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**ARMINE**  
BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

She did not answer; indeed, at that instant Duchesne addressed Egerton and so interrupted the conversation. Nor was he able to return to the subject, for talk after this was general, and chiefly on the political events of the day, which Duchesne and Leroux discussed with that biting sarcasm which has long been the prevalent tone in France, with all parties, toward the tottering ministries which have ignominiously succeeded each other under the Third Republic. It was not until they returned to the salon that Egerton found an opportunity to say a few more words to Armine.

"Now, then, my friends, to enjoy your cigars you must return to my den," Duchesne had said, leading the way thither and followed promptly by Leroux. But Egerton paused to admire some fragrant violets which filled a dish in the centre of a table near the fire, and then to say to Armine, who stood by the table:

"Have you seen the D'Antignacs lately, mademoiselle?"

"I saw them to day," she answered. "M. d'Antignac was, for him, rather well—that is, not incapable, from pain, of seeing or talking to any one."

"Then I shall certainly have cause of complaint when I see him next," said Egerton; "for, as it chanced, I called there to day and was denied admittance."

"Oh! there are many reasons why that might have been," she said eagerly. "He was perhaps by that time too tired to receive a visitor; for when I left the Vicomte de Marigny was with him. And you know his strength is easily exhausted."

"He is a wonderful man," said Egerton, feeling his interest in socialistic theories beginning to wane, and wishing that it were possible to remain in this pleasant room, with the soft fire-light, the fragrance of violets, and that charming, sensitive face to study.

"Yes," she said, "he is a wonderful man, I think, and in nothing more wonderful than in the fact that he keeps his intellect undimmed through so much physical suffering. Have you ever heard him talk, M. Egerton, on the great questions that are disturbing so many minds—questions like those of which you are thinking?"

"Now and then I have," said Egerton, again surprised. "But I rather avoid than seek such discussions with him, because he takes as the basis for all his views certain dogmas which I cannot accept."

"Perhaps that is because you do not understand them," said the girl, with a slight smile. "I must not detain you now; but you will probably pardon me for offering you this advice: Give to M. d'Antignac's views the same chance which you are giving now to my father's. Let him explain to you the basis on which they rest."

"Can it be possible that you accept that basis?" exclaimed the young man, too much amazed to remember the law of good breeding which forbids a direct personal question.

How clearly the soft, full eyes met his now! "Why should it surprise you if I do?" she asked quietly. "I should at least be ranged with the great majority of the wise and good and great of the world, should I not? But it does not matter what I believe, Monsieur, farther than this: that units make millions, and that it is better to be on the side of those who build up than of those who tear down."

She drew back with the last words, bending her head a little, and Egerton felt that he had no alternative but to accept the evident dismissal.

"I have come here to-night to hear why we should tear down," he said, smiling; "but an oracle has spoken on the other side when I least expected

it, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not heed its utterances. I shall certainly do nothing rashly, mademoiselle; and I have now the honor to bid you good night."

CHAPTER VI.

Oracles are more likely to be heeded when their utterances are supported by the soft light of golden-brown eyes than even when enforced by all the eloquence of a practised speaker, which no doubt accounts for the fact that it was a rather divided attention which Egerton gave the tribune of Socialism when he returned to the small study and smoking-room. Not that he failed to be impressed, as he had been before, by Duchesne's eloquence and fervor, and not that he was able to refute the premises from which the other drew his conclusions. The solid earth seemed reeling beneath him as he listened; for how could the man who had no belief in God, and to whom a life beyond the grave was, in the jargon of the day, "unthinkable," answer the stern deductions drawn from materialism by those who have logic enough to see that law, duty, obedience must rest on God, or else that they have no basis at all? He could not answer them; he could only listen silently to the enunciation of that new yet old doctrine which says to him, "Ye shall be as gods," and which declares that the first of the rights of man is the right to rise against his fellow man and say: "I will no longer subject you to you; I will no longer toil in pain and darkness while you dwell in the sunshine and fare sumptuously. Since this life is all, we will have our full share of its possessions; and we know now, what we have been long in learning, that the power to take that and anything else is ours!"

As Egerton listened he felt like one who is fascinated yet repelled. He would desire—yes, he said to himself, he would certainly desire—to see the great bulk of humanity freed from the hopeless fetters of toil and poverty which weigh upon it; but in order to reach this end was it necessary to destroy everything which up to this time the world had revered? Why not, (he asked) engraft the new order on whatever was good of the old?

"Because there is nothing good in the old," was Duchesne's reply; "because it was founded upon falsehood, is rotten throughout and doomed to destruction, root and branch. No; we must break up and utterly fling away the old forms, in order to cast the life of the world into new moulds."

Egerton did not answer; he seemed to be looking meditatively at the smoke from his cigar as it curled upward before him, but in reality he was hearing again Armine's voice as she said:

"It is better to be on the side of those who build up than of those who cast down."

It was the tone of that voice which he carried with him when he went away, more than the passionate accents of Duchesne, though the last also vibrated through his consciousness and seemed to give new meaning to the look of the brilliant capital when he found himself in his streets. Leroux had preceded him in departure—having a night's work to accomplish—so he walked alone down the Avenue de l'Opera to the great boulevard flashing with lights, where the crowd still flowed up and down and the cafes were still thronged with well-dressed idlers. It is at this time that Paris wears her most seductive aspect, her most siren-like smile; that the brightness in the mere outward appearance of things stirs the coldest blood, makes the quietest pulses beat a little faster; and that Pleasure in her most alluring guise holds out forbidden fruit on every side, saying, "Take and eat."

But to Egerton at this moment it was like a great carnival under which grim forces of destruction were lurking and biding their time—the time when the tocsin of revolution would sound once more in the Faubourg St. Antoine, that old home of revolt, and Montmartre and Belleville would answer back. Was it fancy, or did the hoarse clamor sound already in his ears? He looked at the tranquil air of things around him, at the shops gleaming with luxury and beauty, at the elegant toilettes and smiling faces of those who passed him. "Do they not hear it?" he asked himself. "Do they not catch the low, menacing murmur of the storm which when it breaks will whelm all this in ruin? What is to be the end? Is Duchesne right? Must all be destroyed in order to rebuild on a better basis the new civilization? But I am afraid I have not much faith in democratic Utopias."

So thinking, he crossed the Place de l'Opera, filled with light, and as he looked up at the front of the new Opera House, that in its gilded splendor seems a fit type of the order which created it—that order of the Second Empire which strove to establish itself by stimulating to an enormous degree the passion for wealth and outward show in France, and the tradition of which is therefore still dear to the bourgeoisie soul—a recollection suddenly smote him like a blow.

"By Jove!" he cried, speaking aloud, as he stopped short at the corner of the Rue Auber, "I had forgotten entirely that I promised to appear in the Bertrams' box to-night!"

As he stood still, regarding the ornate front of the great building, it became suddenly alive with movement. The opera was just over—for an opera in Europe never ends before midnight—and the greater part of the audience was pouring out of the main entrance. Egerton hesitated for a moment; then saying to himself, "At least there is a chance," he crossed over, and penetr-

ating through the line of carriages, took his place at the head of the steps, which the electric lamps flooded with a light bright as that of day. He had not stood there very long when the chance to which he trusted befriended him. Two ladies, attended by a gentleman who wore a light overcoat above his faultless evening dress, passed near him, and one of them, pausing to lit the long silken train that flowed behind her, saw him and exclaimed involuntarily, "Mr. Egerton!"

In an instant he was descending the steps by her side and saying: "How very fortunate I am! I took my station here with the faint hope of seeing you and apologizing without delay for my failure to appear, as I promised, in your box to-night."

She turned a very handsome head and regarded him with a pair of proud, bright eyes.

"It is a pity that you should have taken any trouble for that end," she said carelessly. "Of course when mamma asked you to look in on us she only meant if you cared to do so."

"I should have cared exceedingly," he said; "but can you conceive that I absolutely forgot the opera in the excitement of attending a Socialist meeting in Montmartre?"

She laughed slightly. "Yes," she said, "I can very well conceive it. An opera must seem very stale and flat compared to such a new entertainment. And did it amuse you?"

"I was not in search of amusement so much as of new ideas," he answered; "and it has certainly given me those."

"You are to be congratulated, then," said the lady, with the faintest possible shade of mocking in her voice. "We are all, I think, dreadfully in want of new ideas. I should not mind journeying to Montmartre myself in search of them."

"A want of ideas of any kind is the last complaint I should judge you likely to suffer from," said Egerton gallantly, yet with a shade of possible sarcasm in his voice as subtle as the mockery in her own had been.

"But I believe it is a question whether ideas are innate or not," said she coolly. "Therefore one must occasionally receive some from the outside; and I should welcome even Socialism as a relief from social platitudes."

At this moment the lady in front turned around, saying quickly, "Why, where is Sibyl?" And then she, too, exclaimed, "Mr. Egerton!"

"Good-evening, my dear Mrs. Bertram," said Egerton, uncovering. "I have just been expressing to Miss Bertram my deep regret at not having enjoyed part of the opera with you."

"A very hypocritical regret, I should think," said Miss Bertram, considering that you were so much better employed."

"That raises the question, Egerton, how were you employed?" asked the gentleman, who had turned also.

