his response warmly received. He said he was sorry to observe that there appeared to him a lack of patriotic feeling in many parts of Canada and especially in Hamilton. He would like to see more enthusiasm among them. He was delighted with their American friends and hoped that Mr. Walls' address would be the means of infusing new blood into them. He watched with interest the progress of the Irish movement. No cause ever progressed as rapidly as it did. It was only sixteen years since Isaac Butt first inaugurated it. Sixteen short years since Home Rule was placed on a pedestal, and now the whole civilized world admires it. It is the cause of justice, freedom and humanity. Home Rule may be retarded, but it is not lost; it is immortal. Ireland's enemies, the aristocracy, have been the cause of all the famines, tortures and religious persecutions which have crushed the Irish people. The greatest enemy Ireland has at the present time is one of her own degenerate sons, Lord Wolsley, who protested that he would strain every nerve and earth in his resistance to the Grand Old Man in order to keep Ireland in a state of vassalage. This same Lord Wolsley in 1874, when he was Sir Garnet Wolsley, was on an expedition to the heart of Africa with a large body of troops against King Koffee and his unarmed tribes. His troops were decimated by cholera and other diseases. He had the presumption to ask King Koffee on meeting him: as well might he strive to prevent the sun from rising as to retard the progress of him and his minions. We can now reverse the expression: as well might he and his swartbacked troops prevent the sun from rising as to prevent Ireland from getting freedom and justice—Home Rule. We are accused of being disloyal. What ought we to be loyal for? Have Irish not proved their loyalty on many hard fought battle fields and planted Albion's banner on many a rampart? Did they not show their loyalty to Charles I., their lawful King, when they shed their blood for him? Did they prove their loyalty to their lawful sovereign James II. in the face of the fact how can we be called disloyal? Were we disloyal when a band in the south of Ireland remained up all night practising "God save the Queen" in order to show their respectful loyalty to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? Even now, at the eleventh hour, if England accedes to the demands of the League in Toronto, we would forget the past and would recompense her with our loyalty and would be ready to shed our blood in her defence. Rev. Father Madigan next delivered a brief address. He spoke highly in favor of Canada as the freest and best country in the world. He ridiculed the idea of separation from England, saying Ireland had no monetary resources to fall back on, no maritime power to protect her. He drew a beautiful picture of the scenery of Ireland, her castled towers, her vast plains and fertile fields, her generous and hospitable people, etc., and showed the equity and justice of the Irish people having the right to make their own laws. Mr. J. Kennedy gave an account of the progress of the League in Toronto, of which he was an officer. He spoke very highly of the energy of a few who interested themselves in bringing it to its present state of efficiency. He highly eulogized Dr. Burns for the services he rendered. (The doctor's name was received with demonstrations of applause.) He said liberty for Ireland had merely been delayed by British prejudice at the polls, but Englishmen will yet be sufficiently educated to grant Ireland her demands. The meeting was brought to a very felicitous close by Mr. D. H. Sheerin singing a comic song.

Several new members were enrolled and a fair amount subscribed toward the Parliamentary Fund, one gentleman, Mr. J. Walls, having contributed \$10, and several others \$5 each.

OMISSION.—In the Ontario list of subscribers to the Irish parliamentary fund which appeared last week, the names of Messrs. Thomas Regan, Michael Coleman, Wm. J. Joyce, each of whom contributed one dollar, and Thomas Carroll, who contributed twenty-five cents, were accidentally omitted.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Michael Collison. Died, at his residence, in the Township of Biddeford, on Saturday, the 17th inst., Mr. Michael Collison, aged 62 years. The subject of our notice immigrated with his father and family from the parish of Graw, near Cloughjordan, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1846, and in June of the same year settled with his family upon the farm adjoining his present residence. He was the eldest living son of the late Robert Collison, who passed away six years ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-five years. After some few years spent in helping to make a home for his parents and the younger members of the family he commenced farming on his own account upon the homestead where he peacefully passed away on Saturday, Mr. Collison was twice married, and raised a large family, of which one girl, three boys, and his wife survive him to mourn their irreparable loss. His remains were conveyed to St. Patrick's church on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, where a requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Connelly, and from thence to the family burying plot in the adjoining cemetery. And here allow us to remark as a passing tribute to the memory of the deceased, that it has seldom fallen for a lot to enjoy the acquaintance of a sincerer Christian, honest and upright in all his dealings, kind and agreeable, living in harmony with his fellow-man, and enjoying the confidence and esteem of his neighbors, irrespective of creed or nation, as was fully testified by the immense numbers of every denomination which assembled at his late residence to accompany his remains to their last resting place. *Requiescat in pace.*

