

# The Catholic Record.

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

MAY 4, 1895.

## MARKET REPORTS.

May 2.—Wheat, 60 to 75c per bushel; 35 to 40c per bushel for rye, 30 to 35c per bushel; Beef 80 to 85c per lb. Dressed hams, at 10c a lb. Spring lambs, at 10c a lb. Whole hogs, dressed, at 10c a lb. Spruce chickens, pair, 70 to 80c a pair. Butter, 1 lb. per pound for best roll, 10c per dozen. Potatoes were firm, 10c a bushel. The former price for under a few barrels of apples sold at 10c a bushel. May 2.—Wheat, 60 to 75c per bushel; 35 to 40c per bushel for rye, 30 to 35c per bushel; Beef 80 to 85c per lb. Dressed hams, at 10c a lb. Spring lambs, at 10c a lb. Whole hogs, dressed, at 10c a lb. Spruce chickens, pair, 70 to 80c a pair. Butter, 1 lb. per pound for best roll, 10c per dozen. Potatoes were firm, 10c a bushel. The former price for under a few barrels of apples sold at 10c a bushel.

## VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

NO. 864.

### May Song.

Julian E. Johnstone, in Donahoe's Magazine. This is the time when the daffodil, That glowed like gold in the April days, Droops down and dies on the tufted hill, In the windy ways.

Now is the time when the lilac blooms, With their fragrance fine fill the fulvid air, And the lovely lily the dell perfumes, And the dingles there.

This is the time when the violet blows, In the dewy dales where the waters fall, And the blossoms blush of the red rock rose, By the garden wall.

Now is time when the bluebird wakes, With its rattle of wings and a rush of song, And the pheasant in the starchy brakes, Whistles all day long.

When the oriole like a thing of gold, With its roseal breast and ebony wings, Exults in the light of his beauteous bill, And of summer sings.

And the yellow-hammer begins to drum, On the wrinkled hole of the hollow tree, And the golden bee o'er the king-cups hum, In the level sea.

For this is the merry month of May, The month of the maiden, may-blooms, Of the luscious lily and the roundelay, And the golden glooms.

## REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM AN APOSTOLIC LETTER ON THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION.

Pope Leo to the English.

TRADITIONAL LOVE AND CARE OF THE ROMAN PONTIFFS FOR ENGLAND—DUTIES AND NEEDS OF THE PRESENT HOUR—CATHOLICS URGED TO LABOR AND PRAY FOR THE RECONCILIATION OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH WITH ROME.

The following is the authorized translation of the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English people which has been awaited with much interest for some time:



Leo XIII. to the English People who seek the Kingdom of Christ in the Unity of the Faith, Health and Peace in the Lord:

Some time since, in Apostolic Letter to princes and people, We addressed the English in common with other nations, but We have greatly desired to do this by a special letter and thus give to the illustrious English race a token of our sincere affection. This wish has been kept alive by the hearty good will We have always felt toward your people, whose great deeds in olden times the history of the Church declares. We were yet more moved by not infrequent conversations with your countrymen, who testified to the kindly feeling of the English toward Us personally, and, above all, to their anxiety for peace and Eternal salvation through unity of Faith. God is Our witness how keen is Our wish that some effort of Ours might tend to assist and further the great work of obtaining the reunion of Christendom; and We render thanks to God, who has so far prolonged Our life, that we may make an endeavor in this direction. But since, as is but right, We place Our confidence of a happy issue principally and above all in the wonderful power of God's grace, We have with full consideration determined to invite all Englishmen, who glory in the Christian name, to this same work, and We exhort them to lift up their hearts to God with Us, to fix their trust in Him, and to seek from Him the help necessary in such a matter by assiduous diligence in holy prayer.

The love and care of the Roman Pontiffs for England has been traditional from the days of our holy predecessor Gregory the Great. Religion and humanity generally, and especially the English nation, owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Although prevented by the divine call to yet higher duty from himself undertaking the Apostolic labor of converting the Anglo-Saxons, as he had proposed to do while still a monk, his mind remained intent upon this great and salutary design (Joann. Diac. in vita ejus c. ii. 33), nor did he rest until it was accomplished. For from that monastic family which he had formed in learning and holiness of life in his own house he sent a chosen band under the leadership of Grace, Wisdom and Civilization to those who were still buried in Paganism. And, relying, as he did, on Divine help, his hope grew stronger under difficulty, until at length he saw his work crowned with success. He himself writes of this in tones of triumphant joy in reply to St. Augustine, who had sent him the news of the happy result: "Gloria be to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will. To Christ be the glory in whose death we live; by whose weakness we are strong, in the love of whom We seek in Britain those brethren whom we knew not; by whose mercy We have found those whom knowing not We sought. We can tell

what gladness filled the hearts of all here to know that the English race, by the workings of the grace of God Almighty, and by your labors, my brother, has been illuminated by the light of our holy faith, which expels the darkness of error, and has with free mind trodden under foot those idols to which aforetime they were subject in foolish fear." (Epist. c. xi. 23, al. c. ix. 55.) And congratulating Eihelbert, King of Kent, and Bertha, his Queen, in a letter full of affection, in that they had imitated "Helen of illustrious memory, and Constantine, the devout Emperor" (Ib. c. xi. 66, al. c. ix. 60, xi. 23, al. c. ix. 59), he strengthens them and their people with salutary admonitions. Nor did he cease for the rest of his life to foster and develop their faith in instructions dictated by holy prudence. Thus Christianity, which the Church had conveyed to Britain, and spread and defended there against rising heresy (1), after having been blotted out by the invasion of heathen races, was now, by the care of Gregory, happily restored.

Having resolved to address this letter to the English people, We recall at once these great and glorious events in the annals of the Church, which must surely be remembered by them with gratitude. Moreover, it is noteworthy that this love and solicitude of Gregory was inherited by the Pontiffs who succeeded him. This is shown by their constant interposition in providing worthy pastors and capable teachers in learning, both human and divine, by their helpful counsels, and by their affording in abundant measure whatever was necessary for establishing and developing that rising Church. And very soon was such care rewarded, for in no other case, perhaps, did the Faith take root so quickly, nor was so keen and intense a love manifested toward the Sea of Peter. That the English race was in those days wholly devoted to this centre of Christian unity divinely constituted in the Roman Bishops and that in the course of ages men of all ranks were bound to them by ties of loyalty are facts too abundantly and plainly testified by the pages of history to admit of doubt or question.

But in the storms which devastated Catholicity throughout Europe in the sixteenth century England, too, received a grievous wound; for it was first unhappily wrenched from communion with the Apostolic See, and then was bereft of that holy faith in which for long centuries it had so justly and proudly glory. It was a sad defection; and Our predecessors, while lamenting it in their earnest love, made every prudent effort to put an end to it, and to mitigate the many evils consequent upon it. It would take long, and it is not necessary, to detail the sedulous and increasing care taken by our predecessors in those circumstances. But by far the most valuable and effective assistance they afforded lies in their having so repeatedly urged on the faithful the practice of special prayer to God that He would look with compassion on England. In the number of those who devoted themselves to this special work of charity there were some venerable and saintly men, especially Saint Charles Borromeo and Saint Philip Neri, who in the last century, Paul, the founder of the Society of the Passion of Christ, who, not without a certain Divine impulse, it is said, was instant in supplication "at the Throne of Divine Grace"; and this all the more earnestly that the times seemed less favorable to the realization of his hopes. We, indeed, long before being raised to the Supreme Pontificate, were deeply sensible also of the importance of holy prayer offered for this cause, and we heartily approved it. For as we gladly recall, at the time when we were Nuncio in Belgium, becoming acquainted with an Englishman, Ignatius Spencer, himself a devout son of the same St. Paul of the Cross, he laid before us the project he had already initiated for extending the Society of the Passion of Christ to the return of the English nation to the Church.

(2) We can hardly say how cordially We entered into this design, wholly inspired by faith and charity, and how We helped forward this cause, anticipating that the English Church would obtain abundant assistance thereby. Although the fruits of Divine grace obtained by prayer had previously manifested themselves, yet as that holy league spread they became notorious. Very many were led to follow the Divine call, and among them not a few men of distinguished eminence, and many, too, who in doing so had to make personal and heroic sacrifices. Moreover, there was a wonderful drawing of hearts and minds toward Catholic faith in practice, which rose in public respect and esteem, and many a long cherished prejudice yielded to the force of truth. Looking at all this, we do not doubt that the united and humble supplications of so many to God are hastening the time of further manifestations of His merciful designs towards the English people when "the Word of the Lord may run and be glorified" (Ther. iii. 1). Our confidence is strengthened by observing the legislative and other measures which, if they do not, perhaps, directly, still do indirectly, help forward the end We have in view by ameliorating the condition of the people at large, and by giving effect to the laws of justice and charity. We have heard with singular joy of the great attention which is being given in England to the solution of the social question, of which We have treated with much care in Our Encyclicals, and of the establishment of benefit and similar societies, whereby on a legal basis the condition of the working classes is improved. And We have heard of the vigorous and persevering efforts made to preserve for the people at large an education based on religious teaching than which there is no firmer foundation for the instruction of youth and the maintenance of domestic life and civil policy; of the zeal and energy with which so many engage in forwarding opportune measures for the repression of the degrading vice of intemperance; of societies formed among the young men of the upper classes for the promotion of purity of morals and for sustaining the honor due to womanhood. For, alas! in regard to the Christian virtues of continence and modesty, as though it were believed that a man was not so strictly bound by the precept as a woman. Moreover, reflecting men are deeply concerned at the spread of Rationalism and Materialism, and We ourselves have often lifted up Our voice to denounce these evils, which weaken and paralyze not religion only, but the very springs of thought and action. The highest credit is due to those who fearlessly and unceasingly proclaim the rights of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the laws and teachings given by Him for the establishment of the Divine Kingdom here upon earth; in the midst of which teaching, wisdom and safety are to be found. The various and abundant manifestations of care for the aged, for orphans, for incurables for the destitute, the refuges, reformatories, and other forms of charity, all which the Church has as a tender Mother inaugurated and from the earliest times has ever inculcated as a special duty, are evidences of the spirit which animates you. Nor can We omit to mention specially the strict public observance of Sunday and the general spirit of respect for the Holy Scriptures. Every one knows the power and resources of the British nation and the civilizing influence which, with the spread of liberty, accompanies its commercial prosperity even to the most remote regions. In the worthy and noble in themselves as are all the earlier manifestations of activity Our soul is raised to the origin of all power and the perennial source of all good things, to God Our Heavenly Father, most beneficent. For the labors of man, whether public or private, will not attain to their full efficacy without appeal to God in prayer and without the Divine Blessing. "For happy is that people whose God is the Lord." (Ps. cxliii. 15.) For the mind of the Christian should be so turned and fixed that he places and rests the chief hope of his undertakings in the Divine help obtained by prayer, whereby human effort is supernaturalized and the desire of doing good, as though quickened by a heavenly fire, manifests itself in vigorous and serviceable actions. But a merely dignified man, but with infinite mercy has given him a protector and help in the time of need, ready at hand to all, easy and void of effect to no one who has resolute recourse to it. "Prayer is our powerful weapon, our great protection, our storehouse, our port of refuge, our place of safety" (Chrys. Hom. 30 in Gen.).

But if the prayer of the righteous man rightly avail so much with God even in earthly concerns, how much more will it not avail one who is destined to an eternal existence for obtaining those spiritual blessings which Christ has procured for mankind by "the sacrament of His mercy." For He "Who of God is made unto us wisdom and justice and sanctification and redemption" (I. Cor. i. 30), in addition to what He taught, instituted, and effected, gave also for this purpose the salutary precept of prayer and in His great goodness confirmed it by His example.

These simple truths are indeed known to every Christian, but still by many they are neither remembered nor valued as they should be. It is for this reason that we insist the more strenuously on the confidence which should be placed in prayer, and recall the words and example of the Fatherly love of the same Christ our Lord: words of deepest import and highest encouragement; words which which show forth how in the counsels of God

prayer is at the same time the expression of our helplessness and the sure hope of obtaining the strength we need. "And I say to you, Ask and it shall be given to you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, it shall be opened" (Luke xi. 9-10). And the Son of God Himself shows us that if our prayers are to be acceptable to the Divine Majesty they must be united with His Name and Merits. Amen, amen. I say to you if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you. Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John xvi. 23-24). And He enforces this by reference to the tender love of parents for their own children. "If you, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father from heaven give the good spirit to them that ask Him" (Luke xi. 13).

And how abundant are not the choice gifts contained in that good Spirit. The greatest of them all is that hidden power of which Christ spoke when He said: "No man can come to Me except the Father Who hath sent Me draw him" (John vi. 44). It is impossible that men grounded in this teaching should not feel drawn and even impelled to the habit of faithful prayer. With what steady perseverance will they not practice it, with what fervor pursue it, having before them the very example of Christ Himself, Who, having nothing to fear for Himself and needing nothing—for He was God,—yet passed the whole night in prayer (Luke iv. 12), and with a strong cry and tears, offered up prayers and supplications (Ib. v. 7), and doing this "He wished to stand pleading before His Father as if remembering at that time that He was our teacher," as Venerable Bede, that ornament of your nation, wisely considers (in ev. S. Joann. xvii.). But nothing proves so clearly and forcibly both the precept and the example of Our Divine Lord in regard to prayer as His last discourse to the Apostles during those sad moments that preceded His Passion, when raising His eyes to Heaven, He again and again entreated His Holy Father praying and beseeching Him for the most intimate union of His disciples and followers in the truth, as the most convincing evidence to the world of the Divine mission on which He was about to send them.

