

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XV.

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NO. 749.

## AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS.

To Friends of Ireland in America and Australia.

THE NATIONALIST LEADERS' ADDRESS. London, Feb. 18.—The following address has been issued by Justin McCarthy and other Irish Nationalist leaders:—

To our Kinsmen and to all Friends of Ireland in the United States, Canada and Australia:

"We have reached the most crucial moment in the history of Ireland's long struggle for her rights. The Premier of England, the leader of the Government and of the party ruling the British Empire has brought in a Home Rule Bill which forms as a whole a broad and solid and enduring plan of national self-government for Ireland. The bill offers to the Irish people a parliament practically free to deal with all of Ireland's local affairs and an executive Government responsible to that Parliament, and in addition the Irish people have under the Bill the right to share, by a delegation of eighty members, in the government of the empire. In this, as in many other respects, the settlement of 1802 places Ireland on a higher national plane than that of 1886. It increases her place in the government of the world, and offers more solid guarantees of the honorable fulfillment of the great contract between her and Great Britain. The representatives of Ireland have accepted without hesitation the constitution proposed in the bill as a fitting consummation of the sacrifices and labors of the Irish race for so many centuries. They believe they could regard the enactment of the measure as a final and triumphant close to a long, bloody and sorrowful struggle. The enemies of Ireland do not yet, however, acknowledge that the end is close and assured. Although they know that the Bill is certain to pass the House of Commons by an unbroken majority, and that any measure which secures a majority of the popular chamber is always ultimately enacted into law, they invoke the assistance of the House of Lords in postponing a settlement. We cannot, therefore, disregard the possibility of a long and desperate campaign to defeat Mr. Gladstone's noble efforts and to wreck the Irish cause. Confronted by enemies venomous and unscrupulous, and with boundless wealth, it is impossible for us to carry on even the short remnant of the struggle without the assistance of brethren and friends in all parts of the world. It is only from people of our own blood, and from American and Australian sympathizers with our principles that we have asked or accepted assistance. We make an appeal to the same tried friends, more confidently on the narrow of the day when, by a vote unanimous and unchallenged, the House of Commons has stamped upon the foul and calumnious charge made by the paymasters of Egypt, that the independent Irish Nationalists had consented to become mercenaries of a British administration.

"In the struggle of the last fourteen years almost the dominant factor, next to the courage and tenacity of our people at home, has been the financial assistance from our kindred and friends beyond the seas. Our nation, reduced to poverty by long centuries of misgovernment under a restricted franchise before that assistance came to her aid, had not a voice but that of enemies in the House of Commons. The tenants were represented by evicting landlords; their aspirations for religious liberty were represented by inveterate bigots, and the never extinguished demand for national self-government by either Tories or place hunting Whigs. O'Connell's mighty movement for repeal broke down under the strain of this want of proper parliamentary representation of the demands of Ireland. For a quarter of a century after his death the constitutional movement slept the sleep of death, while Tories and Whigs in the House of Commons found no remedy for a single one of the evils of their country, and accepted the rewards of perfidy and treason in well-paid offices. In 1880 America and Australia threw themselves into the struggle. From that hour the parliamentary movement never looked back. Aided by the generosity of our people and friends abroad the cause found honest, faithful, courageous representatives, not one of whom during all the stress of thirteen years accepted pay or places from the British Government. These representatives fought and conquered forgery. They broke successive hostile administrations until at last they find themselves friends and allies of the greatest of British statesmen and the strongest of British parties. They ask now that they may be enabled from the same powerful and generous people to bring to consummation their labors and their principles. Borne by the generosity of their race through the long night, they ask now for the aid required for the brief interval that still stands between Ireland and her breaking day. (Signed)—Justin McCarthy, Edward Blake, Thomas Sexton, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, Timothy M. Healey, Wm. O'Brien, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Power O'Connor.

## BY-ELECTIONS.

Jeremiah Jordan, McCarthy candidate in South Meath, was elected yesterday by a vote of 2,707 to 2,638 for J. J. Walton (Parnellite). Jordan takes the seat from which Patrick Fullam (anti-Parnellite) was displaced for clerical intimidation. The vote for Fullam in the general-election was 2,212 to 2,129 for Dalton (Parnellite).

The Liberals have gained an important victory at Hexham, Northumberland, where Mr. Maciness (Liberal) has been elected by a vote of 4,504 to 4,358 for Nathaniel George Clayton (Conservative). Maciness represented Hexham in the late Parliament. In the general election he was opposed by Mr. Clayton, who is the leader of Conservative party in Northumberland. Clayton was elected by a vote of 4,012 to 4,010 for Maciness. A petition was lodged against Clayton, charging that corrupt practices had been used in his behalf. He was unseated, and the Liberals have now regained the constituency.

Hon. Edward Blake's first speech in the House of Commons was a distinct success. He spoke for an hour and a half, impromptu, in reply to Mr. Chamberlain, forcibly dealing with point after point raised by the latter, and holding the close attention of a full house. While he considered that the Bill amply secured the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Blake said he objected to the suspension of the land question for three years. The Irish Parliament, he thought, ought to be empowered to deal at once with the land problem. Much enthusiasm was shown when the speech was finished, both Liberals and Irish members cheering loudly, the latter standing and waving their hats. Mr. Blake was warmly complimented by a distinguished member of the Cabinet, who is said to have declared the speech one of the best ever heard within the walls of Parliament. The Liberal press is unanimous in his praise. The *Daily News* says the brilliant speech created a profound impression. The *Chronicle* says the oration was as fine as any the House of Commons has ever heard. The *Westminster Gazette* remarks that it was a bold thing for Mr. Blake to attempt an impromptu reply to Mr. Chamberlain, gives him high praise and says he acquitted himself very well. The *Times* thinks Mr. Blake is evidently going to be run as the big man of the Nationalist party.

## A NOBLE UTTERANCE.

President Elliot, of Harvard University, in introducing Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, to a Cambridge audience, on the 10th inst., spoke as follows of the Catholic Church:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I count it a special honor that I have the privilege to-night of presenting to this audience the rector of the Catholic University of America.

"I perhaps have a right to speak on such an occasion for the Protestant universities of America, seeing that I am the head of the oldest of the Protestant universities established on American soil, and exercising this right I greet with joy and pride the representative of this newly established university.

"We are older, to be sure, than the Catholic University at Washington. But we are both young in comparison with the venerable universities of Oxford, Paris and Rome. Harvard was a mere school for the first one hundred and fifty years of its life. It has only lately begun to rise to the stature of a university.

"The Catholic University at Washington will spring fully armed from the brain of the Church. As Protestants we recognize that no denomination or Church of Christians has a better right to found universities than the Roman Catholic denomination or Church.

"Was not the Roman Catholic Church, in its monasteries and great libraries, in its palaces as well as its churches, the guardian for centuries of the treasures of learning of the world?

"How else save through the Roman Catholic Church was the ancient wisdom brought down to modern generations? It was through the devotion of priests and brothers and scribes within its monasteries that we won the treasures of the learning of the Renaissance. And what Church, what denomination of Christians has a better right to found in a democratic society like the United States a true university?

"Has not the Roman Catholic Church in all history been the Church of the masses, the Church of the people? Has it not always, throughout its whole history, been the popular Church—the Church which took firm hold of the hearts of the masses; the Church which was recruited in its priesthood and hierarchy from the peasantry, from the great body of the people?

"Have not its highest offices always been open to the men of the people? Have they not always been filled with men risen from the ranks?

"This truly democratic Church founds in our democratic society an institution of learning—of the highest learning. The true university knows neither nationality nor denomination. It is comprehensive, universal. Learning has no limits of race or of religion.

"The Roman Catholic University

will be true to this universal description of a university. It will, like all other universities, serve for truth, and find some part of it, like all others. It will stand at the national capital as a seat of research, of inquiry, of teaching.

"I welcome to the company of college men, of university men, professionally engaged in the development of universities, the learned and devout man who presides over the University of Washington. I have had the privilege of listening to him more than once. I know his liberal spirit, his broad Catholic learning. I have the honor to present to you Bishop Keane, the rector of the Catholic University at Washington."

## LECTURE IN ST. PETER'S.

The Catholic Church and Freedom of Conscience.

Peterborough Review, Feb. 10. A large congregation assembled in St. Peter's cathedral Wednesday evening to listen to a lecture by Rev. Father Ryan, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association. The lecture was delivered in a clear and forcible manner, the Rev. lecturer being an eloquent speaker, and he received from the large congregation the closest attention.

The musical service, which preceded and followed the lecture, was excellently rendered and impressive. Lambillotte's "Magnificat" was sung by the choir before the lecture and the benediction "Ora Pro Me" was sung in good voice by Miss Annie Dunn. "O Salutaris" was rendered by Mr. McDonough and "Tantum Ergo" was sung by the choir.

Rev. Father Ryan, in opening, said he was glad to accept the invitation to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Young Men's Catholic Association, for he took a great interest in these associations and considered them one of the social needs and great social powers of the time. Taking up his subject—"The Catholic Church and Freedom of Conscience"—he said it was a difficult one, because it was important and because it was a large subject. The Catholic Church was not the Catholic people, although it was a Church of and for the people and dear to their hearts. This was a Democratic age, but the Church had not been afraid of emperors, kings and princes, and was not afraid of the people. It welcomed the age of the people. The Catholic people, press, princes, the priests, Bishops or Pope, were not the Catholic Church. The Pope as a man, a statesman or writer, or in any individual capacity, was not the Catholic Church. For persecutions, massacres or inquisitions the Church was not accountable; they were not done by it, but by princes, kings or courts, and none of these, or all of these together, was not the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was the Church of Christ, of the living God, a

DIVINE CONCEPTION coming down from the mind of the Father and out of the heart of Christ and perfected by the Holy Spirit. It was a divine organization—a divinely constituted and preserved society, as a guardian and interpreter of the revelation of God, and was destined by God to go on forever. Conscience, too, was divinely created. Its home was in the heart, it was a mirror of the majesty of God, a tablet of flesh on which was written God's law by God's own hand. It was there telling what was right and what was wrong. Conscience and the Church were creatures of God, and these, and including liberty, were one. The Church came down from God, not to oppose conscience, but to develop it. They were both the guide and controller of man and go on with liberty. Slavery and coercion came in when the power that controlled had not authority, but when it had authority and was just, good and from God, there could be no slavery or coercion, but it was the largest freedom to submit. When man felt that he was subject to no created power but only to God, then was he in his royalty. So they saw that the Catholic Church of its very nature was the defender of the real freedom and rights of conscience. They would take a few actions of the Church in this regard as illustrations. It was said that the Church sometimes coerced converts. Why? Well, they had to begin as little children, to begin with the catechism. Unless they became as little children they could not enter the kingdom of Christ on earth. Was that coercion? It would be if it were the action of man, but not if coming from God, for it was not coercion for any man to humble himself to God. When a convert came he was asked at the threshold if he wished to be a Catholic—desired it with his whole heart and soul. There was his freedom; it made him respect his own liberty. Conscience could not be coerced, because God had made it divinely free. The Catholic Church did not want converts driven or coerced into her. Similarly when infants were brought to be baptized the Church by its questions insisted on freedom. It was also said that the Church was dogmatic. It was dogmatic, and it must be, because it was divine, and whatever was divine must be dogmatic—which was teaching the truth and being sure of it.

