

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE PRIESTHOOD.

SACERDOTAL CONSECRATIONS—ITS INSTITUTIONS AND ITS OPERATIONS—DISCOURSE BY PERE MONSABRE, O. F. M.

The recurrence of the penitential season of Lent in France brings into relief annually the consoling fact that, however dilatory may be politically, the French people are sterling Catholics at heart. On Sunday morning last, every church in the capital was thronged with devout worshippers who went to listen to the word of truth and salvation uttered by men divinely appointed to preach it, and specially endowed with talents and gifts to expound clearly and forcibly its significance, to show how completely it corresponds to the needs of man, to recall his mind to a sense of his spiritual condition, and to help him to a ready apprehension of the only means by which his supernatural requirements can be satisfied. As in previous years, the Metropolitan Church of Notre Dame was the central point of attraction, crowds being unable to obtain admission. The interior of the venerable building presented a spectacle which can never be forgotten by those who were present. Prelates and humble religious, princes and peasants, cultured scholars and illiterate rag-pickers, statesmen and shopkeepers—these made up an assembly unique of its kind, and symbolizing, in the diversity of its constituents and in the unity of its faith, the order which reigns through the Kingdom of God upon earth. A solemn preacher had finished his noble oration and theologian Pere Monsabre, ascended the pulpit—a silence which was only broken by the murmur of admiration and stifled applause which rose from the lips of the multitudes when the preacher had finished his eloquent discourse. The subject of his Lenten conferences this year is the Sacrament of Holy Orders. On Sunday he treated of "Sacerdotal Consecration," on each Sunday in Lent he will deal successively with "The Dignity of the Priest," "The Duties of the Priest," "The Rights of the Priest," "The Bishop," and the "Ecclesies of the Priesthood."

Pere Monsabre began his conference by quoting the words of the Council of Trent: "Sacrament and the priesthood are so united in the designs of God that we encounter them in every land." The hearth stone, where the father, the head of the household, offered up sacrifice for his children and his servants, the profane altars of the different nations, the figurative altars of the Jewish people led us to the foot of the blood-stained tree where we contemplated, in the same person, the universal victim and the supreme priest. Mankind needs a sacrifice which is offered to God, the obligations required by His infinite perfection, and propitiated Him for the offences committed against his most exalted majesty by the crimes of every people and every age. But the immolation of the blood-offering which crimsoned the altar of antiquity were but feeble and inefficient attempts at the performance of the religious act which a Man God alone could accomplish. Christ the Word incarnate, was the only victim worthy of being offered to the God of Whom He is the equal in greatness, and only a priest possessing His special authority could offer up this Victim. Christ the victim is a priest, God said to him: "Thou who sittest on My right hand, thou whom I have begotten from eternity, thou art a priest forever—Tu es sacerdos in aeternum. Everything proclaimed the excellence of his priesthood; the choice, the union, the simplicity, the efficacy of His functions. In the sole obligations that He had made of Himself, Jesus, the Priest and the Victim, had concentrated everything which was precious and holy to God and to humanity, and had consummated for eternity the sanctity of those whom He had consecrated: *Unus sanctus consummatus in aeternum sacrificatus*. The Rev. Father, having dwelt upon the history of the priesthood, and shown how its position had never been marked out in the traditional precepts of Church, went on to speak of the mystery of the sacerdotal consecration, in what it consists and what it effects. This consecration, he said, the administration of which is so solemn as that of Holy Orders. The consecration of a priest is a feat at which the Church brings into requisition all the rich splendor of her liturgy. The grand act which transforms a man into a priest qualified to preside at the holy mysteries and to dispense to the Christian people the things of Heaven, with the Eucharistic sacrifice. The altar is ready, The Bishop, the depository of the sacerdotal power, calls to him the elect of God. Behold them! To give expression to the humble and courageous manner in which they relinquish them-

selves to the operations of grace they fall prostrate on the floor of the temple, and at the sound of their prostration the Bishop and choir intone a long series of invocations to the whole Heavenly host—Our Lord, Holy Mary Mother of God, Angels and Archangels, Celestial Martyrs, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Confessors, Virgins and Saints of Paradise, come and see the great mystery of the creation of a priest! Assist by your prayers the venerable prelate whose second virtue is about to be prayed this wonder. With us poor sinners, pray to God that He may deign to bless, to sanctify, and to consecrate these elect! The heavenly host supplicates, earth is silent, and the Bishop enters the avenues of the sacrament, adorning and instructing. He desires to cast aside the unworthy, those who would enter the sanctuary hiding their irregularities and sins. He explains to those worthy of the grace and the power of the priesthood and the various duties which attach to their state. To offer sacrifice, to impart blessings, to preside over the assembly of the faithful, to make known the word of God and to diffuse the Divine grace—these are the functions of the priest, and it is with fear and trembling that so lofty an office ought to be approached; for it requires nothing less than a knowledge of the things of Heaven, manners and conduct above reproach, and a continual practice of the virtue of justice, to prepare for it—nothing less than the perfect integrity of a chaste and holy life to fill the office with credit and honor. Elect of God, accepted by the people, instructed as to your dignity and your duties, bow beneath the hand which stretches out between heaven and earth to call down upon you the blessings of the Holy Ghost and the grace of the priesthood. This sacrament which you more than the rest of mankind to the service of God, it gives you the right and the power to handle holy things, to touch God, to generate sacramentally—put out your hands that they may be consecrated and sanctified by the union and benediction of God. It makes you officers of sacrifice, receive which will be placed the Body, in which will course the blood of the Divine Victim, Christ immolated. It confers upon you the power to judge and purify souls. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, let them be forgiven them." You are the assembly of the faithful, pastors of the flock of Jesus Christ. Bow down and receive the yoke of your noble servitude, promise obedience to the spiritual father who preceded you, and who begot you in the blessed hierarchy. If I consider, brethren, in their entirety, the sacred and august mystery of the Ordination, as a simple ceremony of investiture, I can see nothing anywhere more solemn or more worthy of reverence, or more calculated to produce a sentiment of awe—neither the imposing authority of gigantic plebeians, nor the pomp of royalty, nor even the liturgical majesty with which the priests of the Old Law were introduced into the temple and dedicated to the service of Jehovah. The voices of a whole people, the oil which runs over the brows of kings, gives to the powers of the earth but a superficial consecration which associates them to the government of God without in any way altering or transforming their nature. In the interior of their being, they are the same manner of men, and if misfortune overtakes them, there remains to them but an exterior prestige which appeals to our respect. In a high order, although they had bent their heads under the hand of a consecrating Pontiff, and heard the Lord say: "Take care; the soil of the holy unction is upon you." The priests of the Mosaic Law themselves were not changed and sanctified interiorly by the sensible sign and the symbolic act which consecrated them. It is not thus in the priestly consecration of the New Law. The penetrating virtue of the sacrament traverses the fleshly covering where the sensible sign stops, and takes possession of the elect of God in the innermost recesses of his being. Under the action of this virtue he is no longer the same man, God has marked his soul with a mystic sign by which he will be forever recognizable, is a supernatural power which accompanies the configuration of the Christian to the Trinitarian type, and the participation of the Christian in the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The priest is marked: "Thou art a priest forever." No matter what he does, he cannot efface that which is "inextinguishable, everlasting, and incorruptible, as the spirit on which it is imprinted. "This character clings ever to him; eternal honour to him if he reverences it; eternal dishonor if he is unfaithful to his consecration. In vain he regrets that he has been given to God, and protests against his condition; in vain he flees from the altar, and destroys the vestments which distinguish him from the men of the world; in vain he throws his consecrated life into the turmoil of earthly affairs; in vain he engages in business or gives himself up to pleasure; in vain, weary of his loneliness, he seeks a companion and opens his heart to the enjoyment of a sacrilegious love; in vain endeavors to change his priestly character by changing his dress, his habits, his mode of life, he cannot deceive those who have known him. People feel uneasy in his presence; and the indignant soul murmurs: "Thou art a priest forever." Death itself will not take away the effects of his priestly consecration. The impenitent priest will carry with him to hell the inscription of the declaration of God; and the dimmed reflex of a glory betrayed will earn him the jeers of the damned, and will point their fingers at him, crying: "Look at him! O accursed wretch, thou art a

priest forever!" Pere Monsabre then entered into lucid exposition of the six Orders which precede and lead gradually up to that of the priesthood, by which the virtue of the Sacrament is poured upon the soul of the ordained. "What a beautiful and holy hierarchy," he exclaimed in conclusion. "The entrance to it is open only to those who, by an act of separation, become the ministers of God, receiving the Orders step by step until their sanctity is crowned by the Sacrament of the Priesthood, which gives them a wondrous power that, emanating from the natural Body of Christ spreads all over His Mystical Body—the generating episcopate of Holy Orders entrusted by the Holy Ghost with the government of the Church. How sublime the harmony of that Hierarchical system! Behold on our poor little earth, in the center of the universe, the celestial Jerusalem! On high the attributes and perfections increase, from Angels to Archangels, from Archangels to Principallities, from Principallities to Powers, from Powers to Virtues, from Virtues to Dominations, from Dominations to Thrones, from Thrones to Cherubims, from Cherubims to Seraphims; below, the offices mount up in the order of nobility, grace increases, characters deepen, from cross bearers to lecturers, from lecturers to exorcists, from exorcists to acolytes, from acolytes to the Sub-Diaconate from the Sub-Diaconate to the Diaconate, from the Diaconate to the Priesthood, from the Priesthood to the Episcopate. On high, in the variety of attributes and perfections, all are angels; below, in the variety of offices and grades, all are clerics. On high, all are eternally fixed, because all are immortal; below, the choir is mortal and mortal, one after the other, in the scale of time, to the summit of hierarchy. On high, below, the choir of the angels revolve by a concentric movement around the same God, adoring and serving the same God, receiving from the same God greatness and glory according to the rank which they occupy. On high, below, it is the noblest, the most splendid harmony which God has created. It is written that the Queen of Sheba, observing the wonders of Solomon's temple, and, above all, the order of his attendants, lost her habitual reserve, and said to the King, "I never did know any man like him." What shall we say of the high and admirable wisdom which has always reigned in the Church; the Palace of Christ, and in the clergy, the sacred palanquin of his ministers? The Divine Harmony which reproduces on earth the splendid order of the heavens in the scale of time, to the summit of hierarchy. 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Women and Women.

BY CLARE BEATRICE COPPEY. Some women cannot build the bones of their hearts up straight. Their weak hands are unskilful to mend the breach that perjury has made.

THE MARTYR'S ROSARY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It was near midnight on March 9, 1615. Through the frosty air the moonlight fell, clear and cold, upon the high-pitched roofs of ancient Glasgow.

After this he arose and returned whence he had come. The woman was very ignorant, a Protestant, and not knowing a word of Latin, but the scene, and the words which she heard distinctly, so impressed her that she never forgot them.

Father Ogilvie, who came of a noble and warlike race, had the frank and fearless bearing of a soldier, as well as the zeal of a devoted priest. "He seems," wrote one who knew him, "to have but one thought and aim—to inspire the fainting Catholics with courage, and to convert the heretics."

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter struck him on the face, asking how he dared come and say his Masses in a "reformed" city? This blow was a signal for all Spottiswood's attendants to fall upon their defenceless victim.