And here no thought is more welcome to Our soul than that happy unity of Faith and wills for which our Redeemer and Divine Master prayed in that earnest supplication—"unity, temporal interests, both at home and abroad, is shown by the very divisions and confusions of these days to be more than ever needed. We on our part, watching the signs of the times, exhorting and taking thought for the future, urged thereto by the example of Christ and the duty of Our Apostolic Office, have not ceased to pray, and still humbly pray, for the return of Christian nations, now divided from us, to the unity of former days. We have more than once of late years given expression to this object of Our desires, and have devoted sedulous care to its realization. The time cannot be far distant when We must appear to render an account of Our stewardship to the Prince of pastors, and how happy, how blessed should our feelings be if We could bring to Him some fruit—some realization of His most wishes which He has inspired and sustained. In these days Our thoughts turn with love and hope to the English people, observing as We do the frequent and manifest works of Divine Grace in their midst; how to some, it is plain, the confusion of religious dissensions which divide them is a cause of deep concern; how others see clearly the need of some sure defense against the inroad of modern errors which only too readily humor the wishes of fallen nature and depraved reason; how the number of those religious and discreet men who sincerely labor much for reunion with the Catholic Church is increasing. We can hardly say how strongly these and other signs quicken the charity of Christ in Us, and redoubting Our prayers from Our inmost soul We call down a fuller measure of Divine Grace, which, poured out on minds so well disposed, may issue in the ardently desired fruit, the fruit, namely, that We may all meet into the unity of Faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God (Eph. iv. 13), careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, one body and one Spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling—one Lord, one faith, one baptism. (Ib. 5).

With loving heart, then, We turn to you all in England, to whatever community or institution you may belong, desiring to recall you to this holy unity. We beseech you, as you value your eternal salvation, to offer up humble and continuous prayer to God, Our Heavenly Father the Giver of All Light, Who, with gentle power, impels us to the good and the right; and without ceasing to implore light to know the truth in all its fulness, and to embrace the designs of His

mercy with single and entire faithfulness, calling upon the glorious name and merits of Jesus Christ, Who is "the author and finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 2). Who loved the Church and delivered Himself for it that He might sanctify it and might present it to Himself a glorious Church. (Eph. v. 25-27.) Difficulties there may be for us to face, but they are not of a nature which should delay Our Apostolic zeal or stay your energy. Ah! no doubt the many changes that have come about, and the time itself, have caused the existing divisions to take deeper root. But is that a reason to give up all hope of remedy, reconciliation and peace? By no means if God is with us. For we must not judge of such great issues from a human standpoint only, but rather must we look to the power and mercy of God. In great and arduous enterprises, provided they are undertaken with an earnest and right intent, God stands by man's side, and it is precisely in these difficulties that the action of His Providence shines forth with greatest splendor. The time is not far distant when thirteen centuries will have been completed since the English race welcomed those Apostolic men sent, as We have said, from this very city of Rome, and, casting aside the pagan deities, dedicated the first fruits of its faith to Christ our Lord and God. This encourages Our hope. It is, indeed, an event worthy to be remembered with public thanksgiving; would that this occasion might bring to all reflecting minds the memory of the faith then preached to your ancestors, the same which is now preached—Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and the same forever, as the Apostle says (Heb. xiii. 8), who also most opportunely exhorts you, as he does all, to remember those first preachers "who have spoken the word of God," to you whose faith follows, considering the end of their conversation (Ib., 7).

In such a cause We, first of all, call to Our assistance as Our allies the Catholics of England, whose faith and piety We know by experience. There can be no doubt that, weighing earnestly the value and effects of holy prayer, the virtue of which We have truly declared, they will strive by every means to succor their fellow-countrymen and brethren by invoking in their behalf the Divine clemency. To pray for one's self is a need, to pray for others is a counsel of brotherly love; and it is plain that it is not prayer dictated by necessity so much as that inspired by fraternal charity which will find most favor in the sight of God. The first Christians undoubtedly adopted this practice. Especially in all that pertains to the gift of faith in the early ages set as a striking example. Thus it was the custom to pray to God with ardor that relations, friends, rulers and fellow-citizens might be blessed by a mind obedient to the Christian faith (S. Aug. de dono persev. xxiii., 63).

And in regard to this there is another matter which gives us anxiety. We have heard that in England there are some who, being Catholics in name, do not show themselves so in practice; and that in your great towns there are vast numbers of people who know not the elements of the Christian faith, who never pray to God and live in ignorance of His justice and of His mercy. We must pray to God, and pray yet more earnestly in this sad condition of things, since He alone can affect a remedy. May He show the measures proper to be taken; may He sustain the courage and strength of those who labor at this arduous task; may He deign to send laborers into His harvest.

While We so earnestly press upon Our children the duty of prayer, We desire at the same time to warn them that they should not suffer themselves to be wandering anything that pertains to the grace and the fruit of prayer, and that they should have ever before their minds the precept of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians: Be without offense to the Jews and to the Gentiles, and to the Church of God (I. Cor. x. 32). For besides those interior dispositions of soul necessary for rightly offering prayer to God, it is also needful that they should be accompanied by actions and by words befitting the poor, of penance, of peace and concord in your own houses, of respect for the law—these are what will give force and efficacy to your prayers. Merge favors the petitions of those who in all justice study and carry out the precepts of Christ, according to His promise: "If you abide in me, and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you wish, and it shall be done unto you" (John xi. 7). And therefore do We exhort you that, uniting your prayer with Ours, your great desire may now be that God will grant you in the bond of perfect charity. Moreover, it is profitable to implore the help of the Saints of God, the efficacy of whose prayers, especially in such a case as this, is shown in that pregnant remark of St. Augustine as to St. Stephen: "If Holy Stephen had not prayed, the Church today would have had no Paul."

We therefore humbly call on St. Gregory, whom the English have ever rejoiced to greet as the apostle of their race, Our Augustine his disciple and his messenger, and on those other Saints of God, through whose wonderful virtues and no less wonderful deeds England has merited the title of "Island of the Saints,"

St. Peter and St. George, those special patrons, and above all on Mary, the Holy Mother of God, whom Christ Himself from the Cross left to be the mother of mankind, to whom your kingdom was dedicated by your forefathers under that glorious title "The Dowry of Mary." All these with full confidence We call upon to aid the prayers for unity already established amongst you Catholics on certain days should be made more popular and recited with greater devotion. Especially that the pious practice of the Holy Rosary, which We ourselves have so strongly recommended, should flourish, for it contains as it were a summary of the Gospel teaching and has always been a most salutary institution for the people at large. Moreover, We are pleased of Our own will and authority to add still another to the sacred liturgies which have been granted from time to time by Our predecessors. We grant, that is, to all those who piously recite the prayer appended to this letter, to whatever nation they may belong, an indulgence of 300 days; moreover, a Plenary Indulgence on a certain day, on the observance of the usual conditions to those who have recited it daily.

Finally, may the Divine prayer of Christ Himself for unity fill up the full measure of Our desires—a prayer which on this day, through the Mystery of His most Holy Resurrection, We repeat with the utmost confidence: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me; that they may be one as We also are one. . . . Sanctify them in truth; Thy word is practice. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me, that all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us. . . . I in them and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one; and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." (John xvii., 11, 17, 20, 21, 23.)

Finally, We desire all manner of blessings from God for the whole of the British people, and with all Our heart We pray that those who seek the Kingdom of Christ and salvation in the unity of faith may enter on the full realization of their desires.

Given at St. Peter's, in Rome, on the 14th of April, 1895, in the 18th year of Our Pontificate.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN—PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England thy "Dowry" and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus our Saviour and our hope was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us, thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross. O glorious Mother, intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the one true fold they may be united to the Supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God together with thee, in our Heavenly home. Amen.

REMINISCENCE OF BRANTFORD.

Richmond Hill, May 1, 1895.

Dear Sir—Looking over my files of the *Canadian Freeman*, I came across the following beautiful verses from the pen of the present Bishop of Hamilton, when resident priest in Paris, Oct. in 1868. If you think them worthy of reproduction, many of your readers would be pleased. They are

Farewell Lines.

Presented to the Rev. Father Carayon of Brantford, on the Feast of the Solemnity of Corpus Christi, 1888, being the eve of his departure on a visit to his relatives in France, by his friend,

REV. T. J. DOWLING.

Dear Father, we bid you adieu—  
When the angels of old  
Left the Temple of God in the East,  
That sad was the shrine  
On the mountains of Zion,  
In the absence of Prophet and Priest.  
So lovely St. Basil's  
Looks lonely to-night,  
Though bright were its Altars to-day—  
For the hearts of your children  
Are sad at the sight  
Of their fond Father going away!

Here are People and Priest,  
Like that scene in the East  
When St. Paul met the faithful he loved,  
When bidding adieu  
To his children (like you)  
Their fondest emotions were stirred.  
In the light of God's grace  
As they gazed on that face  
That should never again see their shore  
Their sorrow was heightened,  
But our hopes are brightened,  
At the prospect of meeting once more!

With dark clouds of grief  
Single rays of relief  
While we pray God your barque may advance  
On the waves of the breeze  
Over calm summer seas,  
To the shores of your beautiful France.  
May your own heart delight  
And grow glad at the sight  
Of its mountains and monuments grand;  
While we, Exiles of Erin,  
Most cordially share in  
Your love for your own native land.

While then, Father, we pray  
To our God every day  
That He in His mercy divine,  
May lead you back to us,  
Dear son of St. Louis,  
From the land of the lily and vine.  
If on some foreign hill  
(Like our own Columbkil)  
You may linger to rest or to rest,  
Breathe a prayer on the breeze  
Over the far Pyrenees  
For the children you love in the West.

[This poem was read by Miss Margaret McQuinn on the occasion of presenting an address to the Reverend Augustus Carayon, pastor of St. Basil's Church, Brantford, signed on behalf of the congregation by Joseph Quinn, Esq., Chairman, and Hugh McMahon, Esq., Secretary.]

Men pass away, but the truth of God abideth forever.—The Imitation.

WM. HARTY, Commissioner, Ontario, April 23, 1895.

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Branches of the C. M. B. A.; also Branches of the E. B. A., I. C. B. U., and the Ladies' Societies, in Canada, have been supplied by us with our EMBOSSED REVERSIBLE BADGES.

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ARMINHE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER XXXIX.

Nevertheless Egerton was right in his instinct. Armine had been the topic of conversation between M de Marigny and D'Antignac, though the former, in his slight hesitation, had felt no inclination to allude to the fact. Nothing, indeed, could have been farther from his intention; yet when he spoke of the hour spent alone with his friend it was impossible not to pause for an instant over the recollection of the discussion which had for its subject the person to whom he spoke, and the nature of which would so greatly have amazed that person. For he had greeted D'Antignac by saying: "I have come because I hoped to find you alone, and because I wish to tell you of a decision at which I have arrived."

"A decision relating to yourself?" D'Antignac asked, full of interest at once. "To myself—yes," the vicomte answered. "And also relating to another in whom your interest is as great as in myself—to Mlle. Duchesne."

D'Antignac looked at him silently for an instant. "Than he said in a grave tone: 'You are thinking of marrying her, is it not so?' 'Yes,' the other answered quietly. 'I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have now passed that point. I have resolved upon it—that is, I have resolved upon offering myself, unless you believe that there is no hope for me.' 'My dear friend,' said D'Antignac, 'I not only believe, I know, that there is no hope for you, and I wish that I had spoken sooner to tell you so.' The calm positiveness of his tone startled the vicomte. 'How can you know?' he asked. 'By a very simple means,' D'Antignac answered. Egerton told him some time ago that Duchesne had given him an embarrassing and painful charge—that with his last breath he bade him tell Armine that she should on no account marry you."

The blood sprang to De Marigny's face, and he lifted his head with a gesture of unconscious haughtiness. "How could he have dreamed of such a thing?" he said quickly. "By his knowledge of her possible claim upon Marigny," D'Antignac answered, "and by his belief that such a plan would suggest itself to you as a mode of compromise. It was a natural conclusion—on his part."

"On his part, perhaps so; but on mine—can any one imagine that it would be natural on mine?" "There are many people who would readily imagine it," answered D'Antignac; "but not any one who knew you well, even if he did not know the position Armine has taken, which renders compromise wholly unnecessary."

"There is no question of it at all," said the vicomte. "And however anxious I might be that she should accept whatever is rightfully hers, I should certainly not think of endeavoring to bestow it upon her in this manner. There can be no doubt that in the majority of cases our French mode of marriage serves its purpose admirably; but it has never commended itself to me personally. I have always felt that if I married I must know much more of, and feel much more for, the woman I marry than the majority of Frenchmen think at all necessary. Long ago I had my dreams of what that woman should be, but as I grew older I perceived that such dreams were not likely to be realized." He paused a moment, then in a somewhat altered tone went on: "And yet I have found them realized, for I do not think I ever dreamed of an ideal more sympathetic, more gentle, or more brave than this girl who has so strangely come into my life."

"So strangely indeed," said D'Antignac, "so against all ordinary rules of probability, that it seems as if you had been brought together for some more than ordinary purpose. Considering this, and considering, too, how entirely she is fitted to fulfil all your dreams, I am tempted to think that possible of which you have spoken; and yet I know that it is not possible."

"Why not?" asked the other. "On account of Duchesne's prohibition? I do not regard that as of any importance." "You may not; it is natural that you should not," D'Antignac answered. "But I am sure that Armine will regard it as of very great importance." "Has she been told of it?" "Not yet. Egerton came to me in great perplexity, and I advised him to defer telling her. It seemed unnecessary; and I knew that it would make intercourse with you more painful to her."

could be persuaded to consider the idea of marrying you." "You ought to know her better than I," said the vicomte. "And yet—" He paused. At that moment there came to him the recollection of Armine as he had seen her last, and the touch of the hand which in answer to his appeal had been laid in his own. He remembered how that appeal had influenced her, how he had been able to strike a chord to which all the deep feeling and all the sweet reasonableness of her nature responded; and he could not doubt that he might do so again, that again he might point out that the first duty which she owed to her father was the duty of not perpetuating hatred by allowing it to exercise any influence over her conduct, and that again the delicate hand might be laid in his—but with another meaning. It could not be said that these thoughts were written on his face, yet D'Antignac, regarding him, saw that he was not discouraged, and that there was even something of a smile in the deep, dark eyes.

