

The Catholic Herald.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

NO. 689.

My Faith.

I've heard enlightened persons say
With show of logic keen and clever,
"The world will roll in the ancient way,
And the honest man will be down forever.
Honor and Truth are an idle dream;
Self is the rule good sense advises.
Worth will sink like a bubble in the stream
And the sun will shine on all that rises."
But I say No.
It cannot be so!
And if my reasons must be given,
No weak am I.
That my sole reply
Still an I work.
Is, "A just God sits on the throne of heaven."
When men grow rich, by the hand of fraud,
Loll in their rooms, or coaches splendid,
Laugh when they hear of the poor man's tears,
And say it is all as Heaven intended;
When proudly heath the summer sky,
Deceives him, chest, and spollar,
With gaudy gilt so flashing by,
And scorn the care-worn, thin-clad toiler,
Still an I work.
My changeless faith in the old, old story—
That martyr's trust
That God is just
That God will give
And virtue still the way to glory.

—T. D. Sullivan, M. D.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

One of the most striking illustrations of the liberality of the Catholic Church in contrast with the natural bigotry and exclusiveness of Protestantism, is furnished by the different treatment of Catholics and Protestants, in the matter of educational privileges, in the two Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In Ontario, where Protestants are in the majority, Primary Catholic schools are recognized by the Government and supported under the separate system, but there are no such things as publicly-sustained Catholic high schools; or Catholic normal schools; or a Catholic Council of Public Instruction. In Catholic Quebec, on the contrary, where the population is overwhelmingly Catholic, the most liberal provision is made for the Protestant minority. Under the denominational system, which works so splendidly in Quebec, there are State-supported Protestant elementary schools, Protestant high schools, a Protestant normal school and a Protestant Council of Public Instruction. Now in view of this striking disparity in favor of Catholic liberality one would suppose that a sense of shame, not to speak of a better motive, would induce the Protestants to make haste to be at least as liberal as Catholics in their educational arrangements, especially in view of the fact that the arrangements in Quebec work so well and are so generally satisfactory.

Pittsburgh Catholic.

Does the Church in France desire freedom? Then cut loose from the State. A church allied to a State is hampered, choked, its sphere of usefulness is abridged. If clerics look to the State for their salaries, they must expect to be limited in their freedom. The new era has dawned. Let there be an absolute divorce from the old regime. The young republic of the western world, with the marvellous growth of the Church within its borders, points out the way.

Catholic Columbian.

Every day is a mile-stone passed on our way to eternity. Every second takes us a step nearer the grave. The hours are passing. No hand can stay tide or time. Queen Elizabeth, on her death-bed, moaned aloud for one more hour of life, but when her last moment came, throne and sceptre were of no avail. So, with us—every tick of the clock checks off so much more of our time past, so much nearer the end. Let us rejoice that what we call life is passing away. We are going home. Our Father is there. Our relatives are there. Our friends are there. That is our abiding-place forever. Let us be glad that we are hastening thither. There sickness will be over, sorrow shall be unknown, trouble will not intrude, and "God shall wipe away the tears from every eye." Blessed be His name, we are going home!

Among the penances anciently inflicted on public sinners, was to sentence them to stand outside of the church and beg the prayers of those who were privileged to enter during the whole time of catechism, preaching and Holy Mass. Sometimes they stood there barefooted, and always bare-headed, and not infrequently with ropes around their necks. This was especially the case with the Traditores, or betrayers of the Sacred Books in Africa. Nowadays, a great many public sinners stand around the doors of the church during Mass. They are not penitents, however, but loungers. If they would preserve the fitness of things, then they would put ropes around their necks, and say to those entering the church: "Pray for me, that I may regain my faith, and my reverence and love for Him who died for me on the cross, so that I may not be ashamed or afraid to go night to His altar while He immolates Himself for me."

Boston Pilot.

In reading the oracular utterances of Sir Edwin Arnold, K. C. I. E. C. I., on things in general and the affairs of the universe in particular, one is tempted to address him in the words of John Leech's butcher to a fellow-craftsman: "I don't know as I ever knowed a man as knows as much as you know!" Sir Edwin was caught by a Chicago reporter, last week, and straightway delivered himself on the Anglo-Russian trouble: "Yes, yes, British blood has been spilled at Pamir, and of course you

know the English Government without the faintest show of hesitancy, but with great gravity, will demand satisfaction. Of course a fort was taken, but it was promptly recaptured, though I sincerely regret to say at the cost of some British blood." After washing his hands of this gory subject, Sir Edwin spoke of the Future of Literature, praising Walt Whitman and Longfellow and Eugene Field and Tennyson; of Japan, and Science, and Music, and Art, and most other things which may begin with a capital letter, including Himself and Home Rule. He approves of Himself, but not of Home Rule. "I must state," he said, "that while I am a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, I am his opponent, politically." Home Rule, he thought, would mean civil war inside of six weeks, but that was a thing hardly worth considering: "The Irish question died with Parnell, and I think it died happily. It will be revived sometime, but not in this century." But suppose the Czar should not be so tremendously impressed by the sanctity of "British blood," and should push the Pamir question to a fighting settlement, what of the death of the Irish question then? We think that Sir Edwin and his countrymen would find it a very lively ghost, not to be laid by a poetical Podsnap in all his majesty.

Ave Maria.

Thirty-five years ago, in the little town of Ellsworth, Me., the Rev. Father Bapst, S. J., was tarred and feathered by Protestant fanatics for exercising the duties of his sacred calling. In the same town, a few weeks ago, another Catholic priest, the Rev. T. F. Butler, delivered by invitation an address before a meeting of ministers held there. Father Butler's address was an able paper, and, while not offensively antagonistic, gave the reverend gentlemen who listened to him a number of points that may well occupy their best attention for some time to come.

Signor Crispi, late chief manager of United Italy, and active persecutor of the Church, is supposed by some Americans to be a well-informed man in all international questions. We have been told that he thoroughly understands American institutions and loves them ardently. He says, in the December number of the *North American Review*, that headmistress forms of religion as worthy of place in the world; the Oriental Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, and the American. "The American Church," he tells us blandly, sweetly, naively, "has for its chief magistrate, who acts as Bishop and as king." We do not think Mr. Porter, our able Minister at Rome, ever told him this. It is possible that somebody has translated Mark Twain or Bill Nye into the language of Italian diplomacy. And Signor Crispi is a statesman!

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

PARISH OF PICTON.

The ladies of St. Gregory's congregation have been busily engaged the past month making preparations for the grand bazaar which has been in operation for the past four days in the Town Hall, and successfully terminated on Thursday evening by a grand promenade concert. Father McDonagh was superintendent of affairs. The different ladies and gentlemen, under his direction, made a most perfect organization. Never in the history of the parish has there been a more successful bazaar held or a larger sum realized. The best of good feeling prevailed during the proceedings, not only among its own congregation but our fellow-citizens of all denominations helped to make our bazaar the grand success it was. I might here mention that Father McDonagh has not only endeared himself to the Catholics during his short stay in Picton and vicinity, but the Protestant community hold him in high esteem, which was evinced by the large numbers who attended the bazaar nightly. The great contest between D. C. Millar and Dr. Platt, for the elegant gold-headed cane presented by the C. M. B. A., also created a great deal of excitement. The voting was spirited on both sides. The Dr. proved to be too strong for Mr. Millar, and won the handsome cane by six hundred majority. After Father McDonagh announced the state of the polls the wildest excitement prevailed for some time, so excited were the many friends. The Doctor received congratulations from Reform and Tory alike. The crowd wanted a speech. The Doctor then ascended the platform and spoke eloquently in his usual good style, saying he would ever prize dearly the magnificent cane the Catholics won for him to-day.

The contest for the lady's gold watch, created five young ladies of the congregation, created quite a flutter of friendly excitement. Each young lady's friends worked hard, and a handsome sum was realized. Miss Lizzie Horrigan was successful in winning the watch. Miss Horrigan received the congratulations of her many friends in her signal success. Father McDonagh presented each of the young ladies with an elegant gold ring. Mr. F. Horrigan, of Syracuse, held the lucky number on the gent's gold watch. The Citizens Band furnished music during the bazaar.

Father McDonagh has a right to feel proud at the signal success of his bazaar. From the start to the close he worked unceasingly for the success of his enterprise. As an organizer and manager he has no peer. The handsome sum of nearly \$2,000 was realized.

I. C. B. U., Hamilton.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS—AUGUST 30, 1891.
Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 31, 1891.
President Peter Cheeseman, first vice-pres. John Rankin, second vice-pres. John Little-moore, rec. sec. Chas. J. Ranger three terms, sec. John Hurley, vice. John Williams, visiting stewards Robert Smith and Michael Cahill, sergeant at arms, etc. Russell, marshal D. A. McManus, executive committee J. S. Hill, Samuel Cheeseman and D. A. McManus, entertainment committee John Russell, M. Cahill, John Bedoe and J. Sharkey, delegates to convention S. Cheeseman and D. A. McManus.
C. RANGER, Rec. Sec.

I suppose people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may.—*Hawthorne, House of Seven Gables.*

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Interesting Ceremony at Port Credit.

Streetsville Review, Dec. 21, 1891.

A very beautiful and interesting ceremony took place at the Catholic church, Port Credit, on the evening of the anniversary of the blessing and consecration of a handsome bell purchased by Father Trayling from McNealey Bros., of Troy, N. Y. The church was exquisitely decorated with wreaths of evergreen, and the altar was artistically arrayed with lighted tapers and with flowers, all of which was supervised by the rev. pastor, who seems to be an adopt in the unique arrangement of matters of that kind.

This was but a preparation to make more solemn the blessing and consecration of the bell—an office inherent in the Episcopacy—which, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was delegated by His Grace the Archbishop to the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney for the above mentioned occasion.

The church was filled to overflowing, all anxiously looking for the advent of His Grace the Archbishop, whose account of illness, could not be present; and only after the lucid and satisfactory explanation of his Vicar-General, Rev. F. P. Rooney, were the hearts of the people satisfied to abandon the long look for the face of their beloved Archbishop. Then the Rev. Vicar-General, vested in *ornate, alb, stole and cope*, began the solemn ceremony of blessing and consecrating the bell to the honor of God, and in doing so he rapidly interspersed with songs of God, named it "Star of the Sea." Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Father Trayling and Father Duffy were present. Father Trayling sang the Mass, at which Father Duffy acted as master of ceremonies.

At the end Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann ascended the altar and delivered, in his own dignified and eloquent manner, a powerful discourse relative to the ceremony of the day.

To understand the meaning of the beautiful ceremony you have just witnessed—the blessing of a bell—it is necessary to call to mind that in the beginning God created all things that are to be rejected that is, the material existence, the glory of God and the physical and moral welfare of man. But by sin man fell beneath the power of the demon, and the malign influence of the spirit of darkness was felt by all creatures dependant on man. God did not abandon, however, the work of His hands, and Christ our Lord came in the fullness of time to cast out the devil and destroy his empire. God can restrain the devil and destroy his influence over creatures. He can confide his power to others.

Reposing on these great principles, the Catholic Church claims the power and the propriety of imparting various benedictions. In every blessing she invokes the aid of the Holy Spirit, the terrestrial paradise and Calvary; time and eternity.

To bless a thing means to separate it from profane uses, and to consecrate it to God and religion, to restore it to its primitive destination, the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of man. As St. Paul says: "Every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected that is sanctified by the Word of God and by prayer." Hence she blesses bells that they may be devoted to religious uses. She places them in her churches that every blessing she unfolds to us, to God and to man, and who by her powerful intercession will aid us, and by the radiant splendor of her example, if we copy her life to endless life.

At the conclusion of the impressive ceremony the people filed out of the church and wended their way homeward, exclaiming in their heart of hearts, "This is a happy and a noble day for the Catholics of Port Credit."

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

GRAND FANCY FAIR.

The Grand Fancy Fair of the new Catholic Diocese of Hamilton, was most successfully closed on Saturday night, Dec. 19th. During the two months previous to this the ladies in charge of the different tables, and to whom special credit is due, for the display of articles of great value and interest, devoted their time and energies to this end. The three days the fair was carried on people of all classes attended in large numbers and admired the magnificent display of articles, as well as the numerous fancy articles to be offered for sale and which were readily disposed of.

The first two evenings a short but pleasing programme was rendered, assisted by the Catholics of Galt, and especially their most respected pastor, Rev. E. P. Slaven, under whose able supervision the fair was so successfully conducted, have every reason to feel proud, and to take this opportunity to thank their many friends in Galt, Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, Oakville, New York and Rochester, for their kind assistance in this laudable work. A contest for a gold-headed cane for the majority of the ladies, resulted in favor of Mr. Lumsden. Also a contest for a five-storey cake between Mrs. Gress and Mrs. Baker, of Galt, resulted in favor of Mrs. Gress. Although the drawing took place in the presence of all responsible committees of gentlemen, presided over by Dr. Vardon, and resulted as follows:—

TABLE NO. 1.
Bishop Duvall's portrait, 22, K. Krappier, St. Agatha's 210 gold piece, 215, S. Siggins, Woodstock; easy chair, 311, J. F. Chaine, Dundas; ottoman, 99, Wm. Gombell, Woodstock; sewing machine, 6, A. B. Danaher, Hamilton; walnut clock, 115, J. Buckel, Hamburg; china tea set, 2, J. Phillips, Preston; gold-headed cane, 61, Rev. J. S. O'Leary, Freedom; lamp, 51, Mrs. McCaffrey, Respector; biscuit bowl, 33, Mrs. M. F. Goodwin, Scotland; canforator, 85, Mrs. C. Campbell, Galt; tin of coal, 49, Mrs. C. Bart, Galt; fur cape, 26, Lizzie Little, Galt; box of tea, 51, R. Patrick, Galt; billiard set, 75, Mary Biddle, Galt; China bonnet, 73, Dolly Langdon, Galt; hat to doll, 24, Maggie Kelly, Galt; foot-rest, 43, R. Patrick, Galt.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.
Four-storey cake, 357, Mr. Wilson, Galt.
TABLE NO. 2.
Berry dish and spoon, 118, Mr. Sinclair, Guelph; silver ewer, 70, S. A. Hefferman, Guelph; Synnys rugs, 211, Teresa Fogarty, Rochester; 85 gold piece, 324, P. F. Madden, Rochester; barrel of Jersey lily, 6, Mr. P. Walsh, Hamilton; plush satchel, 107,

Moll, Hamilton; oil painted panel, 62, M. Hagarity, Hamilton; Rev. R. T. Burke's portrait, 127, Rev. E. P. Slaven, Galt; antique rocker, 35, Mrs. J. Weber, Galt; silver butter cooler, 23, M. Biggar, Galt; drawn work scarf, 49, M. Coleman, Galt; Rev. J. Feeney's portrait, 7, Rev. E. P. Slaven, Galt; parlor table and seat, 60, D. Hogan, Galt; box of cigars, 181, F. G. Wells, Galt; china cheese dish, 105, T. F. Barrett, Galt; counterpane, 70, Rev. E. P. Slaven, Galt; dressing gown, 61, W. F. Coughlan, Galt; knight doll, 57, Ida McKoon, Galt; handsome painting, 47, M. T. McCowell, Galt; barrel of purity flour, 91, Daisy Connor, Galt; doll, 687, Della Spellan, Galt; mechanical toy, 56, W. Rabin, Galt; pair of blankets, T. L. Gormley, Galt; 20 Mrs. Gross, Galt; box of candy, G. K. Clark, Galt.