"Ah! Talford, how are you?" said Egerton, recognizing him. "I confess," he went on, smiling, "that I am not so certain as Miss Bertram appears to be that I was better employed. I have been to a Red-Republican meeting in Montmartre."

Mrs. Bertram uttered a slight exclamation indicative of well-bred horror. "What could possibly have taken you to such a dreadful place?" she asked.

"And what did you learn after you got there?" inquired the gentleman called Talford.

"Well, for one thing I learned that opera-going will soon be an obsolete amusement," said Egerton, who had a sensation as if an ocean and not a few streets must surely divide this world from that which he had so lately left.

"I do not feel just now as if I should deplore that very much," said the younger lady. "One grows tired of operas which last to this hour: composers should have more mercy. Come, mamma, here is our carriage."

After they had been put into it the elder lady leaned forward to say good-night again to both gentlemen, and added with some embarrassment to Egerton: "Come soon and tell us what the Red Republicans are going to do."

As the carriage drove off, the two men turned by a simultaneous movement and walked along the broad pavement in silence for a moment. Then Mr. Talford said:

"Mrs. Bertram regards you with favor."

"It is more than Miss Bertram does, then," said Egerton, with a laugh. "A more disdainful young lady it has seldom been my fortune to meet."

"She is decidedly original," said the other. "One never knows what she will say or do next. But she is very clever and charming, if a little incomprehensible."

"She is very clever and no doubt very charming," said Egerton; "but in my case I usually find the sense of being puzzled greater than the sense of being charmed."

"I like a woman who is able to puzzle one," said his companion. "Most of them are very transparent—not because they have not the will to be otherwise, but because one has learned to see so clearly through all their little artifices. Now, if Miss Bertram has artifices they are not of the usual order, and so one does not see through them."

"The point with you, then, is not whether artifice exists, but whether, like the highest art, it is able to conceal itself," said Egerton.

"Oh! for the matter of that," said the other carelessly, "you cannot expect a woman to be a woman without artifice of some kind."

"Can one not?" said Egerton meditatively. They were by this time

crossing the Place, and he glanced down the broad Avenue de l'Opera toward the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. What artifice had the direct glance of those soft, golden eyes concealed? "You ought to know better than I," he went on after a moment. "At least I am quite willing to admit that your experience has been greater than mine."

"So much the better for you, my dear fellow," said the other. "One begins to learn after a while, like that very *blase* gentleman King Solomon, that most things are vanity; and women, unfortunately, are no exception to the rule."

He spoke quietly, but with the decision of one who utters a truth upon a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar. And certainly if the experience of twenty years can qualify a man to pronounce a judgment, Marmaduke Talford was qualified to pronounce one upon the fair sex. In many parts of the civilized world had he studied it during that period; at the feet of many enchantresses had he remained—for a time. But no spell had ever been great enough to hold him long, nor firm even to rivet round him the fetters of matrimony. Now he had reached the eminence of forty years, and was conscious that his blonde hair was growing thin on the top of his head. Perhaps these things made him a little thoughtful: at all events, his friends began to fancy that they saw a change in him. He had never been a prodigal, had never wasted his substance nor lived riotously; but there could be no doubt that he had gone deeply into pleasure—though with a certain fastidiousness and discretion which characterized him in most things—and if he now began to say, *Vanitas vanitatum*, it was because he, too, had indeed learned, like the king of Israel, that "all things are vanity"—after one has exhausted them.

The feeling of this was certainly uppermost in his mind; for, after a pause which Egerton did not break, he went on speaking: "After all, it is a mistake to leave one's self nothing to believe in. And ignorance is the parent of belief. Therefore whatever one wishes to believe in one must remain in comparative ignorance of Women, for example—since we are speaking of them—if you wish to cherish the common superstition about feminine virtues, do not make any attempt to know the sex other than superficially."

"That is rather an appalling doctrine," said Egerton. "Do you not think it possible that you may have been unfortunate in your experiences?"

"I am very sure that I have not been," said Talford. "On the contrary, I am inclined to think that I have been fortunate when I compare my experiences with those of others."

"And you make your axiom general in its application?" said Egerton. "You think that ignorance is the only ground for belief in anything?"

"I not only think so, but I am certain of it," answered the other; "and if it is not a very cheerful realization—well, we cannot help that, you know. One has either to shut one's eyes and decide to be deluded, or to open them and face the truth."

Then said Egerton, like Pilate of old: "What is truth? It must be something absolute in itself, and not a mere negative state of universal scepticism."

The other shrugged his shoulders slightly. "I should define it, then," he said, "as what we can see, and feel, and touch: the material world with its goods and its pleasures, the fact that we are alive and the equally undoubted fact that we must die—*voluntout!* If any man tells me that he believes aught beyond these things, I say to myself, 'It may be so, but you are either deceived or a deceiver.' See, *mon cher*—it is not often that I am betrayed in this vein of moralizing—but it is not evident that it must be so? For example, we hear enthusiasts talking of the glorious virtues of humanity—this humanity which has been robbing and cheating and cutting each other's throats as long as history has any record of it, and which a little experience of men will soon assure us is likely to continue the same course, with variations, in the time to come. We hear of the beauty of universal brotherhood, and of a sublime altruism which is some day going to display itself. Bah! these things will do for dreamers in their closets, ignorant of the practical world. But men of the world know that the millennium was never farther off than now, when mankind is realizing more than ever that the good which buys all things—including men and women—is the only secure good of life and that pleasure is its only true end."

There was a moment's silence. On those last words the brilliant scene around them was a striking commentary. But Egerton's thoughts went back to a very different scene—to the crowded homes of Montmartre, and the eager, resolute faces of those who listened to other conclusions drawn from the same doctrine that life is all, that wealth rules the world, and pleasure is the supreme good. Presently he said, in the tone of one who speaks a thought aloud: "I wonder what it will be?"

"What?" asked Talford, a little surprised.

The other roused himself. "Why, the result of the struggle," he said, "between men like you—and you are but the type of a large and constantly increasing class—and some others to whom I have been listening to night. It is a struggle bound to come, you know."

"I suppose so," answered Talford differently, "though I do not pay much

attention to the *blague* of Socialists and Anarchists. But I can tell you what in my opinion will be the result: it will be wild uproar, much killing on all sides, and then the final end of that ridiculous modern farce called the rule of the people. Power will assert itself in one form or another, with a single strong hand, and make an end for ever of the insane folly which declares that a thinking minority shall be ruled by an ignorant and brutal majority."

"Thank you," said Egerton, with a smile. "Your opinion is exceedingly clear, and you and I may not be much older when we shall see it verified or disproved. Meanwhile, I have received a number of sufficiently varied impressions to-night, which will furnish me with food for meditation."

Talford laughed, and looking up at the Madeleine, by which they were now passing, said: "You live in this neighborhood, do you not?"

"Yes, my apartment is yonder," answered Egerton, nodding towards a house which occupied the corner of a street running into a boulevard. "I often dream in the morning before I wake that I am wandering in the gardens of Cashmere; that rises from the odors of the flower-market held here, which penetrate into my chamber."

"Ah!" said the other, "you are at the age for flowers, real or metaphorical. Enjoy your youth, happy man! Do not waste one golden hour in listening to Socialist madmen. That is the best advice I can give you; and now *bon soir*."

TO BE CONTINUED.

**A WITTY NUN.**

Lord Charles Russell, Chief Justice of England, in an article published in the September *North American Review*, tells an amusing story of a case in which the Sisters of Mercy were parties, and shows, without ostentation, his Catholic faith in the telling. He says of Lord Coleridge, his predecessor on the bench:

"The action of *Saurin* against *Starr* was one of the most remarkable cases in which he was engaged. It was an action brought by an Irish lady who had joined the branch established at Hull of a religious order known as the Sisters of Mercy. The Superior had, in fact, complained to the ecclesiastical authorities and compelled the lady to leave the convent; and thereupon she brought an action in respect of the expulsion and for libel. The case excited great interest at the time—great interest naturally among the Catholic community, and still more amongst the non-Catholic community. It is not, I think, uncharitable to say, as to the latter, that it was anticipated, if not hoped, that the inquiry might throw a lurid light upon the incidents of conventual life. In this respect, the disappointment was great. The incidents in the case were devoid of sensation, and, in any other connection, would have been devoid of interest. No grave moral imputation was made against the plaintiff, and no serious misconduct was, on her part, alleged against the community of which she had been a member. Her case was that, without cause, she had been expelled, and that, without justification, her conduct had been represented as incompatible with conventual life. The case for the convent may be summed up in a sentence: That Miss Saurin had no vocation, that she was incapable of submitting to the strict discipline found necessary in religious communities, that she broke bounds, spoke when she ought to have been silent, and did not observe the small rules of conventual life ordained by those in authority. The character of the evidence may be illustrated by an amusing incident which occurred in the course of the cross-examination by Mr. Coleridge of Mrs. Kennedy, a lady who held the office of Mistress of Novices. Mrs. Kennedy mentioned among other peccadilloes that on one occasion she had found Miss Saurin in the pantry eating strawberries, when she ought to have been attending to a class of poor children, or some such duty. The cross-examination proceeded thus:

Mr. Coleridge: 'Eating strawberries, really?'