Night being come, the Father was put into the prison called the T. L. booth, and Spottiswood wrote in all haste to King James, boasting of the prize he had taken in this Jesuit Father, together with "fourteen of the townspersons, convicted of having heard Mass."

Next day, Father Ogilvie, ill from the violence he had received, as well as from cold and hunger, for it was twenty six hours since he had tasted food, was brought before his judges, examined at great length, and then sent back to prison.

As he steadily refused to acknowledge the King as the Head of the Church, or to betray any of his people, he was put to the torture of "the boots"; horrible instruments made of bars of iron, in which the legs were tightly screwed until, sometimes even the bone was crushed and broken.

Early in December an order came for the prisoner to appear before the Privy Council of Scotland at Edinburgh. Spottiswood had given out that, while under torture, the Jesuit had betrayed his acquaintances. When, therefore, he appeared outside the prison, guarded by the Archbishop's men-at-arms, he was assailed not only by a storm of maledictions, but by showers of mud, stones, and snowballs, from a crowd of the poorer people, who believed that he had played them false.

After riding more than forty miles through the snow the Father reached Edinburgh on December 8, 1614. He was at first imprisoned in the Archbishop's palace, but after three days was removed to one of the castle dungeons.

To this day "the priest's dungeons" are shown in Edinburgh Castle, and very horrible they are, dark and foul, and in one there is no opening whatever for air when the door is shut.

At length Father Ogilvie was brought before the Council. In answer to their questions he related his conversion, and gave his reasons for it, to the great confusion of the ministers, but not a word could be extorted from him which might imperil any other person.

In vain they threatened him with fearful torments; his calm unconcern seemed to defy the rage of his enemies. They next tried to tempt him by offers of a rich marriage, and the living of Moffat, the richest in the country—offers which he laughed to scorn.

"My decision is made as I have already said."

The Father being remanded to his dungeon, his judges deliberated as to the kind of torture most likely to reduce him to a state in which he would say anything they wished him to say; and finally decided on a forced vigil.

The object of the Government being to deprive him not of life, but of his self-command; he was allowed a few hours of sleep in the hope that when suddenly awakened and dragged before his judges, all exhausted and bewildered, he might make some avowal to their advantage.

One day many great people came to see him in his prison, and one gentleman loudly said that they had more things in store for him; that they would end by sticking his head on the West Port, to make an example of his obstinacy.

"Really," said the Father, "you are worthy to be made hangman; but I do not mind you in the least. By God's help I am ready to suffer for the truth more than you can do frighten women with."

When again placed before the Lords of the Council they bade him consider how merciful (!) they had been to him, in not putting him afresh to the torture of the "boots."

"To serve Christ and His Church I need not my legs so much as my head. The forced vigil which they made me bear robbed me of my senses, and so robbed me of all. To convert a reasonable man by first driving him out of his mind, and turning a Jesuit into a simpleton; truly it is a conversion worthy of Protestant ministers!"

"If you will not obey the King," they said, "you shall see harder things to suffer yet."

"Oh," the Father answered, "bring your boots, then; and I will show you by God's grace that I do not set such show on my legs as you do on your boots. My destiny is too noble to yield to force; though my trust is not in my own strength, but in God's aid."

As Father Ogilvie, worn out with long standing before the Council, was being conducted back to his cell, a certain lord—a sheriff of one of the districts of Glasgow—furiously upbraided him, that he, a Scot, should thus refuse to obey the King.

"If I were the King," he said, "I would have you boiled in wax!" The Father smiled. "Ah, but my good friend," he said, "if God had meant you to be King he would have given you more sense!"

The Royal Commissioners, despairing of getting one compromising word from this strange man, who ridiculed even their tortures, at length sent him back to Glasgow, to Spottiswood, the Archbishop.

"On Christmas Eve," he wrote, "I returned to Glasgow," he wrote, "by both feet to an iron ring in the wall; but they feared I might fall sick, and I am now fastened by a double chain to one foot only."

Early in March arrived a letter from the King to the Archbishop, commanding that since the Jesuit persisted in his denial of the Royal Supremacy, the Privy Council should proceed to judgment and execution.

The martyr spent the night in prayer. Being disturbed by the rude carousals of the guards, and finding the gates ill watched, he went out, as we have related, into the square, and prayed for some time at the gallows' foot.

Next morning, when the magistrate arrived at the prison, he found the prisoner still in prayer. Asking the Father if he were ready, he answered that for a long time past he had been waiting for this moment.

When they led him forth he was scarcely clothed; his dress was in rage: the Archbishop's house-steward had appropriated his mantle. A dense crowd filled the streets. There were no mockings and curses now. All knew now how true and strong he had been, and that no tortures had been able to wring from him a single name.

Father Ogilvie was first conducted to the Town Hall, which formed part of the Tolbooth, to receive his sentence, which was that he should be hung, drawn and quartered, and his head stuck on a pike over one of the gates. Sentence was pronounced at ten o'clock; an hour after mid-day it was put in execution; meanwhile the Archbishop and other personages went to dine.

"My dear Ogilvie," he said, "how I deplore this obstinacy, which is leading you to an infamous death!" The Father assumed an air, as it were, of one in fear. "As if," he said, "could help dying, after they have condemned me to death for high treason!"

"Treason! Nothing of the kind, as I am to tell you. Only abjure Popery and the Pope and you shall be loaded with honours."

"And will you venture," said Ogilvie, as if he doubted him, "to repeat aloud so that all may hear, what you have just said to me?"

"That is just what I desire to do!" returned the minister, eagerly. Father Ogilvie raised his voice. "Listen, good people," he said, "to what the minister is going to say to us."

Then the minister proclaimed aloud: "I am authorized to promise Master Ogilvie his life, the Archbishop's daughter to wife, and a rich living, if he consents to join us."

"Yes, yes," we all hear! Come down, Master Ogilvie; come down from the scaffold!"

"Then I am here only for my faith? My religion is my only crime?"

"Yes your religion—nothing but that."

"Very well," exclaimed Ogilvie. "This is more than I had hoped for. It is for my religion that I die; and if I had a hundred lives I would give them joyfully for my religion. I have but one; take it then, and with all the speed you may!"

The minister was furious with rage; he savagely interrupted the Father and bid the hangman hurry him up the ladder. It was past three in the afternoon, and the martyr had neither eaten nor slept since the previous day, and could scarcely climb the scaffold. The minister again proclaimed that he died, not for his faith, but for treason. The Father was not allowed to speak, but he shook his head, while his friend John Abercrombie, who was probably also a priest, said to him: "Don't mind their lies, John; the more wrong they do you, the better for you," a word which has passed into a proverb in the Highlands.

Then the executioner, humbly begging the Father's pardon, proceeded to tie his hands behind his back; but, before they were bound, the martyr threw his Rosary into the crowd—the only *largesse* he had to give.

now, on all sides, arose groans, sobs and murmurs, with prayers that God would visit this innocent blood upon the people, but only on the authors of that undeserved death.

The Rosary, in falling, struck the breast of a stranger, Baron Johann von Ekersdorf, a young Hungarian noble, who afterwards became Governor of Treves, and, in his old age, gave the following account to Father Balbinus, S. J.

"I was then," he writes, "travelling in England and Scotland, as it is the custom for young men of the Hungarian nobility to do. I was quite young and had not the faith. I chanced to find myself at Glasgow the day when Father Ogilvie was led to the scaffold, and I cannot express with what a noble and lofty air he walked to his death. At his last farewell to the Catholics who surrounded the scaffold, he threw them his rosary, just before he mounted the gallows. This Rosary, thrown at random, hit me straight on the breast, so that I had but to lay my hand on it to keep it. But the Catholics flung themselves upon it with such impetuosity that I was forced to let it go, or be crushed myself. Nothing was then further from my thoughts than religion. My mind was a hundred leagues away; and yet, from that moment, I never had an instant of repose. This rosary had left a wound in my heart. No matter where I went, I had no peace. My conscience was troubled, and the thought was always with me, 'Why did the martyr's Rosary strike me, and not another?'"

"For several years this question pursued me, until at last conscience triumphed. I abjured Calvinism and became a Catholic. I attribute this blessed conversion to the Rosary, which, if I possessed it, I would not exchange for anything else in the world, and for which could I purchase it; I should think no price too great."

BLESSED PETER CLAVER, S. J.

The Rev. F. X. Weninger, the famous Jesuit missionary, writes as follows of the miraculous cures effected by the Blessed Peter Claver, S. J.:

After the beatification of the venerable servant of God I was continually engaged in giving missions, and at the end of every mission I knew that I was to use the relics of Peter Claver to the sick. Numerous cures followed, among them several cases which seemed to be distinguished by the characteristics of real miracles.

The answer received from Rome was that two or three cases should be referred to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and that I should wait for the order and directions of the congregation, which would probably be that a court be convened by the diocesan bishop, with authority from Rome to examine the cases according to the string ent laws provided for such occasions, and that all the questions sent by the congregation be strictly answered, and the replies returned to Rome.

In consequence of this answer, I sent five cases to the congregation, of which three were selected for examination. It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a blessed only two are required—any, even only one miracle of the first class may suffice, if examined and found conclusive.

The following are the cases above referred to: 1. In the year 1861 there was an old woman, eighty years of age, in Milwaukee, who had a cancer in the face, from which she had been suffering for twelve years. On the Feast of St. Peter she came to me, and I applied the relic of Peter Claver to her cancer-eaten cheek, and the cancer disappeared instantaneously.

2. In the year 1863 there was in St. Louis, Mo., a man whose breast-bone, with some of his ribs, was in a state of decay, in consequence of the disease called *carcinoma*. His throat was affected by bronchitis and laryngitis; besides, he had the two forms of consumption called by the doctors *pulmonaria* and *pituitosa*. I applied the relic, and he exclaimed: "I am cured! I could dance!" In fact, he was at the same instant perfectly cured of all the above mentioned infirmities, and returned to his work in the bakery where he was formerly employed.

3. In the congregation at Valley Nipponese, in Pennsylvania, there was a girl of about twenty years of age, who had broken her collar-bone. In spite of the repeated efforts of the surgeons of Williamsport, this bone could not be made to join, and the poor girl's case was given up. Coming to confession at the mission, she explained to me her sad condition. The mother, dressing her arm that very morning had said to her: "My dear daughter, you have only one consolation—that is, that you can be saved with one arm as well as with two." But I encouraged her to have confidence in the intercession of Peter Claver, and taking her to the assembly, I applied the relic over the bandage on the arm. The same moment she was entirely cured. During the whole time that she was being carried on, I did not permit any mention to be made of them in the papers; for, as you are aware, it is against the spirit of the Church to speak of seemingly supernatural favors as miracles before the eyes are examined by ecclesiastical authority, assisted by the advice of professional men.

From the reports of miracles, before they have been duly authenticated, only expose the cause of religion to the suspicion of tolerating and encouraging credulity and superstition. But when the examination has been duly made, and the occurrences have stood the severe test of a Roman investigation, then the truth of a real miracle shines forth with dazzling brilliancy, whereas the false character of pretended miracles is at once made manifest.

FALSE LOVE OF PARENTS.

Catholic Columbian. Some say the first child of the family; others say the last is spoiled for all agree that the ruin is in the work of the parents. Let us look in to the matter.