OFFICERS OF TABLES.—NO. 1.
Miss M. A. Kelleher, President; Miss N. T. Kelleher, Secretary; Mrs. C. B. Chadwick, Treasurer.
NO. 2.
Mrs. Alex. Quirk, President; Miss K. A. Barrett, Secretary; Miss M. T. McCowell, Treasurer.

REFRESHMENT.
Miss M. Egan, President; Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Secretary; Miss M. E. Connor, Treasurer.
The following musical talent volunteered their services: Miss Anna Hefferman, Toronto conservatory of music; Mr. Chas. Wilkinson, soloist; Mr. Fred Bond, concertist; Galt; choruses by the members of the "Catholics' Society"; also the following literary talent: Miss M. Doran, Galt; Miss M. Guelph; Mary, O'Brien, eloquist; Hamilton; accompanists, Mrs. Walstenholme and Miss Ala Stevens, Galt. Miss Rena Hefferman, the well-known sweet sopranoist, shows that she is rapidly improving, and her trained teachers and promises to be a great success as a soloist.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

PARISH OF DOURO.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.
A very enjoyable entertainment was given in the hall of the house of section No. 7, township of Douro, on the evening of the 19th December, at which your correspondent had the good fortune to be present. It consisted of songs, dialogues, recitations, etc., by the members of the school, interspersed with songs recitations, etc., by ladies and gentlemen of mature years, from the same locality. Mr. Richard O'Brien very efficiently presided as chairman on the occasion. The entertainment opened with a song of welcome so well delivered by the pupils of the school as to give bright promise of the rich treat that was to follow. The programme was both select and lengthy and was fully carried out. In the performance of the respective parts where the pupils so excelled, and all others so distinguished themselves, it is somewhat hazardous, while not being able to give the entire programme, to give only portions thereof with the names of those who took part in these, lest to do so may appear invidious. However, if I mention only a few—not being able to remember all—who both merited and received a full measure of applause, they are: In the first song, the respective parts where the pupils so excelled, and all others so distinguished themselves, it is somewhat hazardous, while not being able to give the entire programme, to give only portions thereof with the names of those who took part in these, lest to do so may appear invidious. 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The Legend of Goldberg.

Still and ghastly in the moonlight Lay the German village brown, But appeared no human figure, For the plague was in the town.

There had corpses laid unburied, And whom death had chance to spare Were all hidden in the houses From the pestilential air.

So in terror had they hidden, Dreading night, afraid of day, Praying, waiting, scarcely hoping, For the dread to pass away.

Came the snow, then morning sunshine, Came the Christmas as of old, But no form moved in the village; It lay silent, white and cold.

Rose that morn the singer, Caspar, (He alone of all the strikers) In his home would rise again.

"I alone," he thought, "am living; I alone," his eyes grew dim; "I alone of all the village May repeat the Christmas hymn."

"What though death may be awaiting - What is death? - I am not dead; I will sing the Christ Child story - Sing it looking on the light!"

Open then he threw the shutter, And upon the silent street From his lips rang out the anthem, Strong and hopeful, clear and sweet.

Through the frosty air of morning The old Christmas anthem rang - What was that? Another shunter Open wide as Caspar sang!

And another! and another! - There was limit to the strain - God be thanked! A score of voices Joined with Caspar in the strain!

And they knew no more was dying, That the hand with power to stay Had been reached out to deliver - This they knew on Christmas Day. - Stanley Waterloo in Chicago News.

LILY LASS.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER X.

A SHOWMAN'S INTERLUDE.

We makers of books, we whose odd trade it is to create a little world of mimic lives as if our own were not enough, and more than enough, for us to manage, are by the very exigencies of our art permitted certain privileges.

In our old days our brothers, the dramatists, called into their aid a solemn and stately chorus to fill up gaps in their scenic narrative by explaining to the audience events of which they could otherwise have become cognisant without difficulty.

Even to-day the Punch-and-Judy man lifts his lips from those ribs of reed which were once the limbs of the nymph whom Pan pursued down the Thessalian valley, to whisper hoarsely confidential communications to his audience concerning the deeds of his striped and hump-backed hero.

We, too, will take to ourselves the permission of explaining for our characters, whenever and wherever it might be more troublesome for them to explain themselves. Happier than Hamlet, we can see the puppets dallying, and are able to interpret for them.

Here, therefore, we will allow ourselves the license of narrating certain facts concerning certain personages who have already made their appearance upon our stage and of opening with audacious fingers a few pages of long-folded family history.

The writers of plays in former days had an ingenious method, which still lingers on the posters of obscure theatres, of introducing their characters to the public and making the real and the unreal acquainted.

Thus the hero would perhaps be described as "a high-souled, noble-minded youth"; his enemy would be tersely put off as "a black-hearted villain"; the heroine's name would be followed by a little constellation of enthusiastic adjectives, depicting in the liveliest manner her physical and moral loveliness; while somebody or other in the list of dramatic personae was certain to be set down as "rough but honest."

There was a simplicity about this plan of procedure which had its advantages. The nature of a man or woman was shown forth as clearly and uncompromisingly as the blazing of a heraldic coat. You knew at once, ere ever the green curtain had lifted, the passions and principles which animated or guided the individuals who peopled the little world of the drama.

You were about to witness. The hero's courage, the heroine's truth and beauty, the sable dye of the villain's villany, the honesty of the hero's trusted friend, were all as familiar to you as if you had known hero and heroine, villain and friend, from childhood upwards, and all this before any one of the company made his appearance before the footlights.

This good old-fashioned plan is unhappily forbidden to the modern dramatist of the improvisers of the East. Even when he does not discourse learning of all human beings and all human events as so many "documents," he has learned that human life is a little too complex for this simple-minded manner of cataloguing human merits and human infirmities.

In my own case the scheme would serve me little. To attempt to describe Lily as Geraldine or Mary O'Rourke by any adjective or set of adjectives would inevitably be a failure. None of the ordinary terms of eulogy allotted to heroes would precisely wrap up Murrugh MacMurchad. I cannot even have the privilege of applying to Lord Mountmarvel the epithet "black-hearted villain," because I am perfectly well aware that he was nothing of the kind, but only a courageous, narrow-minded, un-idea'd, good-looking, gallant country gentleman.

But if I cannot thus label off my puppets as wise men bracket botanical specimens, I can exercise my privilege as chronicler, and say more about these people than would be either expedient or becoming for them to say themselves.

Let us then, while our men and

women are becoming more closely acquainted, while they are being drawn nearer and nearer by the meshes of their destiny—let us then, run them over, and learn all that is, so far, to be learned about them.

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH EXPLAINS MR. GERALDINE.

Let us begin, therefore, with our first friend. Mr. Geraldine was an English gentleman; that is, he was born in England like his father before him, and he had lived all his life in England.

His family, however, as the name he bore made clear, came from descent from Ireland, and originally from Normandy. He had a right to the ancient arms of his race, and sealed his letters with the shield *Argent a Saltire Gules* which had been borne in so many battles on the soil of Ireland, of England, or of France.

Mr. Geraldine was a scholar, a student, and an impassioned Orientalist. When he was quite a young man—he was not even now an old man—he had travelled in the East, and had returned to the quiet country home in England deeply imbued with the love of Eastern literature and Eastern lore. The ambition of his later life, an ambition which he confided to nobody, was to accomplish a translation of the Persian poet Sa'adi, which he began before he was five and twenty years old, and which was not concluded now that he was not far from his half century.

At one time it had not seemed at all likely that Mr. Geraldine would have given himself over bodily to a secluded student life. At one time his friends and his family thought that he had political ambition, and certain influential members of the old Whig houses saw in the young man the stuff of a possible Prime Minister.

Mr. Geraldine at first seemed to lend himself to the views of his kinsmen. While he was away on that voyage in the East, which was destined to have so important an influence upon his life, a vacancy occurred in a certain English pocket borough, which was entirely under the thumb of some of Mr. Geraldine's most illustrious kinsfolk.

These illustrious kinsfolk at once took steps to secure the return of the young Geraldine. The future M. P. was promised the patronage of the then Duke of Deptford, father of that mad, bad Duke of Deptford, grandfather of the present duke, whose devotion to our beautiful countrywoman, Miss Mermack, has redeemed the credit of his race. One of the leading Whig men of letters, Mr. Fanshawe, whose son came to such a melancholy end the other day, was good enough to draught an election address for the absent wanderer, which the clubs declared to be a very model and masterpiece of political statecraft. Everything smiled upon Mr. Geraldine's future fame and fortune—except Mr. Geraldine himself.

Mr. Geraldine returned from the East just as these preparations for his welfare were going forward. To the surprise and indignation of his family and his friends he refused to have anything to do with the schemes that had been formed. He offended the great Whig duke mortally by the letter which he wrote to that illustrious nobleman respectfully declining his proffers; he irritated the great man of letters by an address which he promptly issued to the electors of the pocket borough, in which he curtly and decisively repudiated all the opinions that had been expressed for him in the earlier address, and absolutely declined to come forward as a candidate.

From that moment Mr. Geraldine retired into private life. He had some property in one of the most charming parts of Suffolk, and he settled down in it with his books about him, and was fished for ever from the page of history.

The Whigs fished up at the last moment a Radical who had taken advantage of the unexpected complication to offer himself and his revolutionary doctrines to the bewildered pocket borough.

The Duke of Deptford registered a mental vow never to do anything again for the audacious Geraldine—a vow which he was easily able to fulfill, for Mr. Geraldine's name never again came before him during the remainder of his apoplectic career.

Mr. Fanshawe waited for a long time patiently, looking out for the appearance of some book by Mr. Geraldine which he might jump upon in the particular *Quarterly* over which he held sway, and such of the daily Press as he was able to influence. This would revenge him for his flouted manifesto. But Mr. Geraldine unconsciously flouted him by publishing nothing.

Of course there was a reason for Mr. Geraldine's eccentric conduct, though no one knew it. Oddly enough it was a romantic reason, and of the most conventional kind of romance.

Mr. Geraldine had started early in life by falling in love. The girl was poor, the girl was pretty, the girl was clever. She had nothing whatever to do with society, but Mr. Geraldine cared not a jot for that, and when he went away to the East he carried her plighted troth with him, and a faded rose which he wore next his heart most sentimentally, and wrote verses to, and made a fool of himself over in desert places with only the shining eyes of the Syrian stars to watch him.

On his way home he found a letter several months old waiting for him at his bankers. It was from her; it told him terrible news; it made the conventional absurd requests for forgive and to forget. In point of fact, she had never cared much for Geraldine, and while he was away she had married somebody else, a young Irish subaltern as poor as herself.

That marriage made, and marred Mr. Geraldine's life. He determined at once to renounce all public life. His ambition was dead within him; he quitted the world and gave himself up to study. For a time he returned to the East, and had some thoughts of living his life out in some sleepy town beside the Nile. But he changed his mind and came back to England, and settled down definitely in one of the fairest parts of Suffolk on a small, old-fashioned estate which he bought there.

One day a letter came from his old love to tell him that her husband was dead, and that she was miserably poor. Mr. Geraldine sent her back, by return of post, a large cheque; informed her that a sum would be payable to her quarterly at his bankers, dismissed the matter from his mind, and returned to his Sa'adi without an ache or even a throb at his heart. Some time later another letter came. She was dying, his old love wrote. Would he take charge of her little girl?

Mr. Geraldine came to London and stood for a few minutes by his old love's dying bed. She was wretchedly poor; her poverty had hastened her death. She had made no use of the money Mr. Geraldine had sent her. She died with Mr. Geraldine looking at her, and recalling his own dumb agony which had turned him in a few years into an old man with a dead heart in his breast.

Then Mr. Geraldine returned to his home, taking the little girl of three years old with him. Her Christian name was Lilyas—her mother's name; he gave her his own surname. He did not wish to remind himself of the father he never had seen.

The child grew up with Mr. Geraldine, and loved him and made his life light. He never told her that he was not her father. He bade her always call him by his Christian name, and he loved to hear the baby lips lip "Edward." Now the fair girl of eight had grown to be a young woman, and it did not give him quite so keen a joy.

Mr. Geraldine had not been long in the East, which was destined to have so important an influence upon his life, a vacancy occurred in a certain English pocket borough, which was entirely under the thumb of some of Mr. Geraldine's most illustrious kinsfolk.

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The child grew up with Mr. Geraldine, and loved him and made his life light. He never told her that he was not her father. He bade her always call him by his Christian name, and he loved to hear the baby lips lip "Edward." Now the fair girl of eight had grown to be a young woman, and it did not give him quite so keen a joy.