Some said Catholics could not believe what they liked. There was the fallacy of the day that liberty consisted in thinking and doing what they liked. Man was a rational creature and had a Creator, and was a subject with a ruler of action given him. Man's liberty was to act according to reason. It was not to think or do as he liked, but as he ought, and his conscience told him that. Man had to believe someone and something and was free in his faith when he was

NOT SUBJECT TO ERROR. Slavery of mind was subjection to error, which was followed by worse slavery—slavery of the heart. Reason told them they must have divine authority to believe in, for only it was infallible. Their separated brethren believed in a divine book, as a need of their intellectual nature. But were they sure of it? The lecturer referred to a recent meeting of clergymen in Toronto who met to discuss Church union. They all believed in the same book, but, although honest and intelligent, they found it impossible to unite. If they believed the book they should unite, but each believed his own interpretation of it. Two men holding opposite views could not both be right, and the one that was believing an error was subject to a lie, and there was slavery. Here came in the Catholic Church. God never intended the book to settle these differences. "As the Father sent me I send you; go and teach the nations." Here was the divine authority that guarded that book. They said to this divine authority, What is the meaning of the book? and were given authoritative interpretation. It was submitting the intellect to God, and He they knew was truth. There was the security of the Catholic Church for freedom—no submission to man. But it was said they had a Pope and priests and submitted to them. They submitted to the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, and only as such, and to the priests only as ministers of Christ. But in Ireland were not the priests coercing the people? There was one thing about Ireland—the priests knew the people and the people knew the priests. The love of the people for the priests, who showed them so much kindness, was the reason they were loyal to the priests. Then they were asked, Catholics were they not the confessional? Catholics went to confession because God commanded it. When Christ gave the power of remission of sins to the Apostles He gave the principle of confession, for without confession the power would be useless. Priests would not have invented the confessional, because they had to go to it themselves, and hearing confessions was their hardest task. If God had not instituted it, no one would go to confession. Was that interfering with freedom? Confession was the unfolding of conscience, and when a man does that, freely how can anyone say he is coerced? Never does he exercise his freedom with such excellent effect. Confession supposes contrition, honesty and sincerity, and could only be made by penitents. There was perfect freedom of conscience. It might also be asked if there was not slavery at the altar? Never did man so exercise freedom as when he bowed before the bread and wine and adored God really present. True, it seemed above reason, though not contrary to reason. It took the intellect and sense, and all bowed down to God. Then was man not only superior to all around him, but he was superior to himself; and having exercised in his freedom that sublime faith he gets as his reward his God at the altar. Only God was king of his conscience—that was the doctrine of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was the divinely constituted guardian of freedom of conscience, as it was of all freedom worth having. There was other freedom—as social freedom, freedom from ignorance, malice and prejudice, which permitted all to unite in harmony. Thank God, they saw more of it, because they saw more of each other. The more civil and social harmony they had the better. The Young Men's Association helped towards that end, and the lecturer enlarged and commended the association. Freedom, he said in conclusion, was ruling themselves here in the kingdom of heart and conscience under God and serving Him well, and his prayer was that they might be worthy to rule with and under Him in His kingdom above forever hereafter.

## REJOICING AT ROME.

Celebration of the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee—His Holiness Officiated at Mass—60,000 People Crowd St. Peter's.

Rome, February 19.—At daybreak the pealing of church bells announced the celebration of the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee. By 4 o'clock thousands of pilgrims, tourists and citizens were crowded before the doors of St. Peter's. At 5 o'clock two battalions of infantry, in full uniform, were drawn up before the cathedral so as to be ready to help the 200 or more gendarmes in preserving order. The crowd swelled steadily, but remained quiet, despite the tremendous pressure caused by some 5,000 ticket holders in their hopeless struggle to get near the doors. At 6 o'clock the cathedral doors were opened, and the foremost of the crowd swept in. Within half an hour the

great building was packed to the steps. Thirty thousand pilgrims and 25,000 or 30,000 Catholics from this city gained admission. No fewer than 40,000 persons, many of them ticket holders, were turned away by the military, who cleared the space around the building so as to prevent disorder when the service closed. The Pope entered the cathedral at 9:40 o'clock, pale, but smiling, and apparently in somewhat better health than usual. The cathedral rang with tumultuous cheering as the Pope was borne toward the altar. His Holiness officiated at the special jubilee Mass, intoning the opening words of the "Te Deum" and giving his blessing in a clear penetrating voice. The Mass lasted until 10:45, but apparently did not fatigue His Holiness. He remained in the cathedral 45 minutes after the celebration, and then proceeded to his apartments. The crowds dispersed slowly. At noon most of them had gone, and a quarter of an hour later the military withdrew.

This afternoon the Irish pilgrims attended service in the Church of St. Sylvester, and were blessed by Cardinal Logue. The English pilgrims, at St. George's received the blessing from Cardinal Vaughan. The weather has been magnificent all day.

The evening St. Peter's and all the other churches, all the convents and hundreds of private houses are illuminated. The streets are thronged, and the square in front of St. Peter's is almost impassable. Without exception, however, the people have been perfectly orderly. Not an arrest has been reported.

## THOUGHTS FROM LACORDAIRE

(Reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society of America.)

### I.—FAITH.

Faith is an act of confidence, and therefore a product of the heart. It requires in him who accords it the same uprightness as in him who inspires it, and never has the ungrateful man, or the deceitful, or the egotist, or any of those whom the Scripture calls emphatically the children of unbelief been capable of it. To confide in to give oneself; none give themselves but the magnanimous, or at least the generous. Not that faith excludes prudence, or that we must put our trust in the first word that falls from unknown lips, but prudence being satisfied, there is still necessary a generous effort to bring forth that difficult word: I believe.

Alexander, King of Macedonia, was upon the banks of the Cydnus. He was there stricken by a malady which seemed likely to save Persia, and his physician, whom he tenderly loved, prepared for him a decisive draught. But on the previous evening, a letter written by a hand which he knew, warned the sick man to beware of his friend as of a traitor who had bartered his life. Alexander kept his counsel. The next day, when the cup was brought to him, he took from beneath his pillow the accusing paper, handed it to his physician, took the cup and drank its contents at a draught. All antiquity has praised this action of Alexander, and his most famous victories, Greece, Issus, Arbela, have not encircled his head with greater glory. Whereupon a celebrated writer, whom I do not wish to name, asks what there was so beautiful in this boasted action; for Alexander was the head of a numerous army within an enemy's territory, the master of a nascent kingdom, the man of Greece, charged with its vengeance and its designs; he ought, on all these grounds, to have respected his life, on which depended the fate of so many others; and what merit was there in exposing it recklessly to the risk of poisoning? But the writer whom I have cited, after having made these remarks, corrects himself, and says: "What is there so beautiful in this action of Alexander? Unhappy man, can you comprehend it, if it must be told you? Its beauty is that Alexander believed in virtue, that he believed in it at the peril of his life!"

Here is a magnificent exposition of the faith of a great heart, and it is also the exposition of all faith, be it addressed to man or addressed to God. Whoever makes an act of faith, whether he knows it or not, drinks the cup of Alexander; "he believes at the peril of his life," he enters that league of Abraham which was called "the Father of all believers," because, in his old age, exhausted in body but not in heart, he raised an obedient sword over his only son who was all his love and all his race, hoping against hope in the word which had promised him a posterity. And if there is a being, who, opposed to these magnificent memories, has never produced from his soul an act of faith, you can fearlessly accuse him of having dishonored in himself the work of God. For faith is not only a virtue, that is to say, a generous and efficacious effort towards good, but it is the sacred portal whereby enter all the virtues, the blood-stained prodrome where the sacrifices commence and whither come the victims meekly immolated at the sanctuary of God. There is not an act of devotedness, an act of love, an act honorable or holy which has not been first an act of faith; and this is the reason why the Scripture declares so often that it is by faith that man is justified and saved. The

Jews believed that the principle of salvation was the observance of the law in consideration of the recompenses of God. St. Paul reiterates to them that works are powerless if they are not vivified by a superior element. "It is one God," he cries, "that justifieth circumcision by faith and uncircumcision through faith." "What are works, in fact, if they are accomplished under the impulse of a purely scientific view? Merely a calculation of benefit or of good administration for ourselves and others. Some are just, sober, economical, diligent, faithful to their word, because by acting thus they gain more than they lose; but place these well-regulated minds in presence of the cup of Alexander, that is to say, in the presence of a sacrifice which may be avoided without loss, of a virtue which presents no visible remuneration, then you will see the hollowiness of a heart where faith is wanting. I do not even mean divine faith, but that indefinite, nameless, indescribable faith which is the foundation of all that is great. Therefore, when St. Paul pronounces that sovereign decree, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," "S we may add, or man."

St. Paul to the Ephesians, II: 2.  
St. Paul to the Romans, IV: 11.  
Romans, III: 20.  
Hebrews, XII: 2.