The world says a "good beginning makes a bad ending." It is false. God says a good tree will not produce bad fruit. An enemy sows cockle among the good seed. Who this enemy is we all know it is the devil. He makes use of man to accomplish his ends. False love is one of his most powerful means for the destruction of souls. We know how great is the love of parents for their own children. All of us would revert back to our own days of childhood for unfeeling evidence of this fact. We have seen the father distracted at the sight of his child's agony, and heard him while bent over this child, his face suffused with tears, cry out from the depth of his fatherly heart: "Oh, my son, would you were dead! Oh, my son, would you were dead! Oh, my son, would you were dead!"

The worst fault of parents is that they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to correct. Even while at its mother's breast it knows enough to get angry and gratify its desire of revenge by slapping its own mother. Mothers generally pacify them by making all kinds of rash promises, which they never intend to fulfill. They blame the anger of the babe on a chair, table, or anything to hand; sometimes on the other children, and at last, when all else fails, while calling the attention of people to thus quiet it. That baby is master of the whole house. What wonder! When it wants anything its little face is red with anger at a refusal and screams go forth to conquer. The end is gained. The infant knows its power and begins to use it. When such a child goes from home it wants all it sees. Its parents promise it everything, but not just now. "After a while you shall have it." "Now be quiet." "Be a good child." "God bless it!"

When such a child begins to talk it always says the correct things. It is a prodigy. Parents tell its sayings before the child to every visitor of the house. The little child listens and as it grows older grows more, not in wisdom, but in assurance to demand things and when to the side of its family say that child has an ugly disposition and will bring grief to its parents unless corrected. Parents cannot see their folly yet. But they are finally awakened, and then begins the warfare. They scarcely ever blot out of their mind all the evil planted in it by them. They grow impatient, and scold from morning till night, but this effects nothing. The child has been taught that these words mean nothing.

A mother once promised her child something belonging to the other child, and it cried for it. We corrected the mother and told the child it could not have it. It looked at both of us and seemed surprised. Again, we were present when an infant slapped its mother, and insisted on the mother then and there punishing it. She permitted a mother or father should never permit a child to raise its hand against them, much less strike them, without punishment. We are not in favor of a continual use of the rod, but there are times when to spare it means the ruin of the child.

When a father corrects, the mother should be silent, and vice versa. One parent should never free a child from the punishment inflicted by the other. Nor should one parent find fault before the child with the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other.

How could such children be otherwise than obedient? They heard lessons of obedience from their pastor, and their parents taught them to practice it at home. As a disobedient child is the shame of an obedient child is the glory of its parents. Parents, remember, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

S. M. S. No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sarsaparilla—Patman's Painless Corn Extract. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Worth Remembering. There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagar's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Sidden, of Otton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Written for The Closing an Old Account.

A hymn that gathers on its wings, the sound, Our dreamy dream around: For this we thank you, you alone! You drove the Irish race, de- some; And now from every zone sends back the shales the world; Our triumphs in the light, it so; And this stands first among the signs.

We thank you England, that from Irish souls but sank deeper there; And, carried to an exiled breast, Took root in every soil that was its lot; Temples lift to-day, O'er lands where but for you raised a shrine; In Heaven's bow, for this our due— For this the world, with us, is to you!

A debt fairly pay in kind, the Faith your British, who share will pay, till you yourself owe more!

Oh, for the sake of the land's soil To drive her own to alien soil; Your blood is in your child's veins; But bleed with Ireland's truest son; You've sharply learned that lesson on their name; The proud title their claims; Is that Irishman, so close have grown.

To here, the dearest mother their own! A debt, we fairly pay in kind, since Ireland's truest son; To lead you home, adora you now!

But, England, for the hard profit now No thanks to you we pay— No, in the name of generous and strong, Who stand erect what's wrong; No, in the name of Ireland, whose dust Throbs in each Irishman's breast; She moves before the world's applause; And tears bedew and victor's monograph.

No, in the name of Truth and No, in the name of God, who give the gift; Our sins delayed, no grates we give!

To friends that help, to dear God who from heaven's throne sends down His blessing; But, England, never in justice give!

Yet, for the Past's blessing, The Present's joy that bequeath; The future's promise, rising sun; For 'tis the Channel and the Irish race holds out its hand and arm; Your own to clasp, with mutual friendship firm, while Ireland's truest son implores, "God's blessing, give you!"

A PROTESTANT DUCTOR.

[The following communication, Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbor, cent convert to the Church, late issue to the Catholic reply to a letter of a ministerial seat—a Jesuit—prejudice, and a denunciation of the Church, in which the astonishment that the son of a regular communicant of Episcopal Church, for many years with the vestry, and his "defection" from the Church of Sag Harbor, could be a step. After describing the state of the parish at the time, Dr. Sterling goes on to mention the union of faith, unity of work of authority are to be found in the Catholic Church. He declares the practice of his profession—the benign influence of religion—that he judges the fruits. The well chosen concluding paragraph admirably sums up the present position. . . . But respect of the and, in some respects, a mel in fine, so far as the Episcopate concerned, I became quite and thoroughly discour attempts that were being made, so you must not wonder if I am a member of that one organization organized by is possible for a conscientious pastor to be hampered and dictated to in matters of his sacred calling, by a man who believes the vestry, and liable posed of men of all shades belief, or of no religion at all; I have known them to do, any truths of Christianity, should be grateful, and I wish the same.

"Is it not somewhat humiliating, degrading, to your ideas of your calling that, as the date in the next vacant pastoral merits, social, spiritual should be calmly discussed, not female members of tion, duly assembled at the ted sewing circle or tea party not your fate as the next actually upon the favora you may have made upon senior warden? Should it your lot to be a vicar's other qualifications might divine calling more accept mate of his household. E daughters might wish to us as to your capabilities or inquire as to other muscular Christianity. A why should this not be so minister, not the Lord's fee that it is Parliament for your credentials, and foot the bill. But be a ple, and direct our attention

Written for The Pilot. Closing an Old Account—April 9, 1886.

A hymn that gathers on its way the grow- ing sound. Out deep the Dawn grandly creeps earth around: For this we thank you, England, you, and you alone. You drove the Irish race, despised, to every shore. And now from every zone the Irish race sends back Response that makes the lightning's anger on its track! Our triumph is the world's; dispersion made us one. And this stands first among the British debts we owe: A debt we fairly pay in kind: Wherever on this globe an Irish tongue can roll. Or Irish pen can write, this praise for aye shall swell. "You England nearest heads were leagued to fight our wrong; Her noblest hearts to give our psalm echoes long!" We thank you, England, that the Faith you strove to lose From Irish souls but sank each year the deeper. And, carried in an exiled nation's patient breast, Took root in every soil that gave those exiles rest. Its lofty Temples lift to-day their sacred sign. O'er lands where but for you it scarce had risen. In Heaven's face, for this our holiest thanks are due. For this the world, with us, a debtor stands to you! A debt we fairly pay in kind: That Faith your British Isles, your Australian shore Will prize, till you yourself grow Catholic once more! We thank you for the sons you sent to Ire- land's soil To drive her own to alien home and subject toll: Your blood is in your children's children's veins. But beats with Ireland's truest pulse against your foe. You've sharply learned that tho' your stamp is on their name, The proudest title their ambition sternly claims. In that of Irishmen, so close their hearts they have grown. To hers, the dearest mother you have made their own! A debt we fairly pay in kind: Since Ireland sent her sons, in lines that knew no parting, To lead your laws, adorn your letters, make your laws! But, England, for the hard-won boon you proffer now No thanks to you we pay—no pledge to you we vow. No, in the name of generous nations, great and strong, Who sided us to wrest what you had grasped so long! No, in the name of Ireland's patriot dead, whose dust Thro' Irish hearts your foetles, white, with faith hand and just, She made before the world to write their epitaph; And tears bedew and victory lights each monument. No, in the name of Truth and Right; No, in the name of God, who sends Himself the gift. Our sins delayed, no grateful voice to you we lift! To friends that help, to dead that teach, to God who leads us on, our thanks we pour. On hands that kneel; But, England, in—justice, none—to you we give! Yet, for the Past's bequests that in our memory lie, The Present's joy that blends a million hearts in one, The future's promise, rising with this April sun, Far o'er the Channel and far across the sea, The Irish race holds out its warm right hand and says, Your own to elapse, with mutual debt. In friendship firm, while Ireland's benedic- tion true Implores, "God's blessing, England, this day on you!"

A PROTESTANT DOCTOR'S CONVER- SION.

[The following communication from Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., a recent convert to the Church, appeared in a late issue to the Catholic Review. It is in reply to a letter of a minister of the Episcopal sect—a letter "full of ignorance, prejudice, and denunciation of the Church," in which the writer expresses astonishment that the son of a clergyman, a regular communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for many years con- nected with the vestry, and at the time of his "defection" senior warden of the parish of Sag Harbor, could have taken such a step. After describing the unhappy state of the parish at the time of his conversion, Dr. Sterling goes on to show that unity of faith, unity of worship, and unity of authority are to be found only in the Catholic Church. He declares it was in the practice of his profession that he beheld the benign influence of the true religion—that he judges the tree by its fruit. The well chosen metaphor of the concluding paragraph admirably illustrat- es the converts' present position.] "But enough of this—it is a long and, in some respects, a melancholy story; and, as I became quite sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged in the attempts that were being made to 'run it,' you must not wonder at one which runs itself. If you choose to belong to a religious organization organized by man, where it is possible for a conscientious and God-fearing pastor to be hampered, harassed, and dictated to in matters connected with his sacred calling, by a body styling them- selves the vestry, and liable to be com- posed of men of all shades of religious belief, or of no religion at all, denying, as I have known them to do, even the primary truths of Christianity, your time should be gratified, and I should not criticize the choice. "Is it not somewhat humiliating—nay, degrading, to your ideas of the sanctity of your calling that, as the possible candi- date in the next vacant parish, your vari- ous merits, social, spiritual and otherwise, will be calmly discussed by the promi- nent female members of your congrega- tion, duly assembled at their next appoint- ed sewing circle or tea party, and may not your fate as the next rector hang critically upon the favorable impression you may have made upon the wife of the senior warden? Should it happily fall to your lot to be a vicar's curate, certain other qualifications might make your divine calling more acceptable to the inmates of his household. Even the vicar's daughters might wish to inform them- selves as to your capabilities in lawtennis, or inquire as to other evidences of your muscular Christianity. And, I ask you, why should this not be so? You are their minister, not the Lord's. You must con- fess that it is Parliament that has given you your credentials, and England will foot the bill. But let us leave the people, and direct our attention to the minis-