In his second journey to the East Mr. Geraldine had encountered in Bagdad a wandering, eccentric English nobleman, Lord Mountmarvel. A row in a hashish den, from which Mr. Geraldine's knowledge of Persian helped to extricate Mountmarvel, made the pair friends. They parted to meet again once later in London. Mountmarvel told Geraldine then that he had acquired at Aleppo a large quantity of Oriental manuscripts, and that whenever Mr. Geraldine liked to come over to Mountmarvel Castle, in Ireland, he could look them over and make any use he pleased of them.

Mr. Geraldine had thanked him; had promised to pay him a speedy visit, and had not kept his promise. Mountmarvel died abroad a little later, and for a time Geraldine dismissed him and his manuscripts from memory. Now, however, in the early part of 1848, some other business led Mr. Geraldine's thoughts towards Ireland, and he remembered the offer of his old travelling companion.

On his arrival in the city of my story he wrote to Mountmarvel's son, the present lord, mentioning the parent's promise, and asking permission to investigate the old manuscripts.

We already know the answer to that letter.

Mr. Geraldine had not been long in the East, which was destined to have so important an influence upon his life, a vacancy occurred in a certain English pocket borough, which was entirely under the thumb of some of Mr. Geraldine's most illustrious kinsfolk.

These illustrious kinsfolk at once took steps to secure the return of the young Geraldine. The future M. P. was promised the patronage of the then Duke of Deptford, father of that mad, bad Duke of Deptford, grandfather of the present duke, whose devotion to our beautiful countrywoman, Miss Mermack, has redeemed the credit of his race.

One of the leading Whig men of letters, Mr. Fanshawe, whose son came to such a melancholy end the other day, was good enough to draught an election address for the absent wanderer, which the clubs declared to be a very model and masterpiece of political statecraft.

Everything smiled upon Mr. Geraldine's future fame and fortune—except Mr. Geraldine himself.

Mr. Geraldine returned from the East just as these preparations for his welfare were going forward. To the surprise and indignation of his family and his friends he refused to have anything to do with the schemes that had been formed.

He offended the great Whig duke mortally by the letter which he wrote to that illustrious nobleman respectfully declining his proffers; he irritated the great man of letters by an address which he promptly issued to the electors of the pocket borough, in which he curtly and decisively repudiated all the opinions that had been expressed for him in the earlier address, and absolutely declined to come forward as a candidate.

From that moment Mr. Geraldine retired into private life. He had some property in one of the most charming parts of Suffolk, and he settled down in it with his books about him, and was fished for ever from the page of history.

The Whigs fished up at the last moment a Radical who had taken advantage of the unexpected complication to offer himself and his revolutionary doctrines to the bewildered pocket borough.

The Duke of Deptford registered a mental vow never to do anything again for the audacious Geraldine—a vow which he was easily able to fulfill, for Mr. Geraldine's name never again came before him during the remainder of his apoplectic career.

Mr. Fanshawe waited for a long time patiently, looking out for the appearance of some book by Mr. Geraldine which he might jump upon in the particular *Quarterly* over which he held sway, and such of the daily Press as he was able to influence. This would revenge him for his flouted manifesto. But Mr. Geraldine unconsciously flouted him by publishing nothing.

Of course there was a reason for Mr. Geraldine's eccentric conduct, though no one knew it. Oddly enough it was a romantic reason, and of the most conventional kind of romance.

Mr. Geraldine had started early in life by falling in love. The girl was poor, the girl was pretty, the girl was clever. She had nothing whatever to do with society, but Mr. Geraldine cared not a jot for that, and when he went away to the East he carried her plighted troth with him, and a faded rose which he wore next his heart most sentimentally, and wrote verses to, and made a fool of himself over in desert places with only the shining eyes of the Syrian stars to watch him.

On his way home he found a letter several months old waiting for him at his bankers. It was from her; it told him terrible news; it made the conventional absurd requests for forgive and to forget. In point of fact, she had never cared much for Geraldine, and while he was away she had married somebody else, a young Irish subaltern as poor as herself.

That marriage made, and marred Mr. Geraldine's life. He determined at once to renounce all public life. His ambition was dead within him; he quitted the world and gave himself up to study. For a time he returned to the East, and had some thoughts of living his life out in some sleepy town beside the Nile. But he changed his mind and came back to England, and settled down definitely in one of the fairest parts of Suffolk on a small, old-fashioned estate which he bought there.

One day a letter came from his old love to tell him that her husband was dead, and that she was miserably poor. Mr. Geraldine sent her back, by return of post, a large cheque; informed her that a sum would be payable to her quarterly at his bankers, dismissed the matter from his mind, and returned to his Sa'adi without an ache or even a throb at his heart. Some time later another letter came. She was dying, his old love wrote. Would he take charge of her little girl?

Mr. Geraldine came to London and stood for a few minutes by his old love's dying bed. She was wretchedly poor; her poverty had hastened her death. She had made no use of the money Mr. Geraldine had sent her. She died with Mr. Geraldine looking at her, and recalling his own dumb agony which had turned him in a few years into an old man with a dead heart in his breast.

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until he found some occupation which might keep the last of an ancient house alive in honor.

Then MacMurchad did the first of a series of eccentric actions, which proved that the wild blood of his race ran freely in his veins.

The only thing remaining to him of the once stately grandeur of his house was the dilapidated old Red Tower, which stood in a humble part of the city, and which was gradually crumbling to pieces.

Here, to the surprise of some friends and the indignation of others, MacMurchad announced that he intended to take up his residence.

To those who argued with him he answered by asking where a MacMurchad could be better lodged than in the castle of his ancestors.

When important friends pointed out that the castle of his ancestors was neither wind-proof nor water-tight, MacMurchad would blandly reply that the resources of civilization in the nineteenth century were equal to the task of patching up an old ruin and making it habitable.

When his friends further pointed out that he would be surrounded by the poor, he replied that the closer an Irishman who loved his country came into contact with the people, the better for him and for them.

When his counsellors, driven to desperation, played their very last card, and reminded him that none of his old friends of the better class would go to see him, MacMurchad trumpeted and took the trick by saying quietly that he did not care.

So it was settled. To the bewilderment of the inhabitants of the slums about the Red Tower, a little army of workmen in their tortuous region, took possession of the Red Tower, and in a comparatively short space of time made it ready for occupation.

There was not, indeed, a great deal to do. Rumor had exaggerated the ruined condition of the edifice.

It wall were still solid with the solidity of ancient days, and its roof was soon able to defy the winds and waters of heaven.

If the settlers at the base of the Red Tower were bewildered by these startling changes, the ancient and populous colony of rooks who peopled the crown of the old building were yet more astonished and more indignant, and resented the introduction of alien presences into their domain with that loud and strenuous cawing which resembles nothing so much as the roll of surf over a pebbly beach.

MacMurchad, however, was as considerate at the sable colony that seemed to claim his hospitality as he was to every one else. He insisted that the ivy which was bound about the brows of the old tower like some triumphant wreath on the forehead of a war-worn warrior should not be removed, and that the nests of the rooks should be left inviolate.

So the rooks, after a great deal of turmoil and clamor, resigned themselves to the presence of MacMurchad within the walls of Red Tower, and returned themselves, with dignified gravity, to their time-honored habitations.

There was no doubt about it, MacMurchad was very eccentric. But the rooks liked his eccentricity, and so did those humble folk within whose midst MacMurchad dwelt, and who looked up to the young chieftain with absolute veneration.

That he was poor made no difference to them. He was still the last of an ancient and illustrious house which had given time and again its best blood for the country and the cause; and they knew that he himself was as devoted to that country and that cause as any of his ancestors.

So the birds above and the beggars below loved MacMurchad heartily—and a man might have worse friends than birds and beggars.

His other friends, however, were right enough. Respectability rather avoided MacMurchad. People who would have been glad enough to welcome the bearer of an ancient name, and who would have pardoned him his fallen fortunes if he had only conformed to the ordinary customs and conventions of the world, held aloof from an individual eccentric enough to dwell in a rookery in a slum, and to hold sacrilegious opinions about the Castle and the Union, and other important institutions which appeared to the eyes of respectability to be amongst the noblest works of God.

They shrugged their shoulders over MacMurchad's eccentricity, and shook their heads, and held up their hands in holy horror when they found that he was an agitator as well.

For MacMurchad was not content with formally protesting as many others, patriotic in their way, protested against the foreign rule, who then with folded arms quietly accepted its dominion. He labored with all the strength of his youth against it instead. He agitated for Repeal, he became the head of the Repeal Association in his native city. He worked day and night to keep the enthusiasm alive, and to gain new recruits to the cause.

He soon became a power. All the young men in the city rallied about him, joined with him, worked for him. There was no more active centre of agitation in all Ireland than the city in which MacMurchad lived; and yet when MacMurchad first set up his staff in the Red Tower the city had seemed as torpid as if all National aspirations had died out for ever, and as if the Union were as fixed and incontestable as the law of gravitation.

MacMurchad wrote for the Nation, of course. At that time every young man who played a prominent part in

the National movement wrote for the Nation. But he wrote chiefly for a paper which was then and is now the chief journal of that southern city, and which enjoyed the honor of being, at a time when Nationalism was not the characteristic of the Irish local press, a strongly National newspaper.

When O'Connell's purposes began to waver, and the Young Irelanders to protest against the faltering and vacillating policy of the nominal leader of the country, MacMurchad flung himself heart and soul into the ranks of the Young Irelanders. After the immediate leaders in Dublin, he was amongst the most important men in the movement, and there was no club in the country better organized, better armed, better prepared to rise when the signal should be given than the Desmond Confederate Club, of which MacMurchad was the recognized head.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Matter for Parents.

It is manifestly useless to inveigh against the circulation of improper and debasing reading matter unless those who are most intimately interested, and who should have the keenest appreciation of the urgency for its suppression, adopt practical measures of reform. Christian parents should wage a relentless warfare upon the literary refuse which the cupidity of publishers finds ways to put constantly within the reach of children. Observers of even very moderate intelligence do not need to have pointed out to them the shocking fruits of the wholesale dissemination of this vile rubbish vomited ceaselessly from ten thousand printing presses in the larger cities of the country.

The casual daily skimming of the newspapers more than supplements the knowledge of these, gleaned from personal experience and personal observation. One of the most direct and obvious consequences of present activity in the production of sensational story papers and kindred publications is the alarming development of youthful depravity evinced by the police annals in every centre of population. It does not require statistical proof to convey to the average mind a conception of the magnitude of the evil. The most practical and painful evidences of it are forced upon us at every turn in the daily round of life. It is a futile beating of the air to denounce the makers and purveyors of the printed poison. There is so much of maternal proof involved in the circulation of the stuff that it is all but impossible in this money-greedy age to enlist the most powerful agencies honestly against it.

The duty, therefore, of safeguarding the young against its deadly influences devolves wholly upon the natural protectors of those whose youthful susceptibilities are insidiously appealed to. Parents must exercise a sleepless vigilance if they would protect their children from the terrible perils of the prevalent cause. In this course alone lies the only safe conduct of the young through the alluring temptations with which conscienceless creators and avaricious promoters of the degrading literary craze environ them.—Baltimore Mirror.

Father Tom Burke in America.

How must the following peroration have moved a throng of Irishmen and Irish women, at the eve of a St. Patrick's Day in New York: "Has not Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory! The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon these from the high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices. To-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of Sanctity which still beams upon thee. To-day thy troops of virgin martyr saints speak by praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plain of the Promised Land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot on earth to be compared to thee, no rising out of the wave so beautiful; that neither the sun nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thou art, O Erin!"

Mrs. Millon's Ride.

When Mrs. Millon goes to ride she travels forth in state. Her horses, full of fire and pride, so prancing from the gate; but all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye. Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh. For Mrs. Millon is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Millon of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Boxmanville, write: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well known house are among the most reliable in the market.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE OLD MAN.

'Nd the Story Is as Sweet and Good as if He Wuz a Baby.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I called him the Old Man, but he wuzn't an old man; he wuz a little boy—our fust one; 'nd his gran'ma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever clapped eyes on. Bein' our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Wilyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he was one of your solum babies—alwuz thinkin' 'nd thinkin' 'nd thinkin', like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuzn't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad-like.

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the old man growed up we'd send him to college 'nd give him a lib'ral education, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we was goin' to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out'n the corporations, like his Uncle Wilson Barlow. So we never come to no definite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' 'nd growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd solum as a jedge.

Lizzie got jest wrapt up in that boy; toted him round ever'where 'nd never let on like it made her tired—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft wuzn't nothin' longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holdin' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd cryin' herse'f almost to death because she dasset give him cold water to drink when he called fr it. As for me, my heart wuz wrapt up in the Old Man, too, but, bein' a man, it wuzn't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old Man is—well, now that he has gone, it wouldn't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie feel all the wuz.

Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I didn't show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; once I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin' again. But, somehow, the Old Man didn't take to me like he took to his mother; would climb down outen my lap to git where Lizzie wuz; would hang on to her gown, no matter what she wuz doin'—whether she was makin' bread, or sewin', or puttin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuzn't happy unless he wuz right there, close beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what he does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes he wears. But the Old Man wuz diff'rent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd he wuz he stuck to her—wall, it has always been a great comfort to Lizzie to recollect it.

The Old Man had a kind of confidin' way with his mother. Every once in a while, when he'd be playin' by hisself in the front room, he'd call out, "Mudder, mudder," and no matter where Lizzie was—in the kitchen, or in the wood-shed, or in the yard, she'd answer, "What is it, darlin'?" Then the Old Man 'ud say: "Tum here, mudder, I want'er tell you sumfin'." Never could find out what the Old Man wanted to tell Lizzie; like's not he didn't want'er tell her nothin'; maybe he wuz lonesome 'nd jest wanted to feel that Lizzie wuz round. But that didn't make no diff'rence; it wuz all the same to Lizzie. No matter where she wuz or what she wuz a-doin', just as soon as the Old Man told her he wanted to tell her somethin' she dropped ever'thing else 'nd went straight to him. Then the old man would laff one of his solum, sad-like laffs, 'nd put his arms round Lizzie's neck 'nd whisper—or per tent to whisper—somethin' in her ear, 'nd Lizzie would laff 'nd say, "Oh, what a nice secret we have atween us!" and then she would kiss the Old Man 'nd go back to her work.