"You do not agree with me," he said. "You have hope?" "I may be mistaken," M. de Marigny answered, "but, yes, I have hope. I am never with her that I do not feel as if I understood all that she is feeling, so complete is the sympathy between us; and therefore I believe that I can induce her to regard this command of her father's in its true light."

"And do you think that it alone would influence her to refuse to marry you?" "Again the blood mounted to the vicomte's face. "No," he said quickly. "Do not understand me as meaning to imply anything so presumptuous. It only means that if she bases a refusal on this, which you seem to consider the chief obstacle, I should hope to be able to overcome it. She may refuse on other grounds altogether. I cannot tell, and certainly I have no great reason for hope."

There was silence for a minute or two. D'Antignac was evidently reflecting, and when he spoke it was to say meditatively: "If you have no great reason for hope I have very little; yet I believe that such a marriage would be for the happiness of you both, and therefore I am anxious that no effort should be spared to make it possible. So it is a question with me whether it would not be well for you to learn what Armine—herself, uninfluenced—thinks of it, and how she feels toward you, before she hears of her father's prohibition."

"What would be gained by that?" "This: that if she considers your proposal favorably, and above all if she entertains any regard for yourself, you will have a powerful advantage in combating her feeling about her father."

"That is true," said the vicomte; "but would I not also bring upon her a worse struggle than if she knew of the prohibition from the first? I fear so. Think, mon ami, of the nature which you both know so well—though you far better than I—of its deep feeling, its capacity for suffering, and its loyalty of instinct! Think, then, of the result if she should conquer the influence of what she already knows to have been her father's feeling sufficiently to entertain my suit, and to yield the heart without which consent would be to me valueless, only to hear then of this command from the grave! You know what she would suffer; and I cannot be in any degree accountable for such suffering, even if I might so gain my end."

"You are right," said D'Antignac. "And I—in my eagerness for the happiness of you both—was wrong. But I warn you that if she hears of the prohibition before she hears of your suit the latter will be hopeless."

"Then," said M. de Marigny, "since we are agreed that it will not be right to wait until afterwards, there is but one alternative—that she hears of both at the same time; and you, my dear D'Antignac, are the person best fitted to inform her, if you will undertake the office for the sake of our old friend ship."

"I know of nothing within my power which I would not undertake for the sake of our old friendship," D'Antignac answered; "but you are, after all, following the conventional custom of French marriages in not pleading your own cause."

"I shall not be backward in pleading my cause when the time to plead it comes," said the vicomte; "but I have two reasons for asking you to undertake this duty—first, because I do not wish to omit the least respect due to the woman I desire to marry; and, secondly, because only in this way can she hear of my suit and of her father's prohibition together; while at the same time she will learn, from one whose opinion has the utmost weight with her, how far that prohibition has, or ought to have, binding force on her conscience or conduct."

D'Antignac shook his head. "You overrate my influence," he said. "On that point she will listen to her own feeling rather than to my voice, even though we may consider it the voice of reason. You could ask nothing of me that I would refuse, however, so I shall undertake the duty; but I earnestly urge you not to hope for a successful result."

"I am willing to leave the result to God," said the vicomte quietly. "Nothing happens by chance. So when one has prayed and has put one's affairs in the hands of a friend whom one should be resigned to failure, if failure come. That does not sound like an ardent lover, perhaps. Yet, if not ardent, I think that I should prove a tender one. And a man who cannot trust God seems to me hardly deserving of trust himself."

"It should be easy to trust Him for everything," said the man whom he had so heavily smitten. "And I will try not to set my heart too much on the hope of earthly happiness for two who are worthy of it."

There was little more to be said after this, and the conversation was soon ended by the entrance of other habitués, until the circle grew to that which was found by the party returning from Notre Dame. Nor did the arrivals cease then. While the vicomte was still talking to Armine at the tea-table the door opened, and a lady, with that appearance of exquisite elegance only to be seen in Frenchwomen of high rank, entered, followed by an elderly, rotund gentleman. Mlle. d'Antignac went forward quickly to meet them, and M. de Marigny, turning to Armine, said: "That is my sister—Mme. de St. Arnaud. I am glad of an opportunity to make you known to each other. You will allow me to do so?"

"Oh! no," said Armine, shrinking involuntarily. "Pray do not think of it! Madame de St. Arnaud is a great lady; what has she to do with me, or I with her?" "She, at least, has something to do with you," the vicomte replied, with a smile. "She has heard the story of the kinswoman who has lately been added to our house."

The quick, pained look which the girl gave almost startled him. "Can it be possible you have told her that?" she said. "Oh! I am sorry—I am very sorry!" "Why should you be sorry?" he asked, struck by the genuine distress of her tone. "Because it was so useless," she answered; "because, I hoped that the matter might rest as if it had never been known to any one, or as if Mr. Egerton had regarded my wishes. But I thought that you promised!" she added in a different tone—a tone of unconscious trust and reproach which went straight to the heart of her listener.

"Whatever I promised," he said gently, "I have certainly intended to fulfil. But I do not think that secrecy was included in the bond. And in telling my sister I had a reason, which you will know later. And since she is anxious to know you, surely you will not refuse to know her? Believe me, she is not in the least formidable."

"She may not be," said Armine, glancing across the room at the graceful, high-bred woman talking to D'Antignac with a charming air of affectionate deference, "yet she and I can have nothing in common, so I beg you to excuse me."

A CHILD OF THE BASILICA.

"For God and for Rome!" she cried enthusiastically as she pinned a tiny cross on the breast of a tall, stalwart youth who looked to the best advantage in the uniform of volunteer. "For God, for Rome, and the Pope-king!" she added in that sweet Tuscan tongue which rang over the piazza like the chimes of a silver bell. Hundreds of the Pope's soldiers, some of whom were veterans, whose faces had been bronzed by the hot Southern sun and prematurely furrowed by the toils and privations of many a forced march and the brunt and anxiety of many a battle, were gathered in the piazza of St. Peter's, Rome, awaiting orders to fall into line for the defense of the city.

"Pray, who is that enthusiastic little girl?" asked a Zouave of one of the Pope's guards. "How handsome she is! If she were in France she would make an excellent cantiniere." "Everybody here knows her," exclaimed the guard, looking at the girl with evident admiration. "Her name is Paola Rudini. Ever since she was a child in bib and tucker, she has lived in this locality, and is a favorite with everybody—she is so amiable and good!"

"And who is the cavalier to whom she is speaking?" "Well, he is a certain Giovanni Bavallotti, a young artist by profession, to whom she is betrothed. Paola is proud of him. You can see it in her face that she is—can you not? Other women parting from lovers who are going to the battle-field and whom they may never see again, blubber and whine a good deal. They sometimes even become hysterical; but Paola is made of sterner stuff, I can tell you. She is a brave and intrepid little girl—she is Paola. And with all that, there is no more womanly heart in Rome than hers. Ecce!"

"Fall into line! Present arms!" shouted the commander's voice, and all the soldiers formed at once into one complete battalion, on whose serried ranks the autumn sun shone brilliantly down, reflecting its gold rays on their burnished helmets and gleaming scabbards.

As they marched with military precision in the direction of the old fortifications, raising herself to her full height in the crowd of spectators, Paola nodded farewell to her lover, who smiled a cordial acknowledgment in return.

Meanwhile the groups of civilians, mostly aged men, who could be of no use in the present crisis, waved their hats in the air, and cheered the departing soldiers.

"May the Madonna guard your banners!" exclaimed one. "Long live the Pope-king!" shouted another. "Down with Victor Emmanuel!" ejaculated a third.

And the cries were taken up and repeated till the square in front of the church rang with their echoes, as the multitude swayed hither and thither around the fountain, and at the base of the big Egyptian obelisk that looked down on the scene with a mute grandeur peculiarly its own. Women wearing variegated headgears, and holding rosary beads in their hands stood before the colonnades invoking the benediction of heaven on the defenders of their homes.

When the soldiers had disappeared on the other side of the castle of St. Angelo, the crowd had dispersed. Paola entered the cathedral and knelt for some time in prayer before the altar in one of the side chapels.

A fervent Ave Maria as she bowed to the statue, and the same reverence was paid by her on her return in the evening. She lived close by in an attic on the sixth floor of a tenement. Paola had at this time neither father nor mother. Her earliest recollection went back to a picturesque little hamlet on the banks of the Arno, where the turquoise sky of Tuscany shimmered over her head and swart of the richest emerald lay at her feet. She remembered how, when a mere child, she used to pass the hours away, gazing dreamily on the wide canopy of heaven; creating in imagination so many battalions of armed knights out of the occasional fleecy clouds that used to assume very fantastic shapes on the Western horizon, particularly at sunset; seeing the glitter of angels' wings in the golden sunshine, hearing the mystic voices of cherubs in the low, sweet zephyrs that played as on an Aeolian harp through the blossoming mulberry groves; listening with rapt and infinite wonder to the rustling of the vine leaves on the hillside, and the swish of the rushing river as it half dived its way along the valley, under the wild flowers that bloomed in profusion on its banks. The piping of the shepherd's reed in the dim twilight broke sometimes on her ears, like the shrill cry of a heavenly choir. The roses that grew in such beauty by her old homestead, the ivy that sheltered its walls, the balmy fragrance of the air, impressed her with a keen sense of pleasure and delight. A child of nature, she actually revelled in nature's choicest treasures.

There was, however, a rude awakening from the Juliet day dream. Somewhat hazily, she remembered her mother, a fragile, delicate woman, the widow of Carlo Rudini, who had died a month or so before little Paola was born. After her husband's death, Paola's mother did her best to make a living out of the vineyard. Fortune favored her the first year, but owing to her want of practical knowledge of vine dressing, the second year's crop was a failure. A laborer, who was formerly in the employ of Carlo Rudini, came along about this time, and after some weeks easily induced her to become his wife, for the poor woman was quite helpless to look after her property, and Ricardo Rudini—such was the name of her second husband—was a skilled hand in taking care of vines. That was, however, his only good quality. When he had become the master of what was once the Rudini farmstead, he showed himself in his true colors. He was a big, brawny brute. His features were red and bloated, due to the so-called libations in which he used to indulge, and his manners were as mean as any denizen of the city squares, in the purities of which he had spent the early years of his life.

He maltreated his dear wife to such an extent that she sickened and died; and he afterwards turned his rage on his stepdaughter, Paola, however, being of quite a contrary temperament to that of her mother, rebelled against him, and eventually fled from the Tuscan vineyard, and walked on foot to Rome. The journey took her two months to accomplish, and she received shelter and good plain food at the various houses along the route.

She was twelve years old just then. A good and charitable lady, a cousin of her mother, took charge of the child and taught her a trade—that of a seamstress—in which Paola was earning a livelihood at the time this story opens. All Paola's spare time since she arrived in Rome was spent in the basilica of St. Peter's, or in bringing oil and flowers to the base of the statue of the Madonna in one of the neighboring streets, she soon became so well known to the sacristan and the other officials of the church that at the former's suggestion they, by unanimous consent, called her a "Child of the Basilica."

Those were dark days for Pius IX., and the Government of the Church. The French garrison which had been the only bulwark of the temporal power and intrigues of King Victor Emmanuel, was withdrawn from Rome. The Papal authorities had, owing to the perfidious conduct of Bonaparte, to fall back on their own resources, which, of course, proved utterly inadequate to cope with the overwhelming forces commanded by the usurping Piedmontese. The conflict was brief, but sharp. Despite the daring attitude and brave, intrepid conduct of the Pope's troops, Rome was captured by Victor Emmanuel's soldiers, and thus the capitol of Christianity was handed over to the men who had no respect for religion of any kind, and who immediately commenced to put their theories into practice by exercising a fierce despotism over the Catholics of the city, and by leveling to the ground many of its proudest Christian memorials.

On the evening after the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into Rome, Paola, sad at heart, left St. Peter's and subsequently gathered a bouquet of roses to lay at the feet of the Madonna. She had just twined the flowers round the pedestal in the niche, and was about to offer her usual evening prayer to Our Lady, when she saw a group of men staggering down the laneway in her direction.

"Contadini!" shouted one of the group who seemed to have less control of his legs than any of the others of his companions, and who spoke in thick, guttural accents. "See you that monument of superstition yonder?" Suppose we go and send that Madonna's statue shivering into atoms to the ground! *Viva il re!* We are all

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soldiers of the king—are we not?—and we can do just as we please," he continued, looking stupidly at his friends, who did not appear so anxious as he was to outrage a memorial to the Mother of God.

No matter how anti-religious the Italian revolutionist may be there is still a sentiment of respect for the Virgin looking somewhere in one of the nooks or corners of his bleak and desolate heart.

The men turned pale on hearing the abominable suggestion of their comrade. Their fear was, however, only momentary. The few score bottles of white wine which they had emptied at a neighboring trattoria some short time previously had mounted to their heads, inflaming their worst passions, and letting loose that insane and bigoted hatred of everything that reminded them of Christ and His Church.

Moreover, their chief, in the shape of the tempter, was still shouting in their ears:

"Are you cowards— you others? You who have driven Pio Nono's battalions from the walls of Rome—you who scattered the Papal Zouaves before you as the tempestuous Tramontane scatters the chaff from the meadows—are you—are you, I say, going to let all your courage ooze out through the pores of your caffit heels at sighting a mere statue of clay? Ah, if Garibaldi could only see you now, how he would curse you for potroons!"

Well, if you will not do the job, contadini my faith! I must do it myself!

His investiture lashed them with all the stinging force of a knotted whip. Their eyes glared like those of wild animals in quest of their prey, their hands were clenched in anger, and their voices rang uproariously through the winding laneway.

"We are with you, Ricardo!"