ters of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this our own country. "Is there any unity of faith or harmony of action among them? How many grades of churchmen have we to-day, and how diverse are their tenets? One tells me (I am speaking from personal experi- ence and observation) that he considers the altar in the church as no more sacred than the umbrella stand in the vestibule. Our next rector will hardly allow one of the Committee on Church Decorations to approach the holy spot to perform the duties of her office; for he is a High Churchman, and would guard, even with the vigilance of a beadle, the sanctity of its surroundings. One minister will devoutly elevate the offering of the church during the Offertory, and the next, not doing so, will answer, with a contemptuous smile, I have no regard for the eighteen inches which I might decrease from the money and my Maker.' But more painful still: what reverence can a 'priest' in the Episcopal Church have for his office, when he descends to the advertising columns of a religious newspaper to secure for himself a position wherein he can practice his profession? And, as if to recommend himself more highly as a sensational performer, he announces, with no uncertain sound that he is High. "A priest (High), unmarried, and rector of a growing and prosperous city parish, desires a parish in the South, Ken- tucky, Georgia, or Louisiana preferred. Best recommendation from bishop, clergy, and laity. Address, 'Rector,' Office of 'The Living Church.'—'Living Church,' Jan 13, 1886. "And shall we now turn to the bishops of the Church at this period of its history? God knows they have a heavy burden to bear, and this I know from personal ex- perience. Having no centre of authority, at variance as regards their doctrine and discipline, showing no headship, often at loggerheads among themselves, the Senior Bishop (See of Delaware) crossing lanes with his Junior (Potter, of New York) as regards the formation of a Christian Brotherhood—a hydra-headed monster of confusion you please; for order is Heaven's first law in nature, and should be in the Church of the Almighty—if He has a Church. The latter fact was a very doubtful reality in my mind some months ago. I tremble now when I realize how nearly I stood on the brink of infidelity; for this is what all schism and sectarianism leads to. "I will gladly tell you with a rejoicing heart, what by the grace of God, and through His holy gift of faith, I do believe. I believe in the Divine Trinity—in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. That the Scrip- tures are the inspired Word of God, and that God manifested Himself to His creatures and redeemed them through and by the Blood of His Son Jesus Christ. I find in St. Matthew (16, xviii), that this same Jesus promised to found a church; that this is the first time the word was ever used in the same Scripture; that, moreover, He said that it should be His Church, His Father's Church—and this is the only instance in which I can find the personal pronoun used in this connection in His Word. That for the divine gift of faith which St. Peter received in this acknowl- edging the mystery of His Incarnation, on this same Apostle's faith would build His Church; that He would be with it till His consummation of the world, and would give to him as his credentials 'the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.' "In looking around me over the relig- ious world to-day, I find one hundred and sixty-six sects—broken, scattered, and mutilated Christian bodies denying this fact. I am pained to say that counting in the Ep- iscopal Church the number is one hundred and sixty seven. Alas! that body repeats the Catholic Creed of centuries ago, as if I have done for forty years, without real- izing either its origin or significance. Is there any one Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ, here among this heterogeneous mass of conglomerated Christians? Is there any visible unity among them? Yes; but, alas! in one respect alone—in ignorant and vindictive prejudice, in hatred intense against the One Church, founded by Jesus Christ—His Holy, Cath- olic and Apostolic body. "Is my vision obscured as to unity else- where? Does the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine singly and alone for any other Christian body? Has the glorious promise of Our Blessed Redeemer proved to be of no effect? Who acknowledges this faith once delivered to the saints? 'I thank God; a noble body—two hundred and fifty millions of them on earth to-day, bearing a faithful witness to the faith and doctrine, the discipline and worship of the Universal, the Catholic Church. Find them where you may, whether in the distant islands of the Pacific or in our own cultivated centres of refinement and learning, clustered with G. Gordon at Khatoum or falling as martyrs amid the primeval forests of America, their faith is one—without variableness, neither shadow of turning. "This, by the grace of Jesus Christ, is the Church I have found—rejoicing in the acceptance of her Seven Sacraments; taught and trusting by the divine alms instrumental in them, that I may become partaker of a blessed immortality hereafter. In this unchanged and unchangeable faith it will be my greatest happiness to live and to die; and for I am willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all social ties, all worldly ambition and earthly hope; and writing you as I do in this manner is because I feel it my glad duty to testify to my firm belief in it is the 'Faith of our Fathers.' Even at this late day of my life and religious experience, I feel like crying out with St. Augustine: 'Too late have I known Thee, O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new! too late have I loved Thee!' "You warn me of my surroundings, and bid me beware of Jesuitical influence; but let me say that my only guide in my reformation has been my faith, my Bible, and my American Cyclopaedia. I have neither approached nor been approached by any member of this faith in regard to my religious convictions, and it would be im- possible for them to make it any stronger or more sincere. The only Catholic pub- lication that ever came into my hands, previous to my conversion, was that deli- cious and convincing work of our Cardi-

nalet, Archbishop Gibbon, 'The Faith of our Fathers,' which did much to confirm and strengthen my faith, and the pursuit of which I can earnestly recommend to all honest and conscientiously minded Protestants. "I believe like the former were cer- tainly brought to bear upon me; but do you ask for more practical evidences wherewith I can establish my belief? Happily, in the practice of my pro- fession I am furnished with many. It is a life and weak religion that will not bear the criticism and contact of every- day life, and, as a physician, my oppor- tunities in these respects are not wanting. If a tree is known by its fruit, I have much to testify to, as regards the inner life of those professing the Catholic faith. With- out waiting to dwell upon the impressive death scenes which I have often wit- nessed among members of this religion, where its last consolations are never de- lected, I have yet to be approached for the first time by either a Catholic woman or wife seeking the destruction of unborn life. Never have I been called upon, in a practice of over twenty years, to usher a child into the illegitimate child of a member of this fold, which, alas! in both respects, a matter of common occur- rence among those who do not acknowledge and partake of the sacramen- tal grace, and who deny the faith of this holy religion. During my experience as a physician, I have only in two instances been called upon to treat Catholic young men suffering from the effects of illicit intercourse. My same record will stand as a melancholy evidence as regards those over whom the restraining influences of a living religion have no effect. And may I ask you to answer me—why is this? Does it come from the power of a faith over men and women that is full of error and superstition? Then I say, God bless and fortify that religion, and may my sons and daughters grow up and be developed under its benign influence! "It may be that we are 'bound for the same port,' if not sailing on the same course. Yet my ark of safety I shall liken to a ship that is well equipped, well officered, and well manned. The disci- pline of her crew was never questioned, and they are as anxious for the safety of her cargo as those to whom it is consigned. Her compass never varies—no gross metal ever causes its needle to deviate. Her chart was traced by the hand of the Chief Captain of our navy, and the one who controls its pillar is never weary or un- derived. Her pathway over the long and tempestuous voyage of life is lit from beginning to end by her seven sacramental lights. Her dying child on board, and during any period of her passage, even when akiee deep in that icy stream, is sustained and comforted with an impartial and fatherly hand. The discipline of her crew was never questioned, and they are as anxious for the safety of her cargo as those to whom it is consigned. Her compass never varies—no gross metal ever causes its needle to deviate. Her chart was traced by the hand of the Chief Captain of our navy, and the one who controls its pillar is never weary or un- derived. Her pathway over the long and tempestuous voyage of life is lit from beginning to end by her seven sacramental lights. Her dying child on board, and during any period of her passage, even when akiee deep in that icy stream, is sustained and comforted with an impartial and fatherly hand. "As regards your vessel, I might make comparisons odious (for I have served as officer on board). I might doubt as to the validity of her papers—whether her captain was duly commissioned, and her rotten timbers and weakened keel not a matter of surprise to me, but I am startled at the indifference and behavior and mutinous condition of her crew. Self- preservation is the first law of our earthly nature, and where eternity is at stake we can be too solicitous as to the future. I shall never cease to pray that you have not retired may yet be found in that sheltered harbor, whose breakwater is the Catholic Faith; and you will find me at all times ready to unite with you in that golden maxim of our common Chris- tianity: Let us love one another!"

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

A JEUIT'S SHARP BUT JUST CRITICISM OF HIS METHODS.

The first of the series of lectures to be given at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, in January and February, was delivered by the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J., President of the College, on the evening of the 12th instant, before an appreciative audience assembled to hear the learned lecturer in the new building. The theme with which Father Higgins regaled his hearers on the occasion was "A Skeptical Historian," and his paper was a most interesting and valuable one. He analyzed the claims of Gibbon to be considered an impartial historian, in his celebrated work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The following is a succinct account of the substance of Father Higgins' lecture: "THE HISTORIAN'S QUALITIES WHICH GIBBON LACKS. "History, of the highest class, consists not only of the mere compilation of an- nals, but also of philosophical and logical inferences on men and things derived from the facts under consideration. The excellence of a historical work will vary in accordance with the point of view of the historian, guided as he will be by prin- ciple, and by the nature of the subject. Judged by this critical standard, Gibbon has failed completely as a historian. His work is a collection of sophism, every one of which reveals the animus he entertained towards Christianity and his leaning towards Paganism; and the only redeeming points are the beauties of style and certain descriptive passages where his pen is free from prejudice. "HOW GIBBON BECAME AN INFIDEL. "To account for Gibbon's hatred of Christianity the story of his life furnishes us with a clue. While a student at Oxford University he was converted to Catholic- ism through reading Bossuet's 'Histoire des Variations,' a work of Protestantism. His bigoted father, on becoming ac- quainted with the fact, strove by every means in his power to detach his son from Catholicity, and amongst other measures sent him to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he was placed under the charge of a Mr. Parillat, the program of whose instructions was to make him (Gibbon) lose his faith by every device that the gentleman's ingenuity could contrive. After passing a year with Mr. Parillat and the latter's equally worthy wife, Gibbon came out into the world an ap- ostate and even more than that. For he had become imbued with an active and intense hatred of Christianity, inspired, no doubt, by the machinations of the Parillats, husband and wife, to compass his perva- sion. "CONCEIVING THE PLAN OF HIS HISTORY. "He had not long to wait for an occasion

to display that hate. Whilst musing one day amongst the ruins of Rome, as he tells us in his memoirs, he heard the friars at their devotions in what used to be a pagan temple, and the idea first occurred to him of writing his great work, but then not under the comprehensive title which he subsequently assigned to it. His first design was a history of the decline and fall of the great city where he stood, and he has as much insinuated in his memoirs that it was to serve him as a pet scheme of glorifying the Paganism of the Roman Empire, by contrasting unfavorably with it the Chris- tianity, which, first establishing itself in the cities of the Empire, then passing to the villages and remotest hamlets of its vast expanse, swept away at last all vestige of the Paganism which had pro- ceeded it. "THE RISING GIBBON HAD WRITTEN ABOUT. "The subject was, indeed, a great and magnificent one, for it was the history of the passing away of the great civilization of Paganism to be replaced by the grander one of Christianity. This mighty cata- clysm was accompanied by a course of events of which we can perhaps get a faint idea by extending for five hundred years the Thirty Years War. Even this would not be on a scale commensurate with the life and death struggles of the Roman Empire for the integrity of its rule and with the ceaseless trend of new nations over its vast surface resting on the three known continents of the Old World. The rapid spread of Christianity and the formation of Christendom from the crumbling elements of the Roman world at length brought national repose and a settled order of things. This mar- velous spread of the Christian religion Gibbon strives to account for in his work on merely human and deceptive grounds. From the ecclesiastical organization of the Church, the character of her teachings, the virtues and heroism of the Christi- ans, and the doctrine of another world of eternal reward and punishment, he constructs five reasons why Christianity should have made such rapid progress. These reasons are clothed in the garb of sophistry and cynical contempt, and are obviously not only not the causes of Christianity's spread, but the manifest natural effects of Christian teaching. They also presuppose their acceptance on the part of the pagans before being able to influence them; and some of them, from the natural repugnance of men to endure a life of self-denial and loss, which the carrying out of those doctrines, then en- tailed, were more likely to repel than to attract. "GIBBON NOW GENERALLY DISCREDITED. "Since Gibbon's time other historians have gone over the same ground; Milman, Bunsen, Guizot, and others, and have given to the world fairer reports of the past. They have laid bare the fallacies of Gibbon and his dishonest use of history as a special plea for Paganism. Gibbon no longer holds the prominence amongst historians which he held in the skeptical eighteenth century in company with Voltaire in France, and Tom Paine in America. Candid critics have inveighed with sweeping censure against his fal- marshalling of facts, his imputation of false and unworthy motives to a use he hated, and his flagrant violation of the laws of logic and historical philosophy to serve the cause of skepticism, ennobled by him in the defunct Paganism of ancient Rome.—Catholic Telegraph.