## A HOME THRUST.

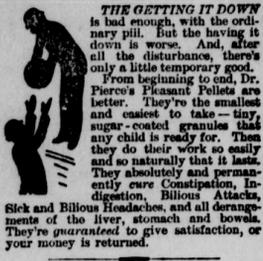
"Kit," the brilliant and witty writer of the Ladies' department in the *Toronto Mail*, in last Saturday's issue, says some very pungent and truthful things in regard to a class of people quite common in Ontario. It does not speak well for the good taste of our community when we find crowds of people anxious to hear the Catholic Church reviled by ex-convicts. For a time the notorious Widdows had a brilliant season between his two terms of imprisonment, and now we find that in Toronto crowds of people are rushing to hear a brazen and shameless "Biddy Moriarty" who confesses to have undergone a term of imprisonment in England for stealing money. Says "Kit":

"I have noticed in men and women alike, a strange want of courtesy in street cars to nuns, or sisters dressed in nun's garb. Are we so intolerant, so overridden by religious prejudice that we will allow aged women to stand, because, forsooth, we are of some sect or other which elects to consider all women devoted to other forms of religion and wearing a nun's dress, bad creatures who must not be tolerated on any account? I was ashamed of a careful of men the other day who permitted two venerable ladies to stand, although weighted with large baskets. I sat and watched for a couple of blocks, and then gave my seat to the elder of the two. She thanked me in a gentle voice and seemed glad to rest. At once three gentlemen offered me their seats, although the other sister was still standing. I took one, and when all had settled down again I rose and gave the seat to the nun. No one offered me a seat after that. How delightfully charitable we are to each other, and won't heaven be a delectable place if many careful of such men are let in?"

"Talking of nuns reminds me of the lectures 'for ladies only' that have been given lately in this city by an 'escaped nun,' or some person of that kind. I confess I wonder at the numbers, according to newspaper reports, which were supposed to be too immoral for men to listen to. Where are our refined women? What good will it do women who are not Roman Catholics to hear these polluting things? A Catholic woman wouldn't go. Women of other persuasions don't need to be warned against the crimes of the confessional. No, they went merely to gratify a low curiosity, a morbid love for revolting indecent things, and, I suppose, when they came out, they looked upon every Roman Catholic woman they knew as an immoral, bad woman. These things make us so delightfully tolerant and charitable, don't they? And they have such a refining influence, haven't they? Belonging to the Church of England as I do, I cannot be 'accused' of favoring Roman Catholics, I suppose, but I think God and my mother I was at least taught as much refinement as will keep me from ever looking on at an execution or attending a 'ladies' only.'"

Every single act of resisting temptation obtains merit and reward in the sight of God; and they who are the most tempted obtain the most merit, if they faithfully resist; so that the life that is harassed and buffeted with temptations without ceasing, if we persevere, is laying up perpetually more and more of merit before God, and more and more of reward in eternal life.—*Cardinal Manning.*

St. Peter, after he had wept bitterly for his three denials, entered upon a life of separation to his Divine Master, which had its proportionate end and crown in his inverted cross. Such was the spirit of separation among the disciples of Jesus—true, spontaneous, unspurring, even unto death. The moment you can make a very simple discovery, viz., that obligation to God is your privilege, and is not imposed as a burden, your experience will teach you many things—that duty is liberty, that repentance is a release from sorrow, that sacrifice is gain, that the truth from which you hide is a healing element that banishes your disorderly life, and that even the penalties and terrors of God are the artillery of only protection to His realm.—*Horace Bushnell.*



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Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disgusting eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedios of modern times. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUGS AND CHEMICAL CONNECTION, Boston.  
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**Days Gone By.**  
Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the rye;  
The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail.  
As he piped across the meadows, sweet as any nightingale;  
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,  
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.  
In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped  
By the honeysuckle's tangles, where the water lilies dipped;  
And the ripple of the river lipped the moss along the brink,  
Where the placid eyes and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,  
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the trout's wayward cry,  
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.  
Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye,  
The childish faith in fairies, and Alladin's magic ring,  
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every thing—  
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

**GRAPES AND THORNS.**

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

**CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.**

She turned quickly at a sound behind her, and saw that her husband had buried his face in the cushions of the chair, and was trembling violently. She went to him, but there was no comfort to give nor to receive. Death alone could bring release for him and for her. She could only surround him with her arms while he sobbed with the terrible hysterical sobbing of a man utterly broken down, and let him feel that he was not alone and unpitied.

"I don't know what ails me," he said at length, trying to control himself. "Don't mind me, Annette. My nerves seem to be all awestrung. It must be that fever."  
"Oh! don't, Lawrence; please don't!" she said faintly.  
He became silent all at once, and it seemed as though a chill had passed over him. She sighed drearily, and smoothed his hair with her hand.

"Trust your wife," she said. "I am by you always."  
"You are not afraid of me?" He seemed to ask the question with a kind of terror.  
"My poor Lawrence! no. I do not fear you as much as you do me. Don't have such fancies."  
She did not explain in what confessional she had learned his secret; in what troubled sleep wherein the unwary tongue speaks; in what more troubled waking, when the eyes and actions speak; or in what sudden suspicion and enlightenment, coming she knew not whence. She told nothing, and he asked nothing, only leaned on her bosom, and wept again as though all his manhood had departed.

"O Annette!" he said, "I dreamed last night that I was a little boy, and that I stood by my mother while she brushed my hair into curls round her finger. I thought I had been away a long distance, and come back again, and I stood quite still, and remembered another childhood before I took that journey. I was so glad to be back—as glad as I should be now if I could go back. Some way I could see that my hair was golden, and that my mother smiled as she brushed it, though I did not look at her. Such dreams are always coming to me now. As soon as I go to sleep, I am a child that has been away and is solemnly glad to be back again. And then I wake, and am in hell!"

She went on smoothing his hair steadily.  
"Some time soon the dream will come true," she said. "Do the best you can. Do justice to the wronged. Come away with me, and we will hide ourselves somewhere in the world, and try to find peace for the days that are left. And by and-by, Lawrence, will come the day when we shall both be as little children again, and all our terrible burdens will slip off. You must do justice to the wronged."  
"In some way, yes!" he said. "I have tried to think. He must be saved. But I cannot go away. Do you remember ever having been afraid to go up-stairs in the dark, of having felt sure that there was some one behind just ready to grasp you, till you screamed out in terror? It would be like that with me. If once I turn my back on this place, my life will become a crazy flight."  
"The world is wide," she urged, "and there are safe places enough in it. Besides, money can buy anything; and he has forgiven you. He will screen you."  
"My mother!" he exclaimed. "Who will screen and save her? I will not destroy her, Annette. No, everybody in the world may perish."

first. I never will destroy my mother. I have done harm enough.  
"He will die in prison," she whispered. "He has sent to Germany for help, and it did him no good. He has demanded a new trial, and there was not enough to justify them in granting it. He is in a net from which there seems to be no escape. They say that he will die."  
"You want to make me crazy!" her husband cried out, pushing her fiercely from him. "Go away! You are worse than the rest."  
There was no way but to yield to him. "Well, well, Lawrence! I will try to think of some other means."  
The season had reached early spring, and one tempestuous evening in March, as F. Chevreuse sat at home, making up some church accounts, feeling quite sure that he should not be interrupted, he heard the street-door softly open and shut, then a tap at the door of the room.

"Strange that Jane should leave that street-door unlocked!" he thought, and at the same moment heard the servant coming up-stairs from the kitchen. Her quick ear had caught the sound, and she, too, was wondering how she could have omitted to fasten the house up.  
The door of F. Chevreuse's sitting-room was quickly opened, and shut again in Jane's face, and a woman stood inside. It was Annette Gerald, wrapped in a large waterproof cape, with the hood over her head.

"Send Jane away!" she said hurriedly. "Don't let her in here! Don't let her see me!"  
Here Jane opened the door and put her head in, eyeing curiously the visitor, whose back was turned to her. "I'm sure I shut the door and bolted it, Father," she began, and took a step into the room. "I see to it," the priest said, waving her away. "Oh! well, only I'm sure I locked it. And perhaps you'd like to have this lamp?"  
"Jane!" he exclaimed, standing up, "when I dismiss you, you are to go."  
Jane retired, grumbling.  
"She will listen at the door," his visitor said.

F. Chevreuse flung the door open, and discovered his domestic lingering about the head of the stairs, affecting to examine an imaginary hole in the carpet.  
"Once for all, Jane," he said, "if you wish to remain in my house, you must not presume, nor show any curiosity about my affairs, nor the affairs of those who come to me. Go down into the kitchen, and shut the door, and stay there."  
Jane, albeit not very subordinate, was completely awed by a display of authority such as she had never seen before. She did not venture to resist nor complain, but returned without delay to her own place.

F. Chevreuse waited till he heard the kitchen-door close with somewhat unnecessary force, then returned to his visitor.  
"What has brought you out tonight?" he asked in a low voice.  
"Let me get my breath!" She was almost gasping. "Jane gave me such a fright that my heart is in my mouth."  
He set a chair for her, and seated himself near, waiting till she should be able to speak. "You had better shake the snow off your cloak," he said.

She made a gesture of impatient refusal.  
The rude mantle had slipped aside, and revealed a strangely contrasting toilet beneath. There was a shining of lustrous pale-green silk with delicately-wrought laces, a glimmer of emeralds and diamonds, and glimpses of pink roses set in bunches of green grass.  
"I have been to the prison," she whispered.  
F. Chevreuse frowned, and dropped his eyes.  
"The man is a fool!" she exclaimed. "He will not be saved. I had bought one of the guard. It was the hour for supper, and the man let me in, and promised that for ten minutes I might do as I pleased, and he would see and know nothing. I went into the corridor, and found the cell-door unlocked. Everything was ready, was perfect; for the storm would prevent any loungers from coming about the prison or the guard-room, and would give an excuse to any one who wanted to nuzzle up and cover their face. I had a large cloak all ready. But he would not go. He will not fly as though he were guilty, he said."  
"What did you say to him?" the priest inquired, without looking up.  
"I told him that he could save himself, and prove his innocence afterward. I said that may be the real criminal would some day confess, and then he could come out before the world more than justified. I said that we loved and pitied him, and were unhappy at the thought of him there, and would do anything for him. He was to be secreted in our house till a way could be got for him to escape. I had left the carriage just round the corner, and John would have thought that it was Lawrence who got in with me. Mamma and Louis have gone to the President's dinner, and Gerald was to watch and let us in, and afterward come out again with me. But, no; the stubborn simpleton would not be saved. I went on my knees to him, and he was like a rock. Then the watchman knocked at the door, and I had to run. The other guard were coming in from their supper, and, if I hid behind a door, they would have seen me face to face. Oh! why did he not consent?"