"With you to death, Ricardo!"

"Long live the king and down with the Pope and His Church!"

Staggering up to the wall from which the statue, lit by an oil lamp and bedecked with flowers, overlooked the street, they indulged in a peal of brutal laughter prior to making an assault on the memorial.

The man called Ricardo, a tall, rough, herculean monster, drew the sword from its scabbard, exclaiming in mock-heroic accent:

"With this blade shall I slay her! Word of honor, I shall!"

"You shall not!" cried a shrill voice, that of a girl, whose presence had, owing to the darkness of the evening, escaped the attention of Ricardo and his friends. In the yellow, flickering light of the oil lamp that lay at the Madonna's feet they saw the little, slender form, the resolute face, the gleaming, dark eyes of the "Child of the Basilica." She stood with folded arms before him, proud and dignified as a daughter of the Vikings.

At the sight of the determined girl they awoke from their semi-drunken stupor. Her audacity took their breath away.

Ricardo, however, was the first to speak.

"Who are you, woman?" he asked.

"What right have you to interfere with the king's troops in their destruction of yonder statue? If you do not answer me at once this blade shall pierce your bosom."

He held the point of the sword to her breast as he spoke. Not a nerve moved in the girl's face. She looked at the big, burly soldier with the contempt of a noble woman who defies and despises any or every punishment she might suffer for the principles which she cherishes.

"Lower that sword, and then I will answer you!" she exclaimed; "otherwise you must carry out your threat, if you are cowardly enough to do so."

There was such a strange ringing significance in the accents of her voice that he removed the blade and put it back in the scabbard.

"My name," she said, "is Paola Rudini, the daughter of your deceased wife, Ricardo Rienza—the wife whom you drove to her grave by your brutalities!"

Ricardo fell back as if he had been dealt a blow straight from the shoulder.

"As for my right to interfere in your ghastly work to-night," she continued, with flashing eyes, "I am a child of the Madonna, and sooner than see her statue profaned, I would die a thousand deaths! So, come now, and strike. By doing so you will prove at least that the soldiers of the King are the cowards that Ricardo represented them to be."

"She is a brave girl, my faith!" exclaimed one: "I think you had better let her alone. What say you, Ricardo? It would not look well for soldiers such as we are to kill a defenseless woman."

"You are right, Leone," whispered Ricardo. "We had better let the manx alone. I used to be able to manage her mother, years ago, but the daughter is a Tartar. Let us be off, contadini; I know a wine shop hard by where we can quench our thirst!"

They filed back to the Square of St. Peter's, shouting still for the gallant King Victor Emmanuel.

All that night Paola stood guarding the statue of the Madonna, telling her beads and repeating her thanks for having been able to save the holy figure in clay from the desecration of vandal hands.

When the news of the attempted profanation of the statue got bruited around next day, it excited almost general indignation, and Paola, the "Child of the Basilica," who had bravely faced the group of drunken soldiers in defense of the Mother of God, became the heroine of the hour. She accepted the ovation tendered her with the best of grace and with a

modesty truly edifying. Many, even those who had taken sides with Victor Emmanuel against the Pope, condemned the conduct of Ricardo and his confederates; for the Madonna was still Queen of the Roman populace, their refuge in moments of affliction, their joy and their comfort in days of prosperity.

Once the excitement was over, Paola's thoughts reverted to her lover. She knew of course, that the brave band of men who defended the Holy Father had been defeated by the army of the Piedmontese.

"What has become of Giovanni?" she asked herself. "I should so much like to know. Perhaps he is a prisoner in the hands of the King's brigands, or perhaps he is—"

A sudden tremor shook her frame at the bare possibility of his death. She decided on searching for him that very night.

"I must find him, whether he is dead or alive," she murmured.

III.

She searched hospital after hospital for Giovanni. His face was not among those of the sick or wounded; nor did his name figure on the books of these institutions. An almost overwhelming sense of fear took possession of her. She trembled with grief at the thought that her lover might be found among the slain; yet with a curious inconsistency she smiled a moment afterward when the idea occurred to her that, dead in the service of the Church, Giovanni Cavalotti would have sealed his faith with the blood-red signet of martyrdom. In that case she would become a Little Sister of the Poor; she would devote her whole life to works of charity, and pray for the soul of Giovanni.

Still the woman's nature in her yearned for the presence of the man to whom she had pledged the troth of her young, generous heart. And she walked along the Corso—it was now the gray dawn of the autumn morning, and the Roman peasants from the Campagna, riding on horse back to the market were already arriving in the city—she uttered a silent prayer to the Madonna, asking her to help in the search that she, poor little Paola, was making after her soldier lover.

Just as she was approaching that portion of the Corso off which the present Chamber of Deputies is situated, she was suddenly confronted by one of Giovanni's brothers-in-arms, whom she recognized immediately.

"What, might I ask, has lured the dainty Signorina out of doors so early in the morning?" he cried, grasping both of her hands in his, and looking inquiringly into her anxious eyes.

"Just a morning promenade and nothing more, Signor Vettuccio," she replied, compelled by an innate modesty to conceal the truth.

"It is not exactly the time for a young woman like myself to be about, but Paola, as you know yourself, is a little eccentric now and then. I suppose I might ask you, too, why you are such an early bird?"

"You might, indeed, Signorina Paola," she exclaimed; "one of my friends is ill, and I am going to the nearest apothecary to get him some medicine."

Her heart throbbed violently beneath her coat. "Is it Giovanni Cavalotti who is ill?" she asked in trembling accents.

"Word of honor!" he observed, "you must be a witch to have guessed the truth. Yes, it is Giovanni. He fought bravely against the Piedmontese on the fortifications the other day, but in doing so received a severe wound on the right arm."

The brown, ruddy cheeks of Paola grew white as snow. A look of consternation overspread her features.

"Be reassured, Signorina," he exclaimed, noticing her agitation; "the wound is not so dangerous, but the patient is still a little weak, and requires some quinine to pull him together."

Her large, round eyes were raised upwards in gratitude that her lover was neither dead nor dying.

When Vettuccio had provided himself with the quinine, he said:

"Will the Signorina accompany me to see Giovanni? Giovanni is the Signorina's friend. He often speaks of her. Instead of his being taken to a hospital, I had him transported to my home, where my mother is nursing him. The very sight of you, Signorina, will, I am certain, insure his speedy recovery."—Catholic Review.

The Next Pope.

Speculation on his successor by the Pope himself is humorous and interesting. Leo XIII. smilingly told some Cardinals the other day that Cardinal di Ronda, Archbishop of Benevento, would be the next wearer of the tiara.

On being asked why he thought so, Joachim Pecci looked round slyly at the Cardinals present and said, "Because he is the youngest. The mortality among aged members of the Sacred College is so great."

Cardinal di Rende is one of the Pope's favorites. He speaks English perfectly, and was for some time attached to a church in the Marylebone road, London, and a professor at the Westminster Diocesan Seminary of St. Edmund's, Ware. He was afterward Nuncio in Paris. He belongs to the Orsinali family. The mention of his name by Leo XIII. makes him topical.

The fact is, however, that although the three Cardinals—Vannutelli, Monaco La Valle and Parecchi—are mentioned, there is of course no clue to the result of the next conclave.

The most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, being unequalled for all blood diseases.

THE CARDINAL'S DAY.

Twenty-four Hours With His Eminence of Baltimore.

Before many weeks Cardinal Gibbons will most likely be sojourning in the Eternal City and Baltimore will be deprived of one of its most distinguished, most cherished and, at the same time, most unpretentious residents, remarks a writer in a Baltimore paper.

To both Protestant and Catholic the Cardinal's absence will be felt. Although one of the highest dignitaries of a Church which has millions of adherents throughout the world, the Cardinal, above all, is a citizen of Baltimore. While many may differ from him in religious belief, if all men were like him the millennium would have arrived.

The Cardinal and James Gibbons are not a whit different. As both he is a man free from guile, full of simplicity and noted for his generosity. There is hardly a resident of Baltimore whose opinion has weight in the least but is proud of the fact that the Cardinal claims this city as his home. It is not alone the fact that he is Cardinal. It is his own personality, combined with the high office which he holds, by which he is able to exert a strong influence for good, that makes his residence in Baltimore seem a mark of esteem conferred on the rest of the Baltimoreans.

A GENEROUS GIVER.

When a visitor is shown the points of interest of the city it is rare indeed if the Cardinal's residence is not pointed out with some degree of pride. The Washington Monument, Druid Hill Park, the various institutions of learning are shown, but the archiepiscopal residence is as great an attraction.

Perhaps the visitor may say, on the spur of the moment, "That does not strike me as being such a fine home for a prince of the Church. It is hardly any better than the houses about it, and can by no means compare with some of the private residences."

But a person who makes such remark does not understand the traits and character of the man. Perhaps he could do so if he had heard a remark uttered this winter by the Cardinal to a friend with whom he was taking a "constitutional" at the time. It was:

"Whenever I see the poor creatures with whom the streets are filled day and night I marvel at the beneficence of the Lord. He has put a roof over my head and given me wherewithal to eat and be clothed, and I marvel at His kindness to me. My heart bleeds for those who have not been so fortunate."

And the Cardinal's deeds prove his words. So well known is his generosity and his inability to leave the suffering unaided for that frequently it is taken advantage of. During his walks about the city scarce a day passes that he is not accosted for alms. The request is never refused. The beneficiary often receives a dollar or half a dollar, or whatever amount the Cardinal has at the time.

"I have no doubt that he is many times imposed upon," said a gentleman, speaking of the fact the other day. "He does not seem to mind that, though. If he thought he had neglected an unworthy case it would grieve him terribly."

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Cardinal Gibbons is essentially a man of the people. He is democratic in the extreme. His tastes and habits are frugal and his home-life is simplicity itself.

Like most men who have weighty affairs on their shoulders, the Cardinal is methodical. Like other men who have risen by their own efforts and worth to high positions, he is regular in his habits.

When the Cathedral clock strikes 6 in the early morning the Cardinal rises from his couch. As the clock strikes 7 the slim, tall figure of the Cardinal swiftly descends the steps and a back door is opened. This door leads direct from the Cardinal's residence into the sacristy of the Cathedral. From there the Cardinal steps into the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At a private altar he says Mass from 7 to 8 or spends part of the time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The breakfast hour of the Cardinal's household is set for 8 o'clock. His Eminence is a frugal eater in the extreme, and at this meal he scarcely more than breaks his fast. The members of his household are gathered about the board, and the first salutations of the day are given and exchanged.

These intimates of His Eminence are Father Thomas, rector of the Cathedral; Father Whelan, his private secretary; Father Reardon, chancellor, and Father Russell. The morning meal is soon over, and the Cardinal and the other members of his household separate for their different duties.

From 9 to 10 His Eminence writes or dictates letters in his study, diagonally opposite from his sleeping apartments. The study, like most of the other apartments in the residence, is plainly, almost bare, furnished. It is a sacrum, and as such is characteristic of the man. There are a few books, two or three easy chairs, several pictures of saintly subjects and a crucifix.

There is a plain, dark desk in the centre of the room, at which the Cardinal does his writing—nothing more.

Yet it is esteemed an honor, a privilege, to be admitted into this rather forbidding chamber, for it is here that His Eminence receives his friends and acquaintances. Better still, those who are asked into it may know that the formalities of an audience may be dispensed with. And it may be said that

it is no uncommon thing for the newspaper men to be granted audience there. If His Eminence feels so inclined he may possibly smoke a cigar during the interview. He is not an immoderate smoker, but he enjoys a fragrant perfecto as much as a brother of less renown and sanctity.

The Cardinal's sleeping room is in the south west corner of the house. It is a room with scarce enough furniture to fill the third-story hall room of an ordinary boarding house. There is a bed, wardrobe, bureau—no easy chairs nor lounges—only the bare necessities.

EASY ACCESS.

At 10 o'clock His Eminence grants audiences, and there are but few who fail of admittance to the kindly-faced old gentleman with the weak but melodious voice, who receives all visitors with a pleasant smile and a warm handclasp.

There is hardly as much formality about this reception as there is when a stranger seeks admittance to the office of a man of business. A simple walk up the flight of stone steps on Charles street, a ring at the bell and the expressed wish to see the Cardinal is all that is necessary.

There may be just now a trifle more discrimination in regard to visitors than formerly. There may be—possibly not. However that may be, an amusing incident grew out of the attempt on the part of a High Church dignitary to pay His Eminence a visit on one occasion. The Cardinal expected the visit. It was to be paid by an Archbishop who was in town, of whose presence His Eminence had been notified. But the Archbishop appeared not, but left the city without putting in an appearance at the Cardinal's residence. Thinking it strange, he investigated the affair. What was his surprise, mingled with dismay and no little amusement, to learn that the Archbishop had been "turned down" at the door by an ignorant servant girl. He had called in good faith and at the time expected. Not being impressed with the good man's appearance and thinking, as she explained afterward, he was some countryman who had no particular business to transact, she had told him the Cardinal was not at home. The caller presented a card, which she kept, and it was by means of this that the visit was found to have been made. It is needless to state that the duty of admitting visitors after the evening regarding this was all in devolved upon some one else.

Ordinarily His Eminence eats dinner at 1:30. On fast days the hour is changed to 12 a. m. as this is the first meal of the day, and abstinence any longer is not deemed best for such a delicate man as Cardinal Gibbons. After the meal is over His Eminence retires until 3:30. It is his pleasure either to work or rest at this time. Always active, however, he generally employs the time reading, writing or at some sort of mental labor.

TAKES HIS DUTY.

At 3:30 the duty of receiving visitors again arises, and generally at this time there are more than in the morning, and he is kept busy acknowledging their congratulations. The visits are generally prolonged until 5 o'clock. This is the hour at which His Eminence takes his daily constitutional. Rain or shine, in hot weather or cold, if the time is not too stormy, the Cardinal emerges from his residence and starts out, generally up Charles street.