Time changes all things—all things but memory, nothin can change that. Seems like it was only yesterday or the day before that I heern the Old Man callin', Mudder, mudder, I want'er tell you sumfin', and that I seen him put his arms around her neck 'nd whisper softly to her.

It had been an open winter. The Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night 'nd mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' when I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless 'nd his face was hot 'nd he talked in his sleep. Maybe you've been through it yourself—maybe you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, maybe you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went out-doors—I couldn't stand it in the room there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd talkin' about things that the fever made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went out-doors 'nd brung in wood—wung in wood enough to last all spring—and then I sat down alone by the kitchen fire 'nd

heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker through the room.

I remember Lizzie's comin' to me an' sayin': "He's breathin' strange-like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice." Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day was breakin'; the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light came through the window, and fell on the Old Man's face—perhaps it wuz the sunmoss for which he waited and which shall some time come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuzn't me he wanted to see.

"Mudder! Mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice wuzn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where be you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught the Old Man up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'?" Here I be," says Lizzie.

"Tum here," says the Old Man—"tum here; I want'er tell you sumfin'."

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her ear. But his arms fell limp and helpless-like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head drooped on his mother's breast.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF 1893.

Basis of Diocesan Representation and Subjects to be Discussed.

The committee having in charge the proposed work of the Catholic Congress of 1893 have held important meetings during the past week in St. Louis, Mo. Their work has been submitted to the Cardinal and Archbishops, who have approved the suggestions of the committee. The report provides that the Congress shall consist of ten general delegates from every diocese, and additional delegates in the proportion of five to every 25,000 of the Catholic population, these delegates to be chosen and appointed by the Bishop of the diocese. Each Catholic university, college and seminary is entitled to delegates, and the committee have the right to invite to the Congress distinguished laymen of any country, creed or profession. It was determined that the main feature of the Congress should be the social and economic questions embraced in the recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. The questions to be considered are:

- 1. "The Right of Labor, and the Duties of Capital."
2. "Pauperism and the Remedy."
3. "Public and Private Charity; How to Make These More Effective and Beneficial."
4. "Beneficial Workingmen's Societies and Societies for Young Men."
5. "Life Insurance and Pension Funds for Workingmen."
6. "Trade Combination and Strikes."
7. "Colonization."
8. "The Evils of Drink and the Importance of Minimizing the Plague."
The preparatory work has been left to a Committee on Organization, of which Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, is Chairman, and Wm. J. Onahan, Secretary. They will look after the preliminary details, and in a few months call a meeting of the committee to fix the exact time for holding the Congress.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

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London, Saturday, January 2, 1892.

THE CIRCUMCISION: NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The feast of the Circumcision of our Lord was instituted by the Church to commemorate the fulfillment of that ordinance of the Old Law whereby it was commanded that every male child should be circumcised as a memorial of the covenant which Almighty God had made with His people, not only through Moses, but centuries before the time of Moses, for it was enacted as a law to Abraham that he and his children should observe this rite, which was further ordered to be fulfilled on the eighth day after the birth of the child.

It is therefore said in the gospel: "And after eight days were accomplished that the child should be circumcised, his name was called Jesus, which was called by the Angel before he was conceived in the womb." (St. Luke, ii, 21.)

Thus not only are we reminded by this festival that Jesus was obedient to the law of which he was the Master, and that we should take from Him the example of obedience, but we are also made to know that He is truly our Saviour and Redeemer, since to Him the specially appropriate name of Jesus, or Saviour, is given because His purpose on earth is to "save his people from their sins" and to deliver them from the power of Satan, "to redeem them that were under the law" and that we may all receive adoption as sons of God.

Circumcision was a painful ceremony, and as it was the means of remission of sin, through which it is believed that original sin was forgiven under the old dispensation, it is clear that Christ was not subject to the law; but it was His will to humble Himself thus that He might make manifest His love for us and His compassion for our miseries, and that He might induce us to make a return to Him of love for love.

This festival occurs on the first day of the New Year, and besides its ecclesiastical name it is also called New Year's day. It is a day on which we should with great propriety make strong resolutions, not to be lightly broken, to spend the coming year well. The blessings of grace and temporal as well as spiritual prosperity which God has accorded to us during the past year should make us duly thankful to Him for favors so great. During the past year Almighty God has been peculiarly bountiful to this country in granting us a rich harvest, a blessing of which some other countries have been deprived. While in Russia and elsewhere millions are on the verge of starvation, Canada is prosperous and happy.

For so great a favor our gratitude to God should be manifested by greater zeal in His service than we have hitherto shown; by more exact obedience to the laws of God and of His Church, and by greater attention to all the duties of our holy religion.

There is no duty more incumbent on mankind than that of thanksgiving, and no vice for which we always profess greater horror than the vice of ingratitude. We should therefore resolve at the beginning of this new year to put into practical form our gratitude to God for benefits received, by the due performance of those duties which we have above indicated; and, further, as another form in which we should manifest our gratitude for favors bestowed upon us by God, we should show mercy to those to whom God wishes: we should be merciful to His poor.

Of the poor Christ says: "they are always with you." They are with us always that we may have an opportunity of showing our love and gratitude to God, through our bounty to them; and we are assured by Christ that He will accept our bounty to the poor as so much good done to Himself.

The beginning of a New Year is also an appropriate time for the forgiveness of injuries, a time when it customary among Christians to wish each other every happiness. Let all resolve

to begin the New Year in this way so pleasing to the great Master in whose footsteps we should walk.

In conclusion, we wish our readers without exception all prosperity and A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE ST. CATHARINES SABBATH CONTROVERSY.

We had occasion in an article which appeared in the RECORD of the 7th November to make some comments upon a discussion which was being carried on in the columns of the St. Catharines Standard on the "Scriptural Sabbath." Mr. J. Broom, whom we presume to be a "Seventh Day Baptist" minister, or a minister of some other of the indescribable thousand or so obscure sects to which Protestantism has given birth, chanced to be one of the parties engaged in the controversy, which had its origin from a sermon preached by Rev. Solomon Cleaver, of St. Paul street Methodist church of the same city.

The Rev. Mr. Cleaver in his sermon endeavored to show from Holy Scripture, what can never be positively proved from Scripture alone, that the Christian Lord's day, or the Sunday, has been properly instituted to take the place of the Jewish Sabbath, which was and is still kept on Saturday. Mr. Broom attacks this position, and maintains that the Jewish Sabbath is still to be kept—or, as he prefers to state the case, the Sabbath which Almighty God established and sanctified in Eden.

We showed in our previous article on this subject that Protestantism in all its shapes is entirely inconsistent with itself. Those who substitute the Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath do so solely on the authority of the Catholic Church, while they proclaim the sole authority of Scripture, which, as they maintain, contains all that Christians are bound to believe and practice; while even those who, like Mr. Broom, adhere to the Jewish Sabbath, just as readily as the others change the divine commandment as to the manner in which it is to be observed.

Our attention was called only a few days ago to a letter addressed by Mr. Broom to the St. Catharines Standard, in which that gentleman takes the CATHOLIC RECORD to task for its position on the subject. He makes a great flourish of trumpets while endeavoring to make it appear that of all the Christians who have lived since the Church of Christ was instituted, the Seventh-Day Baptists alone understand God's institution of the Sabbath.

It is not our purpose to enter upon a controversy with Rev. Mr. Broom. We shall allow him and the other Protestant clergymen who are engaged in discussing the matter to settle their divergencies among themselves according to their discordant private fancies; but before stating for the benefit of our readers the grounds on which the Catholic Church has instituted the Lord's day as the weekly Christian day of rest, we shall say a few words on Mr. Broom's letter of Nov. 12, inasmuch as they bear upon the subject we propose to treat.

Mr. Broom says:

"I emphatically deny that the Sabbath of the fourth (third) commandment is a Jewish institution, for it was instituted at Eden thousands of years before ever a Jew was in existence. In the second place I emphatically deny that there is any command within the two lids of the Bible forbidding a Jew or any one else from lighting a fire on the Sabbath or from preparing food on the Sabbath in any country under the sun, where it becomes necessary. Will any one tell us that the Jews in Palestine, from the time of the overthrow of Jericho to that of Christ, lit no fires in that country on the Sabbath day? Absurdity! The prohibition to fire-lighting on the Sabbath was exclusively limited to climates where such was unnecessary, save for the purpose of food-cooking, applying also to portions of the warm season in cold climates, where fires can be dispensed with without physically endangering the inhabitants."

This introduction of a gloss which is not found in Scripture is surely a notable specimen of self-contradiction, self-conceit and effrontery for a gentleman who asserts as an incontrovertible principle the doctrine which Mr. Broom himself dogmatically lays down in the same letter, as follows:

"Sin is a transgression of the law of God, and where there is no law there is no transgression. So then to change one jot or tittle of God's law would be to make sin righteousness and righteousness sin, an angel from heaven to the contrary notwithstanding."

We pointed out that the Seventh-Day Baptists are equally inconsistent with other Protestants who on the authority of the Catholic Church—an authority which they otherwise reject—keep the Sunday holy instead of the Jewish Saturday Sabbath. The se-

Baptists freely light fires and cook their food on Sunday, in spite of the commandments given to the Jews (Ex. xvi, 16; xxxv., 3.):

"You shall kindle no fire in any of your habitations on the Sabbath day." "To-morrow is rest of the Sabbath sanctified to the Lord. Whatever work is to be done do it: and the meats that are to be dressed, dress them: and whatsoever shall remain, lay it up until the morning."

In consequence of these laws the man who was found "gathering sticks on the Sabbath day" was condemned: "Let that man die, let all the multitude stone him without the camp." (Num. xv., 32, 35.)

Mr. Broom attempts to explain this away by constructing a new law to suit his own fancy; but the fact remains that his sect do not observe the Jewish law any better than those whom he condemns for its non-observance. It does not change the matter in the least that God instituted the Sabbath in Eden in the first instance. It is right to remark, however, that in the divine decree, whereby it was first instituted in Eden, there is not a particle of evidence that the manner in which the day was to be sanctified by man was the same as that which was afterwards made obligatory on the Jews, as Mr. Broom wishes us to believe. That gentleman's emphatic denial, therefore, does not in the least destroy the fact that the Saturday Sabbath as a day of rest for men, and the manner of its observance, are a Jewish institution.

We maintain that the Jewish ceremonial laws are not obligatory on Christians. Mr. Broom maintains that the Sabbath is no part of the Jewish ceremonial law, and he declares that if one text of Scripture be adduced to show that this is the case he will go to Rome on a pilgrimage and will, "before the bared toe" of the Pope, "swear allegiance to the Roman See."

This nonsense would be just as appropriate if Mr. Broom were to call upon us to prove from Scripture that there are mountains in the moon. We know by other means than Scripture that such mountains exist; and so by the ordinances of the Church of Christ we know what day Christians should keep holy. We also proved in our former article that Protestants practically admit that the Church established by Christ has authority to make laws on this subject. This is also proved by many testimonials of Scripture, and the Seventh-Day Baptists admit this just as their brethren do, by their adoption in part of the Christian tradition on the subject. This was the tenor of our argument in our article of Nov. 7, and our inference is inevitable that they should admit the authority of the perpetual Church in all things, which authority exists and can exist only in the Catholic Church. There is no need of an appeal to the Scripture on the subject. The authority of the Church is sufficient, for the "Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth," against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail." (1 Tim. iii, 15; St. Matt. xvi, 18.) Our former article on the present subject was not intended as a complete essay on the weekly Christian festival of the Lord's day, as our object was merely to show that even Protestants are obliged to have recourse to the Catholic Church to justify their own practices. So fully did we establish this that neither Mr. Broom nor others who have treated the subject in the Standard have weakened our position in the smallest degree. Mr. Broom, indeed, has acknowledged in his letters that the (Roman) Catholic Church made the change which all Protestants, except the few thousands of Seventh-Day Baptists who are in existence, unhesitatingly adopt.

But there is in the same issue of the Standard in which Mr. B's letter appears, also a letter from Mr. Angers to the effect that "the change from the seventh day of the week started with the Apostles themselves and grew into a law of the Christian Church before the Church, since called the Roman Catholic Church, even began to have a distinctive character."

Mr. Angers in this passage shows that his ideas on the subject are inextricably confused. The name of the perpetual Church of Christ is "Catholic." It is not at all usual to call her "Roman Catholic," but she is Roman inasmuch as her chief pastor, the successor of St. Peter, resides in Rome. But as a distinctive term the word Roman is unnecessary. There is but one Catholic Church, and the term Roman Catholic has been applied to that one Church chiefly by Protestant Governments which were unwilling to recognize her by her true title.

We wish to remind our subscribers that there is necessarily a heavy expense incurred in conducting a Catholic newspaper. Beside the cost of materials, and the wear and tear of our necessary outfit, we have to pay a large amount for our staff which is necessary for the making up of the RECORD every week as the best Catholic journal in the Dominion. Some of our subscribers seem to forget this, and we have on our list a large number

The Catholic Church of the fourth century was that of which St. Optatus spoke when he said: "We have proved that to be the Catholic Church, which is spread in the whole universe." But that same Father of the Church added: "You cannot deny that in the City of Rome on Peter first was an episcopal Church conferred, in which sat the head of all the Apostles, Peter, in which one chair unity might be preserved by all."

He then gives a list of all the Popes who succeeded St. Peter down to Siricius, "who is at this day associated with us, with whom the whole world is in accordance with us in the one bond of communion by the intercourse of letters of peace."

Elsewhere he says: "Whence then is it that you strive to usurp unto yourselves the keys of the kingdom of heaven, you who sacrilegiously fight against the chair of Peter, by your presumption and audacity?"