Mrs. Kennedy: 'Yes, sir; she was eating strawberries.'

Mr. Coleridge: 'How shocking!'

Mrs. Kennedy: 'It was forbidden, sir.'

Mr. Coleridge: 'And did you, Mrs. Kennedy, really consider there was any harm in that?'

Mrs. Kennedy: 'No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was any harm in eating an apple; but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that.'

**Let Them See the Truth.**

Father Walter Elliot, whose mission to Protestants in the Diocese of Detroit last year, broke up the sod for future harvest there, is to spend some time in the Diocese of Cleveland in similar work hoping for like success. He is not content to wait for the fifty millions of our neighbors to come to the Church in search of the truth—he will take it to them. May the Lord of the harvest prosper him and send him many co-laborers.—*Catholic Review*.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blood-purifier admitted to be placed on exhibition.

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TO LECTURE ON IRELAND.

Gifted Timothy D. Sullivan Coming Here This Month.

The end of the month will see a distinguished Irishman in this country, an ex-mayor of Dublin and a member of Parliament. He is Timothy D. Sullivan, and the people of this country know him well, for he was here with other prominent Irish Nationalists a few years ago in behalf of the Home Rule movement.

During his coming visit, however, he will appear on the lecture platform. The subjects he will speak upon, will be, of course, Irish National interest and importance. William D. Kelly recently wrote an interesting article about Mr. Sullivan for the Catholic Columbian.

Timothy Daniel Sullivan, who has often and by no means undeservedly been called the poet laureate of the Irish National League and the Home Rule cause, was born in 1827 in one of the most picturesque places in the south of Ireland, where the town of Bantry stands at the head of the bay that bears the same name. His father, though but in moderate circumstances, was a man of culture and refinement; and his mother before her marriage had been a national school teacher. Her education was mainly attained in the school of Mr. Healy, the grandfather of Mr. Timothy Healy, M. P., taught in Bantry, and his father had the reputation of being one of the best scholars in the south of Ireland. Mr. Sullivan afterwards married the daughter of his teacher; and finding but a scanty opening for his talents in his native town, he moved to Dublin and became attached in a fashion to the staff of the Nation, to whose columns he contributed a number of poems and ballads that soon attracted wide attention. Of his earlier verse the one that won the greatest popularity was unquestionably his "Song From the Backwoods," which appeared in the Nation in 1857, and opened as follows:

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met, From one bright island flown; Great is the land we tread, but yet Our hearts are with our own. And ere we leave this shammy small, Which fades like the autumnal day, We'll toast old Ireland! Dear old boys, hurrah!"

The popularity of this stirring song was not confined to Ireland alone. The melody found its way early to this country, a copy of the song being brought hither by Captain D. J. Downing in 1858, and the following story is told of it a few years later, when Virginia beheld conflicting armies encamped on her soil: "Every man in the Irish Brigade knew the song and it was often sung at the bivouac after a hard day's fighting. An extraordinary instance of its popularity was the following: On the night of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg the Federal army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of so many comrades. To cheer his brood of officers, Captain Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his dashing regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the captain ceased it was but to listen with indefinite feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore of."

Mr. Sullivan continued to contribute his graceful verses to the Nation until he became famous throughout all Ireland, and his initials, his favorite signature, appended to any verses sufficed to win for them a universal reading. He made his next great hit on the occasion of the execution of the Manchester martyrs when he seized upon the words with which those devoted spirits went to the scaffold, "God Save Ireland" and wrote a song to the tune of a well-known American air, which may be truly said to have become since, the national anthem of the Emerald Isle and which is so well-known that it would be superfluous to quote from it here. The beginning of the land agitation furnished him with many a fertile theme for his poetic gifts; and during the years that followed there was scarcely an event of any importance that happened in Ireland that he did not embody in verse. When the British Government sent him to Tullamore jail for some offense against the law, he utilized the days of his captivity to write his famous "Lays of Tullamore," with their abundance of quaint humor and keen satire. It should not be concluded, however, that Mr. Sullivan has written no verse save his national lays. He is the author of several beautiful pieces of descriptive poetry and more than one of his productions breathe a deeply religious spirit and are full of devotional inspiration.

Mr. Sullivan's work on the Nation was not any means of the poetic sort by any means. He is also a forcible writer of prose, and in the palmy days of the Nation many of its best editorials and paragraphs came from his facile pen. When his brother, A. M. Sullivan, went to London, in 1874, to take his seat as the representative of Louth, the poet took the entire management of the paper into his own hands, and conducted it in so able a manner that its reputation as a scholarly and conservative journal steadily grew and increased. He succeeded to the ownership of the Nation on the death of his brother, and then his editorial responsibilities became larger, but found him fully equal to all demands. It was in 1880 that he made his entrance into political life by standing, at the general election of that year, for one of the Westmeath

seats, which he won without any difficulty. Five years later he was returned to Westminster from the College Green division of Dublin, securing the largest vote given to any Nationalist candidate in the Irish capital; and the following year he was again handsomely returned by the same constituency. A few years subsequently he was chosen the Mayor of Dublin; so that he may be said to enjoy the highest political honors which it was in the power of the Irish people to bestow upon him; and it is needless to add that in whatever position he was placed, he has always acquitted himself well and honorably of the duties that devolved upon him.

Mr. Sullivan will appear in a new role to Americans as a lecturer. True, he has been heard here from the platform before; but it was more as an agitator and pleader of the Home Rule cause that he spoke there, than as a lecturer in the true sense of the term. He is not without his gifts as a public speaker; and T. P. O'Connor has said of him in this respect, after alluding to his journalistic work: "He has been perhaps still more prominent on the platform; and it is at large Irish popular gatherings that his speech is the most effective. He is Irish of the Irish, and expresses the deep and simple gospel of the people in language that goes home; and then his keen sense of humor enables him to supply that element of amusement which is always looked forward to with eagerness by the crowd." Of course, the lecture platform demands a different style of oratory than the hustings or political stump; but those who know Timothy D. Sullivan have no misgivings in regard to his capabilities to occupy the former stage as well and effectively as he has often held the latter. Personally, he is the most genial of men, and he is said to be at his best among a gathering of sympathetic friends; while it has been said of him that no one ever fully appreciates his songs until he has heard their author sing them himself, a statement that was often made of that other Irish bard, the immortal Tom Moore.

Approximately Mr. Sullivan's coming here to lecture, it may be interesting to mention the fact that eight years ago Mr. T. P. O'Connor predicted success for him should he ever assume that role. In his history of the Parnell movement, Mr. O'Connor wrote: "There is scarcely an Irishman living who could give an evening's entertainment so complete as T. D. Sullivan; and if he ever were to assume the profession of a public lecturer his success would be unquestioned. A series of lectures in which he would give recitations from his own poems and sing his own songs, would draw overflowing houses in New York, or Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. He certainly would spare his manager any expense of advertising, for there is scarcely an Irish home among all the millions of Irish homes in America in which his verses are not as familiar as household words."

Mr. Sullivan is not the only member of his family to visit this country as a lecturer. His younger brother, the lamented A. M. Sullivan, who enjoyed the friendship of Cardinal Manning in a singular manner, and who wooed and won his wife in the Crescent city, was here in 1882, principally in quest of health, and he then lectured extensively throughout the country, attracting to his platform the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the cities in which he spoke. The subjects upon which Mr. T. D. Sullivan is to lecture are all interesting ones; but probably his largest audiences will gather to hear him when he speaks of "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland"; for that is a theme which always has a charm of its own, and there are few men living better qualified to treat it than the Laureate of the Irish National movement.

**Irishmen to Rally.**  
A special meeting of the Philadelphia Council, I. N. F., was held on Sunday afternoon in Philopatric Hall. The object of this meeting was to make additional arrangements for the reception to Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., on October 25. Hugh McCaffrey presided, and the hall was well filled with delegates and others. Mr. McCaffrey reported what had been done so far to make this reception a grand success and announced that His Grace Archbishop Ryan was heartily in favor of the project and would be delighted to see a grand demonstration in honor of Canada's distinguished statesman who is now a most worthy and active member of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Rev. Father Gough delivered a spirited and eloquent address. He said there should be an outpouring of the friends of Ireland on this occasion that would give renewed hope and courage to the Irish people.

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.

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THE SHAMROCK.

OSCAR WILDE'S LATEST POEM.  
(Oscar Wilde, son of Speranza, who furnished some of the most inspiring lyrics of the "Young Ireland" movement, cannot, on a rainy day, resist the temptation to pen a poem in Irish. This poem is from the last issue of the London Weekly Sun (T. P. O'Connor's paper).)