A PARALLEL. (From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.) At Easter-tide some twenty years ago, Austria and Hungary were debating the same question which at this Easter of 1886 also debates the attention of England and Ireland. The controversy between the two countries at both sides of the Leitha, terminated in 1867 in the great hall of the National Museum at Pesth. The Emperor restored the Constitution of Hungary and formed a responsible Hungarian Ministry. This event, long worked for, and waited for, by Deak, was precipitated by his famous Easter speech in the *Fred's Nepslo* in 1865. His words read like those of the Prime Minister on the memorable 8th of this month. He declared that danger to the unity of the Monarchy arose not so much in Hungary as from those Austrian statesmen who had attacked her Constitu- tion and the free Constitution of the Empire, but on the contrary, often had helped in times of danger to preserve it. In one sentence he sketched the attitude which his country would assume in her hour of freedom, and time and place being changed, his words might fittingly come from the Irish leader of to-day, when vying with demands for guarantees and promises of good behavior. Deak declared that "while the Hungarian Nation would never give up its constitutional independ- ence, it was prepared, when once this would be restored, to take such legal measures as might be proved necessary for bringing its laws into harmony with the stability of the monarchy." The Emperor was not deaf to the "Easter" appeal. In June he visited Buda Pesth. Some years before a Royal rescript was read there calling upon Hungary to give up her ancient Constitution. It was received with chilling silence. But on this June visit the ball rang with cheers to hear from the Emperor words of sympathy with Hungarian aspirations. "Beide the coincidence of time in the initiation of this last stage of the negotia- tions we cannot fail to mark also a coin- cidence of fact. Just as His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin expressed the other day, with powerful effect, the opinions of the Catholic Bishops to the Prime Minister, so on this occasion did Cardinal Sitowky, the Primate of Hungary, tell the Emperor in the name of his country, "that they would be faithful to the Prince who would guarantee to them their rights." However, the emperor on his return to Vienna was swayed from his intended course by these Austrian states- men, the Chamberlains, Trevelyan and Gotschens of to-day. They prevailed for a time, but very soon more potent coun- sellors came to the assistance of the wav- ering monarch; the reverses of the struggle with Germany culminated in the defeat of Sadowa; both Schlewig and Holstein were gone, and Hungary, which looked coldly on, might soon follow. The Emperor was alarmed. He turned from the Austrian advisers and consulted the Hungarian patriot. "What shall I do

now?" he said. "Your Majesty," replied Deak, "must abandon the war, and restore to Hungary her rights." When asked what aid Hungary could promise in time of war, he said: "At present, nothing. Hungary is dead. The one thing and the only thing, that can set free her hands and bring the new life into her is the concession of Parliamentary government. If Hun- gary is to do anything for the monarchy, it can only be under a government which is the expression of the national will, and is regarded by the nation as a guarantee of its rights." Opposition was still continued to a settlement by gloomy statesmen like Bal- creel, but the Emperor was not unmind- ful of the ray of light which the Sadowa incident had thrown upon the situation, and his final resolve took effect in the Rescript of February, 1867. So ended the last stage of the controversy revived so successfully in the Easter of 1886; and so we hope may end the controversy of the Easter in the spring of 1887. We are willing that the Act should be gracious, not forced; we desire a concession and not a capitulation; we want no Sadowa to precipitate events. And yet the horizon is not altogether without its shadow, and it might be well for all parties, that the ranks were closed up. There is a further coincidence which we wish to refer to before we close this Easter episode, and it comes nearer home. It was during the Easter time of 1880 that Mr. Gladstone started on his victorious career ending in the passing of the Land Act, and of that grand work of his present measure, the Franchise Act. With him as leader and the vast democracy of these kingdoms as followers, we have no doubt but that a new career is being opened for the two countries—that at last, passions, prejudices and delusions dying out, the two nations may once for all see, in the beautiful words of the Easter Epistle: "Therefore let us feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." "THE ORIGIN OF MODERN ANARCH- ISM. "Everybody has had a hearty laugh at the silly malice of the English papers which charged the recent disturbances at Chicago to Irishmen. "It is a curious subject, this prevalence in certain quarters of a hatred for law and the conventional forms of civilized society. How happens it that anarchism is so per- sistent in those quarters and has scarcely any existence elsewhere? Certain sec- tions of Englishmen, Germans, Bohemians, Frenchmen and Italians comprise the entire anarchistic party, whether speculative or active. Who are those anarchists, and whence have they received their gloomy democratic dislike of god, the restraint of law, and general peace and contentment? "It would be unjust to say that anarch- ism is the offspring of Protestantism, and silly as well as unjust, for there was anarchism before Friar Martin Luther broke his vows and stirred up a ferment in Germany. But there are facts to show that aarchy is the offspring of Protest- antism, or, at all events, that the two are collaterally related by a common ancestry. Protestants have been very fond of the Albigenses and Waldenses, of John Wycliffe and John Huss; though, prob- ably, for the most part without knowing much of any in regard to these objects of their affection. Yet the Albigenses and Waldenses were true anarchists in every practical sense. They set themselves up above the law, regarded it as wrong to obey sinful men in office, and favored an equal distribution of property. Their views of marriage are well known. To the saints, according to their doctrines, nothing was sinful, and they, of course, were the saints. Wycliffe's disciples, the Lollards, were in England very much what the Albigenses were for France, and what the Waldenses became for Northern Italy, haters of the law and society and envious of the good things enjoyed by others. It was they who sang, "Where was then the gentleman?" "The modern atheists and anarchists of England are, for the most part, descend- ants of the Lollards. "The regions of France most fatally affected by Albigenses and similar con- temporary sects, are precisely the regions where, afterwards, the Huguenots were most numerous. To-day the nucleus of the atheistical, anarchistic faction, that has worked so much havoc in France, is com- posed of the descendants of Huguenots. "John Huss, according to the fashion of his time, was put to death for his mischiev- ous doctrines, which were similar to those of Wycliffe, from whom he had learned that. But the mischief he set on foot was not destroyed, by any means. Though civil wars, rebellions, and compromises, the hatred of law and the envy of the well-to-do which Huss had introduced among his followers in Bohemia, contin- ued to flourish. The Bohemian Czechs are a fine race, intelligent, impulsive, im- aginative, and unquestionably brave. Those of them who are Catholics are, as a rule, industrious, well-behaved gener- ally, sociable and hospitable to a degree not often found among European races, and altogether excellently well adapted to become valuable citizens of the United States. But the Czechs who retain the Hussite traditions, and there are many of them who do, are capable of causing much trouble. The Poles are of the same Slavonic race as the Czechs, and speak a sister dialect of the Slavonic language. They are nearly all Catholics and therefore not likely to be of any assistance in the propaganda of anarchy. A rigid investigation will show that few Poles have been involved in the recent Poles party Prussianized. But the Poles, like the Czechs, are a fearless people, and a number of them will count for much in any disturbance. And many of these so-called Poles are not Poles but Letts, descendants of a people who as late as the sixteenth century were still pagans, whose chief deity was a snake. "The German anarchists, chiefly descend- ants of the first converts to Protestantism, are more numerous than all the other elements of anarchy in the United States together; but as the German race is a philosophical, or, rather, a speculative race, it is the descendants of Wycliffe, Albigenses, Huguenots and Hussites who

are to be counted on for attempting to put into practice the theories of atheistic anarchy. "It is, on the whole, instructive to observe that the same errors which the Catholic Church condemned centuries ago as offensive to God and injurious to the best interests of man, are propagated to- day by the descendants of their earliest neophytes.—Catholic Review. "A WORD TO CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. From the Messenger. There is a duty incumbent upon all of us which we are too apt to overlook. It is a very important one, indeed, and accordingly as it is discharged well or ill shall we be punished or rewarded. It is to labor for the sanctification of others irrespective of position, talent, character, religion, influence, or any of the various circumstances in which human lot is cast. It is a positive duty binding on every one and very urgent in its nature, so urgent that its proper fulfillment God has held the salvation of numerous souls. Many are in hell to-day whom Jesus might have saved, had he been a faithful apostle. Many more are in heaven who would have been castaways forever, had Saul stealed his heart to the voice of God pleading with him on the road to Damas- cus. "None are exempt from the obligations of this mission. This means, however, for its accomplishment depend on many causes and vary indefinitely. The poor and unlearned must work it out in one way; the rich man and scholar in quite another—the situations of their life being different and the radius of their influence varying with the circle in which they move. Perhaps no walk of life is better suited for it than that of the Catholic youth. The social character of his posi- tion is adjusted to every plane of society and gives a recommendation which nothing else can supply. The priest's mission, sublime and holy as it is, is necessarily limited. He is debarred by the very nature of his calling from extensive social intercourse. The married man has either outgrown his fondness for it or absorbed in the cares of his household, has little time and less inclination to answer its requirements. "The young man has the field all to him- self. Society, in its broadest sense, is his element and sphere. At the club or "social," in the drawing room, "on change," "down town," anywhere at all, he is welcomed, given a hearing, and he brings to his work prudence, zeal and force of character, can make himself felt for good. Into these surroundings he must carry his religion not abruptly, self-effectively. The lessons gathered at home, in church, from associations abroad, or re- flection, he must weave with his talk for the sake of people who either never knew the truth or else allowed it to drop out of their minds. "Reading will help him immensely to this end. Contact with the minds of Catholic authors, especially in controver- sial works, will give him the intellectual balance necessary to job his dart right in the center of those outside the Church. For these works, in most cases, are the fruit of research and study—armories, as it were, in which lie stored the weapons of Catholic warfare. In their error is refuted, calumnies exploded, arguments offered, warnings given, systems of at- tack proposed, and a correct value set upon religious precept. Catholic news- papers, pamphlets and magazines also may be made to serve a purpose—the purpose, in fact, for which they are de- signed. What each one is to read, and how, is not our province to determine. The young Catholic must discover that for himself, being careful always to make his selection tally with the best of indi- vidual disposition and his own peculiar line of thought. Thus armed he may sail forth, assured that a good word here and a good deed there will effect marvels. "To insure this result he must go a step further and acquaint himself with the religious needs and problems of the day. This has regard particularly to the beliefs of Protestants among whom he lives and moves. To them he primarily addresses himself. He must in some way grasp their situation and, comprehending their practical difficulties as against Catholics, qualify himself to refute them till there is left in the minds of his companions "no hinge on which to hang a doubt on." For in the multitude of cases there is really nothing headstrong or malicious in the Protestant's position. His ignorance of Catholic doc- trines is often much greater than one imagines. Frequently it is only a mis- conception of some one point of our belief that obscures the truth. More frequently still it is a prejudice consequent upon early training, which a few words of kind instruction from a Catholic friend would speedily remove. In the lives of dis- tinguished converts like Cardinal Newman and Dr. Brownson we are made to see this. They have given us candid re- hearsals of their struggles for light, and we marvel, as they themselves did at af- wards, at the obstacles they sometimes met and dreamed insurmountable. What is said of them is equally applicable to many others, were the story of their lives unfolded. "A thorough knowledge of Catholic doc- trine and zeal for its propagation is one thing. The manner in which both are to be used advantageously is quite another. The young Catholic's mission, to be suc- cessful, must be exercised wisely and well. Nothing gives the count-down sooner to men's hearts than kind deeds and honest y- I pursue. Charity must pervade and sanctify all deeds, and in the upright- ness of his own conduct he must set forth the teachings of that religion which he asks others to admire and embrace. "However we may choose to explain it, Protestants look for virtue in their Catho- lic neighbors more than in others, and are less willing to make allowance for their faults. This fact is not to be gain said. Probably it is because they are satisfied that our standard of holiness is a high one, and that virtue in a Catholic ensues reality, and not sentiment or show. No Catholic, therefore, can influence them otherwise than for evil who is not himself holy. Charity, then, and holiness of life, affabil- ity and good example are the Catholic youth's only passports to success in the magnificent work to which God has called him.