These words tell as powerfully against the Anglican Church, to which Mr. Angers evidently adheres, as against the heretics against whom St. Optatus directs them, and the Catholic Church of his day is evidently identical with the Catholic or Roman Catholic Church of to-day, as it is identical with the Church of St. Irenaeus who, like St. Optatus, gave a list of St. Peter's successors to his date, 170 A. D., and said: "With this (Roman) Church, on account of a more powerful principality, it is necessary that every Church, that is those who are faithful everywhere agree, in which (Church) always by those who are on every side, has been preserved the tradition which is from the Apostles."

We shall reserve for a future issue the further consideration of the Church's reasons for the institution of the Sunday as the Christians' weekly festival. But we should give Mr. Broom the opportunity he desires to make his penitential pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose of "kissing the Pope's bare toe." Possibly the Pope will so far depart from his usual practice as to bare his toe for Mr. Broom's special accommodation, so that the latter may be able to keep his very solemn oath. We shall, therefore, quote two Scriptural texts which show that the Jewish Sabbath pertains to the Jewish ceremonial laws which were abolished. One is from Gal. iv, 9, 10.

Here the Apostle reprimands the converts from Judaism who desired to serve again "the weak and needy elements," among which he enumerates their observance of "days and months and times and years," evidently referring to the festivals of the Old Law. In Col. ii, 16, 17, the same Apostle enumerates several ordinances of the Old Law which have passed away: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a festival day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbaths, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is Christ's."

These texts have always been understood in the Church of Christ as signifying the abolition of the Jewish ceremonial laws, but that abolition was known to the early Church by tradition from the apostles as well, and there is no point better established than that the first Christians maintained that the Jewish ceremonial laws are not binding under the Christian dispensation.

We must, therefore, decline to admit that the little sect known as "Seventh Day Baptists" is the sole depositary of Christian truth. This sect, as far as we can ascertain with certainty, first saw the light in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but it has almost, if not entirely, disappeared there, and it exists now in any strength only in the United States, where it has a membership of less than 10,000 persons. Is it this whole progress Christianity has made in nearly nineteen centuries? Is this the result of the commission which Christ gave to His Apostles to teach all nations? If this be the case, surely the infidels have good reason to assert that Christianity has failed in its purpose: "In thy seed," that is to say, in Christ, "all nations shall be blessed." But as we do not accept this consequence, neither do we believe this sect to be the one true Christian Church.

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who are delinquent in the payment of their subscriptions. We hope that at the beginning of this new year every subscriber who has not already paid up his subscription will do so at once, and thus make the New Year a happy one for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Our readers will have remarked by recent journals that there has been much complaint among those to whom Catholicity is a bugbear, that the Catholic religion is making so much progress in Massachusetts and other New England States as to seriously alarm the Know-Nothing element. The Fultons and Mrs. Sheppards of Boston, and the Committee of One Hundred who, in the same city, have laid out for themselves the task of destroying the Catholic Church, discovered to their horror that though the Catholics of the city do not quite constitute half of the population, there is a larger number of Catholic than of non-Catholic children, and this brings prospect that within a very few years their plans for the destruction of Catholicism must be scattered to the winds.

The facts are not to be gainsayed, for they have been proved by reliable statistics; but hitherto the fanatics of whom we have spoken have supposed that they were to be accounted for by a greater prolificness among Catholic families; but why such a condition of affairs should exist has been to them a matter of perplexity. The Rev. B. D. Sinclair, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass., has recently created quite a sensation by his revelation of the causes which are at work bringing about this state of affairs which has produced so much alarm. Mr. Sinclair has told his people plainly that the secret of the matter lies in the fact that the non-Catholics are addicted to a vice which is practically unknown among Catholics, "the crowning sin of infanticide." He has at heart the welfare of his people, and he wishes to correct the enormous evil which he recognizes as being the cause why the race of Protestant New Englanders is dying out.

Mr. Sinclair's fellow preachers are not pleased with his plain declaration of unpalatable facts. They have been accustomed to conceal the crimes which they know to be too common among their people, because the latter will not endure to be told of them; but Mr. Sinclair's purpose is to correct the evil, and his honesty is a reproach to those who have made a compromise with vice by agreeing to shut their eyes to its existence. Hence the indignation they are manifesting against him.

These are the men whom Mr. Talmage described in one of his lectures on the condition of New York: "I have as much amusement as any man of my profession can afford to indulge in at any one time in seeing some of the clerical 'reformers' of this day mount their war-charges, dig in their spurs, and with glittering lance dash down upon the iniquities of cities that have been three or four thousand years dead. These men will corner an old sinner of twenty or thirty centuries ago, and scalp him, and hang him, and cut him to pieces and then say: Oh what great things have been done! With amazing prowess they throw sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, and worms at Herod and pitch Jezebel over the wall. . . . but they are afraid of the libertines and the men in their Churches who drink too much, and who grind the poor."

Mr. Sinclair is evidently of the opinion that the vices of to-day are the things to be reformed, and not those of twenty or thirty centuries ago, and accordingly he has been carrying on a vigorous crusade against the prevailing vices of his own and the neighboring States. He says: "The prevention of offspring is pre-eminently the sin of this city and of New England; and if it be not checked it will sooner or later end in an irreparable calamity. I believe that this sin is sapping the life-blood of the pure religion of New England, and until this schism of sin be weeded out of the Israel of the Church, you may expect nothing else but a continued decay of holiness and Christian living."

He then adjures the women of all ranks of society to desist from a vice the practice of which will bring upon the country a curse which must result in its ruin. To the Catholic Church, however, he pays this tribute:

"The Roman Catholic Church is the one Church in New England which is a practical foe to this hell-born sin which has fastened its fangs and deadly venom into the heart of marriage."

Continuing, he declares that the majority of New Englanders pretend to be horrified at the thought that Roman Catholics are in a fair way to

dominate New England. To this he says:

"Through your sin they are, and they ought to. There is in God's Providence a law of evolution by which the fittest survive and the weakest become extinct. When we find, therefore, the native New Englanders defeating the end for which marriage has been instituted, and the Roman Catholic Irish and French populations obeying God's law in rearing families, we are simply reading God's law of evolution, the survival of the fittest."

It appears from Mr. Sinclair's revelations that the Fultons and others who have been conducting the Bostonian crusade against the Catholic Church would have been more profitably employed in converting their own flocks from their Hindoo-like courses, condemned by Rev. Mr. Sinclair, than in the declamations against Jesuit aggression, which is their whole stock in trade.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE CHURCH.

It has become known that the action of the French Government in publishing the decree forbidding the French Bishops to leave their dioceses without permission of the Government was taken in consequence of a request from Signor Rudini, the Italian Premier, that some such measure should be adopted; the purpose being to put a stop to the manifestations of devotedness for the Holy See by French workmen; and the French Government, in order to manifest even more friendship than Italy demanded, went so far as to command the Bishops not to leave their dioceses without permission.

Very properly the Archbishop of Aix declared that he would not be bound by such a decree. It is a natural right of man that his liberty of action should not be restrained by the State except from the commission of some gross outrage upon the rights of others, or in punishment for gross neglect of duty on his own part, in matters over which the State has control, or for the prevention of such outrages. None of these reasons had existence in the present instance, and the Government in issuing the decree violated natural justice and unjustly held up the Bishops before the gaze of the world as transgressors of the law.

The decree was all the more unjustifiable and contemptible in its spirit, inasmuch as it was done at the instigation, if not quite at the dictation, of a foreign power which has of late shown marked hostility to France, and because it occurred in a Republic which professes to be based upon the broad principle of the equal rights of all its subjects.

The pilgrims, at the head of whom Monseigneur Gouthe-Soulard visited Rome, were undeniably well-conducted. The foolish freak of one boy among ten thousand visitors, a freak to which not even a particle of guilt can be attached, was no fair pretext for the Government to impose a restrictive law upon the Bishops of the Church. The Archbishop, therefore, simply maintained his rights as a man, and as a French citizen, by his bold declaration that he would not obey such a law. This was the fault for which he was subsequently fined three thousand francs. By prosecuting him the Government has shown that it is not worthy of the title Republican which it so proudly claims.

It will be remembered that after Mazzini's attempt on the life of Napoleon III., the conspirator escaped to England, and his extradition was demanded by the Emperor, who claimed that, by the comity of nations, an attempt at assassination was sufficient reason for the extradition of the criminal. The British Government considered that it was in honor bound to protect a refugee, even though a criminal, who had placed himself under its protection, and Mazzini was unpunished though his guilt was certain. There is a national dignity which a great nation considers itself under obligation to preserve, and though Mazzini was really a cut-throat in intention, as a foreigner, seeking an asylum under the flag of England, England would have gone to war rather than disgrace herself by delivering him up to those who sought his life, even by legal methods.

This was carrying the national sense of honor very far—too far, we think; yet in the case of the French Bishops we have the example of a Republican Government inflicting on its own subjects a punishment for the trivial fault of the boy whom they could not control, simply because the Italian Government asked that some restraint should be placed upon French visitors to Rome who desired to pay their respects to the Holy See,

pay their respects to the Holy See,

The contrast between the conduct of England in the case of Mazzini and that of the French Government towards the Bishops is all the more striking inasmuch as France was at peace with England when Napoleon made the demand for the extradition of the cut-throat, and professions of friendship between the two countries were being very demonstratively made at the time, though, as it all occurred before the celebrated alliance between the two countries concerned in the transaction, it was cemented through their humiliating Russia by the Crimean war.

But in the present instance Italy has of late been manifesting in many ways a hostility towards France, which we should suppose would make the latter country less ready than at any previous time to comply with her demands, and the very occasion of the visit of the French pilgrims was made use of by the Italian mob for the manifestation of hostility towards France. Among the cries which the patriotic French pilgrims were forced to endure, threats and expressions of hatred towards France were freely indulged in. We would suppose that France had more reason to demand satisfaction from Italy, than Italy from France; so that the French Government, in yielding to Italy's request at all, have shown an indifference to the honor of France which is incomprehensible. At Italy's dictation they have actually punished the Bishops for their patriotism, the flimsy pretext being the very slight fault of a boy, for which they were in no way responsible, and they have also violated the very first principles of the rights of man on which Republicanism is based, and they persecute with special venom the very man who vindicates the national dignity and honor.

We may readily suppose that the French Government took this position of showing Italy that France bears no enmity against that country, and that she will not take any part in any movement looking towards the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, as the Italian Government has feared, or has pretended to fear, might be the case. It is probably meant as part of a plan to induce Italy to abandon its alliance with Germany and Austria. But this cringing has been repaid as it deserves to be, the Triple Alliance having become closer than ever since this French act of self-abasement. The latest news is that the three powers constituting the Dreibund have just completed between them a treaty of commercial union which will bind them together more closely than ever, and so the self-abasement of France bears no useful fruit.

In the French Chamber, also, the Radical wing of the Republicans have shown that they also have not been satisfied with the course adopted by the Government, and a motion was introduced by them having for its object the separation of Church and State. The Government is not persecuting enough to please them, and they would therefore upset it. The Church party were strongly tempted to support this measure, as it is evident from the recent occurrences that the union of Church and State is made a pretext for enslaving the Church. However, they opposed the motion, and saved the Government from an ignominious defeat.

The Ministry do not wish to take any such step as this. The French people generally are thoroughly Catholic, and they prefer that the Government should subsidize the clergy, in order that the latter may not be distracted from their spiritual duties by having the burden of collecting their incomes, and of paying for the erection and repair of churches thrown upon them. Hence the Ministry feel that their reign would be short if they were to favor the separation of Church and State, and the abolition of the Concordat. They had, however, the effrontery to ask the Pope to interfere to oblige the Bishops to obey their tyrannical measures. This the Pope, of course, would not do. He informed the Government that he could not interfere in matters which belong to the French people themselves to settle; and we have no doubt the French people will before long settle this matter satisfactorily through the ballot-boxes. The Pope, however, advised the Bishops to moderation, which was good advice, though it does not restrict their liberty as French citizens.

The Archbishop of Aix is one of those Bishops who cordially endorsed Cardinal Lavignerie's advice to the clergy to support the Republic; but this does not imply that he should

accept the policy or abstain from criticising the measures of the present rulers. It means that they are willing to let the people decide all questions which may be at issue between them and the Government, and there is little doubt that when the people really assert themselves, the condition of the Church will be ameliorated. The present Government is not so bad as the Clemenceau Government was, and we believe that the next will be an improvement upon the Government which now wields the destinies of the country.

To the relatives of Mr. Frank Cicolari, and to his partner, Mr. Daly, of the Kingston Freeman, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sad distress. Mr. Cicolari was a young man of much promise, and not only a good Catholic, but a valiant soldier in defence of the faith whenever and wherever attacked. That the light of eternal glory may open unto him is the heartfelt prayer of a brother journalist.

DIocese OF LONDON.

CHRISTMAS.

The great feast of Christmas was celebrated in the usual manner in this city. Nine Masses were celebrated in the cathedral. Midnight Mass at the Sacred Heart Convent was celebrated by Rev. Father Noonan. The first Mass at the cathedral was a pontifical High Mass, celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, Father Tiernan acting as assistant priest, Father Dumouchelle, of Toronto, as deacon, and Rev. M. McCormack as sub-deacon. After the Mass His Lordship stepped to the sanctuary railing and addressed the large congregation. He extended to them the happy greetings of the joyous season we were now celebrating and hoped that the anthem sung by the angels that morning would be realized by each and every one.

His Lordship also preached at the High Mass, drawing some useful lessons from the gospel of the day. At Mount Hope three Masses were celebrated by Rev. Father Gahan, at 6, 6:30 and 7:30. The singing of the Sisters and children at the first and second Masses was not only edifying, but rendered in a manner which showed careful cultivation of the voice and thorough practice of the music suitable to the occasion. In the evening at 5 o'clock His Lordship the Bishop of London gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. On this occasion, also, the singing was admirable.

In the afternoon the Bishop gave Benediction at the Sacred Heart Convent.