The spreading rose is fair to view,  
And rich the modest violet's hue,  
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,  
But there's a flower more dear to me,  
That grows not on branch or tree,  
But in the grass plays merrily,  
And its leaves there are three,  
This Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,  
For every leaf a world to tell,  
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell  
In praise of Ireland's shamrock;  
The emblem of our faith divine,  
Which blest St. Patrick, made to shine,  
To teach eternal truth sublime,  
And which shall last as long as time,  
And long as blooms the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native Isle,  
May heaven's love upon you smile,  
Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves!  
And calm the banners of our chiefs  
And calm the Irish exile's griefs,  
Our country's cherished shamrock;  
The muse inspired with words of praise  
The poets of our early days,  
To write in many a glowing phrase,  
And sing in powerful, thrilling lays  
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home  
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,  
And in a foreign clime unknown,  
How dear he loves the shamrock.  
When on the feast of Patrick's day  
He kneels within the church to pray  
For holy Ireland, far away,  
He feels again youth's genial ray,  
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gems of the rarest flowers,  
That ever bloomed in eastern bowers,  
Possesses for him not half the powers,  
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,  
The past, with all its charms, renew,  
The church, the spot, whose flowers grew,  
He left to cool the shamrock.

And vanish fees that may beguile  
The vanities of the shamrock;  
May God forever cherish thee,  
In peace and love and harmony,  
And rank these proud 'mid nations free,  
Thus faithful children fervently  
For Ireland and the shamrock.

THE DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

What is the use of saying the Rosary? Many ask this question. Outsiders, of course who know nothing of the devotion except as they suppose it is a counting of a certain number of beads, cannot be expected to understand, or appreciate the beauty and edification of the devotion. Would to God that all Catholics understood it better and entered more fully into its spirit!

To many the devotion of the Rosary seems to be a frivolous and childish devotion. It is so simple, they say, and there is so much repetition. Its simplicity is one of its greatest recommendations, for it is adapted to every, even the humblest, capacity. Nor is repetition an objection, provided the prayer be a good one.

The prayer of the Rosary consists of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary, which is the salutation of the angel to the Blessed Virgin on the occasion of the annunciation, with the petition, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death. Amen," closing with the doxology — Glory be to the Father, etc.

The repetition is not necessarily "vain repetition" — that depends upon the spirit with which the devotion is used. The litanies, which are considered objectionable, may become a vain repetition if the heart and the intention do not go along with them. So with the canticle of the three children, in the third chapter of Daniel, we notice that "Bless the Lord" is repeated thirty-five times, and some of the Psalms of David furnish similar examples of repetition.

The devotion of the Rosary has several advantages. In the first place it is a good test of humility. We do not, of course, mean to say that every one who says the Rosary is necessarily humble. But we believe it holds good as a general rule that the regular recitation of that true Christian spirit of which humility is an essential part. Proud, worldly-minded Catholics do not care to say the Rosary — they have no taste for it. It may also be said with truth that the more faithfully and devoutly the devotion is practiced the more humble will one become.

The Rosary is also an admirable educator. It is an epitome of the whole gospel. It brings in review the leading facts in the life of our Lord, the meditation of which tends to keep alive in our minds and hearts those great, important and precious truths upon which our eternal salvation depends. It is divided into three groups of five "Mysteries" each.

The first group is called the Joyful Mysteries, in which we meditate on the annunciation of the Angel to the Blessed Virgin; her visitation to her cousin Elizabeth when she gave utterance to that sublime hymn the Magnificat; the birth of our Saviour; the presentation in the temple and the finding of our Lord in the temple, instructing the doctors in the mysteries of His mission.

The second group are called the Sorrowful Mysteries, which recall the agony in the garden; the scourging at the pillar; the crowning of thorns; the carrying of the cross and the crucifixion.

The third group are called the Glorious Mysteries, in which we meditate on the resurrection of our Lord from the dead; His ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost in the day of Pentecost; the assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven and her glorious crowning as Queen of all the heavenly host.

Now, can we imagine anything more

useful or better calculated to keep alive in the hearts of Christians a lively sense of the great, fundamental truths of the Gospel — those truths upon which their eternal salvation depends — than the daily review and meditation upon them which is involved in the recitation of the Rosary.

One of the best evidences of the influence of this important and delightful devotion is found in the fact that it is, and has been, a favorite devotion of all the great saints of the Church and is practiced by all truly pious and devoted Catholics throughout the world.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is so devoted to the Rosary and esteems the devotion so of great importance that he has prescribed the month of October for his special practice, and calls upon the whole Church to use it, both publicly and privately with the hope that the practice may thus be fostered and encouraged by all Catholics and become their habitual daily devotion. God grant that this may be the happy result of the coming month of October! — Catholic Review.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

The first thing you are to do when you awake is to open the eyes of your soul, and consider yourself as in the field of battle, facing your enemy and under an absolute necessity of engaging or perishing forever. Imagine you see before you the enemy, that particular vice, or disorderly passion, you are endeavoring to subdue; imagine, I say, that this hideous monster is coming to devour you. At the same time represent to yourself on your right hand Jesus Christ your invincible leader, attended by the blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and whole legions of Angels and Saints, and particularly by the glorious Archangel Michael — on your left hand behold Lucifer and his troops ready to support that passion or vice you contend with, and resolved to leave nothing undone to accomplish your overthrow.

Imagine you hear your guardian angel thus exhorting you: This day you must exert yourself in order to subdue your enemy, and all who seek your ruin. Take courage — let no fears or apprehensions seize you, since Christ your Captain is near at hand with all the power of Heaven to protect you against all enemies and to prevent their ever reducing you, either by force or treachery, under their subjection. Maintain your ground, use violence with yourself, whatever pain it may occasion — call aloud on Jesus and Mary — beg the assistance of all the saints, and this being done depend upon gaining the victory.

However weak you may be — however formidable your enemies may seem either by their numbers or strength, still be not daunted; the succours you have from Heaven are more powerful than all that hell can send to destroy the grace of God in your soul. God, who created and redeemed, is not less than almighty, and more destitute of your salvation than the devil can be of your destruction.

Fight therefore valiantly; do not spare to mortify yourself; for it is by making continual war on your disorderly affections and vicious habits that you will gain the victory, acquire the kingdom of Heaven, and unite your soul to God for all eternity. Begin to fight from this moment in the name of the Lord, armed with a diffidence of yourself, and confidence in God, prayer, and a right use of the several faculties of your soul.

With these arms attack your enemy that predominant passion you design to subdue, either by a noble disdain, a courageous resistance, repeated acts of the contrary virtue, or whatever means Heaven furnishes you with for exterminating it out of your heart. Never rest till you are crowned by your perseverance with the witness of the sovereign triumph, who with the whole Church triumphant is a witness of your behavior.

I repeat it once more, you must not grow weary of this war. Consider that all are obliged to serve and please God, that there is an unavoidable necessity of fighting since whoever flies exposes himself to be wounded and even destroyed; that after all, by revolting against God, and taking part with the world in a life of sensuality, the difficulties are not diminished; for both body and soul must suffer extremely when devoted to luxury and ambition. And what greater meanness can there be than not to dread much trouble in this life, succeeded by endless torments in the next — and yet shrink at small difficulties which must soon terminate in an eternity of bliss, and the never-ending enjoyment of God.

**Just How it Stands.**  
A cablegram from Rome to the Associated Press: "Premier Crispi is ready to make any concession to the Church compatible with the maintenance of Italy's sovereignty over every foot of the soil, but Italy will never concede the temporal power of the Pope." Then let the talk of reconciliation stop — there can be no reconciliation with a thief until he has done his best to restore his ill-gotten goods to their rightful owner. Crispi's idea of concession to the Church is in the principle of heads-I-win-tails-you-lose. He will "concede" anything but the only thing possible to "concede." The Pope must not forever be subject to "concessions" from Italy. — Catholic Review.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism, to loan.

CRISPI'S DILEMMA.

It now appears that Signor Crispi's dramatic appeal to religion was not the cry of the repentant sinner, but rather the cunning device of the scheming politician. He saw a tendency towards friendly relations between France and Germany and the possible disruption of the Triple Alliance and consequent isolation of Italy. To provide for the danger that might arise from this isolation on the one hand and the advancing tide of Italian socialism under the direction of secret societies on the other, Signor Crispi turns suddenly, at least in appearance, from his long career of atheistic politics and appeals to religion. If this appeal were sincere it would be well enough, but the Italian statesman is not master of the situation. Obeying as he has been the rule and guidance of Signor Lemmi, the Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, his proposed new departure falls under the dark shadow of suspicion, first that his overtures are not sincere; and, secondly, that he could not, dare not, make an alliance with religion if he could. The Italian Government which he would save by the help of religion is built upon secret society atheism as a foundation. As long as he wars against Christianity its power is at bay, independently of it and make a compromise with religion he is in danger of a great fall — a fall even into the grave. Organized atheism will no longer have use for him and will remove him out of its way. It will insist on the compact or — That is Signor Crispi's difficulty, and no one knows it better than he. A late despatch says: "Signor Crispi has resumed his old attitude toward the Vatican."

Some who dream of a compromise have suggested that the Government should cede to the Pope the Leonine City — that small part of Rome situated on the west bank of the Tiber — together with a narrow strip of land running down a distance of sixteen miles to Ostia, on the Mediterranean coast. But the Cathedral of the Bishop of Rome is on the other side of the Tiber, and it is probable that the Pope would consent to any arrangement that would put his episcopal church, *Omnium Urbis orbis Ecclesiarum Mater ac Caput*, under the control of the Italian Government.

A despatch says that Signor Crispi has been given to understand that the first condition of a reconciliation will be the restitution of Rome to the Pope, and that the Vatican can have no dealings with the Quirinal until the day when the court and government shall vacate Rome. — Philadelphia Catholic Times.