MAY 29 1886

early converts persevered in the doctrine of the Apostles, in prayer and in breaking of bread, viz, the Eucharistic sacrifice...

The Holy Mass was celebrated in the centuries in the first, second and third centuries. And when the Church came out of the catacombs with the glorious marks of the resurrection...

Thus, my brethren, from the very first days of Christianity, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been celebrated, and from that time down to the present day it has continued, and we have to day had the very inexpressible happiness of seeing another altar consecrated to renew it, then totter and gradually disappear...

What is the Mass? Draw near to this burning bush and observe the priest offers bread and wine—consecrated and transubstantiated into the Body and Blood of Christ. Look deeply in and realize what interior value these elements possess...

And in reality thus has this prophecy been ever interpreted, thus have its words been ever understood by the most ancient Fathers, and thus has the church herself in her councils understood them, especially in the Council of Trent...

But we are told that the sacrifice of the cross, offered once on Calvary, is sufficient for all and for ever and that it is enough for the Christian to recall to his memory that great sacrifice in order to sanctify himself and pay to God the worship which is due to Him...

3rd. Again, we behold God, an Infinite Being, infinitely offended by the sin of man. Whilst He requires a satisfaction infinite in its turn, he receives it in the sacrifice of the mass, which is offered by

Jesus Christ, who infinite and one with the Father, could not make adequate satisfaction. He who makes it is God—the mass therefore is an absolute proprietary sacrifice.

4th. Finally, we know that if it is from God that we must obtain every good and perfect gift, every grace and benediction, it is in the sacrifice of the mass that we are most becomingly sought for, in that sacrifice in which the Son of the Eternal Father pleads for us and asks in the voice of His Atoning Blood and through the merits of His accomplished redemption.

Since the sacrifice of the altar is the reality and the complement of all the ancient sacrifices, and in their place substituted by Jesus Christ, this sacrifice is offered for the same ends for which they were offered, and thus with far much more reason, with much more efficacy and spirit, by reason of its excellence, that it is infinitely greater, and because of its greater perfection.

What we deplore the unhappy lot of those Christians who shut their eyes to this visible sign, to this sublime miracle, to this transcending glory of Christianity, let us turn our thoughts to ourselves. I say, then, that a Sacrament so great, so august, so important imposes special duties on those who offer it, and on those for whom it is offered, or who assist at it.

Yes, my brethren, these are the grand ideas, these the sublime thoughts which should occupy our mind while present at the Holy Mass. Oh, how the divine immolation becomes then a sublime act, perfect and beyond measure useful and efficacious to maintain, ever living in us the ideas and sentiments of religion, to confirm us in the service of God, and to serve as a pledge and as a means of acquiring eternal salvation!

With the transport of grateful souls let us endeavour to correspond with so grand a gift, with so great a love. Let us, like Moses, humble ourselves and be filled with awe and reverence before this fire of our Lord's love is ever burning and never consumed. Let us ever turning to the voice which proceeds from the midst of this altar, that the place whereon we stand is holy, yes, holy with the living, awful, real presence of holiness itself.

Let no one persuade himself that it is enough to call to mind the sacrifice of Calvary to sanctify, and I am persuaded that without the venerable mystery of Christ on Calvary would have long since been cancelled from the memory of man, or no other trace of it left save as a historical fact or a religious monument.

Jesus Christ are seldom remembered. Having set aside the dogma, they certainly do not form the subject of their daily thoughts and meditations of real presence, they have at sight of heavenly things, and devoted themselves to the worship of the world and of material things. In fact, among those who have abolished the Eucharistic Sacrifice there is no longer any properly so called worship, because worship is epitomized in sacrifice—worship derives all its dignity, its efficiency from sacrifice. Hence there is no worship where there is no sacrifice. They have also abolished the priesthood, which has no raison d'être (meaning) without the sacrifice.

And as the Eucharist is, for them, not a reality, but an empty sign of the Lord's Body, so their priesthood is but an empty name, devoid alike of sacramental character and of spiritual power. And so, together with the true priesthood, the priesthood is lost to them, and thus the new alliance is become for them inferior to the old, the reality is inferior to the figure, the mystery is less real than the allegory, the Gospel is inferior to the law. It has become inferior to Moses.

Ab, my brethren, what would become of this world if our divine Lord were not really present in the adored Eucharist? In spite of all the superstitions which degrade it, in spite of all the errors which corrupt it, in spite of all the vices which disgrace it, the adorable presence of our Lord in this sacrament is that which redeems the world from utter destruction and makes it tolerable in the eyes of divine justice—this eucharistic sacrifice which the Church, spread over the whole world, daily offers to God for the sins of men. The real and permanent presence of Jesus Christ in this mystery pleases God, and gives Him Divine vengeance, and moves His mercy, that mercy, the ultimate limit of which is the absolute impossibility. To this great mystery we, my brethren, owe that faith, (the greatest of God's gifts) which enlightens us, that divine protection which defends us, that grace which converts us, that merit which enriches us, that perseverance which crowns us.

With the transport of grateful souls let us endeavour to correspond with so grand a gift, with so great a love. Let us, like Moses, humble ourselves and be filled with awe and reverence before this fire of our Lord's love is ever burning and never consumed. Let us ever turning to the voice which proceeds from the midst of this altar, that the place whereon we stand is holy, yes, holy with the living, awful, real presence of holiness itself. Let the best and warmest and most devoted feelings of our souls go out to Him, who, in this Sacrament of His Infinite Love, is become our hope, our joy, our consolation, the sharer of our exile here below and the pledge of our happiness in His kingdom above. Happy are those, says the Psalmist, who delight and whose glory it is to be ever near that altar, where our Blessed Lord corporally dwells in the Sacrament of His Love: "Blessed are they who dwell in Thy House, O Lord." Yes, this blessed intercourse with our divine Lord, in faith, in confidence, in affection and in merit, will fill us with joy and happiness here, and crown us with joy and glory for eternity.

"Blessed are they who dwell in Thy House, O Lord, they shall praise Thee for ever and ever." Amen. The noble sang Harrison Millard's Mass in B flat. We need only say of the choir that, under Dr. Carl Verrinder's able leadership, it maintained on this occasion the high reputation it has under that gentleman's able leadership, justly acquired. When all acquitted themselves with such distinction, it was simply invidious to particularize individuals.

In the evening, at Vespers, His Lordship the Bishop of London presided, assisted by Fathers Walsh and Dunphy. His Grace was assisted by Rev. Fathers Kilroy and McCann, and Bishop O'Mahoney by the Right Rev. Mgr. Bruyere. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father McCann, of Toronto, from the words:

"I will show you the bride—and the spouse of the Lamb."—Rev. 21 ch. 10 v. 2. Beloved brethren, the beautiful ceremony you witnessed to-day, the consecration of an altar, associates this church still more closely with all those sacred places dedicated by the Catholic Church to the special service of God, puts it in harmony with that Church which was spread over the world, and stretches back to the unbroken line of its pastors to the days of the apostles, with that Church which rejoices in an altar and a sacrifice. With St. Paul it can be said "We have an altar."

In every Catholic Church the altar is the prominent feature, and sacrifice has been the highest mode of worship in the Church of God from the beginning. For in that church, where prophets preached, and patriarchs prayed, where David wept and Samuel heard the voice of the Lord, there was an altar and a sacrifice. In that wonderful community which is still the same church, though Peter rules instead of Moses, there is again an altar and a sacrifice. Here on this altar henceforth sacrifice will be offered, the sacrifice of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ—the holy sacrifice of the mass.

Here, no matter what corner of the earth, a Catholic may come; he will be united with his brethren through out the world, in the bonds of charity, and in the sacrament of faith. It is this striking feature of the Catholic church, her unity, to which I wish to direct your attention this evening. In the Nicene creed we make a profession of faith in one true church. We will see that unity is an essential feature of the true church, that the Catholic Church possesses this unity and hence its claim to be the true church established by our Divine Lord.

To see that unity was essential, it was only necessary to consider the nature of the church, and the nature of the end for which it was instituted. The church was the Kingdom of Christ; its end was to unite men to God by the ties of duty, and man to man by the bonds of love. For this, says St. John, "I and Jesus die, that I might gather together in one the children of God."

In the many figures in holy scripture which have reference to the church, this unity is strongly expressed. "Wherefore," says St. Paul to the Cor., I. v. 4, "we beseech you, that you all speak the same thing, that you be of the same mind and the same judgment." Now, the Church, as the kingdom of Christ, or a society of men joined together by Jesus Christ, believing the same truths, submitting to the same authority, must have a bond by which it will be held together. It is only thus it can continue united, only thus can its doctrine be maintained, the sanctity of its worship maintained. Without a central authority, unity would be a dream. Human wisdom has recognized this necessity, the divine wisdom could not have overlooked it.