William J. Marshall. We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of a promising youth, William J. Marshall, in his eighteenth year, son of Thomas and Katherine Marshall, of 582 Maidland st., London. The deceased was a telegraph operator, and held positions in the Canada Southern Railroad, in Detroit, G. N. W., Chicago Postal Tel. Co., in Cleveland in the E. and M. Tel. Co., also in the W. T. Co., Toronto. Early youth of his years he had no equals at the business. He was at home under medical care for nearly twelve months. Everything that the best medical skill could do for him was done. He was well attended to in his last illness by the Rev. Father Walsh, of the Cathedral. Up to the last four hours previous to his last breath, Father Walsh waited upon him, and administered to his religious wants. His edifying death must be consoling to his parents and friends. Dear Willie was a favorite and every one who knew him. Even on Monday his parents received a joint telegram from Chicago from his late association, expressing hearty sympathy with them in their sad bereavement. Willie was a favorite with all the craft who knew him. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, from the family residence to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the holy sacrifice of the mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the deceased. Rev. Father Tierman referred in touching terms to the admirable life and edifying death of the deceased young man. The mournful cortege then proceeded to St. Patrick's cemetery.

Mrs. Catherine Kain O'Callaghan. In this city on the 17th instant at the residence of her son, T. E. O'Callaghan, Esq., passed away Mrs. O'Callaghan, relict of the late Denis O'Callaghan, in the 77th year of her age. The deceased lady had been for many years a resident in this city. She was a most devoted Catholic and had the happiness of seeing her dear husband die in the arms of his heavenly Father. She was a most devoted and affectionate mother, and her remains were conveyed to Hamilton for interment in the family burying place on Tuesday morning. We extend to the surviving members of the family our heartfelt condolence.

Miss Elizabeth Mary Cochrane. In this city on the 13th instant, this young lady breathed her last, in the 18th year of her age. She had been ill for some time and bore her sufferings with a heroic patience and resignation to the will of God. She died fortified by all the consolations of our holy faith, the funeral took place on the 15th, to St. Peter's Cathedral, where the holy sacrifice of the mass was offered up for the repose of her soul, and from thence to St. Peter's cemetery, and to be reinterred in her relatives' sacred sympathy in their affliction.

FATHER ALLAIN'S BAZAAR. Some of our subscribers may possibly receive Bazaar tickets from the Rev. Father Allain of Uxbridge, Ont., who is organizing a grand Fairy Fair to take place in August. Five years ago Father Allain was sent to one of the most difficult parishes of the diocese of Toronto. There were heavy debts on the mission, and vast improvements required, his parishioners were few, scattered and generally poor. With his own work, however, he succeeded in paying the debts and in greatly improving the place. Besides Uxbridge Father Allain has to attend Markham and Port Perry. In the latter place a new church was absolutely necessary to replace the old one which had fallen to ruin, it having been hurriedly and only temporarily put up after the first one had been maliciously burnt down. A year ago last March the Methodists of Port Perry advertised for sale a very handsome brick church. Father Allain at once communicated with the trustees, and having obtained the authorization of Grace the Archbishop, purchased it, to the great advantage of the Catholics of that mission. Father Allain now appeals to his friends and all charitably disposed Catholics to help him to pay off the debt which, though considerably reduced, is still heavy. Every Catholic who can afford it (and few there are that cannot) should make it a duty to help Father Allain in his worthy undertaking. You will please take notice of his circular and the letter of approbation which accompany the book of tickets. If more than a single book of tickets had been received by one person it is a mistake.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, CHATHAM, ONT.

FIRST GRAND BAZAAR DRAWING.

The grand drawing came off on Tuesday, July 13. Miss Maude Williams drew the prize numbers and Miss Blanche Pennefather the counterfoils. The following lists show that the different articles are well distributed over the United States and Canada, and that even Ireland gets its portion.

- 1—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 2—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 3—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 4—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 5—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 6—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 7—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 8—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 9—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 10—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 11—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 12—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 13—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 14—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 15—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 16—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 17—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 18—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 19—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 20—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 21—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 22—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 23—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 24—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 25—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 26—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 27—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 28—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
- 29—Cash, \$10,000, Mrs. Wm. McColl, Meaford, Ont.
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Canada Business College, Chatham.

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Table with columns: SUBJECTS, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Total marks.

OSHAWA IRISHMEN TO THE FRONT. We are pleased to be able to announce that Rev. J. J. McClellan, Parish Priest of Oshawa, has forwarded \$43.75 to the Rev. D. O'Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the Irish National League. It is most gratifying to notice that Irishmen in all parts of the Dominion are coming forward to assist in the noble work undertaken by the Irish National League—the achievement of Home Rule for their native country.

LOCAL NOTICES. Light Summer Dress Materials in Pinked Muslins, cream and white spotted Muslins, black and white Linen Lawns, Victorias, India Muslins and Checks, at J. J. GIBBONS. Price Lists.—All kinds of art materials of oil and water color painting and crayons, workable and retail, cheap at CHAS. CHAPMAN'S, 91 Dundas st., London. For the best photos made in the city go to EBY BROS., 380 Dundas street, and examine our stock of frames and easels, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty. Send E. R. Reynolds' advertisement on eighth page. \$500,000 to loan at 6 per cent. yearly.

Health in the Bread.