She wrung her hands slowly till the

jewels on them twinkled in the lamplight.  
F. Chevreuse still sat with his eyes downcast. "My poor child!" he said, "your pity for this man has led you into an almost fatal error. Never attempt such a thing again. It is not for you to cast yourself under the wheels of Juggernaut. I command you to try no such experiment again. Pray to God. That is all that you can do."  
"Yes, I know that now," she answered despairingly. "I am utterly helpless. It is your turn. You must save him."  
"What can I do?" he asked wonderingly. "I have tried all I could, but in vain, as you know. I have left no stone unturned, and the only good result I can see is a probability that the sentence will not be executed to the utmost, and that in time something may happen to bring his innocence to light."  
"In time!" she repeated. "Have you seen the man? Why, I did not know him till he spoke. He will not live. No, there must be no delay. What you must do is this: You must go to the authorities, and say that you know who the true criminal is, but cannot tell, at least not now, and that Mr. Schoninger is innocent."  
The priest looked in her face with a gaze of calm surprise. "You mistake," he said. "I do not know who the criminal is. If I did know, I should immediately go to the authorities, and denounce him."  
She looked him steadfastly in the face, but his calmness baffled her. He showed only a cool and dignified surprise.  
"Oh! these men," she muttered. "I feel as if I were being ground between stones."  
She stood, and the shining folds of her dress, that had been gathered up in her arms, dropped about her, and lay on the floor.  
"Have you been walking through the snow in a ball dress?" the priest asked. "Have you anything to protect your feet?"  
"Oh! I have fur shoes, and my carriage is near by," she said absently, and seemed to be considering what to do next.  
"Go home now, my child, and try to put all this wild work out of your mind," F. Chevreuse said with emotion. "Perform your own duty simply and in the fear of God, and do not try to take the burden of others on those shoulders of yours. Go home and warm yourself well, or you will be sick."  
"Oh! I am not going home," she said, her glance caught by the sparkling of a bracelet on her arm. "Tonight is a dinner and ball given to the President, you know; and since he is going away to-morrow it couldn't be put off. It must be time I was there, and I have to go home after Lawrence."  
"What! you will go to a dinner and ball to-night?" exclaimed the priest. "You feel yourself fit for company?"  
She smiled faintly. "I shall doubtless be the gayest of the gay. There is not much danger of my feeling sleepy."  
"Well, women are wonderful beings," remarked F. Chevreuse to himself.  
The young woman drew her wrappings about her, and gathered up again her flowing skirts, looking to see that no stain had fallen on them; and, in arranging her toilet for a new scene, she appeared to arrange her mind also. A gentle tranquility settled upon her face, and her head was slightly lifted, as though she were already the centre of observation to a brilliant throng.  
"But you are looking very pale," the priest objected.  
"That always mends itself," she answered carelessly. "When I have need of color, it usually comes."  
Some way, in this firm self-control, he found her more pitiful than in any abandonment of sorrow. She accepted the situation uncomplainingly, since she could do no more, and steeled herself to bear what she must.  
"God bless you!" he said, when she was ready to go.  
Her face stirred a little at the words. It seemed that she would rather not listen to anything of serious kindness then. Yet at the door she hesitated, and turned back. For once it was necessary that she should speak.  
"I have no difficulty about company or anything but silence and darkness," she said hurriedly, looking down. "I like a crowd, though I am always on the lookout for something to be said I will not wish to hear. When he and I are alone, I turn cold and creeping, for fear he should speak; and I keep close and cling to him, lest if I should get a little way off, I should grow afraid of him. If we were to be separated for one week, I think we would never again dare to approach each other. But recollect—"she lifted her eyes for one quick glance—"I have told you nothing."  
"Certainly not," he replied gravely. "In a moment she had gone out, and was running through the flying snow to find her carriage, left in the next street to baffle some possible watcher."  
Young Mrs. Gerald was quite right in saying that she should probably be the gayest of the gay that night; and if any other person appeared to enjoy the scene more than herself, it was, perhaps, her husband.

"A very happy couple," remarked a sympathizing friend to Mrs. Ferrier. "Oh! yes, the mother sighed, nodding her head. "He is always gay when he is doing no good, and as gium as a spade when he is behaving himself. I was in hopes that his sickness would sober him, but he is wilder than

ever. You should see him drive my horses!"  
Her son-in-law, passing by at that moment, caught the last words, and immediately joined the two ladies. "I know that Mrs. Ferrier is complaining of me," he said gaily. "She will never forgive me for putting her precious bays out of breath. But the truth is, I am trying to save their lives; for they are so fat now that you could drive them to death at six miles an hour."  
"O Lawrence!" Annette said at his elbow—she was always hovering near when he spoke with her mother—"they say that Strauss, the composer, you know, is really coming to America next year, and will lead his own waltzes at the concerts."  
"And, by the way, Ninon," said her husband, "is that the Strauss who always was? I have had a waltz-writing, violin-playing Strauss in my mind ever since I was born, and he had lived ages before, and was something like Mephistopheles, to my fancy. Perhaps he is the Wandering Jew."  
"Speaking of Jews—" began Mrs. Ferrier's companion.  
And here Annette drew her husband away, hanging on his arm, smiling and whispering to him, the brightest, prettiest woman in the room.

"And yet last night he was off somewhere, and she sat up for him till a quarter before 2 o'clock," Mrs. Ferrier said, looking after them. "I looked to see what time it was when I heard him come in. It is wearing her out. I shall not allow her to do it again."  
It was easier for Mrs. Ferrier to say what should not be than to find herself obeyed, for the next night her daughter again kept vigil. "All I ask of you, marmama, is to let me attend to my own business," she said decidedly.  
So "mamma" toiled up-stairs to bed, and the daughter lowered the lights, took out her rosary, and began her nightly task of fighting away thought, and trying to fix her mind on the future.

After an hour or two, John, the footman, put his head in at the door. "You'd a great deal better go to bed, m'am, and leave me to let Mr. Gerald in," he said. "I've something that will keep me up to-night, and it's a pity two should lose their rest. It is past 12 now."  
She felt faint and weary, and sleep was beginning to steal over her. "I believe I will go, then," she said. "I have not slept for three nights."  
She went, with a dragging step, over the bright carpet roses. "What would become of him if I were to break up?" she thought.

When she had gone, the man put out the hall gas, opened the doors of the vestibule, and set himself to wait. He meant to have speech of Mr. Gerald that night without Mrs. Gerald's wife for a witness or any likelihood of other interruption.  
About 1 o'clock he heard unsteady steps on the sidewalk, and as he went to the door, Lawrence Gerald came receding up the steps, and almost fell into his arms.  
"Come into the sitting-room, sir, and lie down on the sofa. It will be easier than going up-stairs," he said. When he had been drinking, the young man was easy to lead, and he now submitted readily, and was in a few minutes in a deep sleep.

John locked the street-door, shut the door of the sitting-room behind him, and, seating himself, waited for the sleeper to wake.  
A nervous man might have grown uneasy during that watch. There is something not always pleasant in hearing one's own breathing, and the faint occasional sounds in floor and wall, and at one's elbow, even, which, in the stillness of night, seem like the movements of unseen beings drawing near. Besides, there is a terror in the thought that we are going to terrify another.  
But this man was not nervous. He was made of wholesome though rough material, and he had a strong will. He had been waiting for others to act, and had waited in vain, and now he had made up his mind that it was for him to act. Justice was strong in him, where he had the ability to perceive what was just, and he would no longer see the innocent suffer for the guilty. Besides, he reflected, there was no one else who could speak. Self-defence, or the defence of one dearly loved, or a yet more sacred motive, seal the lips of all who knew. His lips were not sealed, and justice commanded him to speak.

Three o'clock came and went, and still the young man slept. The other sat and studied him, noting how slight and elegant was his form, how fine the hands and feet, and how daintily he was dressed and cared for.  
John was stout and heavy, a man of delf, and the size of his boots had once provoked from Lawrence a very provoking quotation:  
"What dread had formed thy dread feet?"  
and more than once the young man had mockingly pushed his two white hands into one of John's gloves.

This sleeper's hair was glossy, scented, as soft as floss, and curled in many a wifly ring; John's was coarse and straight, and he wisely wore it closely cropped. Lawrence Gerald's face was delicately smooth; the lines melted harmoniously into each other; his brows were finely drawn; the teeth, that showed through his parted lips, were pearly white; and as he lay with closed eyes, the lashes made two exquisitely curved shadows on his cheeks. John's face was plain, he had no eyebrows nor eye-lashes to speak of, his eyes were more for use than ornament, and his nose went about its business straight from end to end, stopping rather bluntly, and utterly ignoring that delicate curve which made this man's profile so perfect.

This man? This drunkard, rather, John thought; this spendthrift, gambler, and robber. This murderer! The nerves of the serving man stiffened; and if he had felt any relenting, it was over. The insolent daintiness before him stirred all his bitterness. It was for such men as this that humbler honest folks were to bow and serve, and women's hearts to break!  
It must be nearly 4 o'clock, he thought, and glanced round at the clock. Looking back again, he met Lawrence Gerald's eyes fixed on him steadily, and he returned the look with as immovable a stare. In that instant the meaning of each leaped out of his face as clearly as lightning from a cloud. Young Gerald's eyes began to shrink in their depths, and still the other held them; he drew slowly back on the sofa, covering, but unable to turn away.

And here John's eyes released him, for another object drew them up to the mirror that hung over the sofa. He reflected there he saw that the door was partly open, and Annette Gerald's white face looking in. She came swiftly gliding toward them, silent as a ghost, and melted, rather than fell, on to her knees before her husband, between him and the other. Her arms and bosom hid him from that relentless gaze which told that all was known, and her own face turned and received it instead, firmly and almost defiantly.