In England.

Cardinal Vaughan is out with a declaration that Catholicity is still making a wonderful progress in England and winning adherents almost daily in all parts of that country. The Cardinal says that it is difficult in many places to distinguish between Catholic and Ritualistic services, so completely have Anglican High Churchmen copied Catholic ceremonies. Some day there is apt to be a wholesale return of the Anglican Ritualists to the faith and the Church of their fathers.

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We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, and it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps; by the dozen, 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, a cent. Address, THOMAS COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ontario.

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London, Saturday, Oct. 13, 1894.

#### CHURCH CEREMONIAL.

Miss E. Starr has lately contributed, in the *New World*, of Chicago, a very instructive article on "Our Educators," in which she, in her graceful manner, refers to the ceremonial of the Church as a powerful educator. It has been ever so regarded even by infidels, who, though strangers to its mystic meaning, could not but admire its artistic beauty. We who have been nurtured in the faith fall full often to grasp the deep significance of the varied panorama that from the beginning to the end of the year unrolls itself before our eyes. Take for example the awe-inspiring ceremonial of Holy Week.

"Let us," says Miss Starr, "name these august ceremonials so as to put into one sentence the richness and significance of this truly divine ritual." First, the blessing of the oils, with the cadenced homage paid to these mediums of grace; the Repository, and all the charming appeals which it makes to the eye and ear; the transition from such joyous rites to the funeral paths of Good Friday. The striking of the new fire, evoking from the flint the hidden spark; the lighting of the triple candles, then of the Paschal column of wax, to flame during forty days, to symbolize the rising of Jesus from the dead, to be extinguished only on the feast of the Ascension, when the risen Lord returns to heaven; the breaking forth of the Alleluia silent during the whole season of Lent; the blessing of the Font, with its picturesque accompaniments. All these impressive rites in one week, to which the world is attracted as to some mystical drama! What a source of ennobling thoughts in all this, and yet how many are painfully ignorant of their meaning! They are soul-moved by it, but its effect is too transitory to be capable of any permanent educating influence. This arises from the fact oftentimes that they have never been taught to regard the ceremonial save as a sacred pageant.

What meritorious work here for the educators of our children! We know that a great many of them labor unweariedly in the instruction of our children, and we also know not a few whose work is done in a perfunctory manner. We speak principally of the teachers in our Sunday schools. We hear them deplore the small meed of success that crowns their efforts. Why? They never seem to be able to give a satisfactory answer.

Perchance the true reason may be in their failure to make the Catechism lesson interesting to young minds. True, there is a certain levity and restlessness that may discourage us, but then we may not expect to find the mantle of the sage on young shoulders; and, moreover, we believe that a catechetical instruction may be made as interesting as even a storied legend. No wonder that some of our young friends look with distaste, if not with horror, on the Sunday lesson. And if they make glad their teacher's heart by a faithful rendition of the answers, without comprehending their meaning, what good will it do them? What impression can a young mind receive from the dogmatic utterances of our Catechisms?

We may well ask the question, for our experience leads us to believe that some of the graduates of our Sunday schools are like some of the graduates of our colleges—they manage to forget everything that was crammed into their suffering craniums. Cramping it must be, if our teachers do not strive to fix their instructions in the minds of their pupils. There is no greater aid to this than lessons on the Church ceremonial. It may entail a little more of labor on the teachers, but they will be amply rewarded by the improvement of their pupils. Suppose, for example, we should instruct our children on the meaning of the word Church—to speak to them in simple language of the wonders of architecture that sprang up under the touch of the artists and architects of Catholic

ity. What a treasure of holy and blissful memories would be deposited in young and impressionable minds, and we venture to say that old age would find them repeating the lessons of childhood. We speak in no disparaging spirit, but we are very apt to become slaves of routine.

#### SPIRITISM.

A correspondent has asked us our opinion of the Planchette board. He endeavors to prove that its phenomena may be explained naturally. We are sorry to differ from our honored friend, and we say that the Planchette board, and things akin to it, are inventions of the devil. It is a hard saying, but in an age of quibble and equivocation it is well to call things by their proper names. Electricity has certainly revolutionized the ways of the present generation; but it, advanced to its last stage of development, can never give an inert pencil, such as is employed in the Planchette board, the power to write out a long and intelligent answer to any question. The effect cannot exceed the cause. This sound principle should be remembered.

But we do not know all the laws of nature, and perchance some one may happen upon a law that will explain these phenomena in a satisfactory manner. Such, indeed, was the argument advanced by Renan in his attempt to overthrow the miracles of our Divine Redeemer, but no scientist worthy of the name has ever espoused its defence. We do not know positively the laws of nature, but we know them negatively. We do not know what they can do, but we know what they cannot do. We are as certain of the fact as of our existence, that no law can ever impart to an inert and material substance the faculty of acting in an intelligent manner. There is an intelligent power behind it. Now what is that power? We do not imagine that angels visit us unawares to fill in by the means of a Planchette board the hours of a summer evening.

It is said, however, that the Planchette answers very piously. We believe it; for "the devil, who is a liar from the beginning, transformeth himself into an angel of light." One very significant feature is this that those who allow themselves to be amused by such diabolical means are rarely men and women who have any religious instinct. Gradually it departs from them and they fall an easy prey to the wiles and temptations of the eternal enemy of God whom they invoked, directly or indirectly, to temper the tediousness of their leisure moments.

#### HAZING.

The authorities of Princeton college have taken a firm stand to crush out the practice of hazing in that institution, and now declare that they will expel in future any of the students who take part in it. Not too soon have they come to the determination to put down this barbarous practice, for which hitherto the Princeton establishment has had a bad pre-eminence; and it would appear that the college authorities connived at it as long as it did not threaten the financial interests of the institution.

At last the discovery has been made that there has been a large falling off in the number of students, traceable to the evil reputation of the college arising from the practice, and this fact has brought the authorities to their senses, with the result that they have determined that it must be discontinued; but this step was not taken until most serious consequences had resulted from it, the most barbarous pranks having been many times played upon freshmen, and in some instances their lives having been endangered by brutal treatment endured.

It was a common practice to roll freshmen down hill in barrels, to tattoo them, or force them to eat tobacco till they were seriously ill, or to blacken their faces with chemical compounds which could not be washed or rubbed out for weeks.

It is to be hoped for the credit of humanity and learning that the present display of vigor on the part of the college faculty will be followed by the abandonment of those senseless annoyances which have hitherto been the rule there.

Princeton college, being directly under control of the Presbyterian General Assembly, its professors as a model institution were very great; but the many occasions on which barbarities of the most scandalous character were perpetrated throw reasonable doubt upon these pretensions. It is to be hoped that other

institutions where similar practices are in vogue will follow the example which Princeton appears to be now determined to set. Yale and Harvard have nominally, at least, discontinued hazing, but the practice is still carried on at Cornell.

We have pleasure in being able to state that these inhuman practices which are a disgrace to civilization are entirely unknown in our Catholic colleges and institutions of learning. This is as it should be; for surely it ought not to be necessary for a student to endure such tortures as the hazers are accustomed to inflict in order to secure a good college education.

#### HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.

A curious statement comes from New York to the effect that the plea which will be set up for the defence of the wife of the notorious Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer, who administered poison to her servant girl for the sake of the insurance which covered her life, and committed other similar crimes, is to be that she was the unwilling and innocent agent of her husband, who had hypnotized her and forced her to do his will while under hypnotic influence.

Dr. Meyer was a professional hypnotist, and it appears that he really was accustomed to use his wife as a subject of this mysterious influence; but whether she was under this influence when committing the last atrocious deed remains to be proved when the trial will take place; and the question arises, how far will the plea be accepted as an excuse for the commission of this and the other crimes of which the two have been together guilty during a career which marks out the doctor as a professional murderer, and his wife as his accomplice.

It is said that Mrs. Meyer does not deny that she was an accomplice, but holds that she was so under the extraordinary power which her husband exercised over her as his hypnotical subject.

It has frequently occurred that intimidation has been used to force persons of a feeble mind to do acts which they would not have done willingly, and this would often be a palliation for the commission of evil, though it would but seldom excuse the perpetrator entirely if a great crime were committed by him; and indeed it would not be an excuse, unless the mind and will were completely upset by the intimidation used. If the plea of intimidation were entered as a defence in Mrs. Meyer's case, there would be nothing very unusual in it, as the human will has often been completely overawed by savage threats of violence; but in such case, the next consideration would be to what extent the will of the accomplice had been overcome by the menaces employed.

In the present instance, the intention is, evidently, to acquit Mrs. Meyer entirely on the plea that her will was completely overborne through the power of the hypnotic influence. It is a new plea for the courts to adjudicate upon, and if too easily admitted it may often in the future be advanced as an excuse for the commission of the worst crimes.

Hypnotism as a force is not yet thoroughly understood or even recognized by scientific men; and it is difficult to believe that as an unrecognized phenomenon in life, it will be at once admitted as justification. Yet, as far as appearances go, it is a matter which will soon have to be dealt with practically.