A Magician's Trick.

A well-known magician being in Washington one morning went down to the market. One of its most picturesque features is the row of comfortable negro mamies, sitting outside the building, laughing, chatting, and smoking. The slight of hand expert, who had a friend with him, sauntered up to one inky-black old market woman, with a pipe in her mouth and a beautiful array of fresh eggs before her. He looked at them, and asked the price. "Twenty-three cents, honey," answered mammy, "an' dese heah is fust rate aigs—de ken sin' hardly done cluckin' ober 'em yet." "I should think so," said he, and as he picked up one and cracked it, out came a quarter. Mammy's jaw dropped, and the pipe with it. "And this one—and this one seems pretty good," carelessly remarked the man, cracking two more, out of which fifty-cent pieces tumbled. He cracked half a dozen in all, and mammy's store of silver was increased every time. As he walked off, followed by a dozen pairs of beady black eyes, with nothing but the whites showing, somebody came up and asked the awe-stricken old market woman the price of her eggs. "Dese aigs nif for sale," she answered, and she gathered them up in her apron and waddled off in the direction of home.

His favorite route is through the north and northwestern sections of the city. There is one man from many who can keep pace with him and not be tired out by the long swinging stride with which he glides along the streets. This is his physician, who sometimes accompanies him.

Speaking of these walks, which, by the way, are the Cardinal's only recreation, a gentleman who is an intimate of His Eminence and who has walked with him told the following:

"One day last winter the weather was so bad, walking especially being most disagreeable, I thought I would forestall His Eminence. I drove round to his residence in my buggy, and noting the inclemency of the day, suggested that he take a drive with me. He consented. We drove out as far as North avenue, when he proposed that we do the horse to a post and walk out the avenue. I think there was a smile or a ghost of one on his face as he proposed it. There was nothing to do but accede to his wishes. I shall remember the walk for some time."

The Cardinal generally on such occasions wears simply a long black coat closely buttoned. A high black hat usually adorns his head.

Those who have taken these long walks with him say that it was an intellectual treat. The Cardinal is a fine conversationalist and discusses warmly every subject in a manner which shows he is a deep thinker and an analyst of no small ability. His interest in affairs of the day is well known, and he not only reads the newspapers, but keeps well posted on all current topics.

SELDOM USES HORSES.

Though His Eminence has at his command a fine span of horses and a carriage, it is seldom they are called

into requisition. Perhaps the only times are when he leaves town or is met at a station on his return from a trip. Then another occasion when the carriages and horses are called for is when there is a guest—who will not walk. Who be the unfortunate one who thinks he is something of a pedestrian and is willing to venture forth with the Cardinal. Before the walk is ended, in his eyes, His Eminence is transformed from a pale, delicate figure into an athlete of tireless energy and unlimited endurance.

Near the end of his walk, coming down Charles street, near the Washington monument, his step is fresh and springy, his face is a little ruddier than an hour or so before, but he shows no sign of being tired. On the contrary, he appears to be sorry that his outing is nearly over, and he checks his steps as if loath to go indoors. Franklin street is passed and the steps of the gray, substantial looking mansion, near Mulberry, are reached. Slowly His Eminence ascends them, pausing a little and most likely breathing a sigh of regret, as does a child after recess, when the school-room has to be re-entered. The Cardinal is childlike in his simplicity.

The butler at the door receives a pleasant nod of greeting as the head of the house enters. His Eminence repairs to his room for a few minutes. The last meal of the day is eaten at 6:30, and the members of the household, if they have been absent during the other meals, make it a point to be present at this. Like the others, it is a frugal one, and His Eminence eats but sparingly. Devotions in the Cathedral sometimes next demand the attention and the Cardinal attends these.

After the return from the Cathedral His Eminence retires to his sanctum on the second floor—his study—in which he seems to feel most the relaxation from his labors.

If he has friends he chats with them unreservedly. He is fond of an anecdote, and is well supplied with the sense of humor. He has a hearty laugh, though from his physique it is not a strong one. Nine o'clock strikes and His Eminence probably is a little quieter than before. When the hour strikes again—the cathedral clock strikes the half hours the same as the hours—the visitors retire; that is, if they are well acquainted with the Cardinal's habits they do. Otherwise he dismisses them with the gentle admonition that he must preserve regular hours.

The Cardinal's day with the public is over. He retires to his room and spends a half hour in devotion. None even of his intimates know what fervent prayers for his people—for mankind and the world in general—ascend in that unpretentious sanctuary. But those who know Cardinal Gibbons well can understand. They know his sanctity, his mood of charity to all. The cathedral clock strikes 10, the glimmer of light in the Cardinal's chamber disappears and the worries and troubles of the day, with which ever a Cardinal has to bear, are over.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

From the Use of Cigarettes.

Wilmington, N. C., March 7, 1892.

I hereby certify that my son, Joseph Koening, is afflicted with the use of cigarettes, and would have fallen ill as often as 4 times a day. After using your medicine given by doctors in this city without any benefit I commenced the use of Father Koening's Nerve Tonic and after only a few bottles he was left well and improved otherwise in health.

There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Father Koening's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I can not say too much in praise of it.

Edward Morris.

DAYTON, O., September 8, '91.

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London, Saturday, May 11, 1895.

**THE ANTI-CATHOLIC AGITA-  
TION.**

The Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll, of New York, who is a Methodist, and one of the editors of the New York Independent, has an article in the last number of the Methodist Review, in which he endeavors to convince Protestants that they should overcome their prejudices against Catholics and the Catholic Church.

He reminds his readers that though in his and their opinion, the Catholic Church teaches error, it is still a Christian Church, holding all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and that it is not an enemy to mankind. He adds:

"It is surely better than no religion, or than any Pagan religion, or than Christless Unitarianism."

To this the doctor might well have added that, now-a-days at least, when it is the fashion among Protestants to doubt all positive religious teaching, there are very few even among Protestants who will boldly assert that their own religion, or for that matter, that any one of the numerous Protestant sects, is itself quite free from error. They ought, therefore, to be very slow before uttering their wholesale denunciations against the Catholic Church on account of its supposed errors.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when most Protestants were firmly convinced that their own particular sect is absolutely the true Church, but that time has passed, and we know of very few Protestants who would now maintain such a thesis. Perhaps there is no Church among the various sects which puts forward so pompously the claim to be the only one teaching absolutely the truths of Christianity, as does Presbyterianism in its declarations of faith laid down with the Westminster Confession. Yet elsewhere in the same Confession it is declared that no Church can claim truly to be absolutely pure and free from error. Surely, then, the members of these avowedly erroneous Churches might have some charitable feeling for Catholics who are just as conscientious as themselves in holding to the faith in which they have most confidence.

But we often hear it said that Catholics are not to be endured or tolerated, because they hold that the Catholic Church is so exclusive, claiming to be the one true Church, outside whose pale there is no salvation.

It is true that such is the Catholic doctrine; yet we assert that this does not constitute a good reason why the Catholic Church should be hated, though it is a reason on account of which we should cling to our religion with tenacity.

The most ardent of Protestants will acknowledge that Christ established a true Church on earth, and Protestants themselves belong to their various denominations in the confidence that in each case they are members of the true Church, though there may be some minor errors in the particular denomination to which they have attached themselves. Why should Catholics be hated merely because, in being Catholics, they believe they are members of a Church which does not, and cannot, teach false doctrine? There is no excuse for the entertaining of such a hatred, even if it were enjoined in Holy Scripture, upon Christians, to believe in false doctrine, or to belong to a Church which has some admixture of error.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Scripture contains no such command. Christ speaks of other sheep which He has which are not of this fold; but He declares that He shall bring them to be of one fold and one Shepherd.

Again, the Church of the living God is spoken of by the Apostle as being the pillar and ground of truth. Such language is irreconcilable with the notion that a Christian must be a member of a Church which teaches falsehood, and certainly justifies the Catholic in belonging to a Church which in his belief has no doctrinal

error. To say the least, it is a dog-in-the-manger conduct for Protestants to hate Catholics for believing in a Church in which they have full confidence, merely because they have themselves only a partial confidence in the Church to which they belong.

Catholics have good reason for believing that the real Church of God on earth is exempt from liability to error. We have already referred to one text of Holy Writ which conveys this teaching. We have further the assurance that against the Church which He established, the gates of hell shall not prevail. Are we to be blamed for interpreting these passages to mean that the one Church which He established will remain on earth to the end of time, free from errors of faith, and always teaching the pure doctrines of salvation which He commissioned His Apostles to preach to all nations?

But we are told we must be blamed for believing that out of the true Church there is no salvation. Here also we are supported by the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. Christ says, "He that believeth not shall be condemned," and His Apostles teach that "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and that "Even though an angel from heaven teach any other Gospel than that we have delivered to you, let him be anathema." The Catholic doctrine on this point is therefore purely and simply the teaching of Holy Scripture.

Nevertheless this doctrine is to be properly understood. It is an admitted principle of morals that no man is responsible for what he cannot help. We therefore admit that if there are some who are by outward profession Protestants, and who do not and cannot know the truth of Catholic doctrine, by using the means of grace with which God has furnished men, they are not responsible for their rejection of Catholic truth. In such case they are in invincible ignorance and error, and if otherwise, having been baptized, they are freed from the guilt of sin, they are in reality members of the Catholic Church, and in the way of salvation, though not so to outward appearance. We shall not pronounce on the question, how frequently this may happen; but we say there is certainly no more lack of charity in this belief of Catholics than there is want of charity in believing that the persons who are in a burning house will perish in the flames, unless they succeed in making their escape from the building. We may wish them well, we may desire their safety, but we have not made the law by which they are judged, and their destruction does not come from any fault or act of ours.

Dr. Carroll recommends Protestants to show their charity in the first place, by discontinuing the use of offensive names for Catholics, such names as "Romanist, Papist, the Romish, or Papistical Church."

Regarding the loyalty of Catholics to the Government under which they live, Dr. Carroll points out that there has not been any single act of Catholics in the United States which would show them to be disloyal. He points out that those who make the accusation base it upon the Catholic doctrine of the Pope's supremacy. But this supremacy relates only to religion and not to politics. It is true that the anti-Catholic agitators say that if a Catholic had to choose between his faith and his country's requirements, he would sooner give up his allegiance to his country than to his religion. The doctor says every sincere Protestant would do likewise, for "Religion embraces our duty to God. Is not that our highest duty? If the conflict comes, who that is worthy of the Christian name would abjure his faith?"

This is certainly no practical question, for there is no fear of any conflict between duty to God and to the country in which we live. But if the State should be too meddlesome, and should interfere in what does not concern it, then we know the choice we should make. We should "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but to God we must render the things that are God's," and in the conflict of commands, "It is better to obey God than men."

Dr. Carroll's remarks are very timely, and it is gratifying to observe that a prominent Methodist minister is so far in advance of his colleagues in general as to hold these broad and liberal views, and has the courage to maintain them in public. His remarks are as applicable to anti-Catholic agitators in Canada, as to the Know-Nothing of the United States.

The doctor is none the less a staunch Protestant because he holds these reasonable views. He says that he protests earnestly against "The tyranny

of the Roman Catholic system, and its perversions of Biblical Christianity;" but he declares that in reference to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the Catholic Church is orthodox, and he gives it credit for much rare devotion, saintly lives and admirable works of charity. He thinks it should be treated with courtesy at least, by Protestants, and that the latter should abstain from such falsehoods as some of them frequently disseminate against it, as in the recent instance when an encyclical supposed to emanate from the Pope ordering a general massacre of Protestants was industriously circulated among credulous people, causing grave dissensions on account of religious belief. Of course this palpable forgery was believed in only by the ignorant, but even so it brought forth much mischief and discord in the community.

**CAESARE CANTU.**

Judging from the brevity of the obituary notice we would imagine that Caesare Cantu was a mere village politician and not the greatest historian of the century.

We are too much inclined betimes to indulge in rhapsodical nonsense anent every passing whim and fad and to dismiss curtly men who played important roles in life's great theatre, because, forsooth, the popular mind does not appreciate it.

Caesare Cantu was born December 5, 1804, at Brinio, a village of about three thousand inhabitants near Lecco, in the Province of Como. He was at first inclined to the priesthood, but, feeling that he was not called by God, he gave up the idea and entered upon the duties of a professorship of grammar in the college of Sondrio.

Earnest and enthusiastic to the verge of insensate unreasonableness he devoted every energy of his nature to the chronicling of the deeds of his country. Gradually his influence made itself felt, and the Government, seeing that he was a man who might be dangerous, imprisoned him on the specious charge of high treason. This was in 1833. Many a page has been written respecting the life of Cantu while in prison. It did him certainly no harm, for there he threw aside the trappings of boyhood and came forth a man of high resolve and dauntless courage. He was one year in prison, but the hours went lightly by, for he was busily laying the foundation of his "Universal History," a work that for impartial research is easily the greatest production of the age. One marvels at the many books he found time to write. He was seldom inaccurate. He was always an historian, believing no assertions of prejudiced writers, but gleaming facts and data by his own labor and penning them in clear and forceful style.

Our century owes much to Caesare Cantu. He is a reproach to our half-educated myriads, but he is the pride of all those who do not believe that knowledge hangs upon every bush that our so-called professors like to plant. Labor, silent and unflagging, was his life companion, and she was indeed fruitful.

**A HISTORICAL CRITIC ON THE  
GOSPELS.**

The announcement made some months ago that a Russian writer named Notovitch had discovered in a Tibetan monastery a Buddhist "Life of Christ," in which there are many particulars of Christ's acts on earth which are not found in the four Gospels, has attracted more attention from certain men of undoubted learning than the character of the alleged discovery entitled it to.

It was said by M. Notovitch that according to this manuscript Christ had passed many years in a monastery in India, under the name "Issa," and that He had there imbibed the doctrines which He afterwards preached in Galilee.