The collections at the Cathedral and St. Mary's Church were unusually large.

ORDINATION.

On Sunday, December 27, at 10:30 o'clock Mass, in St. Peter's Cathedral, His Lordship the Bishop of London conferred the holy sacrament of orders upon Rev. M. McCormack, raising him to the dignity of the priesthood. The solemn and imposing ceremony was witnessed by a large congregation, who, after Mass, received the blessing of the young priest.

America Destined to Become Catholic.

Referring to the conversion to the Faith of Col. R. H. Savage, of the United States Army, and his wife, in San Francisco, and certain similar events in prospect elsewhere, Zax, of the San Franciscoan, once made the following comments, from his standpoint curiously interesting:

For my part, although not a Catholic, I am not surprised that the elegant gentlemen who represent the Church of Rome make so many converts, but that they trouble themselves to make so few. If Churches are to be judged by their representatives, the Catholic is far ahead of any other. I do not bow to her religion, but, as a rational being, I respect her grand wisdom.

As people grow rich and refined, the Catholic Church will necessarily receive more and more converts. It is the Church par excellence of the aristocracy. It is the only Church with a distinguished and unbroken genealogy. Its heirlooms are the monuments of art, sculpture, architecture, music, and all the grand relics of genius that the globe contains. Its priests are invariably educated and diplomatically clever men. I take off my hat to culture and state-craft. Some twelve or fifteen years ago Professor Tyndall predicted that after the intense free-thinking then prevailing there would be a great reaction in favor of Catholicism; that after this age of unrest men would seek that perfect repose which only the Catholic Church bestows.

Congregational singing promises to be the order in the Catholic churches of the future in the archdiocese of Philadelphia. In the reorganization of the parochial schools there, the study of music has been given special consideration, and the report of the Diocesan School Board provides for a uniform course in vocal music.

A Brooklyn correspondent writes to the Catholic Review that an exemplary gentleman named Duranquet applied, years ago, for admission to the Society of Jesus, but the master of novices put him off with the statement that his plan to do good was outside in the world. He married accordingly, and, in due time, had six sons, all of whom became Jesuit priests.

DUTY OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

Benefits to be Derived From Participating in Popular Social Movements.

To-day we live, when to-morrow we may find all things changed. An epoch wherein traditions vanish, institutions are of yesterday, and constant new social forms arise. Spontaneous—yet not by chance. Men determine, and laws are repealed—customs live but in history.

The kaleidoscopic transformations of the modern age are so rapid that unless we know them, we cannot hope to interpret their lights, nor exert an influence over their subsequent reversals.

Under our form of government the masses wield a power more potent than we scarce admit.

In other ages men were led. To-day they are leaders. The flame of independence has been so fanned by the breath of our free institutions, that hardly can an exigency occur, than opinions are as various as are the number of their sources.

Whether they be deceived and born to benefit the occasion, or whether the press, the motor that moves the world, manufactures a public sentiment, it is none the less true that we miss no day when the people are not called upon to discuss and decide questions, the results of which affect every member of society, and mark the trend of unborn generations.

Popular movements can be attributed, in main, to the desire they have in augmenting the material wants of the people.

They are the wishes of the many enunciated by expression. To limit them to disordered gatherings, political platforms, sudden upheavals, riotous eruptions or resolutions, is to mistake the sense in which we employ the term.

Popular movements include all the active proceedings in which society takes part.

The various conditions, circumstances and callings of men, necessitate various laws and privileges.

To whom it befalls the power to legislate, neglects not the opportunity to satisfy his own demands, and in effect, the remainder clamor for as just a recognition as the class on whom the robes of authority are invested.

To this fact political parties owe their existence. A just appreciation of their influence on every action of the citizen cannot be calculated. They form the index for most men's motives, and we know, too well, the selfishness of such a criterion.

If men were to do and act, as their real interests prompted; had they the stamina, and viewed questions in a light more compatible to their conditions, the laws of conduct would be certain, and the kaleidoscope would reveal a figure less varied and seldom changing.

We need leaders. Educated, bold teachers.

To whom shall we look for a knowledge of the times?

Our fathers bore the brunt some years ago, but the world has turned many times since then.

"The child," this said, "is father to the man," and the young and vigorous citizen, he whose life is to be lived in a time to come, needs to be the architect of his own dwelling.

In our nation the ballot box is the armor and weapon of every conflict. Were our young men persuaded that the right of suffrage is a privilege, to take advantage of which, is a conscientious duty, their participation in every movement, with the highest motives of good for their action, would so result as to be beneficial beyond conception.

God has never willed the existence of all the great progress in this passing century, unless he willed that Catholic influence should be brought to bear upon it.

The Catholic young man, therefore, must assume the responsibilities which citizenship incurs.

Are not his wants, interests and rights identical with those about him.

More than that, he is to do battle for a system of things which will not be inimicable to the Church, on whom rests the duty of entrenching the morals of the world.

Whether united by the ties of union, or individually struggling with the crowd, Catholic young men have inherent in them the same moral foundations.

To join then in the crush and warfare, for order and right, is as incumbent on the unaffiliated son, as it is on the members of Catholic Unions.

By such participation, there is no wish to be understood, as proclaiming the fact that we are to stamp, our every proceeding in daily life, with the brand of Catholic.

This would antagonize, by exclusiveness, the good will of men of different denominations.

Theoretically, perhaps, all things revert to a religious standpoint, but to a Catholic young man there are many actions that can be practically resolved, without inviting the bigotry of others, by an exposition of his holy motives.

When the mind of man conceives a certain idea, which is concurred in by others, and is self-sustaining in its credibility to himself, he oft times becomes a fanatic.

To attribute every action as right or wrong in its relation to this principle, is his never falling occupation.

To the Catholic young man, the rule of conduct is drawn by his conscience; but to oppose or uphold openly at all times, popular movements, as they reflect their shadows to or from his principles, is fanaticism, and, is so great a breach of policy, that while he glories in the exposition of his faith, his par-

ticipation in the movement is barren and without benefit.

Raise the insignia of the Church only when she is directly attacked, or when a great public scandal is sought to be excused.

The code of our practice should be—vote, teach, speak, and influence men, in accordance with the sound rules of morality and government.

This is our duty—we cannot escape. The benefits accruing from such participation by Catholic young men result to the individual, society, the nation, and the Church.

To the individual in the full accomplishment of his rights. The natural inclinations of man lead him to do and desire whatever seem good to himself.

In society these are curbed and limited for the common good. What that is, causes government. If the authority is controlled by the upright, capable and vigorous, civil liberty will be the inheritance of the individual.

The municipal scandals that tarnish the splendor of our cities, are directly due to the lack of active participation, by the best townsmen in the affairs of the commonwealth.

They have little reason to complain of the injustice of the party in power, who abstain from all discussion or debate, and avoid the polls as they would a pesthouse.

Resigning their interests, society instead of merely restricting their natural freedom, adds fresh burdens by excessive taxation and repulsive laws.

Co-operation therefore in the ordinary affairs of legislation, expression of thought on matters of deliberate worth, would remedy in great part the uncertain methods now employed by the trustees of our privileges, and yield to the individual an abundant fruit.

His interests are made known, his views on the general welfare ventilated, and instead of holding aloof, because of the baseness of politics and popular discussions, and thereby having no voice in these matters, the individual if he does not obtain the fullness of his wants, has, at least the satisfaction of knowing that he performed his duty.

In consequence, his mind is developed, his energies strengthened, self-confidence enlarged. Grave subjects no longer terrify, and the occasion finds him ready to cope with social problems of concern, to his person and property. A fuller and freer field opens for the practice of his religion.

His temporal desires, instead of brooding dormant in the inactive past, give vent to expression for recognition.

To the Catholic young man all these results can be attained if he will. Let him but live, as he has been taught, and bravely enter the lists, and the darts of prejudices will fail to pierce his mail. Too many of us are uncharitable. Non-Catholics are not all bigots. They who so assert, have likely made them such by their own narrow-minded fanaticism. Be industrious, moral, and respect will be commanded. The model for Catholic youth, is the life of the late poet and author of Boston. His career teaches us that modest, earnest participation, will outlive ridicule and partiality.

Society would in turn fall heir to the benefits of such joint-tenancy. Made up of individuals, it will be collectively, as they are. The whole is composed of parts. If the fractions are weak, the sum will not be strong. The evils of intemperance, luxury, immorality and dishonesty, prevalent in the body of society, are not inherent in the man. They come from example. If individuals boldly frown down those whose position make them prototypes for the multitude, and who are unworthy of their station, humanity would be freer from the vices just enumerated.

With men accountable to their conscience, co-partners in every popular movement, the effect will be noticeable by the conservative conclusions of their deliberations. With the whole world of the Catholicity youth working among the people, taking part in their transactions, filling offices of their trust, mastering the professions, and insisting on a moral order, the state shall experience a change, indeed, for the better.

Good, not unlike evil, is diffusive. With honest, pushing, young men guiding the course of the financial, political and educational cars, the possibility of encountering obstacles will greatly lessen.

A nation is composed of communities. If society receives reward by co-operation of Catholic young men in its daily affairs, the nation successively will find its basis higher, its statesmen greater. Law will not be the expression of one man, one party, but an immutable rule of justice, which to depart, will be repulsive to the commonwealth. With such, the preface to every enactment, the nation shall harbor neither party nor sectional rancor.

The freedom she bestows on her subjects, is continually abused. Her crown of liberty, is, too frequently, made a chaplet of license. Impress her people with moral obligations, and surely, we may expect some decided reformations.

Finally, the Church of God will reap a harvest, abundant and lasting. The body politic practicing the truths she has ever inculcated, the nation, a government with a conscience, and the citizen disposed not to think always of self, her mission to save the souls of human kind, will be a labor among friends.

The clergy are so imbedded in the work of salvation, that they have little time to deal with temporal questions. To the laity, the burden of imparting the rules of moral truth, is obligatory. Performing their apostolic commission,

Holy Church will thenceforth preach her doctrines to a well prepared community.

Eternal benefits result. To the Almighty rewarder we leave the splendor of their fullness.—John A. Poland.

THE CENTRE OF TRUTH.

It is Only to be Found in the Catholic Church.

When the Blessed Sacrament is not, all dies. As when the sun departs all things sicken and decay, and when life is gone the body returns to its dust; so with any province or member of the Church. There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York spread throughout the whole of England and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion, of Christian intelligence and Christian charity. There was but one jurisdiction reigning over all the people of England, guiding them by a divine voice of changeless faith, and sanctifying them by the Seven Sacraments of grace. But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the Word made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the Divine Mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His mystical Body. Then came a change, slight indeed, to sense, but in the sight of God fraught with inexhaustible consequences of supernatural loss. Does any one know the name of the man who removed the Blessed Sacrament from the cathedral of Canterbury or from York Minister? It is written in history? Or is it blotted out from the knowledge of men, and known only to God and His holy angels? Who did it and when it was done I cannot say. Was it in the morning or in the evening? Can we hope that some holy priest, in sorrow, yielding to the violence of the storm then falling upon the Church, out of love to His Divine Master, removed His Eucharistic Presence to save it from profanation; or was it some sacrilegious hand that dragged Him from His throne, as of old He was dragged from Getsemane to Calvary? We cannot know. It was a terrible deed; and that name, if it be recorded, has a terrible brand upon it. But a change which held hold on earth and in heaven had been accomplished. Canterbury and York went on the day after as the day before. But the Light of Life had gone out of them. Men were busy as not knowing or not believing what was done, and what would follow from the dead. There was no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures were read there, but there was no Divine Teacher to interpret them. The Magnificat was chanted still, but it rolled along the empty roofs, for Jesus was no longer on the altar. So it is to this day. There is no light, no tabernacle, no altar, nor can be till Jesus shall return thither. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we may believe that angels are there, ever saying: "He is not here. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid." (St. Matt., xxviii, 6).

But this is not all. The change, so imperceptible to sense, in the supernatural order is potent and irresistible. The centre or the order of grace had been taken away, and the whole had lost its unity and its coherence. Separation from the visible Body of Christ is separation from the presence and assistance of the Holy Ghost, who inhabits it. There is no influx of His divine and infallible light into the intelligence of a body which breaks from the unity of the Church. There is no divine voice speaking through it as His organ of immutable truth. Straightway all began to dissolve and go to pieces. The sinews relaxed and lost their tenacity, the joints and bands of what had been the mystical Body parted asunder. For three hundred years it has been returning into its dust.—Cardinal Manning.

Religion ought to make men cheerful. It takes the sting out of trouble and hangs a rainbow over the grave. It makes life worth living and death worth dying. It improves this world and promises a better one. It is comfort for the present and hope for the future. Why should not its professors be happy?

Never part for the day without loving words to think of during absence; it may be that you will never meet again in life.

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Irish Song.
 When Carroll axed Kate for her heart and a hand
 That contrived just a hundred good acres of land,
 Her lively brown eyes
 Went wide with surprise,
 And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy de-
 mands:
 "Young Carroll Macinn,
 Put the beard to your chin
 And the change in your purse, if a wife you
 would win."
 Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow,
 And off to the Digias lounpseed from the
 plough;
 Till the beard finely grown,
 And the pockets full blown,
 Says he "Maybe Kate might be kind to me
 now."
 So home my lad came,
 Col. Carly by name,
 To try a fresh fling at his cruel old flame.
 But when Col. Carly in splendor steps in,
 For all his grand airs and great beard to his
 chin,
 "Och! lave me alone!"
 Cried Kate, with a groan,
 "For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll
 Macinn."
 "Lush sobbin' this minute,
 The Carroll that's in it!"
 I've eaged you at last, thin, my wild little
 humt.
 —Author of "Father O'Flynn" in the Spec-
 tator.

A PRIEST TO PROTESTANT MINISTERS.

Father T. F. Butler's Invited Address at Ellsworth, Me.