We find such a bond sanctioned by our Lord. From the multitude of His disciples he selected twelve, "He called unto Him twelve disciples, and he chose twelve, whom He named apostles." St. Luke 6 12 v. 13. Soon after from amongst the twelve he selected one. "And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." St. Matthew 16 18. A study of these texts will show that supreme authority in the Church of God was given to St. Peter. We find this promise made in unmistakable words in the gospel of St. Matthew, and we see it fulfilled in the gospel of St. John, when Christ imposed on Peter, and on him alone, the obligation of watching over the whole flock. Certain it is, that if the religion which Christ established was to continue, there should be an authority to preserve it, an authority like that committed to St. Peter, independent and supreme, which would be a bond for the unity of faith, and a barrier against innovation. That it was to continue forever is evident from the words of Christ: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The unity of faith and union of the faithful which constitute the mark of the true Church, consist in the constant belief and profession of the same doctrines; in a participation of all in the same sacraments, and in submission to the same divinely-constituted authority. This unity is found in the Catholic Church. Her doctrine, her sacraments, her worship, her children in every land—they are all united in the same belief. You may wander by the enchanting scenery of Loch Lomond and Katrine in Scotland, the Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, Grasmere and Windermere in England, Lucerne and Como in Switzerland, you will find her children professing the same creed. From the burning plains of Egypt to the snows of Siberia; in every village and town in Europe, Asia or America, where Catholicity exists, it will be found the same. Disunited in all else, in manners, and habits, in language and education, in forms of government, Catholics are everywhere united in believing what Rome teaches. This unity existed a thousand years ago, but it is not a thing of the past. For with the same divine supremacy with which she knit together in one faith the fierce barbarians, who had torn into shreds the Roman empire, the Catholic Church, if the Roman empire, has remained unchanged, while all around her is awfully changed, and in the throes of a dire conflict, still pursues her peaceful triumph and easily bends to the sweet yoke of her supernatural unity, young and old, in all quarters of the world. What she believed of old she believes to-day. She claims to be the same. What St. Paul taught at Ephesus, St. Peter taught at Rome, St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Boniface in Germany, St. Francis Xavier in India, she teaches at this hour. Take her doctrine, and going back couldn't the monuments that cloud the pathway of history, and they will be found alike in every land. Like a great majestic river, she will be seen flowing through the midst of ages. On a theatre where of old she was a constant state of revolution, where opinions are changing as the fashions of the day, she has remained the same, always and everywhere beautiful and strong, and strong and beautiful

because always and everywhere united. In view of this grand unity of the Church, may we not exclaim, "How beautiful are thy altars, O church of God, from which are preached the same divine truths, and whereon is offered the same divine sacrifice." Here at the foot of this altar you will be united in the bonds of charity with your brethren throughout the world; here, obedient to the voice of the bishop and pastor of your souls, you will be one in the grand unity of the Catholic faith. One in this marvel of beauty which has been consecrated to-day with all the pomp and ceremony of the holy church's ritual to the worship of Almighty God and the honor of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. In your gratitude as members of the one true church, forget not those who are not of the household of the faith. Let this altar ever remind you of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so full of compassion and love for men, and of that burning desire that all should be joined with Him in the one true fold expressed in those words of scripture: "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold; those also must I bring, that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

His Grace the Archbishop also addressed the congregation a few words expressive of his heartfelt pleasure to be in attendance on that day. He had been much edified by all he had seen of the piety and fervor of the Catholics of London. He well remembered when they worshipped in the old church—considered in its time a very fine piece of ecclesiastical architecture. This old church had now, owing to their generous cooperation with their holy and learned bishop, disappeared to make way for their present glorious cathedral. The progress here of Holy Church delighted him. It was alike unto the progress made elsewhere on this continent by the Church of God. One hundred years ago there was but one bishop in all the country now included in the Republic of America and the Dominion of Canada. The priests were then but a handful, the people comparatively few and scattered, while present laws in many parts of free America forbade the church's growth. Now the bishops in the two countries were more than one hundred, the priests were numbered by thousands and the religious by the ten thousand. This was a glorious spectacle indeed in the sight of God and man.

His Grace then pointed out the duty of all Catholics to God and to Church, and to their fellow man. It was, he pointed out, incalculable the evil that bad Catholics inflicted on society, and to what an extent they hampered the action of the church. He counselled his hearers to be one with their venerated bishop in acting in all things first the Kingdom of God.

His Grace then gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Walsh and Dunphy. The attendance both morning and evening was simply immense and the collection exceedingly liberal.

At a meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association, of Pembroke, held in their hall on Tuesday, 13th of May, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: That the thanks of the St. Patrick's Literary Association be tendered to the Hon. Edward Blake for the noble and generous manner in which he brought forward the Irish Home R. its resolutions in the House of Commons of Canada. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Honorable Edward Blake, the Globe, the Catholic Record, the Montreal Post and Pembroke Observer. W. J. LONG, JAS. P. SARGENT, Secretary. President.

At a special meeting of the Separate School Board, Kingston, convened in the Board Rooms for the purpose of receiving the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Twomey, for many years Chairman of the Board, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "Moved by Mr. A. Hanley, seconded by Mr. P. Smith, and resolved: That this Board, in accepting the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Twomey, desire to express their sincere regret (and have it placed on record in the minutes of this meeting) at the removal of our Rev. Chairman (Father Twomey), who has so ably filled that position for nine years, both with credit to himself and to the board, and the great loss they sustain by the removal of one who has endeared himself to all by his kind and courteous disposition, as well as on account of the very great interest he has at all times taken in the cause of Catholic education; and they view his withdrawal from the Chair of this Board as a most serious loss to our educational interests, knowing full well the valuable time he has cheerfully given, and the many sacrifices he has made for the advancement of the various Separate Schools in the city and suburbs." The proposer expressed his own personal regret at the removal of the Rev. Father Twomey, whose uniform kindness won the respect of all classes of citizens, and his absence would be deeply felt for many years in Kingston. Father Kelly, who occupied the Chair, spoke of Father Twomey's priestly conduct and the sorrow with which his fellow-priests in the Palace viewed his departure from amongst them, and paid a just tribute to the zeal and active labor of the retiring chairman.—Freeman, May 19.

A Cherished Institution Attacked. Thomas G. Shearman, the lawyer of tearful memory in the Beecher trial, in a lecture on socialism, delivered before the association of Congregational churches in Brooklyn recently, deliberately attacked some of the cherished institutions of the country as being too communistic. He said of free public education that it was distinctly socialistic. He advised that parents and guardians should do their duty in this matter. "You say it can't be done," he continued, "Why every Roman Catholic in this city is living contradiction of this statement. You first tax him for the public schools, and then he sends his children to the parish schools and generally pays something for the privilege of doing it too."

BENZIGER BROS., the great Catholic publishers of New York, have issued the Baltimore Catechism in the English, French, Spanish and German languages.

FROM PEMBROKE. Pembroke, May 18, 1886. At a meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association, of Pembroke, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas we, the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Pembroke, assembled in our hall, on this special occasion, at this late day make known that we are interested in all that concerns the future happiness and welfare of Ireland. And whereas, we sympathize deeply with the Irish people in their peaceful efforts to obtain local self government, which alone will secure happiness and prosperity to Ireland. Resolved, That the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell we extend our earnest assurance of confidence in their patriotism, and our approval of their wise and noble efforts. That we congratulate the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone on his utter self-forgetfulness and undaunted courage in bringing before the English House of Commons the Home Rule Bill. That we congratulate Mr. Parnell and his colleagues and the Irish people in general on the Home Rule Bill now under discussion in the Imperial House of Commons. That copies of these resolutions, endorsed by the president and secretary be sent to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, the Catholic Record, the Montreal Post, the Boston Post and Pembroke Observer. W. J. LONG, JAS. P. SARGENT, Secretary. President.

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Written for The Pilot. The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of crying and tolling in the crowded lives of men; Heart-sore of building and polluting, And spilling and building again, And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamt my life away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MORNINGS

By the Faithful Fathers. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

It has often been noticed, my dear brethren, and we every day come across examples of it, that when things are going well men think very little about God and about the practice of their religious duties.

Now, this shows that the service of God is felt by a great many to be a heavy burden and yoke. And I am sorry to say that this feeling is not confined to those whose passions and low propensities are so strong as to hold them down for a great part of their lives in slavery and subjection to sin and vice.

This is the teaching of the Holy Scripture, and especially of the great Apostle our patron, St. Paul. The text is but a sample of similar injunctions which might be found in every one of his Epistles.

Well there are ten thousand reasons why the service of God should be delightful and satisfactory; but I can refer to one only this morning—one, however, of which I think that we can all feel the force.

As a rule, the man who is carrying on a profitable and successful business, is so long as everything goes well, tolerably happy. You don't see him in the morning, which might be found in every one of his Epistles.

It may be useful for the reader to know that the popular preparation known as Hayward's Yellow Oil has proved a sovereign remedy for deafness, many certified cures being on record.

"Intended for the Protestant World."

The small volume to which an unknown American editor gives the misleading title "Hymns," by John Henry Newman, D. D., is substantially an appropriation of the "Verses on Various Occasions," published by Dr. Newman himself, except that the editor has left out pieces not in harmony with his religious opinions.

Brother Green admonished. "I should like to speak a few words to Brudder Amazin' Green," said the president of the Lime Kiln Club, as the meeting opened and the hall grew quiet.

Freeman's Worm Powders. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own purgative. Do a safe, sure, and effective purgative of worms in Children or Adults.

Ontario Stained Glass Works. Stained Glass for Churches, Public and Private Buildings.

James Reid & Co. Removed their hardware to the extensive premises, 118 Dundas St., one door east of the old stand.

I Cure Fits! When any one has had a fit, or has been seized with convulsions, or has been afflicted with epilepsy, or has been troubled with any of the above diseases, it is of the greatest importance that they should be cured as soon as possible.

Baltimore Church Bells. The Great Source of Consumption and many wasting forms of disease, is scrofula lurking in the system.

W. S. Meddowcroft, Merchant Tailor and Dealer in Dry Goods & Gent's Furnishings. Fashionable Dressmaking done on the premises. A large stock of Household Furniture for sale cheap.

large body of men to lead lives of enforced idleness. Our strongest force consisted in the law of the land judiciously executed, and to a large extent it was a healthy public opinion. The great bulk of the United States is found in the intelligence, virtue and patriotism of our native and adopted citizens.

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HATS & CAPS H. BEATON,

HAS REMOVED HIS HAT AND CAP BUSINESS to the premises next door to the Bank of London, Dundas street. This store has been newly fitted up expressly for Mr. Beaton, and is without doubt one of the handsomest in Ontario.



A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

I will send a valuable Treatise, Free, to any person desiring the same, that has been the means of curing many cases of Drunkenness, Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, and other habits. The medicine may be given in ten or fifteen drops, and the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired, is given free of charge.



CARRIAGES. W. J. THOMPSON,

King Street, Opposite Revere House. Has now on sale one of the most magnificent stocks of CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION.



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HOME RULE! A Great Book on a Great Question.

THE CARNELL MOVEMENT, -WITH- A Sketch of Irish Parties from 1843. BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

Mr. O'CONNOR tells in a direct and honest way all the facts about the Carnell movement, traces its growth and connects it with previous movements of similar kind. He presents us with life-like portraits of ISAAC BUTT, JOHN MITCHELL, JAMES MCCARTHY, SIR JOHN DAVITT, DILLON, HIGGAK, and other brave and true men.

The Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus. Complete in 10 volumes, about 500 pages each. Printed on fine type upon handsome paper, and substantially bound in cloth.

Preparation for Death. The first volume of The Centenary Edition of The Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus. Useful for All as Meditations and Sermons, or Considerations of the Eternal Truths.

Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, NEW YORK. Cincinnati: 35 & 38 Barclay St., St. Louis: 143 Main St., 206 S. Fourth St.



Cook's Friend Baking Powder. Is a PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER. It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia, and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety.

To Order. Saxony Tweed Coat and Pants, \$7.50. Saxony Tweed Suit, \$10.00.

Pethick & McDonald, 393 Richmond Street, Church Pews, School Furniture.

Bennett Furnishing Company, LONDON, ONT., CANADA. References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarras, Lennox, Brantford; Molloy, Ingersoll; Rev. Canon, Parrhill, Twyn, Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.

Popular Catholic Books of the Day. Catholic Belief, 40c. Lamberti's Notes on Ingersoll, 25c. Mistakes of Modern Infidels, 15c.

Money to Loan at 6 Per Cent. J. Burnett & Co. Taylor's Bank, London.

Books for Sale. The following works will be sent to any address, free by post, on receipt of price.

McShane Bell Foundry. Casts and works all kinds of Bells, Chimes and Tolls for Churches, Schools, and other purposes.

Buckeye Bell Foundry. Casts and works all kinds of Bells, Chimes and Tolls for Churches, Schools, and other purposes.