It scarcely needed that Mr. Notovitch's work should be seriously refuted, for the veracity of the Evangelists, and the reality of the Divine mission of our Blessed Lord, do not depend upon the discovery of some obscure manuscripts which may or may not have been kept among the papers of some illiterate Buddhist monks. Nevertheless everything which bears upon the question of the truth and authenticity of Holy Scripture attracts attention, and for this reason the claims of Mr. Notovitch's document were examined into as soon as his discovery was announced, with the result that it was found out that he had not even been in the locality where he had pretended he made the discovery, so that the manuscript of Mr. Notovitch is simply an impudent forgery.

Max Muller, the well-known and eminent linguist and historian, though himself a Rationalist, and therefore one whom we would not expect to take up his weapons in defence of Christianity, proved at length, and beyond cavil, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* of last October, that Mr. Notovitch's pretended discovery is a fraud. Professor Muller, however, in the course of his article, gives utterance incidentally to some of his own peculiar views on the historical basis of Christianity. Thus he says: "If the history of Issa were historically true, it would make plain many difficulties. It would demonstrate once for all that Jesus is a real historic personage."

It is not the first time that forgeries professing to give the real life of Christ have been issued. The learned Wageaseil published such a work under the name Tholoth or Toloth Jehoschua, and a second Toloth was published by the celebrated Lutheran minister Huldreich in 1705. Both these works were translated from Hebrew copies which were in circulation among the Jews of Germany, and they were claimed to be more authentic as histories of the genealogy and life of Christ than the four Gospels. These books are even now being circulated by the New York propagandists of Infidelity, under pretence that they were written at Jerusalem by contemporaries of Christ Himself. They are replete with fables and blasphemies, the object of which is to throw discredit upon Christianity and on our Lord.

That these books are entirely fabulous is evident from the gross ignorance displayed by their authors regarding the history of the period concerning which they pretended to write.

The Jews have a great reverence for the name Jehova, and the authors of the Toloths take advantage of the fact to concoct a ridiculous story in explanation of the miracles wrought by Christ to prove His divine mission.

These writers admit that Christ performed surprising miracles. They admit that He cured all manner of diseases, and raised the dead to life. Leprosy, a disease which defies the skill of physicians, was also healed by Him; but they claim that all these things were the result of magic, in which He was skilled, and in the use of which He attained great proficiency by stealing the sacred name of Jehova from the Holy of Holies in the Temple. This name was, according to the Toloth, deposited in the Temple and was guarded by two lions, which roared so terribly when any one approached the sacred spot, that the impious ones who thus attempted to violate the sanctuary were made to lose their memory and reason.

By magic, it is pretended, Christ succeeded in evading the usual fate of violators of the sacred precincts, and procured the Holy Name which was therein deposited, and so was able to perform wonders.

This one absurdity should be enough to stamp these impious works as tissues of falsehood, but there are many other statements in them quite as nonsensical, and contrary to the known history of the period. The admission of Christ's miraculous powers is, however, worthy of remark, as it proves that their exercise was so public and so well known that it was impossible even for His bitterest enemies among the Jews to deny them.

When a work claiming to be historical is put forward as worthy of credence, it is necessary there should be incontestible evidence that it is the work of those who claim to be its authors, and that it belongs to the period when it claims to have been written. These proofs of authenticity the four Gospels possess; but the Toloths, and M. Notovitch's pseudo-Buddhist work, are entirely deficient in this regard. It is, therefore, a curious lack of accuracy in a man of Professor Muller's undoubted learning to overlook all this, and to pretend that the Gospels need such confirmation as might be afforded by the discovery of some dubious Buddhist manuscript, even though there were evidence that it were a few centuries old.

Mr. Pierre Courbet has answered Professor Muller in an article which appeared in *Cosmos* of March 30, and wherein he thus disposes of the Professor's assertion. We take M. Courbet's words from the *Literary Digest*:

"What! because there has been discovered in an obscure monastery of the Himalayas a manuscript that nobody knew about up to this day, do you pretend that this manuscript constitutes such an historic monument that it would smooth away all difficulties relative to the life of Jesus? You who refuse all belief in the gospels, although they are confirmed by an innumerable number of quotations of which the most ancient date from the times of the

Apostles themselves—you would accept as unassailable a work of which you know neither the origin nor the author, a work of which no one has ever heard till to day, outside of a little coterie of Buddhist monks? Is that serious historic criticism?"

In the present case it would be necessary to begin by proving that the Buddhist Life of Jesus really dates from the time of Jesus, and that its authors were really persons who knew Him. How shall we show this when we do not know who these people were, and when no other author has alluded, up to the present time, to a work of this kind?

"Truly, if we Christians had pretended to attribute such value to a document under these conditions, what a general outcry would be raised against us! We may be sure that M. Muller would not fail to seize the opportunity to exercise his sharp wit at our expense, and, indeed, he would have a right to do so."

There is no need of any new documents to establish the authenticity of the Gospels, and of the whole New Testament. They were written at a time when Rome and Greece were in the height of intellectual culture, and when Roman political power extended over the whole world which had any claim to civilization; and they were not unknown or obscure books at this time. Treatises were written upon them, and they were so extensively quoted by a series of writers, both Christian and Pagan, during the first three or four centuries of the Christian era, that if they had been completely lost in their original form, it is confidently asserted that they could be reconstructed simply by means of collating these quotations. Surely Professor Muller made a serious slip by suggesting that some Buddhist manuscript must be discovered to confirm them before their historic value can be admitted by so learned a man as he.

It would be unnecessary to call attention to the Professor's gross blunder, were it not for the fact that the Infidels of the day will certainly appeal to his judgment as establishing beyond a doubt that the authenticity of the Gospels must be further confirmed before it can be accepted as a certain fact.

Numerous are the witnesses who from the earliest period give testimony, but it would be impossible to cite them within the limits of this article. We shall therefore content ourselves here with stating that S. Justin Martyr states, in his apology to the Emperor Antoninus, that the writings of the Apostles were regularly read in the assemblies of the faithful, and that in one passage alone, Tertullian mentions by name not only the Gospels in detail, but also nine Epistles of St. Paul as being among the writings which were so used. Among the writers of the second century who thus attest the antiquity and authenticity of the Gospels may also be mentioned the Pagan philosopher Celsus, who quotes largely the Gospels and other books of the New Testament for the purpose of attacking them; but even he does not impugn the main facts mentioned in the Gospels. He confines himself to an attempt at refuting details and doctrinal teachings. Very justly, therefore, does Mons. Courbet remark:

"It thus results that our opponents are in a veritable dilemma: either the miracles of Jesus are real, and consequently, Jesus is God, something they do not wish to admit, or to deny the miracles of Jesus, they are forced to put his character, even His existence, in doubt, and to contravene all the rules of logic and historical criticism."

**THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.**

It has been asserted over and over again by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, and reiterated by Attorney-General Sifton, of the Manitoba Government, that the Catholic Separate schools of Manitoba have been inefficient and badly managed.

At this distance from the scene it is difficult to ascertain beyond doubt the exact state of the case, especially as there are no official statistics by means of which a certain conclusion can be arrived at, but we are not disposed to accept these statements without proofs; and we notice by a lecture delivered by Mr. J. S. Ewart, who was Counsel for the Catholics of the Province in the appeal before the Governor-General at Ottawa, that the statements of the two gentlemen who are making themselves specially conspicuous in leading on the attack on the Catholic minority, are confidently contradicted.

Mr. Ewart's lecture was delivered in the Central Congregational Church of Winnipeg on the 29th ult., in reply to the Rev. Mr. Peuley, who had some days before delivered a lecture in defence of the course of the local Government, and against the enforcement of the remedial order sent from Ottawa.

The audience consisted almost en-

tirely of Protestants, and the Church was packed to overflowing, so that many were obliged to leave without obtaining entrance.

Mr. Ewart brought what he called an "object lesson" before his audience. In 1890 there were in Winnipeg five Catholic schools with five hundred and seventy-six scholars. To-day the five schools are still in operation, but the number of scholars has increased to seven hundred and four. During all this time, while supporting these schools, the Catholics paid their share toward the Public schools, in submission to the unjust school law which imposed on them a double tax.

Mr. Ewart answered the statement which has been so frequently made by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, and since by Attorney-General Sifton, that the Catholic schools are inefficient. He stated that their work is good, and as it was impossible for him to bring the pupils to the lecture, he exhibited samples of their work, and specimens of their books and time tables, which fully refuted these assertions.

He invited his Protestant hearers to visit the schools for themselves and to see what is being done, notwithstanding that all Government aid has been withdrawn from them, and they have been kept up solely through the great sacrifices which the Catholics of the city have made.

He asked, "Why do Winnipeg Catholics make this double payment?" "Well," they say, "for conscience sake." They keep up their Separate schools for the same reason that Protestants keep up their separate churches—for conscience sake.

He then made a strong appeal to Protestants to show good-will by assisting to remedy the great injustice which has been inflicted. He said:

"Will Winnipeg Protestants continue to make profit out of the Catholic conscience, and to diminish their own taxes by enforced contributions from those who can make no use of the present schools? Is that fair? Is it just? Is it reasonable? Is it honest? Protestants of Winnipeg: the best of you are you not ashamed of the result to which intolerance has brought us, as well as of the faith-broken path by which it has come? Are you not ashamed to make money out of the religious convictions of your Roman Catholic fellow-citizens? Are you not willing to pay for your own schools, and to let Catholics keep their money, which, under the present system, they have to contribute to your support? I leave it to your judgment, trusting that my effort to place the matter fairly before you may prove of assistance in your reflections."

It is certainly a beggarly piece of meanness, that the majority, which claims to include the wealthiest portion of the population, should use underhand modes of levying a tax upon their less fortunate fellow citizens, to pay for the education of their children, while the latter are made to endure the whole burden in regard to their own. It is a kind of regime very similar to that under which the Turks govern Armenia, differing therefrom only in degree.

In further reference to the assertions of Messrs. McCarthy and Sifton, we may add that it is possible that in the rural sections the schools have not been as efficient as it is desirable they should have been. Mr. Ewart's confident remarks on the known efficiency of the Winnipeg schools, perhaps refer to that city only. But it must be remembered that among the Catholic population there are many poor Indians and half-breeds who are doing and have been doing their best to give their children an education. It is not by upsetting entirely the schools they had that their defects should be remedied, but by assisting them to raise their efficiency that a paternal Government and a generous-minded majority would endeavor to remedy existing evils, but this is exactly what the Manitoban Legislature has not done. May we hope for a peaceful and tolerant settlement of the difficulty?

**METHODISTS IN OFFICE.**

Lately there has been a revival—no doubt for a purpose—of the charges made by the late Dr. Douglas as to the official positions occupied by the Methodist body in Ontario, Dr. Douglas having, at the Conference in Toronto, in June, 1893—as appears by the report in the *Telegram*, said:—"How is it, in law, politics and official positions, the Methodism of Ontario is practically tabooed by the authorities of to-day. For fifty years a Methodist never climbed to the position of a Judge in Ontario." At the Niagara Conference he made a similar declaration.

In charity to Dr. Douglas, we must suppose he was ignorant of the facts when he made these statements, but one can scarcely credit the report that the Rev. Dr. Potts, who should know the

position of every man prominently connected with Methodism in Ontario, should have endorsed Dr. Douglas's statement.

So as to be possessed of accurate information, inquiries have been made as to some of the more important offices in Ontario filled by Methodists, and as to the first class mentioned—the Judiciary—they have neither been ostracized nor taboed by the Government, unless the following list proves the injustice of which Dr. Douglas complained:—

- 1. Judge King, Supreme Court, Ottawa.
2. Judge Burbidge, Exchequer Court, Ottawa.
3. Judge Rese, High Court, Toronto.
4. Judge McDougall, Co. Court, Toronto.
5. Judge Jones, Co. Court, Brantford.
6. Judge Price, Co. Court, Kingston.
7. Judge Merrill, Co. Court, Victoria.
8. Judge John Deacon, Co. Ct., Pembroke.
9. Judge Dean, Co. Court, Lindsay.
10. Judge Ketchum, Co. Court, Cobourg.
11. Judge Carman, Co. Court, Cornwall.
12. Judge Thos. Deacon, Co. Ct., Pembroke.

Where is the interdiction against Methodism, with this list of its adherents in the Judiciary of Ontario?

Judge Burbidge, of the Exchequer Court, has the position of a Chief Justice, and his salary of \$6,000 a year equals that paid to the Chief Justice of Ontario.

The emoluments of Judge McDougall's office as County Judge and Judge of the Surrogate Court, exceeds \$5,800 (nearly equal to a Chief Justiceship), in addition to what he receives as an Arbitrator.

Judge Jones, according to the Order in Council, has been a Judge for over 35 years, and Judge John Deacon for over 25 years. There are some others on the list for more than 15 years.

There is another class of Government officials nearly allied to the Judiciary, namely, the County Crown Attorneys and Clerks of the Peace. The list hereunder attests that the Methodists have not been overlooked in the filling of these important offices:—

- G. V. Vannorman, Brantford.
J. L. Whiting, Kingston.
Alfred Frost, Owen Sound.
A. L. Mordan, Napanee.
James Magee, London.
Thomas Johnston, Muskoka.
W. H. Dewart, (Crown Attorney), Toronto.
T. H. Hall, (Clerk of the Peace), Toronto.
John W. Kerr, Cobourg.
John Maxwell, Brantford.
J. H. Metcalf, Pembroke.
Thomas A. Gorham, Port Arthur.

While there is a total of 40 of these offices in Ontario, who shall say there has been an interdiction on Methodism, when its adherents fill so many of them?