We take from the Ellsworth American of the 3rd inst., the full text of the address which the Rev. T. F. Butler, of Ellsworth, Me., delivered by invitation before the Minister's Meeting held on the 23rd ult. in that town:

I confess I scarcely know what to write in this paper; for I feel that your views and mine do not move in the same groove. We start differently. Our means for progress in our journey are not at all the same. Our ideals resemble each other only in part. In a word, though our aspirations may be the same in general, they are not the same in particular. How easy, then, it would be for me to touch a theme that would find no sympathy among you! How very easy for me to write what might offend you, though my desire would be the contrary.

But, at all events, I must be frank. Without that quality there would be no meaning in our conference.

HOW TO FILL THE CHURCHES.

The purpose of these meetings, if I am not mistaken, is to devise some means by which, working in harmony, the clergy of this town might fill their churches with devout followers, and also control all efforts for good now undertaken by societies that are secular.

If the first of these objects be attained, the accomplishment of the second would depend in a large measure on the character of the minister.

To fill the church, however, and to keep it full, is a matter that regards the very nature of the religion professed there. It must not only be definite and appeal convincingly to the mind, but it must hold the conscience. A system of religion that is vague in any important matter, which does not claim to be the only true religion, which has not a satisfactory answer to every doubt that may arise, which does not rest each and all its claims on proof, cannot long hold the masses.

Evidently, if it wish the people to assemble on Sunday for Divine worship, one of its claims will be the right to exact such attendance, and especially on that day; for it is well known that Sunday is not the Sabbath.

The right to exact such attendance, the power of imposing penalty in case of wilful neglect to obey.

THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

Once that matter is settled, we have to consider the relative positions of the pastor and his people in the economy of the Church. To my mind these are prefigured in the ceremony of the feeding of the multitude mentioned in the gospel. Our Lord wishes to feed all that are gathered around Him. He tells His Apostles to cause the others to be seated. Then He blesses their store, the few loaves and fishes, and bids them to distribute the same to the seated multitude. The office of the Lord is to bless, that of the minister to distribute or give, that of the congregation to be seated and receive. In other words, the position of the pastor is that of master, in the sense of teacher, that of the flock is the position of pupil. These positions should not be reversed. If they are allowed to be reversed, then the masters, who are many, will do as they please, will come to the church when it suits their convenience or whim, and will dictate the character of the teaching to be given. It will be impossible to please all. If "one cannot serve two masters," how can he serve one hundred? The pastor in such a case must be exceptionally able to preserve harmony for a long period. He can never get beyond simple harmony.

WHO ARE THE STAY-AT-HOMES, AND WHY?

These things being considered, let us now become practical and view the situation as it stands right here in Ellsworth. If the view does not please we have to be honest and ask: How about my religion? How about myself? The situation, in a few words, is this: There are over five thousand souls in the town. The number of persons who attend divine service on Sunday, together with those who are legitimately excused, might safely be put at, say, one thousand. I think that number is sufficiently high. And this is not in the middle of Africa, but in the civilized State of Maine, within an hour's journey almost of cultured Bar Harbor. Where are the four thousand? Who are they? I think you will admit with me that this is a matter worthy of the consideration of a body like this.

As to who they are I will first answer by stating who they are not. They are

certainly not Catholics, and never were such. The Catholics attend Divine service almost to a man, and so do their children. We have a full congregation on every Sunday, no matter what the state of the weather may be. The Methodist church, I am told, is also well attended. So we may conclude that the large number of stay-aways are not Methodists. My people number about four hundred, all told. Let us suppose that the Methodist flock is about the same in number. In that case the greater part of the one thousand church-goers is already accounted for. The four thousand of the go-ays, you please party is to be sought, then, outside of these two bodies. They are all of the division known as Protestant.

All of you will at once cry out, perhaps, "They are not of us! They have no connection with us!" Perhaps not; but they are the children and the grandchildren of those who built and maintained your churches. They are the children of those who formed the town. Naturally they should be yours if you could have held them. But you have not; therefore they are not yours. Aside from that consideration, however, many of them would not have yours—otherwise would not have four thousand. Another consideration which strikes me is this: The Catholic church and the Methodist church are composed of the poor. We have not a rich man in our midst. Ergo—the *élite*, the wealth, and the culture of the town are to be sought among those who go to church when and as they please, or who do not go at all.

THE FACTORS IN THE PROBLEM.

Such is the situation. Is it a pleasing one? Where is the fault? For there must be fault somewhere. The three factors in the problem are the people, the religion and the pastor.

Now my theory is that if everything was as it should be in regard to religion and the pastor there certainly would not be such a lapse from duty on the part of the people. Our province, then, is to look to the religion and the pastor. That, I take it, is the heart of the subject. For as the veins and arteries indicate the condition of the heart, so the masses in their way indicate the quality of their sources of religious life. What then about our religion? What about ourselves?

THE RELIGION.

From the evident circumstances of our case it may be neither prudent nor desirable that we each and all discuss the religions and characters of the various members comprising this body. No; save a few remarks in a general way, each must make this part of the examination for himself. I, as the writer of this short and imperfect article, presume to answer in a general way for my own religion.

The system of religion which by God's grace I hold is exact and emphatic. This vague in no important point. 'Tis the uncompromising enemy of doubt; for it has a solid reason for every article of faith, and this reason rests on proof. Hence 'tis dogmatic. A system which is not dogmatic is merely a set of theories or opinions. Such we might term a system of philosophy, if you will, but not properly a religion. For it is the property of philosophy that it yield to new light; while religion, if it be of God, never loses a particle of truth once held. New light in religion means more light. Development is not change. As ages advance these particles of truth are crystallized.

Further, our religion is direct and clear. It teaches that "he who believes not shall be damned;" that "without faith 'tis impossible to please God;" but that "faith without good works is dead."

As to the preacher in the Catholic Church, "he speaks as one having authority;" for he holds the post and acts by the virtue of the One who spoke originally. He is there for the needs, but not at the beck of the people. Our Church knows that its members are convinced. Hence she does not simply ask, she commands her children to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays. She, and she alone, brushes away the old law of "keeping the Sabbath holy;" and says: "I command by virtue of the authority which I have received from God, that you keep the Sunday holy. If not, you are guilty of sin." The result is before you. All her children, practically all, obey.

Now how is it with your religions, gentlemen? Is your religion definite? Could you tell me from end to end of the chapter precisely what you believe? Would that be in all points exactly what the whole body of your Church holds as its faith? Have you no doubt? When doubt comes is your system of religion such that it always furnishes a satisfactory answer? Are all these answers accompanied by proof? If each and every one of these questions does not find in you a favorable answer, then the religion in question cannot hold you; a *fortiori*, it cannot hold the people.

A Protestant minister whom I once met on the train between here and Bangor favored me with a chat on religious matters. I asked him in the course of our conversation, "What do you believe?" His answer was, "I believe in agreeing to disagree." That I might not misunderstand his answer he explained that he was in favor of allowing divergence of opinion among the members provided the congregation could be preserved, or rather for the sake of holding the congregation together. Now I claim that a man holding such a view on so important a matter was not qualified to preach a definite religion. And yet he preached in several churches in this town. A man who is not convinced, profoundly convinced, that his religion is true, cannot be a man of faith. A man who is not certain his

religion is the only true religion cannot be a man of zeal. Without true faith, without zeal, his place is not in the pulpit. (Fancy St. Paul in that role.) "His voice is but as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals." The man who says, "Away with creeds," simply says, "Away with all religious belief" for a creed is simply the expression of religious belief.

THE PASTOR.

If you will permit me now, I would say a word about the position of the Protestant minister as pastor; for on that hangs the question whether one is a leader or not, whatever his title may be.

Ordinarily the minister is placed on trial for a few weeks. Then, if it please the society, he is engaged at a stated salary for a certain term. He knows, as everybody knows, that his position rests on the pleasure of those employing him. He also knows that there is a widespread disinclination to listen to what are called the disagreeable things of religion. If he be over-zealous, if he be strong in reproof, he is reminded that these are disputed questions and should be left to private judgment. He speaks to empty pews. He is told to take his pay and go.

Herein rests the strength of the Methodist Church in the matter of discipline. I am not speaking of doctrine. The society does not choose the minister, nor can they pack him off. That, I understand, is the function of a higher recognized authority.

Gentlemen, you can never be leaders while you are so dependent, while you are so bound at the outset unless you are eminent for eloquence, or for sanctity, or for learning, or for the power of moving the heart.

Whether you may be so blessed or not, does not become me to judge. I am in no sense your judge; nor do I presume to act as if I were constituted such. I simply point out to you a fact patent to all. Your churches are being deserted, and for a part of the year are entirely closed. Your people would naturally be composed of the wealthiest and most cultured people of the town. It cannot then be a question of lack of means. What is the cause? If you are the pastors it is your duty to find it out. If you care for my answer to the question, I can give it in a few words, but I feel you will not believe me.

Your religion does not hold the people. Therefore it does not satisfy them. My religion does hold my people and draws others. Therefore it has in it what the people need. It satisfies.

ADDENDUM—THE PEOPLE.

The above short essay was written solely for the ears of the ministers. Yet since it was favorably received, although not in all things fully endorsed by them, it was deemed well to publish it in the hope of inducing those of the laity to think. Most men, I fear, intelligent men too, are not given to thinking, on religious matters. Their "judgment" means their "opinion." To form an opinion requires little effort, and often even the opinion is a borrowed one. For while boasting that they do think for themselves many will fling out as a serious objection the stale remains of some "chestnut" that has been roasted and shelled a hundred years ago. We are not afraid of the thinker who thinks. But does not that allow a large field for "private judgment?" Certainly; when it is a "judgment;" but the field has its fences. To be a judgment the testimony must have been examined and the proof seen. To be a valuable judgment requires that all the proofs be had and actually examined. To be a competent judgment requires competence on the part of the judge; in other words, that he be a judge of the matter. But all real judgment supposes serious thought. One of the objects of preaching is to give impulse and direction to serious thought. The grace of God will do the rest. Another object is to have the case exposed and the proofs examined. But cannot all this be done without church and preacher? No; inclination, business, temptation, lack of ability, stand in the way. Besides, God has ordered it otherwise. "Go forth and preach," said He. "Hear the Church," said St. Paul distinctly teaches that faith comes by hearing, adding, "And how can you hear unless it be preached unto you?"

Now who are they who avoid the Church? Those who boast descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. Those fathers were men "of sterner stuff." They are more honored in beseeching lives than by loud words. To them, we are told, religion was dearer than native land, its practice worthy the sacrifice of life. From the wild forest rose their humble temple. Silence and danger lurked without, peace and harmony dwelt within. Has their spirit departed with the forest that is dead? or does it live in their children? Shall it be said that now when peace and industry bless the land without, the silence of the forest shall reign within the temple? They hated Catholics and priests; for in reality they knew us not. Shall it indeed be said that now the Catholic and the priest shall alone stand to admire and emulate their virtues and cast the mantle of charity on their necks? Or shall we all rather bend a humble knee to the God they adored and cry, "Oh, Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief?"

Some men by their position and endowments are natural leaders of the people. I would ask such, where are you leading them? If they, with

raised eyebrows, ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I answer, yes; as far as example goes. Your position is your stewardship. You will be asked "to render an account of your stewardship." "But who are you that presume to advise me?" I am asked. "I am the voice of one crying out in this wilderness." "But what is your authority? That is just what I would like to have you examine. The whole question rests there. Therefore I say, think. Reading and prayer are good spectacles for a thinker on a subject like this.

A BISHOP TORTURED.

Terrible Sufferings of the Bishop of Shantung in Northern China.

Rt. Rev. John Anzer, Bishop of the Shantung district in Northern China, settled on the City of Pekin the other day for an important mission to Germany, where Emperor William heard his statement of affairs in his district, and his plea for the protection by Germany of the Catholic missionaries in the Shantung district. A *Chronicle* reporter interviewed the Bishop on the steamer's deck a few minutes before it sailed.

While travelling from village to village in the Shantung district I preached one afternoon in a place of fully one thousand people. While conducting the services I was roughly seized by four big Chinese and borne to a place outside the gates of the town. A crowd followed my captors. When a spot was reached that suited them they put me down. The leader of the party informed me that the people of the town wanted me to promise that I would go away and preach no more.

The man said that Shantung was the birthplace of Confucius, and was the holy land of China, and that no missionaries were wanted. I refused to go away, so they hung me to a limb of a tree by my cue—in China we missionaries follow the style and dress of the country in every particular—so when my cue was tied to the tree I hung by my hair, part of which was pulled out by the roots. All the protests I made against this treatment were of no avail, and I was powerless to protect myself. Not satisfied with dangling me in the air, they took my clothes off and whipped and beat me at intervals from 3 to 9 p. m. The pain was excruciating, and there was no escape from my torturers. One man with a leather whip, lashed me on the head, neck, and shoulders with a flat club until my face bled, and the blood ran down and dried on my body; still another trickled and struck the soles of my feet until my mind wandered. At one time I lost consciousness for a little while. A 8:30 the people came out from the town in crowds to witness my punishment, and my tormentors renewed their fiendish work with great vigor. Some cried out to burn me, and a pile of fagots was arranged for my benefit; but before it was lit sympathy from some source was found for me, and the wood was not set on fire. So weak and helpless had I become that when the bell rang at 9 o'clock for the people to go inside of the town I was left for dead. A forest was near, and I heard some onesay in Chinese: "Let us leave him here for the wild beasts to devour."

Another wanted to cut off one of my legs and take it away with him. After I was left alone I became unconscious. But I had a friend who had hidden himself away, and after the people had left me he came to my assistance. As I could neither move hand nor foot he carried me to a place of safety where mandarin found me and had me taken to his house and treated by his own doctor. Had I died, the mandarin would have been beheaded, which is according to the law of China when a missionary is put to death without cause in a mandarin's district.

The Household Prize.

135 Adelaide St., W. Toronto, Ont.: "Your relief preparation, St. Jacobs Oil, has proved a benefit to me in more ways than one. I have used it for quinsy (outward application) with very beneficial results, and for a case of rheumatism, where its action was swift and sure, and a perfect cure was performed. I consider it a remedy to be prized in every household."
THOS. PIERDON, with Johnson & Brown.