All professional hypnotizers say that hypnotic influence cannot be exercised against the will of the person who is to be subjected to it, and so it cannot be operated for mischief entirely against the will of the person hypnotized. If Dr. Meyer hypnotized his wife and then compelled her to do evil, it must, according to this, have been with her consent in the first place at least, and perhaps even after having been subjected for years to the hypnotic force, she might still have been able to counteract the influence by a subsequent strong exertion of will. Whether this be the case or not is a matter for those to consider who know more about hypnotism than we pretend to; but at all events the ethical conclusion to be drawn from the facts as stated is that it is morally wrong for a Christian to suffer oneself to be hypnotized.

Almighty God has made us reasonable beings, responsible to Him for our acts, and it is worse than an imprudence—it is a crime—to make oneself irresponsible by abnegating our will, or resigning it into the hands of another person; even for a wife to resign her will into the keeping of her husband; so that if the hypnotic influence be a

fact, Mrs. Meyer cannot be altogether exonerated. She should not have given her husband such a power over her in the first place, and if it were at all possible afterwards, she should have exercised her will to counteract that influence and shake it off entirely, the more especially when the discovery was made by her that it was being used for evil purposes.

The hypnotic condition, if not altogether a fraud, resembles drunkenness. The person hypnotized may be irresponsible for the time being, but he should not have put himself into a condition in which he was made irresponsible. In putting himself into such a condition he was responsible for all the consequences of the brutalized state, at least for all the consequences which might have been foreseen. The drunkard, who has once experienced the evils he is likely to commit in his state of stupidity, should know enough not to repeat his fault and expose himself to commit those evils again; so the hypnotic subject who has once found that his condition makes him the unconscious instrument of evil in the hands of another, is bound to free himself from that influence once for all, and forever.

The evils of the past may not be altogether revokable, but they may be atoned for by true repentance and reparation, and by a firm resolve not to commit them again; and in the instances we have mentioned this is evidently the duty which the subjects of the vices mentioned should perform. If Mrs. Meyer could be proved to have made a serious effort to shake off the influence of hypnotism once she discovered that it was being exercised for evil, there would be some palliation for her, but if she willingly allowed the influence to be exercised, even after she knew it was wrong, it would be difficult for any casuist to frame a satisfactory apology for her.

We make these remarks for the purpose of warning our readers against allowing themselves to become the dupes of designing men, whether they call themselves mesmerists, hypnotists, biologists, spiritists or by any other designation.

#### MOCK MILITARISM.

General Booth, as the head of the Salvationists calls himself, has arrived in the Dominion and is now receiving the highest military honors which can be given by an unarmy "army."

He is accompanied by a large staff of Colonels, Brigadiers, Commandants, Captains, Lieutenants, and other officers, male and female, who are engaged in the Salvationist work.

There is something very ludicrous in this assumption of military titles distributed without stint by Mr. Booth; but he is undoubtedly a shrewd man, knowing well the advantage to be gained by the extensive advertising which he secures through the incongruous admixture of military and religious terms, and no doubt he finds that the assumption of the title of "General" gains for him more free advertising than the simple title of "Reverend" which he holds among the Wesleyan Methodists in the beginning of his ministerial career.

To the people of Canada it might seem that the demonstrations of honor which have been accorded to the "general" are a spontaneous manifestation of the high esteem in which he is held on this side of the Atlantic; but a speech which he delivered in London, Eng., at a farewell festival held in a hall in that city, just before his departure, leaves it to be inferred that all the military honors being paid to him now were cut and dried from the time when he determined to visit America.

We find in one of the London journals the following, which we extract from the speech in question:

"On Tuesday I will sail from Liverpool by the Allan Line Carthaginian, and will be due to arrive at St. John's, Newfoundland, on Tuesday, September 18, or Wednesday 19. As the hour of my arrival is uncertain, as is also the length of my stay, the inhabitants will be warned of my coming by bonfires, if by night, and by the church bells ringing, if by day. The whistles of factories and steamers will also be set blowing. A band will parade the town. It is proposed, too, that if there are a sufficient number of fishermen in the harbor, a naval reception will be arranged in connection with the event. I will then proceed to Halifax, where there will be a great naval reception, and a series of public meetings and private councils."

But all this sensational advertising would go for very little if the press correspondents would not furnish an account of the proceedings to their papers, having them telegraphed over the Atlantic cable, at the expense of the newspaper proprietors. Without

this the celebrations would be only local affairs! So he lectures the press of London on its duty to the great commander-in-chief. He declares that the press is under great obligations to him—owes him, in fact, a debt of gratitude—and why?

"For have I not furnished it with interesting copy?"

If the press is under great obligations to all who have "furnished it with interesting copy," great must be its indebtedness to such characters as Jumbo Campbell of Toronto, Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, Mrs. Diss Dobar of New York, and other worthies who have similarly furnished interesting copy and have thus given to the public sensational stories to read for their delectation.

He continues thus his lecture to the press:

"The press, I think, should reconsider its relationship to me, and if it declines either from pride or other motives to put head lines upon its bills referring to the Army, it should, at least, give an account of my proposed journey, and tell the truth about it."

More than this could not be expected by the German Kaiser, or the Shah of Persia when they paid visits to England. But these dignitaries were never so exacting as to demand that their doings should be recorded and emblazoned on the plea that they were doing a kindness to the press by furnishing a variety of topics or headlines under which an account of their doings should be set.

The headlines wanted by the *soldisant* general are evidently some such as are to be found in the *War-Cry*, the official organ of the Salvation Army. They would be something like this:

"Blood and thunder! The Conquering Hero comes! Halifax captured after tremendous slaughter! Ten thousand warriors enlist at St. John to fight Bazelzebub and his impish legions," and the like.

The press is usually very discerning and well aware of the kind of news it is desirable to furnish to its readers, and it scarcely needed this advice from the general, which is evidently tendered as an advertising dodge. Regarded in this light, the plan proposed is intended to palm upon the public the declamations of uneducated "Hallelujah lasses," as if they were the choicest sermons of the modern pulpit.

The general is now gladly admitted to occupy Methodist pulpits in Montreal, notwithstanding that he seceded from the Wesleyans as a preacher when a schism took place in that body in 1861, and joined the new schismatic body which was then established. After several years he was refused reappointment, as his methods were not considered to be in keeping with evangelical gravity; and it was after this that he established the Salvation Army wherein he had full scope to follow his own course, as he had no superior in the new denomination, which, indeed, was not at first intended as a distinct denomination or sect, until by the natural course of events it became such when it proved to be a success in attracting a certain class to its ranks who before that could with difficulty be coaxed into any church.

#### MR. MEREDITH'S APPOINTMENT TO THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.

It is the custom to forget past differences, and to say nothing but what is kindly when, either on account of illness, or for the reason that he has determined to follow a new career, a prominent public character ceases to take part in the turmoil of politics in which he has hitherto been mixed. This is what has occurred in the case of Mr. Wm. R. Meredith, who has been appointed Chief Justice of the Divisional Court of Common Pleas for Ontario, in the place of Sir Thomas Galt, retired.

The party press of both sides of politics have nothing but what is kind to say of the late leader of the Opposition in the Legislature of Ontario, and we must say we join heartily in the very general expression of confidence that the new Chief Justice will fill with credit the important position he will now occupy; and we say this, not for the sake of following the lead of those who say kind words because it is the customary thing to do so, but because we feel sure that he will be, not merely an able, but also a just and upright judge.

We opposed Mr. Meredith politically during the past nine years, not because we doubted his integrity and ability, but because we believed that the line of policy he thought it proper to pursue was injurious to the best interests of the country, and especially to those of the Catholic body.

We have not changed our views on this point; but we have always de-

clared our belief in Mr. Meredith's personal integrity, and have never disputed it; but to our mind his desire for the success of his party, and the influence of the wrong-headed politicians with whom he had cast his lot were the occasion of his falling into many errors of judgment during his political career. We respected the man for his honest intentions, but we could not approve of the policy he inaugurated and endeavored to push to a successful issue.

Even in his opposition to Catholic education, we believe that Mr. Meredith thought he was doing the best thing for the general interest of the country; but we believe equally that he was mistaken in endeavoring to force his belief upon the Catholic body, and for this reason we opposed him to the best of our ability.

Mr. Meredith was undoubtedly by far the ablest man of his party in the Legislature, and this fact threw upon him more than his share of the work of opposition to the Government. He had not the assistance from his colleagues which would have very much lightened his task, which was made all the more difficult from the fact that those on whom he was compelled to rely were to a great extent narrow-minded men who impressed upon the policy of their party the character of their narrow opinions.

It rarely happens that two brothers are on the bench at the same time, but Mr. Meredith's appointment has brought this to be the case, as Mr. T. C. Meredith has been on the bench for many years.

It is difficult to surmise who will be now the leader of the Opposition in the Legislature. As the Conservative opposition only musters twenty-seven in a house of ninety-four members, the new leader will require to be endowed both with courage and a self-sacrificing disposition. Several names have been mentioned as being available for the position, among whom are those of Messrs. Marter, Whitney and Howland, any one of whom would bring much ability to bear on the work. As the new leader will necessarily be a new man, untrammelled by past issues, it is to be hoped, for the good of the Province, that he will enter upon his task resolved to relegate to oblivion the religious issues on which the policy and party of Mr. Meredith was wrecked.