"Well, John?" she said. "Speak out what you have to say."  
"This can't go on any longer, m'am," he whispered; "and I should think you would have the sense to see that. If you're willing to let an innocent man suffer for him, even that won't serve you long, for he will betray himself yet. You must go."  
"Yes, yes, we will go!" she replied hurriedly. "It is the only thing to do. We will go right away."  
"I will give you three weeks to get out of danger," he went on; "or, if that isn't enough, a month. But you mustn't lose a day. I won't see that man down in the prison die for nothing. After the four weeks from to-morrow morning are up, I shall go to F. Chevreuse with a paper that your husband will write. He may tell his own story, and make what excuses he can for himself, and it shall be for everybody to read. F. Chevreuse will carry the paper to the judges, and take that man out of prison. That is all I've got to say," he concluded. "Four weeks from to-morrow morning!"

Annette made no further reply, only watched the man out of the room, and locked the door after him. Then she returned to her husband, and for the first time since she had entered the room, looked in his face. He was lying back with his eyes closed, as though from faintness. She brought him a glass of wine, knelt by his side while he drank it, then took his hand in hers.  
"There is no other way, Lawrence," she said.  
He was sitting up now, but kept his eyes closed, as if he could not meet her glance, or could not endure to look upon the light. He answered her quietly, "Yes, it is the only way."  
"And now," she continued, "since there is no time to lose, you will tell me the whole, and I will write it down. You can sign it afterward."  
He nodded, but did not speak. The blow had fallen, and its first effect was crushing.

She brought a writing-table close to the sofa, and seated herself before it. As she arranged the paper, pens, and ink, heavy tears rolled down her face, and sigh after sigh struggled up from her heart; but she did not suffer them to impede her work—scarcely seemed, indeed, conscious of them. Everything was arranged carefully and rapidly. "Now, Lawrence!" she said, and seemed to catch her breath with the words.  
He started, and opened his eyes; and when he saw her, with eyes uplifted, making the sign of the cross on her forehead and bosom, he knelt by her side, and bowing his head, blessed himself also with the sacred sign.

Then he began his confession, and she wrote it as it fell from his lips. If now and then a tear, not quickly enough brushed away, fell on the paper, it only left its record of a wife's grief and love, but did not blot out a word of the clear writing.  
When the last word had been written, and the name signed, a long ray of white morning light had pierced through a chink in the shutter, and lay across the red lamp-light.

Annette Gerald took the pen from her husband's hand. "My poor Lawrence!" she said, "you and I have got to be saints now. There is no medium for us. Pleasure, ease, all hope of earthly peace—they are far behind us. We must go into the world and do penance, and wait for death."  
"Annette," he exclaimed, "let me go alone! Give me up now, and live your own life here. I will never come near you again."  
She shook her head. "That is impossible. The only consolation I can have is to stay with you and give you what little help I can. You could not live without me, Lawrence. Don't speak of it. I shall stand by you."  
She opened the shutters and the window, and let the fresh morning light into the close room and over their feverish faces.

The town was waking up to a bright sunny day, its many smokes curling upward into the blue, its beautiful vesture of snow still clinging here and there, all its busy life beginning to stir joyfully again. They stood before the window a minute looking out, the same thought in both their minds. Then the wife leaned forward.

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"Good-by, Crichton!" she said, and took her husband's hand. "Come, Lawrence! we have no time to lose. The sword has been set over the gate."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sexagesima Sunday.

GOOD SEED BUT NO HARVEST. The Gospel of to-day, my brethren, is the parable of the sower who went out to sow his seed. Our Lord Himself explains the parable, and tells us that the seed is the word of God; and the real sower of this word, of course, is God, from whom it comes, and from whom it has all its life and power.

The ground in which this seed is sown is the mind and heart of man; or, to put the matter in a practical shape, it is your heart and mine. There are many people in this world to whom very little of it has come, at least compared with what we have had; but we cannot complain that we have not had our share. The word of God spoken by the mouth of man, in sermons, instructions, counsels, and warnings, from the altar and in the confessional, and not only from the priests but also from others who have been the ministers of God and the channels of His grace to us—it is certainly no strange or new sound in our ears. And not only in this way have we continually heard God's voice, but often, perhaps even more frequently, have we heard it coming immediately from Him, and speaking in our own souls.

Plenty of this seed has, then, been sown in us; but where is the fruit, the harvest that should have come from it? Seed is not put in the ground merely to be kept there. No, it cannot be kept there; if it is not destroyed or carried away it must grow and multiply.

The seed of God's word should, therefore, have grown in us. It should have been the beginning and the increase in us of the spiritual life, which should have grown stronger in us day by day from the time when we first came to the use of reason until the present moment.

Now, how is it in fact? As we look back on our lives, do we find that this has actually been fulfilled in them? Are we not better, more perfect, nearer to God now than we were last year, or even ten years ago? Is it not rather to be feared that we have fallen back; that we are more careless, perhaps, even about mortal sin, than we were in times past; or, to say the least, that habits of venial sin have gained on us, instead of being overcome; that our prayers are less fervent, our reception of the sacraments less frequent, our love of God weaker than in the years which have gone by?

Holy Scripture tells us that the "path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day." "The just"—that is, those who are habitually in God's grace, who have and keep the life of God in their souls. The Christian virtues, the seeds of which were put in our souls at baptism, should have been growing during all our lives; they should have become strong trees now, deeply rooted and spreading far and wide. Even if they were killed at any time by the frost of mortal sin, they should have been speedily brought to life and renewed their growth before they had decayed and rotted away.

Brethren, I need not ask you if this has been so with you. With some, no doubt, it has. They may not feel that they have drawn nearer to God, but really they have. Temptation does not find the material in them to work on that it did; to avoid evil and to do good is every day easier and easier; they have still cause to fear, it is true, but still more and more ground to hope.

But, alas! how many there are in whom there is no sign of this growth which should have come from the seed which has been sown in them! Their light has not increased; no, it is almost always extinguished; when it does seem to shine it is but to flicker for a moment, and to disappear. The seed is no sooner sown in them than it is trampled under foot or carried away by the birds of the air.

Brethren, if the life of grace is not growing in our souls; if we are not falling less frequently, and rising more easily from our falls, than before, our path is not that of the just, and the seed of the word of God has not yet taken that root which will make it bring forth a hundredfold.

An obedience to the simple laws of hygiene and the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will enable the most delicate man or sickly woman to pass in ease and safety from the icy atmosphere of February to the warm, moist days of April. It is the best of spring medicines.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed two corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Baltimore Bulletin.

SIRS—I had a troublesome cold which nothing would relieve until I tried Hayyard's Peppermint Balm, and I am glad to say that it completely cured me.

ROBT. MCQUARRIE, Baltimore, Md. PURE IMPORTED WINE, Prime Canada Beef and soluble scale salts of Iron, are combined in Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

No other Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like Hood's. It is the only one of which can truly be said: "100 Doses \$1."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE:

Or, How I Came to Take the Pledge—the Priest's Story.

Catholic Columbian.

I had a friend, a lawyer, who up to the fortieth year of his age had practiced temperance in eating and drinking, and therefore, though of a weak constitution, enjoyed good health. But you could never get him to take the pledge. Indeed, he looked upon it as a little shameful, because he held that it was only proper when necessary in the case of persons who could not touch drink without excess. He followed my example in fact, and had precisely the same notions on the subject. This man was an exemplary Catholic. I need say no more than that he gave his Sunday afternoons to helping his pastor as a teacher of the catechism. But he never thought of becoming a total abstainer. Nay, he even objected to the declamations of so-called temperance orators, and looked upon them as making too much fuss over the vices of low, ignorant people.

"Why should I abstain because others get drunk?" he used to say. "Let everybody make use of all the creatures of God and manufactures of man in moderation. This is wisdom. Why give up wine, because many abuse it?"

HOW HE CAME AROUND.

In 1881 the Bishops of the United States met in Plenary Council in the city of Baltimore, and I asked my friend to accompany me to witness one of the grand public sessions. We went, and, of course, he was very much impressed. Archbishop Ireland's sermon chiefly went to his mind and heart, and he admired the logic as well as the courage and manliness of the great prelate of St. Paul.

It was announced that in the evening there was to be a temperance demonstration at Ford's Opera House. It rained very much, but we went there. The theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic assemblage. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, spoke first. The simple manner of the eminent prelate, who, educated at Rome, had taught theology for eleven years in this college, had advanced the See of Natchez for over twenty years, refusing to leave it to become Archbishop of San Francisco, because at that time the people of the Mississippi Diocese were afflicted with yellow fever, had then been promoted to the debt-stricken Diocese of Cincinnati, was distinguished for his piety and power as a preacher to the clergy, and now stepped forward to tell the people why he was a total abstainer—this struck my friend very forcibly indeed.

"Is not this Bishop Elder, who went to prison rather than to allow an army officer to dictate the conditions on which he should preach and pray?" "This is he," I answered. "But he has done a braver thing than that: he has taken the pledge, simply and purely to encourage his people."

"I understand," he said. "After the Archbishop has taken his seat, Bishop Keane, of Richmond, rose, the same who is now rector of the University of Washington. 'I never took a drop of intoxicating drink in my life,' he said."

My friend opened his eyes with astonishment, and his parted lips expressed his intense interest. Next rose a small man in episcopal colors, with what is called a Napoleonic head, grave, rather stern face, and a bold, decisive manner.

"This is Spalding, Bishop of Peoria," I whispered, and the young prelate began in his deep and sonorous tones to tell why he had taken the pledge. (I could feel my friend quiver with astonished interest, for he had heard of the culture, the learning and the eloquence of Bishop Spalding.)

"You are a poor man, a mechanic, a laborer, perhaps," the speaker was saying. "My God, that's nothing!" (The house rang with applause, my friend joining in most heartily.) "That's nothing. Let a poor man be sober and industrious, and I tell you he is far better off than the rich with all their responsibilities. Or, are we going to take a man by what he has on him and not rather by the honesty of his conduct, the steadiness of his life, his love, and duty toward his wife and children?"

The orator then went on in witty strain to talk about the prevailing complaint of sleeplessness among the busy, active Americans.

"There is no one busier than Archbishop Ireland," he said. "He is as restless as the blizzard on the prairies, and yet he can go to sleep in a moment on steamboat or railroad car, wherever he finds himself having a little leisure. I often wondered why this was, and, at last, I came to think it might be his total abstinence. I wanted to sleep, too, sometimes, so I took the pledge."

"A man of this calibre to take the pledge! Another Bishop, and he, too, one of the most brilliant in the hierarchy! Well, I really don't know what to make of it," was my friend's reflection.