Can it with truth be said that Methodism was allowed to suffer when the Sheriffs were being appointed. Here is a list of its adherents in these offices:—

- John Bowles, Orangeville.
John C. Tier, Sandwich.
C. H. Moore, Owen Sound.
W. Clements, Milton.
James Flitoff, Sarnia.
J. W. Betts, Muskoka.
J. F. Paxton, Whitby.
H. Armstrong, Parry Sound.
B. Broddy, Brantford.
A. Haagar, I. Orillia.
Hon. Chas. Drury, Barrie.
W. H. Carpenter, Rat Portage.
Moses Springer, Waterloo.
Robert McKim, Guelph.

And until the death of Sheriff Glass in 1893, we had for 30 years a Methodist sheriff in London.

If Rev. Dr. Douglas had spoken with a knowledge of the facts, he could not have said as to these offices, that there was any "tabooing."

In the County of Renfrew, John Deacon, the Senior Judge, is a Methodist. Thomas Deacon, the Junior Judge, is a Methodist. His son-in-law, J. H. Metcalf, the County Crown Attorney, is a Methodist, and Judge Deacon's brother-in-law, S. C. Mitchell, the Police Magistrate of Pembroke, is a Methodist.

Credit for the last two appointments must be given to Thomas Murray, a Catholic, then M. P. P. for Renfrew. As will be seen, the whole of the judicial offices in the County of Renfrew are in the hands of one family, members of the Methodist Church. The Catholics of Renfrew number 18,000, while the Methodists number but 6,000, and we know of no office in the gift of either Government, held by a Catholic in the county.

Then, going to Kingston, we note the generous treatment accorded the Methodists in appointments. Judge Price is a Methodist. Mr. Britton, who was the County Attorney and Clerk of the Peace, is a Methodist, and when he was appointed Drainage Arbitrator by the Ontario Government, a few years ago, at a salary of \$3,000 a year, his partner, Mr. Whiting, a Methodist, succeeded him as County Attorney. Dr. Lavelle, the Warden of the Penitentiary, is a Methodist, and his son has lately been added to the staff of that institution.

In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as stated by Dr. Douglas, the Methodist body always had a most liberal representation in the Judiciary, including amongst the number some Chief Justices.

Out of the seven Protestant Ministers

forming the Federal Administration for fifteen years, the Methodists had two of their denomination—Sir John Carling and Sir McKenzie Bowell. Could any one, knowing these facts, say they were ostracized?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It appears that Hamilton city is not so entirely given over to P. P. A. influences as was at one time thought, and not without pretty good reason. At a meeting of the Public Library Board, held a few days ago, the indecency of the reading matter contained in the Detroit Patriotic American, the central A. P. A. paper of the United States, was brought to the attention of the Board, and it was unanimously decided to exclude the nauseous thing from the library files, as unfit for public reading. The local agent of the paper was present, and desired to speak in its behalf but was very properly refused a hearing. We congratulate the people of Hamilton that their representatives on the Library Board have so far cut the leading strings of P. P. Aism that they will no longer furnish abusive and insulting language and cartoons to the public in order to please that organization.

The April number of The Canadian Magazine contains some very interesting and instructive articles. Professor Tadmor has a bright sketch entitled, "A Summer Evening at the Village Post." We congratulate him on his portrayal of scenes that must bring back the long ago to many of us. Hon. David Mills writes on the policy of Russia, and while we admit its aggressiveness yet must we refrain from committing ourselves to the conclusion drawn by the honorable gentleman. We are most happy to say that The Canadian Magazine maintains its high reputation. Controlled by no class or creed it sends us a written page that reflects the greatest credit on the taste and talent of its editor.

We are pleased to learn that Dean Harris has another work ready for publication. It will treat of an interesting epoch of Canadian history. One need not be a prophet to say that it will meet with an enthusiastic welcome from all who love their country's past and who have aught of appreciation for graceful fiction. Dean Harris has the rare faculty of investing his historical data with life and reality.

The eminent Boston Prelate will celebrate on May 17th of this year the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. Priest and people are making every preparation for its worthy celebration. Anyone who has watched the progress of Boston diocese may well say that its ecclesiastical chief has given many and manifest proofs of consummate prudence and keen executive ability. Humble and unassuming, of winning manner and generous heart, he is a magnificent type of a priest and gentleman. Confronted betimes by adversaries he has never uttered a word that was not the echo of a perfect manhood. We tender him our congratulations and pray that he may not for many years relinquish mitre and pastoral staff.

It is stated that the secession from the Free Presbyterian Kirk in Scotland, which took place about a year ago in the Highlands of that country, has become a movement of much greater importance than it was at first anticipated it would be. It has assumed the proportions of a new sect, and the adherents of the secession are earnestly propagating their new gospel. The list of grievances against the Free Church has been largely extended since the secession, which seems to have established itself as a new form of Presbyterianism, just at the time when there was supposed to be some prospect of a reunion, not only of Presbyterian denominations, but of various Protestant creeds. This, however, is not to be wondered at, for the first principle of Protestantism, and especially of the Presbyterian form of it, that of private judgment, is of necessity a principle of disintegration.

We learn by an associated press despatch that in reference to General Booth's proposition to settle a colony of his rescued paupers in Canada, the London Daily Chronicle of the 1st inst. has an editorial in which it is said that, "We must not ignore the fact that in Canada there will be strong opposition to General Booth's plans to colonize the Dominion with the victims of poverty in England." While it is quite true that we have sympathy with the victims of poverty, whether in England or elsewhere, it

will be hard to convince Canadians that they ought to make a present of hundreds of thousands of acres of land to the general as an inducement to have a colony of rescued paupers dumped in our midst. The general receives \$75 as a bonus for each pauper whom he manages to send away from England. It would be better for Canadians to pay something to the general to keep his settlers out of Canada, than to offer any inducement to have them brought here, whereas we see England so glad to be rid of them.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, in Germany, in which Joseph Meyer has been long the central figure, who represents Christ, has justly a world-wide fame on account of the earnestness with which all the participants therein religiously and with great devotion fill the parts allotted to them. It is not generally known, however, that in Mexico on every Good Friday there are more or less elaborate representations of the Passion in many villages. The players are all Indians, and their dresses are shabby, but the earnestness with which the various characters are represented is not exceeded even at Ober-Ammergau, and in some of the large towns the representation is very realistic. Crude though the representation be in many instances, it has a wonderful effect in impressing upon the minds of the uneducated Aztecs the love of Christ for mankind as manifested in His work of our redemption, and in cultivating their piety and love for religion. The representation speaks to them with more power than any description which could be put into a formula of words. This year it has been peculiarly impressive in many places.

GEORGE JACOB SCHWEINFURTH, the pretended Messiah who has gathered about him a number of followers at Rockford, Ill. has been indicted by the grand jury on three different charges of immorality with regard to three women who live under the name of angels at his heaven. The people of Rockford are delighted with the prospect afforded by the indictment, that they will get rid of the nuisance of Schweinfurth's presence among them.

The Mayor of Raubois in France has given to the world one of the most ridiculous and stupid documents ever issued by a public functionary. It runs as follows: "Considering that the transport of the Viaticum to the houses of the sick by a priest clothed in sacerdotal garments, accompanied by persons bearing lanterns and ringing a little bell, has the grave inconvenience of frightening the inhabitants, who are thereby reminded of the importance of death by this religious ceremony, we decree: the transport of the Viaticum is forbidden." Truly a mixture of brazen effrontery and incurable foolishness.

PROFESSOR MARCUS DOOS, of Edinburgh, speaking recently in support of disestablishment of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, said that the proper course would be for members of the Established Church to come forward themselves with a frank confession that the time for disestablishment has come. "It would be a gain for the Church," he said "if they would do this. There might be a loss of respect on the part of those who adhere to it merely because it is the establishment, and some might leave it if such ceased to be the case; but there would be a gain in spiritual influence, and disestablishment would be followed by an early union of the three Presbyterian Churches between which the country is now divided. Great spiritual enthusiasm would certainly result from such a union, and he hoped that the day is not far off when it will be accomplished." Why should there be such longing for union among these divided branches, unless it be true that Christ intended that His Church should be one in doctrine and government? And if the Church is essentially one, there was no justification for the first Presbyterians, who established division by rejecting the authority of the one Church, and proclaiming the supremacy of individual opinion.

Mary and the Poor Souls.

In her prayers for deceased friends, relatives and benefactors, the Church is mindful of Mary's sweet influence with her Son, and asks their deliverance through her intercession. She is fitly called the Mother of Mercy. Her merciful heart goes out to these, the favored ones of her Son, all the more lovingly and tenderly because they are unable to help themselves.

"He only who lives by faith, by faith overcomes the world."—St. Bernard.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN COSTIGAN, M. P., On the Manitoba School Question.

The following very clever speech was delivered by the Hon. John Costigan, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, 23rd April:

Mr. Costigan. Mr. Speaker I need not assure the House that I have no intention of answering the hon. gentleman who has just sat down (Mr. McCarthy) by any constitutional argument on this subject, to meet the arguments put forward by him. In rising at present I simply ask permission of the House, and of you, Mr. Speaker, to deal for a few moments with the subject from another point of view entirely—first, because I do not think that the line which the hon. member has followed was at all a proper line to take; and, secondly, because I do not think we have reached the stage when we are called upon to discuss the subject at any great length. I may say at the outset that while many of the speakers who have taken part in this debate have alluded to the reference made to this subject in the Speech from the Throne as one calculated to create strife and enmity in this country, there is one consolation to every old member in this House—yes, and a consolation to every Canadian in this country who feels that he is represented in this Parliament—that this Parliament has time and again given proof of its ability to deal with the most delicate questions, and to deal with them in the most intelligent and satisfactory manner. We have had occasion before to discuss subjects which were calculated to create divisions and dissensions in our country that would have had consequences very serious to its peace, and I am sure that every member of this House will agree with me, on looking back at the record of those discussions, that those of us who have taken part in them can congratulate it upon the tone and the dignity that this Parliament has exhibited on all such occasions. Therefore, Sir, I feel confident that the remarks which I offer to-day will be received by my fellow members in the spirit in which I intend to deliver them. In the first place, I deny the right or the propriety of the hon. member for North Simcoe (Mr. McCarthy) making the appeal which he has made in this House and in the country on the question of Separate schools as against Common schools, because that question has not arisen. The whole question with which this Parliament has been or may be called to deal, the question with which the courts and the Privy Council have been called to deal, is not whether Separate schools are to be established in Manitoba or not. They could not deal with such a question; they were not clothed with the power to deal with it. The whole question was: Have any rights under the constitution under which we have been taken away from any minority? And what has been the answer? The highest tribunal in the Empire has declared that certain rights have been taken away from a minority in one of the provinces. This is the whole subject, and not whether Separate schools are better than Common schools, or whether they should be forced on the people of Manitoba or not. But I want to take issue with the hon. gentleman on another point, and a more serious one. I want to say in the name of the people for whom to some extent I have the right to speak, that it was a gross act of injustice to the Catholics of this country for the hon. member for North Simcoe, as well as certain newspapers and other prominent gentlemen, all through the time that the question has been under discussion, to inflame the public mind by trying to create the impression that the Catholics of this country have been the aggressors, and have attempted to force Catholic schools upon the country, and to interfere with provincial rights. While I do not want to discuss the question, because the time has not yet come for discussing anything but the remedial order that has been passed, let me say here that I fully agree with the hon. gentleman who have preceded me in expressing the most earnest desire that the Legislatures of Manitoba will afford the remedy to the evil created in that Legislature by its own act, and that the matter may not be brought into this Parliament at all. I will not be so unkind as to suppose for one moment that any hon. gentleman in this House would feel disappointed at such a peaceable solution of the matter. I would not do so cruel a thing to any public man in this country as to charge him with entertaining the hope that Manitoba might not settle this question, and that it might come here to be settled by the Dominion Parliament, with the view of creating dissatisfaction and anxiety in the country. We all trust that the remedial order, having gone to the Manitoba Legislature, will be dealt with effectually by that body. We do not all insist, as did the hon. gentleman who last addressed the House, that the remedial order places that Legislature in the position that they must pay the last pound of flesh. If the hon. gentleman were in a position to say that the Legislature of Manitoba had refused to take action and that this Parliament was called upon to do so—if he were in a position to say that the Legislature of Manitoba had offered any fair and reasonable compromise, with the object of restoring peace and harmony, and that the minority in that province had refused such a fair and reasonable compromise, his argument might have some weight. But I say that it is most unfair and most ungenerous to charge the Catholics of this country with the responsibility of this agitation. There must be a beginning of all things, and there must be reasons for the exceptional legislation to which we are obliged to refer, and out of which this question grows. Every hon. member of this House who is familiar with the history of confederation and the circumstances under which confederation was brought about, knows full well that it was not the Catholics of this country who insisted on this exceptional legislation. We know that as a matter of history, as a matter of record, from the discussions which took place when the whole question of the agreement and the treaty between the different parties to the confederation was under consideration. When that was being considered by the old Canadian Parliament, the Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, what were the real facts? The Catholics did not say: You must give us certain rights and privileges and make them permanent by law or else we will not go into confederation. No; it was quite the other way. It was the Protestants, the leading men in Parliament at that time, men like the Hon. George Brown, the Hon. Mr. Holton, Sir Alexander Galt—all the prominent men at the time—who insisted, as the first condition of confederation, that the educational rights of the Protestant minority in Quebec should be protected and guaranteed. At that time the Protestant minority in the province of Quebec had certain rights, though not so extensive as those they now have. The Catholic minority in Ontario had certain rights under the Bill of 1863, but more limited than those now enjoyed by the Protestant minority in Quebec. It was then declared by all these gentlemen I have named that before confederation could take place at all, the Government must bring in a Bill dealing with the province of Quebec, and amending right there and then the school law as it then existed in that province. The Protestant leaders in Parliament were not content that the rights of the Protestant minority in Quebec as they then existed should be secured by confederation. They said: That is not enough, we want perfect and full control of educational matters for our minority in Quebec, and unless you amend the law now so as to give us that full and complete control, it will not be binding under the Act of Confederation. Therefore, that was done, and let me say to the credit of the people of Quebec, and their representative men, that no voice was raised during that discussion objecting in the slightest degree to the proposal. On the contrary, they said they were willing to give that, and any further guarantee which the minority might desire at the time. Then followed the proposition that if you gave to the minority in Quebec the protection they asked for on the educational question, why not give the same guarantee to the minority in Ontario? That was a fair proposition to make at a time when the prominent men of the country were assembled together to lay the foundations of a new nation by uniting provinces with different interests, speaking different languages, and believing different religions. The fair proposition was then made to give, on the other hand, the Catholic minority in Ontario similar rights. I am not going to find fault, I am not attempting to draw a comparison in an offensive sense between the Protestants and the Catholics at that time, but I simply state the facts as proving the position I have taken from the first—that the condition of things we have now is not chargeable to the Catholics at all, except in part, but is simply due to the movement made by the Protestants themselves to secure protection to their minority in the province of Quebec. That was agreed to in the first place by the Finance Minister, Sir Alexander Galt, when he pledged himself to it in his speech at Sherbrooke. He was questioned in the House afterwards by the Hon. Mr. Holton, who said:

"The Minister of Finance, in a speech at Sherbrooke, had promised that the Government would introduce a Bill to amend the school laws of Lower Canada. The honorable gentleman must be aware that this was a question on which there was a great deal of feeling in this section of the province amongst the English speaking, or the Protestant class of the population. He did not like to introduce anything of a religious character into discussions of this House, but in debating the great changes which it was proposed to effect in our system of government, the effect of them upon that class to which he referred must be considered. Among that class there was no phase or feature of these threatened changes which excited so much alarm as this very question of education. Well, the Minister of Finance had said, with great solemnity, as having the authority of his colleagues for it, that this session the Government would bring down amendments to the school laws of Lower Canada, which they proposed enacting into law before a change of Government would take place, and which would become a permanent settlement of the question."