Notwithstanding our past opposition to Mr. Meredith's policy, we hope the new Chief Justice will have a long and prosperous career.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

REV. DR. WILD, he of the "Ten Tribes," late of Toronto, but presently pastor of the Congregational Church, in this city, has, after the summer vacation, spent at some choice spot where nature wears her loveliest, opened the season, somewhat after the same fashion as the manager of the Opera House. Rev. Dr. Wild is an attractive preacher. Usually he attracts a large congregation. He is brusque, boisterous and bigoted, at times a good story-teller, and, as the dailies would put it, "draws down the house." Rev. Dr. Wild is just the kind of preacher the Congregationalist people in this city seem to fancy; and so long as they like the goods Rev. Dr. Wild has to dispose of that is their affair; but outside are, of course, entitled to form their own opinion as to their good taste. Like all "popular" preachers, Rev. Dr. Wild managed to squeeze half a column of his sermon into one of the dailies, "not for its intrinsic value," but simply as an advertisement. "Lessons of a Vacation" was the subject of the doctor's discourse; but he could not for the life of him keep in subjection his anti-Catholic proclivities, for before he got well on his way he felt impelled to read some extracts from Fox's Book of Martyrs. In his next discourse we may expect that he will read extracts from that similar work, the title of which is "Bluebeard."

MARGARET SHEPHERD now appears in a new role. She has taken to the stage. This is what the Port Hope *Times* says of herself and her troupe:

The Margaret L. Shepherd Company appeared before a slim audience in the Opera House here Thursday evening, in "Tried as by Fire," the story of Mrs. Shepherd's life. If the story is true, Mrs. Shepherd should be ashamed of it instead of parading her filthy record for the gratification of the vulgar. There can be no excuse for this outrage against propriety; for the only moral which this play teaches is that if a woman is bold as well as bad, she can impose successfully on a certain class of the community. Mrs. Shepherd as an actress is a failure. She possesses no

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"Our Catholic societies are by  
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of their members is at full liberty to  
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this will decide our choice in all those  
cases in which a party or individuals  
seek fit to drag religion into politics,  
and to become the tool of cliques as un-  
American as they are anti-Catholic."

In view of the rabid attacks which  
are now being made to ostracize Catho-  
lics politically, the convention earnestly  
recommended that Catholic societies  
all over the Union should join forces for  
the purpose of preserving their relig-  
ious and political rights. The zeal of  
the German Catholics for their faith is  
well worthy of imitation by Catholics of  
every nationality.

A DETERMINED effort was made by  
the Tories recently to have Nationalist  
voters' names struck off the registered  
voters' list in Donegal, with a view to  
overcome the Nationalist majority in  
that county, and thus to secure the  
election of a Tory at the next contest.  
The Nationalists were vigilant, how-  
ever, and the attempt was baffled, so  
that Donegal may still be reckoned on  
to give as good a majority to the  
Nationalists as in the past.

A LARGER number of teachers than  
ever before applying for certificates of  
competency to teach the Irish language,  
have been successful this year in secur-  
ing the certificates from the National  
Board of Galway district. Six teachers  
obtained these certificates at the last  
examination, two of whom obtained the  
maximum number of marks possible,  
showing their thorough knowledge of  
the language. In previous years  
never more than one or two applied  
for certificates. One of the successful  
applicants for this year has a class of  
forty pupils who are learning the Celtic  
tongue.

M. EMILE ZOLA and the editor of the  
*Gil Blas*, who published the novel on  
Lourdes, are to be prosecuted by Mons.  
Burgeois, the builder, for libel in re-  
gard to the building of the church  
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BISHOP POTTER, the Protestant Epis-  
copal Bishop of New York, is not a be-  
liever in the primary principle of Pro-  
testantism, on which Protestantism was  
founded, and by which alone its exist-  
ence can be justified—the right of each  
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"To make one's own law and pro-  
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The reasoning is quite correct and  
irrefragable, but it is none the less  
true that it overthrows the foundation  
on which Protestantism rests ; for if it  
be not the right of the individual to  
prefer his private judgment to that of  
the Church which Christ established to  
teach mankind, Luther, Calvin, and  
the other Reformers were wrong in  
preferring their judgment to that of  
the Church.

dramatic talent whatever. Her lead-  
ing man, Martin Cheworth, can only  
be described as a ridiculous barn-  
stormer. The play is without a re-  
deeming feature. Any person who  
sits it out will certainly be " tried as  
by fire."

We detest bigotry, even in Catho-  
lics. Let us be broad-minded and  
liberal, as far as truth will permit us.

The A. P. A. is dying slowly but  
surely. And all good men will breathe  
a sigh of satisfaction when its foul  
corpse is buried. It might have lived  
in times barbaric, when throats were  
slit for sweet religion's sake, but in  
this age of enlightenment it is in the  
pillory of public scorn and contempt,  
dying ignominiously.

The German Catholic convention,  
which was recently held in New York  
city, passed a resolution which sets  
forth admirably the relations of Catho-  
lics to political parties, and the work-  
ing of the resolution is so appropriate  
to the position of Catholics in Ontario  
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London Catholic News,  
**CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.**

Cardinal Vaughan's Inaugural Ad-  
dress—The Re-Union of Christen-  
dom.

Continued from last Week.  
PROSPECTS OF REUNION.

What, then are the prospects of reu-  
nion? As we have seen, there can  
only be too bases of Reunion so far as  
doctrine and authority are concerned :  
(1) Compromise, that is, federation  
and mutual recognition ; (2) submis-  
sion, that is, individual or corporate  
absorption. The first is inconsistent  
with the Divine Constitution of the  
Church ; there remains only the  
second. Our hopes of a gradual sub-  
mission by an ever increasing number  
of Anglicans rest on the following  
evident facts :— 1. The growing  
realization of the Catholic, and there-  
fore of the non-national character of  
the Church of Christ, and the increas-  
ing distrust of national limitations in  
the idea of religion. 2. The growing  
application of Catholic doctrines and  
devout practices, and a sensible dimi-  
nution of the difficulties and prejudices  
that have hitherto obscured them. Contrast the churches of the Estab-  
lishment of sixty or seventy years  
ago—closed from week end to week  
end, no daily service, no festivals and  
Saints' days kept, the Communion  
service read three or four times a  
year, everything dry, cold, and  
formal—with the present churches,  
which are often distinguished only  
with extreme difficulty from those be-  
longing to the Church of Rome. The  
study of the patristic, of the theolog-  
ical, ascetical, devotional, liturgical,  
and rubrical writers of the Catholic  
Church has brought about a change in  
the mind, feelings, and tastes of an  
ever-increasing section of the Anglican  
Church, which has been simply a  
revolution. The doctrines of the Catho-  
lic Church, which had been rejected  
and condemned as blasphemous, super-  
stitious, and fond inventions, have  
been re-examined and taken back, one  
by one, until the thirty nine articles  
have been banished and buried as a  
rule of faith. The Real Presence, the  
sacrifice of the Mass, offered for the  
living and the dead—sometimes even  
in Latin—not infrequent reservation  
of the sacrament, regular auricular  
confession, extreme unction, purgatory,  
prayers for the dead, devotions to  
Our Lady, to her Immaculate Con-  
ception, the use of her rosary, and the  
invocation of Saints are doctrines  
sought and accepted with a growing  
desire and relish for them, in the  
Church of England. A celibate clergy,  
the institution of monks and  
nuns under vows, retreats for the  
clergy, missions for the people, fast-  
ing, and other penitential exercises—  
candles, lamps, incense, crucifixes,  
images of the Blessed Virgin, and the  
saints held in honour, stations of the  
cross, cassocks, cottas, Roman collars,  
birettas, copes, dalmatics, vestments,  
mitres, croziers, the adoption of an  
ornate Catholic ritual, and now re-  
cently an elaborate display of the  
whole ceremonial of the Catholic Pon-  
tifical—all this speaks of a change and  
a movement towards the Church that  
would have appeared absolutely in-  
credible at the beginning of this cen-  
tury. And what is still more remark-  
able is that the movement has been  
stronger than the rank Protestantism,  
stronger than the Bishops, and  
stronger than the lawyers and the  
Legislature. A spasmodic protest, a  
useless prosecution, a delphic judg-  
ment, and the movement continues and  
spreads, lodging itself in Anglican  
homes and convents, in schools,  
churches, and even cathedrals, until it  
is rapidly covering the country. Has  
there ever been seen a more marvel-  
lous change, and this within half a  
century! I know that it has been  
called Popery and the Mass in mas-  
querade—not without some reason. St.  
Jerome speaks of the devil as the  
Sima Dei, the Ape of God, so clever is  
he in counterfeiting the works and  
ordinances of God. Under the appear-  
ance of an angel of light he deceives  
many, especially those who are willing  
to be deceived. It may be so still.  
But for my part, I prefer to hope and  
believe that we are witnessing, at  
least in a very large measure, an  
instance of the marvellous ways of  
Divine grace, and that if Satan be  
aping God he is outwitting himself.