Bishop Watterson, of Ohio, spoke to the same effect, and gave the same testimony as the man who preceded him. He, like the Archbishop of Cincinnati and the Bishop of Peoria, was a student at Old Mount St. Mary's.

Last arose Archbishop Ireland, the Father Mathew of the West, the leader and the champion of progress:

"Fellow total abstainers, and all you who have braved the elements this evening, I congratulate you on your zeal in the cause of God and our neighbor."

"God and our neighbor," repeated my friend to myself. "Why, that's new light for me, indeed."

"Every one of us should imitate the Son of God, our Saviour, who, having a happy home in heaven, pitied our needy state, came down and lived and suffered and died among us. Why? To save us from hell, to bring us to eternal happiness."

"O, my brother, do you not know this? Do you not know the magnificent opportunity you have of co-operating with Christ in His own divine word, the rescue of sinners?"

"You cannot make speeches. You are not a priest and cannot preach to the people. Let me tell you that there is something stronger than talking. It is conduct. There is something a thousand times more effective than preaching; it is example. Here, then, you have a chance to do more than the priest can if he only preaches. Will you lose this splendid opportunity? Will you miss this chance to save your soul by helping your brothers?"

And how slight the trouble required to take part in this great apostolate? Nothing but to deprive yourself for a while of a small sensual gratification. For a while, I say, because after a little time you will not care for it, think of it no more, but the force of your example will be as strong as ever.

"I need say nothing of the uselessness of drink, nothing of the advantages of total abstinence, nothing of the evils of intemperance; I could stop here and ask you if you are willing to be a follower of the Son of God or not? To work for your neighbor as He did, and to save your own soul?"

The great prelate went on with that tremendous earnestness and force of a man convinced of the truth and necessity of his subject, and all the more effective in his oratory because he forgot or disregarded all the artificial aids of tone and style, and spoke "like a man" full of desire for the good of his auditors.

They rose up and cheered him again and again. My friend and I rose, too, and I remarked the spell of astonishment that bound his features, and rendered him almost unable to say a word.

After the great, the era-making, meeting was over, we went away, neither of us saying much. All had been said.

The following Sunday the lawyer was, as usual, at the head of the catechism class (he was an educated gentleman, a prominent attorney and also Mayor of our city, but we lived in Maryland, you know, and so he was helping the pastor in this way), when the time came for his regular talk to the larger boys, he spoke on temperance, on total abstinence. He described the Baltimore meeting, narrated the presence and addresses of the Bishops, rehearsed their arguments, and indeed became quite eloquent himself. The boys listened as if this were a new lesson, indeed, and their interest equalled their teacher's earnestness.

A week after, when he had dismissed the school and was looking over his class lists to make report to the pastor, two of the most promising pupils presented themselves.

"Mr. Carroll," the elder said, "we thought about taking the pledge you were telling us about last Sunday."

His heart leaped into his mouth and his eyes glistened with emotion. He shook hands with both of the boys, and said quietly: "Let us go and see Father Lee."

I was reading my office in the sacristy when they came in.

"Father," said my friend, "we three want to take the pledge," and he and they knelt down before me.

"I'll take it, too," said I. "Let us go out to the altar rail."

We did so, and with thanks to God for the wonderful way in which His grace had come to me, I and my three friends with me recited the vow that bound us in union with our Saviour thirsting on the cross, to abstain in His honor, and for our own and our neighbors' good from all intoxicating drinks, and to discontinuance the cause and practice of intemperance.

EDWARD McSWENEY, Mt. St. Mary's, Md.

P. S.—Three out of the five Bishops that took part in this famous meeting are "Mountaineers." Archbishop Elder was one of our professors, also, and Bishop Watterson for a time, president.

Priest's Housekeepers.

To those who have occasion to visit pastoral residences the project mooted in the West to establish an institute destined to equip and supply priests' house-keepers will have a special interest. A clerical advocate of the scheme says of it: "A priest gets his living partly from his people, but mostly from his house-keeper. None but he can rightly estimate how much his success in the ministry, in some important respects, depends upon the peace, order and management of his home. Perhaps even the remark may be ventured upon a pastor's own spiritual advancement hinges not inconsiderably on a good, a poor, or an indifferent service in domestic affairs."

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RETROSPECTION.

If Your Life in the Past has been Bad Mend It in the Future.

Rev. Father Lawless, S. J., of Glasgow, Scotland, in a recent discourse said: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." We require no Revelation to teach us the truth of this. There have been nations as well as individuals who once were powerful and domineering, and yet not one trace of them remains to-day. Their memory even is faded, and nothing remains of them but a little dust, dispersed by every idle wind that blows. In the fair land of Italy where the sun shines so brightly and the skies are always blue, you will find one portion which is an exception to the rule of fairness and beauty. A waste country, full of sand, and holes of water, and marshes, where the people die of malaria. And yet that land was once

RICH AND POWERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL. It was covered with forests and had noble cities inhabited by people who, in times of trouble and dispute, set their limbs and girt their loins for war, and in times of peace cultivated the land and built fair cities and made the place beautiful with their statues and works of art, and the land full of music with their song, and yet to-day there remains only a broken lute or a fallen statue to remind us of their existence, and their very name is faded as the roses that once twined their brows. Some years ago workmen excavating among the sand and stones came upon a tomb. Removing the sand they found it was built like a temple. They opened the door and found a vestibule and beyond, another door. Opening this they entered into the spacious tomb. The walls were exquisitely painted, and upon an altar there lay a king in his royal robes with diadem on his brow, and ornaments of gold upon his breast and hands. In amazement the men looked upon him, for his face was fair and ruddy, and he seemed to sleep. But in a little moment, as the air found its way into the room,

SUDDENLY THE BODY VANISHED FROM THEIR SIGHT, and became but a little dust. All that remained was the golden diadem and ornaments that adorned him. The life of each one of us is like that king in this, that one day we, like him, shall be but as a little dust, but shall we also resemble him in leaving behind us treasures of gold. Shall we, when touched by the Angel of Death and returned to parent dust, leave behind us the treasure of golden example? Shall we have laid up in heaven a golden treasure of merit, and shall we have waiting for us a diadem of gold? Our lives pass quickly. How short this past year has seemed! Just as the past has been, so will the future be, and at the end of our lives time will appear to us as very short. It will then be too late to turn back to labor and lay up treasures in heaven. Our lives will be past, and, if we have failed we must say too late, and too late for ever. What, then, can we desire to leave behind us? First, a good example to our fellow-men. To have it said of us that the world is better for us having lived in it. That men and women have been made happier by our countenance and companionship. Children can give good examples of obedience to their parents, of diligence at school, of modesty and of piety. And when DEATH, WHICH SPARES NOT OLD OR YOUNG,

lays the young down upon a bed of death, would they not desire to have it said of them: "This was a good child. It obeyed its parents and never a bad word was heard from her lips, and now that God has taken her to Himself, we may be sure her place is in heaven." Can all children persuade themselves that this can be said of them for their conduct during the past year. If not, what resolution will they make to-day? Young men and maidens, St. Paul tells us, should live soberly and piously. When the Angel of Death has laid his hand upon them, shall we be able to say that they were good living men and women; that they were seen regularly attending to their duties; that they gave a good example to all around them; that they were never seen the worse of intoxicating drinks, and were always ready to take part in any good work. Let them ask themselves what has been their practice during the past year, and they will see what resolution they should make to-day. It is better for them to make one good resolution and keep it than to make fifty and forget them. If there are companions who have led you into sin, resolve to avoid them; if there is danger for you in drink, resolve to avoid it, and keep that resolution.

EVERY ONE SHOULD MAKE SOME RESOLUTION that will help him to give a better example to those around him and more glory to God. Again, husbands and wives, what examples have they left to their children and friends? We are told that God made Eve to be a helpmate to the man. What sort of helpmate have the wives been during the past year? Shall it be said that he was a good husband, she a good wife, that their loss is irreparable? That the wife helped him in all his troubles, and did not desert him in the hour of need. That he has kept his marriage vow and loved and cherished her? There are husbands and wives who, to the end of their lives, love and cherish one another as they did when they stood before the altar of God and made the marriage vow. There are others whose love grows cold, and they live an ungracious life. With the greater number, while matters are not so bad

as that they are not so good as they might be. They are what had been termed "just middling." Our Lord Himself, in the Book of Revelations, says He wishes we were one thing or another. This lukewarmness is a very bad state. If, then, we have been only middling during the past year, we can examine what it is makes us so, and try to-day and see how we can better our lives. There are—alas! that it should be so!—

SOME WHO ARE OLD IN SIN. We see them tottering about the streets, not thinking that their life will die out as surely as yesterday died. Not thinking of their soul or their God, nor of the treasures they should be laying up in heaven. For them it is not every yet too late, for even those that come at the eleventh hour God shall not reject. By sorrow and repentance they may yet repair in some degree the wasted years. If we would lay by treasures for ourselves in heaven, we can only do so day by day as time passes. When time is no more the opportunity is gone—it is too late to look back on the past. So let us ask ourselves what have we done, that when we are as a little dust there should be gold and jewels imperishable laid up for us. How much merit have we laid up during the past year? What good works have we done, what acts of kindness have we done to our fellow men in a spirit of charity, what relief have we given to the poor, what sacraments have we received in a state of grace? Saint Teresa says that in order to gain one degree of glory it is worth our while

TO LABOR AND TOIL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. And yet by every act of charity, every sacrament received in a state of grace, we increase our glory not one, but a thousand fold. If we would lay up these treasures in heaven it must be done by ourselves. Our Lord tells us He sent us here to labor, and will render to us according to our works. Let us then make the resolution to-day that if we have been negligent in our duties, prayers or good works, we will now be more careful to redeem the time, and when the angel of death has come we shall have laid up for ourselves a golden diadem. God does not ask for success. He judges us by our intentions, and He will reward us more than we deserve. There is not one of us for whom He has not reserved this crown. If we fail to wear it, it shall be through our own fault. Let us all resolve to form and direct our lives that when our Lord shall come again we shall be found to have laid up treasure of gold and jewels which shall be even more un-fading than the treasures found in the tomb of the Etruscan King, as un-antiquated and beautiful as they were when placed there in ages long gone by.