Perfect food is that which, while prepared in the most appetizing form, is also the most wholesome and nutritious. It should never be necessary to sacrifice the wholesomeness of an article in order to make it more palatable, nor, as is too often the case, should we be compelled to take our bread or cake bereft of its most appetizing qualities in order to avoid injury to our digestive organs.

The Royal Baking Powder possesses a peculiar quality, not possessed by any other leavening agent, that applies directly to this subject. It provides bread, biscuit, cake, muffins, or rolls which may be eaten when hot without inconvenience by persons of the most delicate digestive organs. With most persons it is necessary that bread raised with yeast should lose its freshness or become stale before it can be eaten with safety. The same distressing results follow from eating biscuit, cake, pastry, etc., raised by the cheap, inferior baking powders that contain lime, alum, or other adulterants. The hot roll and muffin and the delicious hot griddle cakes raised by Royal Baking Powder are as wholesome and digestible as warm soup, meat, or any other food.

Another greatly superior quality possessed by the Royal Baking Powder is that by which the preservation of important elements of the flour is effected in raising the leavening gas by fermentation, as is well known, destroy a portion of the nutritive elements of the flour, and particularly those which are the most healthful and the greatest aids to a perfect assimilation of the food. The Royal Baking Powder, while perfectly leavening, retains without change or impairment all those elements which were intended by nature, when combined in our bread, to make it literally the "staff of life."

No leavening agent or baking powder, except the Royal Baking Powder, possesses these great qualifications.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. THIS INSTITUTION, SITUATED IN the best and healthiest part of Ontario, and conducted by the Resurrectionist Fathers, offers in its Commercial, Classical and Philosophical Courses excellent facilities to students preparing themselves for Business or for the higher Professional Studies in Universities and Seminaries.

College of Ottawa OTTAWA, ONT. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE OBLATE FATHERS. TERMS: Commercial Course, per annum, \$150; Classical, \$180; Civil Engineering Course, per annum, \$170.

FARM FOR SALE IN THE TOWNSHIP OF CARADOC, a part of half lot 21, First Range, south of the Long Woods Road, 11 miles west of Delawar, 22 acres, 15 acres cleared, balance suitable for pasturing; frame house, with 4 rooms and two brick chimneys and a wood shed; well 25 feet deep, all brick, and good pump; good frame barn and stable; good orchard of 20 apple trees, 10 cherry trees, and grape vines; 11 acres of oats growing on the place; one-third of the grain in mill and all the straw, 1 acre of potatoes, all mill. Price, \$500, with crop. Apply to PATRICK SULLIVAN, Delaware P. O.

TEACHER WANTED. Wanted, a female teacher, competent to teach Separate School of Parkhill and take charge of a choir. Her certificate should be at least second-class superintendental. Duties to commence after the holidays. Apply stating salary and testimonials to John McAniff, Parkhill, Ont. 400-37.

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CHRISTIANITY

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PASTORAL LETTER Of His Grace the Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, Announcing the Elevation of the See of Ottawa to Metropolitan Rank and Dignity, Etc.

JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL, By the Grace of God and the Holy Apostolic See, Archbishop of Ottawa, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Etc., Etc. To the Clergy, Secular and Regular, the Religious Communities and Faithful of the Archdiocese of Ottawa.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.—The Redeemer of mankind, before ascending into heaven, covenanted with His disciples that He would be with them all days even unto the consummation of the ages: Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. (Matt. xxviii, 20) From the very day it was first pronounced, the realization of this divine promise may be read throughout the course of ages, and throughout every vicissitude of time, on every page of the Church's annals. Thanks to the indwelling presence of Christ Jesus, the Church in the past not only propagated His divine promise, but preserved it inviolate—thanks to the same abiding presence, she to-day maintains and diffuses here; with His divine light, the man-god enlightens her, with His spirit animates her, and to her communicates His unceasing and unchanging life, as well as imperishable strength. Living image of the Saviour's life, forming here below His empire and God's very Kingdom, the Church in her beginnings was humble, and even ignored—like unto the mustard seed, she grew into the towering tree. But this seed germinating, sent forth into the depths of the soil its far-reaching roots, and behold it has now grown into a wide-spreading tree, extending its branches to the very ends of the earth, offering to all not alone its saving shade, but the richest fruits of immortality.

Satan, then every where dominant, and at her sight, inflamed with rage, could not crush the Church in her infancy. The Pagan world vainly exercised its every strength to destroy her, but proved powerless to arrest, or even retard her progress. From that period to our own times, sects and schisms, heresy, infidelity and social commotion of the most frightful character, far from overtaking her, have even strengthened the Church, which, from every trial, has issued strong and vigorous, crowned with a new glory. In this respect has this divine institution proved itself superior to the most powerful empires. None of these have been able to resist the corroding influence of time; in truth, the Church, by the same generation witnessed their foundation, development and obliteration. The Church, on the other hand, founded on Jesus Christ, partakes of His stability. His immortality, the Church, which, from every trial, has issued strong and vigorous, crowned with a new glory. 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