Winter Sports.

The gay winter season exposes many to attacks of colds, coughs, hoarseness, tightness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc., which require a reliable remedy like Haysgard's Pectoral Balm for their relief and cure. Known as reliable for over thirty years. The best cough cure.

Familial Family Friends.

The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Haysgard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rosway, N. S., says: "We have used Haysgard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, cramp, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

Dyspepsia.

This disease may be traced to a variety of causes, such as constipation, liver troubles, improper food, etc. There is one cure—Burdock Blood Bitters—which may be thoroughly relied on to effect a permanent cure. It has cured obstinate cases of 25 years' standing.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

A New Gun.

For about a year experiments have been made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., with a machine gun which in many respects is a marvel. Its principal feature is the rapidity of fire. At a recent test nine hundred shots were fired in one minute through one barrel. The only gun appearing in the world of fire is the Maxim machine gun, with a record of seven hundred and fifty shots a minute. The new Winchester gun has a water-jacket surrounding the barrel, which holds one gallon of water. That amount of water is evaporated in one minute when the gun is in operation. In experiments made without the water-jacket the barrel would become too hot for safety in less than half a minute. The breech mechanism is operated by a crank connected with a system of multiplying gears, by means of which the rapidity of motion is obtained. The ammunition is fed into the breach from a continuous web belt holding the cartridge in pockets. The exploded shells, as they are thrown from the breach, rise about two feet over the gun, and fall in what appears to be a gracefully-curved bar of burnished brass.

Fasting Fast.

DEAR SIR:—My mother was falling very fast after three months' suffering from dropsy, being swollen from head to foot, but after she had used one bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitters it was removed, and she felt quite well. We think there is no better medicine, and are true friends to B. B. B.
MISS LAVINA TAYLOR,
177 Jamieson Av., Parkdale,
Toronto, Ont.

Just so many people suffer pain when a remedy is known and certain effect like Haysgard's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not very clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant cure for sore throat, cramp, colic, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents. One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

To INVIGORATE both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

NO VIOLATION OF THE CONFES-SIONAL.

From the San Francisco Monitor.

A correspondent writes to us another instance of a Catholic priest who forfeited his liberty and earthly good name, rather than compromise by the slightest indication a secret confided to him in the Sacrament of Penance. The case of Father Dumoulin recalled a similar one in the diocese of Luck Zeitomir, in Russian Poland, which happened some thirty-six years ago.

The sexton of one of the churches in Zeitomir assassinated for robbery a married lady of that city, using for the purpose a gun which he had stolen from the priest's house, and which he concealed after the murder behind the altar in the church. After the crime was committed the assassin was seized with sudden illness and confessed the murder, as he afterward stated himself, to the priest in the Confessional. The police, a few days later, found the gun concealed behind the altar, and suspicion fell on the priest, and was apparently confirmed by various circumstances of which he offered no adequate explanation. Catholic priests are no favorites with the Russian tribunals, and though the evidence was entirely circumstantial, Father X. (we cannot recall his name at the moment) was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Siberian mines. What such a sentence means, the accounts published lately by Mr. Kenman will best explain. It is almost literally death in life without rest or relief, or even the opportunity of religious help or divine worship.

Before placing the convicted priest in the convict gang, he was publicly degraded from his functions in the Cathedral of Zeitomir. The scene on that occasion, when the Prelate, with crozier in hand and mitre on his head, pulled off the clerical soutane and declared its wearer unworthy of the sacred office he had disgraced, was never to be forgotten. As the Bishop, Mgr. Borozowski, turned away, the unfrocked priest fell on his knees and called out in thrilling tones: "I am innocent of this deed!" with a gesture of supplication toward his Bishop. The latter stopped a moment, looked fixedly at him, and then turned away, as if convinced of his guilt.

The police officer threw a convict's blouse over the shoulders of the unfrocked priest and led him away. Fifteen years afterward the murderer was seized with a fatal illness and made a full confession of his own guilt, and also of the fact that he had confessed it to the man who bore its punishment for him. The tribunals were appealed to, and an order for the release of the convicted priest was speedily obtained. On forwarding the document to the convict station where Father X. had been sent, it was found, however, that it came too late. The priest was dead six months and had been buried among the criminals whose fate he had shared for fifteen years, rather than violate the secrecy of the Confessional. These are simple facts, and can be readily authenticated in Zeitomir, where they are well remembered.

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A PRETTY TRIO.



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Dividend No. 55

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of four and one-half per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of NINE PER CENT. PER ANNUM, upon the paid up capital stock of this Company has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Company's office in this city on and after

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1892.
The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st inst. inclusive. By order of the Board,
G. A. SOMERVILLE,
Manager.

London, Ont., Dec. 1, 1891.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT. For whosoever are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons of God. (Rom. viii., 14.)

The end of our pilgrimage, like that of the three wise men, my brethren, is union with our Lord. Of course union with God, through His power and His being present everywhere, always exists, whether we are His friends or not. But the state of grace is the union of love. By that union God rules our soul. By that union the Holy Spirit of God, the Third Person of the most Holy Trinity, really dwells within us. In that state of grace we are brought into loving contact with the divine Spirit. Now the Apostle, in the words of our text, wishes to teach us one effect of that wonderful union.

"For the Spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God." That is to say, when the Holy Spirit enters into your heart He announces your coming. He assures you of His friendship. He excites within you a sentiment of filial affection for your Heavenly Father. How could it be otherwise? Could God be long in our hearts and we be altogether ignorant of it? Of course He does not take away the natural fickleness of our minds; the star sometimes shines faintly, or even for a while disappears from view. God does not reveal Himself as He is; He does not interfere at all with His eternal work in the holy Church; He does not substitute His interior action on the soul for that exterior action of visible authority and sacramental symbols. It is, indeed, by means of this external order that the Holy Spirit enters into our hearts; it is, besides, only by means of the Church's divine marks, her divine testimony, her divine influence in the sacraments, that we can be quite sure that Almighty God has come down into our souls. Yet the Holy Spirit really has a secret career within us. "Deep calleth unto deep," that is, the infinite love of God calls into life our little love. He has His inner Church in our souls, so to speak; or rather He brings into His spiritual and hidden temple all that is outside, spiritualizes the external order, joins the purely mental with the sacramental, and, having set our faces in the right direction and started our feet moving in the right road, He sets us to thinking right. He stirs up noble aspirations. He purifies our feelings, and finally gives us testimony that it is really Himself, the Spirit of God, who has thus been at work making our inner life such as befits the sons of God.

Now, my brethren, as I said before, this testimony of God within us is not like the splendors of Paradise bursting upon the soul; nor is it so very plain as to be able to stand alone without the eternal friendship, except now and then in the case of some great saint. Yet there are many things in our inner life that, if we study them over a little, show that God has been acting upon us. What else is that wonder of the world called the faith of Catholics? Who else but the Spirit of God could give such power to believe very mysterious truths, such as a stability of wavering minds, such a humility of belief to proud minds? And what except divine love could be as sweet as the taste the soul enjoys in the reception of the sacraments? Call to mind the utter transformation of soul that so often takes place at first Communion; remember the flood of divine influence at your Christian marriage; remember how after that death-bed scene your broken heart was cured of its despair when you turned to God; remember how at missions or during seasons of penance, or at one or other festival, it seemed to you that heaven was beginning before its time. All this is God's work on your life. The tender emotion at hearing the divine promises, the loving regret for sin, the joy of forgiveness, the imagination filled—plainly by no human means—with images of celestial peace, the understanding as clear of doubts as heaven of clouds, the will strong and easily able to keep good resolutions, sometimes the very body sharing the lightness and vigor of the soul—that is all this but the embrace of the Holy Spirit? And if one says he does not feel it and yet hopes that he is in a state of grace, I answer that he will not be long deprived of it. Or it may be he is tepid; his soul is not able to feel more than a hand benumbed with cold; his ear not hearing because his attention is too much fixed on the voices of the world to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit. His eye is too much dazzled by the false glitter of the world to catch sight of the star that leads to our Lord's feet.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Betton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

A Sensible Statement.—SIRS.—Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past, I must state that for my complaint of biliousness and acid stomach I have never found an equal, and I continue to use it and recommend it to my friends and neighbors. W. SUTTON, St. Thomas, Ont. Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results. Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colics, sore throat, etc., immediate relief has been received by those who use it." D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importer of Diamonds, Watches and Jewellery, Manufacturing and Fine Watch Repairing, 77 Yonge Street, second door North of King, Toronto.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Maxim.

The world is all before you, boys. So fight to win—not lose—Let each, according to his bend, His own vocation choose. This golden maxim should I think, Within your bosoms dwell: "Whatever's worth the doing, boys, Is worth the doing well."

So few can scale the giddy heights To Fame's alluring seat, But all may reach some wished-for goal, With steady, plodding feet. And in whatever sphere stands out Our duty, great or small, 'Tis worth the doing well, my boys, If worth the doing at all.

Procrastination—"thief of time"—Is mankind's felliest foe; The present only is our own. The future none may know; And idle dreaming, howe'er sweet, Can naught attain, I trow. "Whatever's worth the doing, boys, Is worth the doing now."

Rome was not built in one brief day, And so, to form the soul, 'Tis little, done with manly nerve, That constructs the perfect whole. The aching brain, the heated brow, Of lengthened labors tell, "But if it's worth the doing, boys, 'Tis worth the doing well."

Then lay this maxim well to heart: 'Twill aid you in the fight; 'Tis recompense alone to know One's duty was done right; But when, the battle past, you lie Within the grave's low cell, Your soul, beyond, God's voice shall hear: "Servant, thou hast done well."

—By M. Park Gill, M. A.

Human Respect.

Don't care what people say; keep your own sense and abound in it; as the apostle says: "Let every one abound in his own sense." Don't try to get anybody to agree with you. No two noses are alike, much less souls. God never repents. Every one has the world on his shoulders, and unless his own petty ideas and schemes are adopted and succeed, he prophesies the end of the world. You are on the right road—push on! Our maxim is: Be sure you are right, and then go ahead! How much that is good and noble in the soul is smothered by unwise restraint! The whole object of restraint is to reject that which is false and to correct the preference given to a lower good instead of to a higher one. As for the rest—freedom!

A Little Girl's Kind Act.

It was a crowded Detroit street-car. At the corner of Duane street an infirm old lady signalled the driver to stop. Reluctantly he put on his brake, and would have passed by had he half an excuse for so doing. The conductor rather roughly and hurriedly helped the octogenarian in the car. When the knight of the punch called for her fare she felt in the corner of her mitten for a nickel. By the expression on her face everybody in the car knew the money was gone. Men immediately became intensely interested in newspapers, and women were looking every way but at the embarrassed old lady, whose kind and good face evinced pain. The conductor was about to speak when a bright school-girl, probably fourteen years old, walked from the end of the car, and laying a five-cent piece in the conductor's dirty hand, said: "If my mother should ever be placed in the same position as this old lady, I hope some one will be just kind enough to do what I am doing." The remark was a womanly one, and Joan of Arc couldn't have said braver words. The blush of shame mantled the cheeks of every male in the car, and most of them lived or had occasion to get off at the next crossing. The old lady did not thank the little woman verbally for her kindness, as her heart and eyes were too full to speak. She simply pressed the girl's hand and gave her a look of gratitude that spoke more forcibly than words ever could.

Strange Sounds at Sea.

It is a well-established fact that the wide-spread sails of a ship, when rendered concave by a gentle breeze, are most excellent conductors of sound. The celebrated Doctor Arnott relates the following circumstances as a practical proof of this assertion: A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly, several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away. Dumbfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their mates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds. Several months afterwards, upon returning to Brazil, some of the listeners determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends, and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the Cathedral at San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints. Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had traveled a distance of upward of one hundred miles over the water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard. This is but one of the several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that it has often happened under somewhat similar circumstances. To this class of phenomena is doubtless due a great many stories about mysterious voices and other sounds heard on the ocean.

He Did His Share.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set, but not unkindly look, common among military men. The conversation, at best, had not been animated,

and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned towards his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadm't the least idea of moving, I assure you; what's a game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the Major, and his voice trembled a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still, for, say two minutes, to save your life?"

"Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently man! Quiet."

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor.

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern, in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, Major, said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life."

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

A Way to be Wise.

Almost all of my girl and boy friends are fond of good books; but I have noticed that many of them, when they have read a volume through to the period at the end, toss it quickly aside, and without giving a second thought to the contents of its pages, hasten away in search of some new entertainment or occupation.

Now, I want to give a bit of advice on this subject of reading, which I hope every reader will follow, for a few weeks at least, so as to give my suggestion a fair trial.

You all, of course, wish and intend to become intelligent and well-informed men and women; it is for this end that we all learn to read in the beginning; in order, however, to succeed in our ambition, we must not only

know how to read, but how to make use of what we read. And some knowledge of the nature of our minds is a great assistance in learning this important lesson. The writings of all the learned men in the world could not make us wise if our mental faculties were not first trained to think, reason, and remember.

So here is my advice: After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of special interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

Now, shut your eyes, and see if you can remember my advice.

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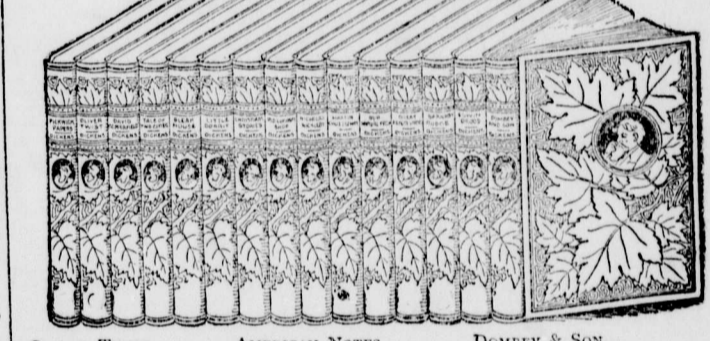
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