Don't wait until you die to pay to God the title of the goods He has given to you. You will then have no use for it, and it will be like "leavings" that you will offer Him. Pay the poor their portion while you are alive to distribute, instead of trusting to others to do it in obedience to your last will.

Every visitation is a state of advance in your walk of faith. Every chastisement is sent to open a new page in the great Book of Life—to show you things within you which you know not, and things which hereafter shall be your portion. Welcome sorrow, trial, fear, if only our sin be blotted out and our lot secure in the lowest room, in the light of His Face, before the Throne of His beauty, in one hour and in our rest forever.—Cardinal Manning.

All depends on perseverance. Without this nothing avails. The grace and perfection and splendor of the angels could not save them. The daily fellowship with Jesus, His doctrines and miracles, and three years of His presence did not save Judas. The gift of regeneration and of the sacraments of grace were all in vain to Ananias and Sapphira. All alike lacked one thing, and that one thing lacking lost them all things. They had not perseverance, and though they had everything else nothing without this was of avail.

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Mr. L. B. Hamlen, of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years."

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London, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1893.

MORALITY AND RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

The World-Herald of Omaha has recently had several articles on the subject of morality in Public schools which ought to go far towards educating the public mind to the necessity of making religion and morality the basis of Public school teaching.

The editor of the paper and the first mentioned correspondent agree in expressing the opinion that morals are not sufficiently taught in the schools, but the Rev. Mr. Williams goes further, stating that authoritatively, at least, they are not taught at all.

He adds: "Teachers, of course, do use their personal influence to enforce moral principles among their pupils; but what provision is made by authority to enforce the provisions of the decalogue?"

He relates of Mr. Ingalls, the well-known statesman, that he gave utterance to his opinion that "to expect the practice of the principles of the decalogue or of the golden rule in public politics is an iridescent dream."

Mr. Ingalls has been much blamed for this statement, but Rev. Mr. Williams remarks that he did not mean to say that it is expedient or right that the decalogue should be ignored. He meant only that as a matter of fact they are ignored by public men, and it is a mere dream to expect that men will submit to be governed by those principles of morality which the decalogue enjoins on mankind.

When we look around us we cannot help being convinced that this is a correct appreciation of the situation, perhaps more so in the United States than in Canada; yet even in this country we fear it is too much the case. Let us ask, therefore, why is this so?"

Mr. Williams tells us plainly that he believes the main cause to be the want of efficient moral teaching in the schools, and he asks:

"Is not this the reason that while the Public schools turn out so many brilliant pupils, many smart men of business, many qualified to distinguish themselves in art and science, the papers of our city and every large city in the United States are filled with the careers of so many unprincipled but educated scoundrels? With such a haphazard system of moral instruction the wonder is that more do not go wrong."

We do not by any means wish it to be understood that we are of opinion that the Public school teachers of Ontario are as a rule neglectful of their duty. We believe them to be a painstaking body, zealous and efficient, and for the most part of good morals; but they are prevented by the nature of the school system, and by the diversity of sects, from having any ground on which to base moral instruction; and, under such circumstances, moral teaching must be a failure.

The basis of moral teaching is religion, and as definite religion cannot be taught in the schools, moral teaching cannot be effective—and it is in consequence of the resulting want of morality among the people educated under such a system that the widely extended infidelity of the age has grown up.

Rev. Mr. Williams says: "Talk of the infidelity of our age as though it were the outgrowth of our nineteenth century intellectual development. This is a falsehood. The infidelity of our times is not intellectual first, but moral, ninety-nine hundredths of it. Greed, covetousness, lying, dishonesty, licentiousness, all plead their wonderful intellect as the ground of their rejection of religion."

We teach children how best to get a living; we do not teach them how best to live. Sooner or later that means for us national disaster. But the strangest part of it all is that Christian people

are content to have it so. So far as the masses are concerned, Protestants, at all events, are content to have it so."

We have often warned our Protestant fellow-citizens of these consequences of secularized schools, but we scarcely expect that they will heed our warning, for they are of opinion that good advice cannot come from a Catholic source. We cannot and do not desire to force our opinions upon them; but at least they should throw no obstacle in the way of Catholics who are aware of the danger, and are willing to provide for their children a religious and moral training. Surely such a training cannot be harmful; and we should be at liberty to give it to our children if we think it advisable.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

The Home Rule Bill is now fairly before Parliament. It was introduced by Mr. Gladstone on the afternoon of the 13th inst., and its provisions were explained with all the eloquence, vigor and display of his thorough mastery of the intricate subject for which Mr. Gladstone is so remarkable whenever he has occasion to deal with a difficult subject.

The English, Irish and Scotch press unite in expressing their admiration for the wonderful grasp of intellect displayed by Mr. Gladstone in his speech on introducing the measure to the House of Commons, though, of course, there is much diversity of opinion regarding the effect it will have in solving the Irish problem, the opinions varying according to the preconceived notions of each one, or to the strength of the ties by which they are attached to one or the other political party.

The London Times says: "Those whom Mr. Gladstone failed to convince in 1886 will not be convinced now by a less powerful and less persuasive appeal." It acknowledges, however, that the speech was marvellous for a man of eighty-four years of age, adding that though "he has shown that he can still bend the bow of Ulysses, his most unflinching admirers will hardly refuse to confess that he no longer sends the arrow straight to the mark."

The question of the retention of Irish members of Parliament at Westminster is one over which there will be a fierce contest. On the Conservative side it will be bitterly opposed, and many of the Radicals are likewise resolutely arrayed against it.

On this feature of the Bill the Irish Nationalists appear to be indifferent, provided Ireland be exempted from Imperial interference in her legislation. But as the land question is to be for three years within the competency of the Imperial Parliament, the police for six years under control of the Imperial Government, and the judiciary under the same authority temporarily, the Nationalists maintain with justice that at least until the longest of these periods lapse, it is but just that Ireland be represented in the House of Commons in full strength.

This point has been carefully considered by Mr. Gladstone, and he has come to the conclusion that whereas Ireland has now a smaller population than formerly, while the population of Great Britain has increased, the voting power of Ireland should be reduced, though it should not be excluded from Imperial legislation. The representation from Ireland has, therefore, been fixed at eighty members, who are to be excluded from voting on questions relating exclusively to Great Britain. It is remarked that nearly all the legislation in some respect or other may be classed as affecting Imperial or Irish matters, so that the Irish members will be excluded from voting only on a very small proportion of the measures which will be brought before Parliament.

Even with these limitations this portion of the bill will meet with strenuous opposition from the Tories. The Standard says on their behalf:

"The measure is impracticable and impossible. If passed, it would never work. The device of retaining the Irish members at Westminster is such a palpable absurdity that Mr. Gladstone himself could not attempt to treat it seriously."

As a matter of course, Col. Sanderson, speaking on behalf of the Ulster Orangemen, declares that they will oppose the bill at every stage. Both parties of Irish Nationalists will, however, support it, and Mr. John Redmond has even asserted that if certain features of the bill had been known earlier, there would have been nothing to prevent a reunion of the two Nationalist parties. We hope that this argues that such a reunion will now not be delayed. The continuance of the split is one of the greatest obstacles

to Ireland's attainment of that justice which she has so long demanded.

One feature of the bill is that there will be a second chamber in the new Irish Parliament. This is one of the guarantees by which it is hoped that minority rights will be protected. The Legislative Council will consist of forty-eight members with a property qualification. The remaining features are generally such as we have explained heretofore.

There is little or no doubt the bill will pass the Commons. Whether there will be any trouble from the threatened opposition of the Lords remains to be seen. Such opposition may delay but cannot prevent the bill from soon becoming law.

A CONSISTENT POLICY.

An article in the Mail of the 13th inst., entitled "A Discordant Policy," has for its object to stir up an agitation in Ontario for the abolition of the Separate school system of this Province, as well as to sustain the attack of Premier Greenway upon the rights of the Catholic minority in Manitoba.

His Grace Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface has published an able letter the main design of which is to place clearly before the members of the Canadian Parliament the claim of the Catholics of Manitoba to be protected in their rights, of which they have been so unjustly deprived by the Legislature of that Province; and as the action of Mgr. Satolli in the United States has been frequently quoted by some Canadian papers as if it were adverse to distinctly Catholic schools, His Grace shows that this is not the case, and that moreover the question of religious education stands upon so different a basis in this country and the United States that there can be no inference drawn that a course which is applicable to the United States is also to be applied to the Dominion.

The Mail lays it down that the Council of Baltimore "promulgated a set of very strict rules with regard to Catholic schools," whereas Mgr. Satolli decided that "where the (Catholic) schools cannot be procured the Public schools are suitable for Catholic children, provided priests and people do what the Protestants do, namely, see to the religious instruction of the young through other agencies." The inference drawn from all this by the Mail is that there is discord, or a "discordant policy" pursued by the Church on the school question, and, further, that, in accordance with Archbishop Satolli's pronouncement, Separate schools ought not "to be forced upon the Legislatures" of any Province in Canada against their will.

It is right to notice here that the Mail has all along condemned Catholics most strenuously for accepting the Pope's decision on merely moral questions, the plea being that we pay allegiance to a foreign authority, which prevents us from being loyal subjects. It is remarkable to find that very consistent journal now urging us week after week to accept the authority of Mgr. Satolli on the school question as the voice of Pope Leo XIII., whom we are bound to respect.

This reminds us of the very different attitudes of Shakespeare's Jew, Shylock, towards the judge when the decision was against him, and when it seemed to be favorable. In the former circumstance, he uttered the plaintive wail:

Nay, take my life and all. You take my honor when you take the prop. That doth sustain my honor: you take my life. When you do take the means whereby I live.

But when he thought the sentence to be as he wished it his exclamation was:

O Daniel come to judgment: yea a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

The Mail has also suddenly come to honor the Pope's decisions. We rejoice to witness its wonderful conversion.

But the decisions of Mgr. Satolli do not in any way justify the Mail's conclusions. In the first place, as the Mail admits, they have not Canada in view at all. In the second place, even if applied to Canada, they are in no way at variance with the contentment of Canadian Catholics that we have the natural right to educate our children in Catholic schools where they will be instructed in their religion. The Mail itself admits that "It would not be right to say that Mgr. Satolli has decided against Separate schools." Where then is the "discordant policy" which that journal proclaims in large capitals?