That pledge was carried out. I may quote further what the Hon. Mr. Le-teller de Saint Just said, and I do this merely to show the spirit in which this proposition was met by gentlemen representing different nationalities. He said: "I have heard it said that the Protestants of Lower Canada ought to be satisfied with their prospects of the future, because we have always acted with liberality towards them. But that is no guarantee for them, for we would not content ourselves with a mere promise to act liberally, if we considered that our interest or our insti-

tutions were threatened by a majority differing in race and religion from ourselves; and in any case that is not the way to ensure the peace of the country. If we establish this principle, we should say to the Catholics of Upper Canada that they ought to be satisfied with the lot which we provide for them. When we make a constitution, we must, in the first place, settle the political and religious questions which divide the population for whom the constitution is devised; because it is a well known fact, that it is religious differences which have caused the greatest troubles and the greatest difficulties which have agitated the people in days gone by.

There were no two opinions on that subject, that, in the best interests of the country these things should be settled at once, so that friction might be avoided in the future. The Quebec representatives, having conceded the Protestant minority the right to so amend the then existing law as to give them full and complete control in the matter of education in the province of Quebec, Mr. Bourassa, whom I am glad to see hale and hearty in his place to-day, moved an amendment to the effect that similar privileges should be extended to the Catholic minority in Ontario. That amendment was, however, lost by a very large majority. Mr. D'Arcy McGee said that the Bill of 1863, which had been carried, conveyed to the Catholic of Ontario all that they had asked for in their petition, and he, for his part, had accepted that as a finality, and therefore would not ask to open up that question again, unless special and further privileges were granted to the Protestant minority in Quebec, in which case he thought the minority in Ontario ought to be protected in exactly the same way. Well, the vote was taken, and only a small vote was given in favor of the motion of Mr. Bourassa, showing that the minority in Quebec were exceptionally well treated—not too well treated from a Quebec point of view and from a Catholic point of view, because, as I said, there was not a single dissenting voice representing that Province raised against that proposition. Now, much has been said to surround this question with difficulty for the present, but only for the present, for, just as in Haldimand, when the question is understood by the intelligent people of the country, they will finally give the same answer. A great deal has been said with a view to create sympathy for the people of Manitoba, that this would be an interference with their provincial rights, that it is dictation on the part of the Federal Parliament to force Separate schools upon an unwilling Province, ignoring its provincial autonomy. I will not answer the constitution argument any further than to say that if this contention were true, you would never have this judgment. The judgment of the Privy Council was surely not in favor of taking away any right from the Province of Manitoba or any other Province. Then you hear the appeal Province, we should leave Manitoba alone to deal with this question. That is what we hope will be done. It is left in Manitoba's own hands. The question is before that Province, and we trust the solution will come from there; that this Parliament may not be forced to take a further step and do the unpleasant duty that may be forced upon it. But why all this sympathy with the Province of Manitoba more than with the Province of Ontario, with the Province of Quebec, or Nova Scotia?—for each one of these larger provinces I have named is exactly in the same position as Manitoba, has the same rights and no more. There is no reason why Manitoba should have any more rights than was intended to be given her under the constitution, than was actually given her under the constitution, or than was actually given to the other Provinces in the confederation. Just to show how inconsistent it is to carry so far this argument about giving unlimited jurisdiction to the Province of Manitoba in educational questions, let us take an analogous case. It might be proper to give Manitoba unlimited power in relation to education, but that is not the time to discuss it. The constitution under which we live has been framed, and our duty is to live under it and obey it—or amend it; but not to ignore it, or not to defy it, not to set it at naught. But with regard to this question of unlimited jurisdiction to each Province: that has not been carried out, that is not the principle under which we live; that is not embodied in our constitution, but quite the reverse is embodied in our constitution. Not alone Manitoba has not, under that constitution, full scope in the question of education, but Quebec has not, Ontario has not, nor has New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. But that is not the only case. If there is one question beyond every other that affects a legislative body, it is the regulating of the constituencies for its own elections. No one will say that on general grounds a Province should not have full control to construct and reconstruct the boundaries of its electoral division for representation in its own provincial legislature. But there is a case where it was through wise to depart from that rule. That was not done through conspiracy of the Catholic hierarchy, nor through undue influence from Rome, nor at the bidding of Catholic electors, but as an act of liberality by the Catholics of the great Province of Quebec. When this demand was made in old Canada that the rights of the Protestant minority in Quebec should be secured, you will find that it was not only on the question of education; you will find that it

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

PASTORAL LETTER

Of His Grace L. P. A. Langevin, O. M. I., Archbishop of St. Boniface.

March 19, 1895.
Dear Brother, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. and to thank you for the interest you have taken in the affairs of the Holy See.

When the question arose of bringing about that great change which transformed the old colony of Assiniboia or Red River into this beautiful province of Manitoba, it was a religious, political and social influence exercised in this important part of British America.

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Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion
overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophulous Anemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases. A Child's Friend. Scott's Emulsion, Detroit. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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A Complete Exposition of the Seven Sacraments of the Sacraments of the Church; and of Prayer, with a Comprehensive Explanation of the "Lord's Prayer" and the "Hail Mary." Illustrated by numerous Parables, Examples, and interesting Anecdotes. From the German by Rev. Richard B. Nazzari, LL. D. With a beautiful chromo-lithograph of the "Last Supper." 128 pages. 8vo. cloth. 25c. gilt edges, 50c.

Explanation of the Gospels and of Catholic Worship.
24mo. cloth, 25c. full page illustrations, 50c.
It should have a very extensive sale: lucid explanation, clear style, solid matter, beautiful illustrations. Everybody will learn from this little book.—ARCHBISHOP JANSSEN.

AN HONEST OFFER
If you have CATARRH, and desire to be cured without the use of any medicine, or the use of a GERMICIDE INHALER and medicine for that disease without asking a cent of pay in advance, I recommend a remedy which you find in a genuine remedy, you can send us \$5 to pay for same. If not satisfactory in every way you can return the money. You have nothing to lose. If the remedy is not all we claim, we are the losers, not you. Just think of being cured for \$5.

HOOD'S PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.
Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

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This is the new shortening or cooking fat which is so fast taking the place of lard. It is an entirely new food product composed of clarified cotton seed oil and refined beef suet. You can see that

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Is clean, delicate, wholesome, appetizing, and economical—as far superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow dip. It asks only a fair trial, and a fair trial will convince you of its value. Sold in all good grocery stores, by all grocers.

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DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 10 to 4.





C. M. B. A.

An "At Home." The second "At Home" of Branches 132 and 133 was given in their rooms, Burlington street, Halifax, N. S., on April 24. There were about one hundred and forty guests...

Resolutions of Condolence.

Petrolia, May 1, 1895. At a regular meeting of Branch 27, held in their hall, in Kerr Block, April 30, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas Almighty God has seen fit to remove from this life Mr. John Giesse, a brother of our worthy and esteemed Brother, Wm. Gleeson, be it

A. O. H.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., Stratford, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

C. O. F.

Toronto, May 1, 1895. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: The regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court, No. 201 took place in their hall, Temperance street, Thursday last, John J. Scudder, G. R., occupied the chair.

E. B. A.

At a regular meeting of St. Peter's Branch, 23, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

OBITUARY.

Mrs. CATHERINE WATERS, MELANCTON. It is with sincere regret we announce the death of Mrs. Catherine Waters, who died at the residence of her son, David Waters, Melancton, the end of her God-fearing life, after a long illness, on Sunday April 21, and interred with all the consolations of Holy Mother Church, she passed peacefully to the presence of her Creator.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION. The young gentlemen of the parish of Biddulph presented their lately appointed parish priest, Rev. N. Galan, on Saturday, April 27, with his own carriage. They also availed themselves of this opportunity of presenting the Rev. Father with a neatly-worded address expressive of their sentiments.

BLESSING OF BELLS. The Church of Our Lady of Lake St. Clair, Walkerville, was blessed yesterday afternoon by the most solemn and impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The occasion was the blessing of the new bells to be hung over Notre Dame school, the parochial school in connection with the church.

After the singing of the "Magnificat" in Latin, the priest, in a beautiful and touching sermon, exhorted the young men to be good and to follow the example of their parish priest.

At the regular meeting of St. John's Branch, No. 89, the following resolutions were moved by Brother John O'Loughlin, seconded by Brother John Doyle, and unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., Stratford, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.

At 7:30 this morning a solemn ceremony took place in the church of St. John the Baptist, London, celebrating the Mass of the Holy Ghost. He was assisted by Dean Wagner, Father Cushing, President of the diocesan synod, and several other clergymen.

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SPEECH OF HON. JOHN COSTIGAN, M. P.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE. was on the question of representation. And Sir John Rose said then, though he was quite sure that the minority would be perfectly safe in the hands of a majority, judging from past experience, still there was an uneasiness among the people, because it would be within the power of the provincial Legislature, after confederation, to change these constituencies, so that not one single English Protestant representative would be elected for that Province.

FATHER PHELAN IS WRONG.

For years, counting unto generations, there has flourished on this continent a class of newspapers nominally Protestant but discredited and despised by all decent Protestants. The solemnity of those papers has been poured a steady stream of abuse and calumny on Catholics. It is not necessary to mention their names. They abound in every State and live by pandering to unclean and morbid appetites. They are the printed reflex of the vile things which are spoken by depraved lecturers "to men only," things which are never elsewhere uttered outside of a bawdy house.

MOTHER OF MERCY.

For the sake of sinners That thou wert formed so rare; If we had ne'er been wounded, Had we ne'er been made to care; Then ne'er had come to cure; Thy royal power doth live; Thou art the Queen of Mercy, To pity and forgive.

A TWENTY YEARS' SIEGE.

The Story of a Well-Known Grenville County Man - Rheumatism Held the Fort for Twenty Years, Resisting all Treatment and Efforts to Dislodge it - The Patient Thoroughly Discouraged, but Acting on the Advice of Friends, Made one More Effort Which was Crowned with Success.

TEACHER WANTED.

A MALE TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL OF A Roman Catholic Separate school of 100 pupils, situated in the town of St. John's, N. B., is required for the school year commencing on or about September 1, 1895. Applicants must hold a 1st or 2nd class certificate and state salary requirements. For particulars apply to the undersigned Secretary of the R. C. S. S. B. of Chatham, Ont., P. O. Box 177-D, J. O'KEEFE, 84-17.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, May 9.—Wheat, 75 to 81c per bushel; oats, 45 to 50c per bushel; peas, 45 to 50c per bushel; barley, 45 to 50c per bushel; veal, 10 to 12c per lb.; mutton, 10 to 12c per lb.; lamb, 10 to 12c per lb.; pig, 10 to 12c per lb.; butter, 10 to 12c per lb.; cheese, 10 to 12c per lb.; eggs, 10 to 12c per dozen; poultry, 10 to 12c per lb.; fish, 10 to 12c per lb.; fruit, 10 to 12c per lb.; vegetables, 10 to 12c per lb.; sundries, 10 to 12c per lb.; general, 10 to 12c per lb.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, May 9.—In butchers' cattle there was a slightly weaker feeling, but the market was not much affected. The best quality of heavy offerings. The best quality of heavy offerings. The best quality of heavy offerings.

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London, May 9.—Wheat, 75 to 81c per bushel; oats, 45 to 50c per bushel; peas, 45 to 50c per bushel; barley, 45 to 50c per bushel; veal, 10 to 12c per lb.; mutton, 10 to 12c per lb.; lamb, 10 to 12c per lb.; pig, 10 to 12c per lb.; butter, 10 to 12c per lb.; cheese, 10 to 12c per lb.; eggs, 10 to 12c per dozen; poultry, 10 to 12c per lb.; fish, 10 to 12c per lb.; fruit, 10 to 12c per lb.; vegetables, 10 to 12c per lb.; sundries, 10 to 12c per lb.; general, 10 to 12c per lb.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, May 9.—In butchers' cattle there was a slightly weaker feeling, but the market was not much affected. The best quality of heavy offerings. The best quality of heavy offerings. The best quality of heavy offerings.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., Stratford, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

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