W. S. Meddowcroft, Merchant Tailor and Dealer in Dry Goods & Gent's Furnishings. Fashionable Dressmaking done on the premises. A large stock of Household Furniture for sale cheap.

W. Hinton, Undertaker & Co. The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE SACRED HEART LONDON, ONT. Locality unrivalled for healthiness. Fine and pure air. Pupil's even of delicate constitutions. Air, bracing, water and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, Sarnia, Ont. This Institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and liberal education.

St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ontario. This Institution is pleasantly situated in the town of Windsor, opposite De la Riviere.

Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont. Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This Institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 50 miles from Detroit.

Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses) Canada money, \$50 per annum.

Professional. Dr. Woodruff, 208, 185 Queen's Avenue, third door east. Post Office. Special attention given to diseases of the eyes, ear, nose and throat.

B. C. McCann, Solicitor, Etc., 74 Dundas Street West. Money to loan on real estate.

McDonald & Davis, Surgeon Dentists, Office—Dundas Street, 3rd door east of Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Electro-pathic Institute, 820 Dundas Street, London, Ontario, for the treatment of Nervous and Chronic Diseases.

Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. The regular meetings of the Association, 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the 12th, 19th, 26th and 3rd of every month.

Royal Canadian Insurance Co. Fire and Marine. J. Burnett, Agent, Taylor's Bank, Richmond Street.

Wanted—Lady Catholic. For work endorsed by clergy. References required. Good salary and comfortable position. Address "CATHOLIC WORK," 111 Barclay St., N.Y.

Bank of London in Canada. Capital Subscribed \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund \$50,000.

Headquarters for Fine Coffee. After repeated trials we have found the Coffee packed by Chase & Company to be the best and most superior.

Strictly Pure. Positively Satisfactory. For returnable and money refunded. Use these Coffees, and help drive adulterated and inferior goods out of the market.

Fitzgerald & Co., 180 Dundas Street. Undertaker & Co. The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

C. M. B. A.

The members of Branch No. 39 at... received Holy Communion at the hands of their Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Brodman.

This Branch is advancing reasonably well, and its prospects for increase in membership in the near future are such as to gratify its promoters and those who have the interest of our Association at heart.

At a regular meeting of this Branch, held at Newcastle, May 19th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from this life the respected Mother of our revered Spiritual Adviser, the Rev. O. Brodman.

Resolved, That the members of Branch No. 39, hereby extend to Rev. Father and Bro. A. Brodman their sincere and heartfelt sympathy for them in their sad and unexpected bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Rev. Father, also to Bro. A. Brodman, and that the Secretary be instructed to forward a copy for publication in our official organ, the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Catholic associations cannot be too guarded in their phraseology, lest it be twisted into secret society significance. A case has just come under our notice in which a distinguished German priest, in a distant city, has been scandalized by a local German paper in connection with some C. M. B. A. happenings in this city.

I hereby tender my sincere thanks to Amersburg Branch, No. 3, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, for their prompt payment of the sum of \$200, the full amount of beneficiary due me by the death of my late husband, C. W. O'Rourke.

IRELAND THANKS IRISH-AMERICA (From United Ireland, Mr. Parnell's organ.) The tones of Irish-American speeches and writings with respect to the Home Rule Bill is inexpressibly pleasant reading for all who value the safety of our cause.

The Diamond Glee Club, of this city, assisted by some local amateurs, gave two concerts at St. Lawrence Hall, Champlain St., on Wednesday and Thursday, 19th and 20th inst. The proceeds were applied towards the debt of the Diamond Harbor Church.

The performance commenced by an overture, "The Hunting Chorus," from the opera of the "Masquerade," which was not only a fine rendering of which would do credit to a professional company.

Next followed a side-splitting stump speech by Mr. H. Buck, who was attired as a negro in window curtain costume. He brought down his umbrella on the table in such a manner as to nearly demolish that useful piece of furniture, and "brought down" the house with his humorous hits at some of the local and other topics.

The Rev. Father O'Connell, of Amersburg, who had the matter in hand, appears to better advantage on the elegant finish of the interior, but more especially on the altar and windows.

Immediately after the church was completed the exercises of the jubilee began. The busy season in the neighborhood and the whole time, as the Rev. Father O'Connell, who had the matter in hand, appears to better advantage on the elegant finish of the interior, but more especially on the altar and windows.

The late poet priest of the South frequently told the following anecdote of his stay in New Orleans: It was during the war, when General Butler was in charge of the city. A Catholic soldier in the Union forces were arrested, and held in some one hundred religious rites were observed at the funeral.

Orphan M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was immediately to allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S LETTER.

LONDON, May 23.—Justin M. McCarthy's weekly review of the situation on has the following:—Those not behind the scenes might not altogether understand the significance of certain little incidents preceding Friday night's debate on the Home Rule Bill.

With touching magnanimity Sir Michael Hicks Beach declared that the Conservative members were generally willing to sacrifice their opportunities of taking part in the debate, if that were necessary to save the time of the House.

It does not pretend to make children honest or moral. The father often tells his boy that he is to be a gentleman, and that he shall be called on to face the world. How does it do this? It keeps them at school at least seven years, that the full benefit of the advantages may be enjoyed.

Nothing, worse than all, the boy has learned nothing of Christian morality. His parents have relied on the school to educate him, and the school has done it in its own way.

The Church in Woodlee parish lately underwent a course of repairs and improvements which largely add to its external and internal appearance. The Michael Holland, of Amersburg, who had the matter in hand, appears to better advantage on the elegant finish of the interior, but more especially on the altar and windows.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for three thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon such tender when called upon to do so.

TEACHER WANTED With a first or at least second-class certificate, and a proficiency in a leading branch of the House of Education in this Province. His conduct must be exemplary and thoroughly Christian.

Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps. F. MEAGHER'S EIGHT-DAY WICKS, for Sanctuary Lamps, burn a week without interfering. Post free, \$1 a box, which lasts a year. Only notices are accepted. REV. J. W. MEAGHER, Weymouth, England.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. To Contractors. SEALED TENDERS, ADDRESSED TO the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received at this Department until noon on Thursday the 1st day of June next for the erection of farm buildings at the Agricultural College, Guelph.

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HOME RULE.

MORE GOOD WORK IN DUBLIN, ONT. Since the report of the Dublin meeting which appeared in the RECORD of the 3rd inst., another large and influential meeting was held in the school house of Section 5, in the Township of McKillop, on the evening of the 20th, at which our respected parish priest, the Rev. Dean Murphy, was present, and were also several other influential gentlemen from a distance who take a deep interest in the cause.

After the chairman's introductory remarks that faithful pioneer of Home Rule, W. R. Davis, of the Mitchell Advertiser, was called upon to deliver an address. He did in language terse and vigorous, bristling with facts and arguments which left no room to doubt the justness of Ireland's demand. Mr. Davis is no ordinary speaker, and his oration was listened to with great attention which was the best proof, if proof were required, that his arguments touched the sympathetic chord, and carried conviction to every heart.

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OBITUARY.

Died May 11th, of apoplexy, at his residence, 134 Aylmer Avenue, Windsor, Bernard Fox. D. ceased was a native of Ireland and was born in Dungannon, in the County Tyrone. He served for some years in the army and also as guard at Convict Prisons, and in 1870 immigrated to this country. Since taking up his abode in Windsor he had become well known, and was held in high respect for his many excellent moral, social and business-like qualities.

After the chairman's introductory remarks that faithful pioneer of Home Rule, W. R. Davis, of the Mitchell Advertiser, was called upon to deliver an address. He did in language terse and vigorous, bristling with facts and arguments which left no room to doubt the justness of Ireland's demand. Mr. Davis is no ordinary speaker, and his oration was listened to with great attention which was the best proof, if proof were required, that his arguments touched the sympathetic chord, and carried conviction to every heart.

It does not pretend to make children honest or moral. The father often tells his boy that he is to be a gentleman, and that he shall be called on to face the world. How does it do this? It keeps them at school at least seven years, that the full benefit of the advantages may be enjoyed.

Nothing, worse than all, the boy has learned nothing of Christian morality. His parents have relied on the school to educate him, and the school has done it in its own way.

The Church in Woodlee parish lately underwent a course of repairs and improvements which largely add to its external and internal appearance. The Michael Holland, of Amersburg, who had the matter in hand, appears to better advantage on the elegant finish of the interior, but more especially on the altar and windows.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for three thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon such tender when called upon to do so.

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DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY LONDON, ONT.

To Farmers, Mechanics and others wishing to borrow Money upon the Security of Real Estate. Having a large amount of money on hand we have decided, "for a short period," to make loans at a very low rate, according to the security offered, principal payable at the end of term, with privilege to borrower to pay back a portion of the principal with any instalment of interest, if he so desire. Persons wishing to borrow money will call on their own interests by applying personally or by letter to F. B. LEYS, MANAGER OFFICE—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St. London Ont.

TO THE CLERGY. The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that WILLSON BROS., General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Stellan Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsala. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clergy of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THRESHERS. "ADVANCE" "CHALLENGE" MANUFACTURED, as adapted for Canadian market, only by MACPHERSON & CO. FINGAL, ONTARIO. The Pioneer Reap-er Manufacturer of Canada.—Write for Circular.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

On Memorial Day, Land League, will be following poem is rep...

"She is dead!" it says Her mother has kissed Her blue eyes and said Her grave is dug, and...

"She is dead!" it says Whose heart she touches And the people hear— Another voice like a...

"She is dead!" it says "This life is a voice of The truths and the de The heroes who die a strong."

And they raise her And they lay her in state And they silence her Her home in the heart Is warmer and sweeter No need of a tomb for Her is the sacred clay of Her is the same that smites And the dimming light Unrestrained there she Till she feels the motion And then, I think, her When the cry goes out One year before the her, she wrote this poem

Shall mine e Or shall the Break at the When the m As a sweet Shall these l That have Shall the m When all shall the m When all shall the m

Ab! the har Of thy ex I should ha Should no Ab! the tra 'Mid the s And my hea As a capti I should tr Giant sin Cry, 'g, "O In her lo 'Let me m Let me ch Then contin Now min —August 27, 1881

MICHAEL DAVITT THE FOUNDER OF THE FOUR A GLASGOW

One of the most ings of Irish Nationa bled in Glasgow for at the City Hall on t 20, to listen to an ad v to the Home Ru Mr. Gladstone. The over by Mr. John F the distinguishe Mr. D. J. Baillie Bond, Messrs. J. G. Graham, Messrs. J. G. Bond, Dugald McLan land, George Camp John Turnbull, J. S. Murdoch and others. Mr. D. J. Baillie prolonged applaus ing his several form a Glasgow audience, coincidence, after the dulg'd in a spasm of mitted a full del Nationalists. This should be not from a printed programme, Rule Bill introduced mler: "On and aft there shall be establi lature consisting of Queen, and an Irish "Before offering a measure, I may be p Nationalist, to say stone's great spee week, more than in are we to find the of the struggle we ple for self-governm of that intinuous Union. I had the p to that great orat down from the up of Commons upon est and most b before which any spoken, and listeni old man in the mo at his command, tary, tribute to nationality, I coul myself at that mo spent nine years in At the same time, natural to reflect, that might have de disasters that mi place, all the crime stained the modern some British Min but then recogniz land's national dem conceeded—what accepted gratefully,