Oh! we are told that it consists in this, that where Catholics cannot have Catholic schools, Mgr. Satolli permits the use of Public schools, with the proviso that the education of the Catholic children attending them be

otherwise provided for by priests and parents.

This is precisely what the Catholics of Canada are doing. Nearly two-thirds of the Catholic children of Ontario are attending Public schools—some in Catholic localities, where provision is readily made for Catholic education, and others in Protestant localities where this is more difficult, though it is certainly not neglected, as a rule; but it would be a gross injustice to say that on this account Catholics are to be deprived of Catholic schools in places where they are able and willing to establish and sustain them out of their own resources. Instead of being "discordant," the Catholic policy is most consistent.

BIBLE WINES.

The question of the nature of Scripture wines is one which from time to time disturbs greatly the consciences of Protestant ministers and laymen, especially those who feel deeply interested in the Temperance cause, or rather in that of Total Prohibition.

The extreme advocates of Prohibition carry their principles so far as to say that all use of spirituous liquors is sinful, and therefore absolutely forbidden to the Christian, and in the daily papers we see constantly letters from various quarters maintaining this view. As a consequence of this it is maintained that the wine which Christ made from water at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee and that which He used in the institution of the sacrament of the Eucharist were unalloyed drinks without alcohol in their composition, the latter being an unfermented juice of the grape.

A specimen letter maintaining this view of the case appeared in a recent issue of the Globe. The writer maintains that when Christ said "old wine is better than the new," He spoke of unfermented wine. He says also, "Only juice from raisins was ever used by the Jews at the Passover, and therefore (it was used) by our Lord at the Lord's supper." The same kind of wine, he says, "was made by our Lord at Cana and recommended by Paul to Timothy."

It is scarcely necessary to say that all these assertions are merely imaginative.

Judea had certainly many different kinds of wine of various strength, as is the case in every vine-growing country, and the wines of Judea were known by different names which are found in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament. Among these names yayin occurs most frequently, and this is nearly always translated in the Septuagint by the Greek word oinos, which is also the word used constantly in the Greek New Testament except in Acts ii, 13, where we find glutokos; where it is written that on the feast of Pentecost, the Apostles spoke "with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak" the wonderful works of God, and especially the mysteries of our Redemption. Then it was that some unbelievers said mocking, "These men are full of new wine."

This glutokos was certainly a fermented and intoxicating liquor, for St. Peter, speaking in the name of all, said, "For these are not drunk as you suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day."

That the oinos or yayin was also a fermented wine, though the strength varied, is clear from many passages of the Old and New Testaments, as St. Matt. ix, 17; St. Mark ii, 21; St. Luke v, 37; "Neither do they put new wine into old bottles, otherwise the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles are lost. But they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved."

This illustration used by our Lord refers to the putting of the liquor into bottles made of skins, which, if old, would, of course, burst by the fermentation of the new wine. The reference is to the wine in ordinary use, which was a fermented liquor.

St. Paul admonishes the Ephesians (v, 18), "And be not drunk with wine wherein is luxury; but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit."

In the Old Testament the passages are numerous wherein yayin, the equivalent of the Greek oinos, by which is always understood a fermented wine, is frequently spoken of as intoxicating, as in Isaiah xxviii, 1, 7. "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim . . . staggering with wine" and "these also have been ignorant through wine and through drunkenness have erred . . . they are swallowed up with wine, they have gone astray in drunkenness."

As in Ecclesiasticus xxxviii, God is declared to be the Creator of the phys-

ian, and of medicines, even alcohol is to be regarded as God's creature, given to man for his use and benefit; and so wines are numbered among the blessings which God has given to man, equally with corn, oil and fruit. (Is. lxxviii, 8, Gen. xxvii, 28.)

We infer, therefore, that it is the abuse and not the proper and moderate use of wine which is prohibited in Scripture, and that the wine which was used in the institution of the Holy Eucharist was the wine in ordinary use, and that the same wine in moderation as a medicine was recommended by St. Paul to Timothy "use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." (1 Tim. v, 23.)

The correspondent of the Globe maintains that the Jews never used fermented wine in the Passover period; but the renowned Rabbi Maimonides gives a different account of the matter, for, speaking of the Passover wine, he says:

"The reason we do not permit him (the guest at the Passover) to drink between the third and fourth cups is that he may not become intoxicated, for wine drunk while eating does not intoxicate, but without food it intoxicates."

It is perfectly true that at this day some Jews will not make use of "Gentile" wine at the sacred feasts; but this is because they fear adulteration with leaven of grain, or that the vineyard or vintage has been blessed by a Christian priest in the name of Christ; and they sometimes make use of an artificial wine of their own manufacture; but even this syrup is generally fermented, and they usually use the juice of the grape as fermented under their own supervision.

It is sufficient proof, however, of the nature of the wine used by our Lord, that the Catholic Church and the Greek Church have preserved from Apostolic days the use of the pure fermented juice of the grape in the administration of the Eucharist.

The prohibition of leaven to the Jews during the Passover was limited to the use of bread, and it is generally understood by the Jews as extending to the use of any grain leaven, so that liquors made from grain, or wines adulterated with such liquors are not used by them on these occasions.

From all this it may be justly inferred that the wine made by Christ from water at the marriage feast of Cana was likewise the wine in common use. It was not made by Him to be used to intoxication, but in such moderation as to be beneficial. It is to be remarked that in wine-growing countries the wines are seldom used to intoxication.

STONES FROM GLASS HOUSES.

A violent attack was made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on the 14th inst. on the Government by reason of the suspension of payment of certain funds claimed by the Anglican Bishop of St. Asaph's. He said that Mr. Gladstone's Administration was guilty of a serious transgression against the British constitution inasmuch as it had directed the Church Commission to deal with that Welsh diocese as if the suspensory bill were already a law.

On behalf of the Administration the Earl of Kimberley and Lord Herschall maintained that it would be found that the Government had not influenced the Commission in its decision, and that when the proper time would arrive it would be found the Government had acted in accordance with law.

It would be time enough, however, to discuss the matter when the Suspensory Bill would come before the House. Further particulars on this point are not given in the meagre telegraphic despatch, but the virulence of Lord Salisbury's attack may be judged from his statement that the "Church of Ireland had been robbed," and "this robbery had been followed by robbery of the landlords of Ireland and the mutilation of the State." He continued:

"Mr. Gladstone was the first British Prime Minister who had the reputation of striking down the Church of England, and had aimed to mutilate an institution that is older than the dynasty or other institutions of the country."

When it is considered that the Church of England originated in the spoliation of the Catholic Church, Lord Salisbury's reproaches are seen to have been uttered with very bad grace. St. Paul's Church, London, is the only grand structure to which the Church of England can point as not having been acquired by robbery, and even in this case the site was stolen, and the only reason why the same is not to be said of the building is that the original St. Paul's was destroyed by fire, and the present one built in its stead. It therefore ill becomes her champions to

give the name of thieves to a Government which makes her disgorge some of her plunder.

For three centuries and a half the Irish Catholics have been openly robbed of their tithes to support that institution which gave no return for the moneys thus forcibly taken from the people; and in Wales, where the people are nearly all Methodists, the robbery still going on is no less barefaced. But even in England the robbery is nearly as bad, as the Church of England there, too, is supported by the taxation of the whole population for the benefit of the minority.

Even the Conservative Lords who supported Lord Salisbury in his attack must have laughed in their sleeves at the absurdity of his accusations against the Gladstone Cabinet.

The incident shows that Parliament will soon be called upon to disestablish the Church in Wales, to satisfy the almost unanimous demand which the Principality is making that the odious injustice inflicted on them be removed at once.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Protestant newspapers of Toronto profess to see in the enlightened policy of the Pope a departure from Papal traditions, nay, a revelation in the disciplinary methods of the Church. That she is in touch with the people—instructing them as to their responsibilities, protecting them from every violation of their rights, and uplifting them to breathe the air of a pure mental and moral atmosphere—is a fact undeniable, and one that is causing consternation in the Protestant camp. Not so, however, with the best minds of the age, who behold in the sagacious policy of Leo XIII. a proof that the Church can with a divine adaptability conform herself to the present condition of society. From the days of the Catacombs to the present period she has flourished under all forms of Governments, and we defy anyone to point out change or divergence in her belief. As in past ages has she guided human ambitions into lawful channels and fostered all that might contribute to the lasting glory of humanity, so at the present time her cause is onward and upward to higher realms of thought and action. She preaches the religion of Christ, the religion of light and love. She looks upon human passion, rightly governed, not as instruments of perdition, but rather of noble thoughts and deeds. Hence man is strengthened, and his mind broadens and awakes to the boundless prospects she opens up before him, for grace does not destroy, but perfects, human nature. She sails every discovery of science as a triumph of mind over matter, of the spiritual over the material, and every good book she welcomes as a powerful ally to her cause of disseminating the truth.

TRUE, our Holy Church has cast aside the garments that adorned her during the periods of early persecutions. But that proves nothing. As manhood wears a different aspect from that of infancy, no reasonable mind can blame the Church for adopting methods suitable to the age and to her propagation over the entire world. The prophets depict her as a most powerful monarchy and as a great queen at whose feet all nations lay the tribute of their praise and homage. If, however, the Presbyterian Review sees in all this an essential change let it inculcate upon its readers the necessity of squaring their conduct with the practices of the early Christians. Then perhaps we may see evidences of the charity whose absence is so manifest in his articles. They, as the noble Christians of whom St. Paul speaks, shall sell their goods and spend the money in good works. Verily our century shall behold lives of penance and austerity. As they presume to give Catholics a lesson they may be induced to set them an example of strict adherence to evangelical precepts and to the usages of the first Christians.

THE Church creates no new dogmas, for she, as her Divine Founder, is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The object matter of faith never varies. Now and then, when circumstances demanded it, she has defined and declared doctrines revealed and admitted, but which on account of their less explicit revelation in Scripture or Tradition had been only implicitly believed in the Church. An example will illustrate this. The Presbyterian Review admits, we hope, the Divinity of Christ. Yet it was defined only by the Council of Nice about three hundred and twenty-five years after the deposit of Revelation was entrusted to the human race. Were the anterior cen-

tures profane Christ was the dogma of the Immaculate

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