THE ANGLICANS AND THE DONATISTS.  
Meanwhile, let me conjure those who  
imagine that they now possess all that  
they could desire, all that the Church  
of Rome ever could offer them, to ponder  
well over the considerations ad-  
dressed by St. Augustine to the Donat-  
ists, who undoubtedly possessed sacer-  
dotal orders and over four hundred  
rightly consecrated Bishops. He writes  
as follows: "What doth it profit men,  
if they have the voice of angels in the  
sacred mysteries, and the gift of prophe-  
cy as had Caiphas and Saul, and if  
they possess the sacraments, as Simon  
Magus had, and if they had faith, and  
if they distribute their substance to the  
poor, as many do, not only in the  
Catholic Church, but in the different  
heretical bodies ; if under the pressure  
of any persecution they give their  
bodies with us to be burned for the  
faith, which they do like us confess :  
Yet because they have and do all  
these things apart from the Church they  
cannot attain to eternal salvation, even  
with all those good things which profit  
them not." He makes this still clearer  
by an appeal to reason, and continues :  
"If any one is brought to the surgeon,  
with a grievous wound in some vital  
part of his body, and the surgeon says  
that unless it be cured he must die, his  
friends do not proceed foolishly to  
point out to the surgeon all his sound  
limbs, and to say, 'Can it be that  
these sound limbs are not of avail to

save his life and that the wounded  
limb is enough to cause his death?'  
They do not act thus ; neither do they  
ask the surgeon to cure the limbs that  
are sound, but to apply his remedies  
with all care to the part from which  
death is threatening the sound parts  
that he has sound faith when the  
soundness of charity is infected by the  
fatal wound of schism? To prevent  
this the mercy of God, through the  
unity of His holy Church, does not  
cease to strive to induce them to come  
and be healed by the medicine of recon-  
ciliation, through the bond of peace." And let them not think that they are  
wholly sound because we admit that  
they have something sound in them ;  
nor let them think, on the other hand,  
that what is sound must be healed be-  
cause we show that in some parts there  
is a wound. In the soundness of the  
sacrament, because they are not  
against us, they are for us ; but in the  
wound of schism, because they gather  
not with Christ, they scatter abroad.  
Let them not be puffed up by what  
they have. Why do they look with  
eyes of pride upon those parts which  
are sound? Let them humbly look  
into the wound, and give heed not only  
to what they have, but also to what  
they lack." And this truth he still  
further enforces by an appeal to the  
Scriptures. "The prayers of the Gen-  
tile Cornelius were not unheard, and  
his alms lacked not acceptance ; nay,  
he was found worthy to receive a mes-  
sage from an angel, and to behold the  
messenger through whom he might  
assuredly have learnt everything neces-  
sary, without requiring that any man  
should come to him. But since all the  
good that he had in his prayers and his  
alms could not benefit him unless he  
were incorporated in the Church by  
the bond of Christian brotherhood  
and peace, he was ordered to send  
to Peter, and through him learned  
Christ. I can imagine many who  
have been lulled into a sense of securi-  
ty by the adoption of the ordinances  
and devotions of the Catholic Church,  
to ask, 'What can we receive from  
you that we do not possess?' The  
Donatists asked the same question of  
St. Augustine. 'What do we receive  
from you when we come over to your  
side?' And St. Augustine replied :  
"You receive the unity of the spirit in  
the bond of peace, without which no  
man can see God ; and you receive  
charity, which shall cover the multi-  
tude of sins. And if you consider this  
immense blessing to be worthless or of  
trifling value, you are deservedly and  
miserably astray ; and deservingly you  
must necessarily perish unless you  
come over to Catholic unity." Our  
hope of reunion is partly based upon  
an evident conversion to many of the  
doctrines and practices of the Catholic  
Church. 3. Our hope of reunion is  
also based on the better acquaintance  
which is growing up with the divine  
constitution of the Catholic Church.  
For instance, people are beginning to  
realise the non-national character of  
the Papacy ; that it is no more foreign  
in its character than Christianity it-  
self, of which it forms an integral  
part, as its visible head and centre ;  
that the Roman supremacy is not a  
despotism or a one-man absolutism,  
but a beneficent institution founded  
by Christ Himself, as a guarantee of  
liberty, and a pledge of unity ; that  
its claims never clash with civil alleg-  
iance, and that the concurrent jurisdic-  
tion of the Pope in no sense weakens  
or nullifies, but strengthens and unifies,  
that of Bishops and national  
Episcopates ; that the spiritual claims  
of the Papacy, so far from being alien  
or hostile to the English character and  
institutions, have shown themselves  
for a thousand years to be admirably  
in harmony with our English life and  
system, safeguarding the liberties of  
the people against despotism and  
tyranny in high places, and ever pro-  
claiming the sanctity of the moral and  
divine law. 4. Our hopes rest on the  
growing acquaintance with our past  
history, the opening up of our records,  
the increasing fairness of writers and  
readers, the dropping away of ancient  
prejudices, and the constant growth of  
an open mind as one generation hands  
down its experience to another. 5.  
Lastly, and principally, our hopes rest  
on the wonderful mercy and love of  
God ; on the prayers of the Blessed  
Virgin, of St. Peter, and of the Saints  
and Martyrs of England.

THE DESIRE FOR THE PRESENT TIME.  
What, then, do we at present desire  
for those who seek reunion? Not that  
they should come over to us blindly.  
We could not receive them thus, even  
were they to offer themselves. All we  
ask is this, that they would turn their  
eyes of their mind towards the City  
seated on the mountain ; that they would  
break down the walls of prejudice  
which surrounded them ; that they would  
examine and explore our claims  
with an open mind ; that they would  
freely take evidence from Catholic  
priests and laymen and read Catholic  
books ; that they would cease to be  
guided and deluded by the enemies of  
the Catholic faith ; that they would  
emancipate their souls from a servitude  
to individuals which hinders their ap-  
proach to the Catholic Church. We  
ask nothing unreasonable. We say, if  
with moral certainty you find a Divine  
Teacher, submit your whole soul to  
Him and enter His Church as a disciple.  
If you find Him not, continue to search  
and pray : "No man cometh unto Me  
unless the Father draw him." We  
know the force of invincible ignorance  
and of insuperable prejudice. We  
judge no man ; God alone can sound the  
heart and the conscience. Would that  
we could say to our Anglican friends, as  
St. Augustine said to the Donatists,  
"Let them come to the Catholic Church  
our Mother ; let them be in its clergy,  
let them be bishops unto its clergy, as

they have been hitherto in enmity  
against it. We feel no jealousy to-  
wards them, nay, we embrace them ;  
we wish, we advise, we even compel  
them to come in, though we fall as yet  
in persuading some that we seek not  
their property, but themselves." Would  
that they could prove to us,  
Orders! not indeed for any benefit  
they could be to them outside the unity  
of the Church, but because they believe  
their conversion would be thus rendered  
easier. Finally, we beseech our  
Blessed Lady, whose Dowry is England,  
again to hasten the time of her Son's  
miracles and to obtain an outpouring  
of Divine Grace upon souls such as may  
give not only light to see, but fortitude  
and courage to make all those needful  
sacrifices to flesh and blood which in  
God's ordinary providence are required  
of those who are mercifully called by  
God to return to the Church of their  
fathers.

After the applause which marked the  
conclusion of his address had subsided  
his Eminence again rose and said,  
"I have already introduced to you  
Bishop Keane, and I will now ask him  
to address to you a few words."

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, on com-  
ing forward, was accorded a great  
ovation. He said he had been re-  
quested to add to the admirable paper  
of his Eminence a short American post-  
script (laughter). But he did it with  
very great diffidence ; he had only  
come prepared to hear and to learn—  
the New World recognizing that it still  
had to come to the feet of the Old  
World to learn lessons of wisdom. In  
America they were not gifted over with  
humility (laughter). They had a  
little good sense (laughter) and were  
ready to confess that whatever  
there was good and noble and useful  
to the world in the press and institu-  
tions of America was nearly in every  
instance learned from the traditions of  
England. But although they thanked  
God for their situation and advantages  
they would be forgetful of history, and  
forgetful of the principles of gratitude,  
if they did not recognize that the old  
road from which all these principles,  
from which all that light, has grown  
was from England. They recognized it,  
and were proud to acknowledge it.  
Why was it that amongst the nations  
of the earth America stood forth  
proudly at the present time? Why  
was it that even in the State Legisla-  
tures all the proceedings began with  
prayer? Why was it that their pro-  
fessional meetings always opened with  
prayer? It was because, with old Eng-  
land's instinct, they recognized God's  
supremacy always. The Celtic instinct  
was always ready to respond to this  
inspiration. But although a Celt him-  
self he candidly acknowledged that it  
was not the Celt that gave the inspira-  
tion to the forward march of America.  
The inspiration came from the old  
Motherland. They in America re-  
cognized the importance of that great  
cry which agitated the minds of men  
in relation to the reunion of Christen-  
dom. Facts spoke louder than words,  
and he would relate to them some per-  
sonal experiences rather than deal in  
generalities. He one time received an  
invitation from the Chief Justice to  
come and speak before a club which  
comprised the leading members of the  
Episcopalian or Anglican Church of the  
City of Providence, in Rhode Is-  
land. He went to give them the Catho-  
lic side of the question of the reunion  
of Christendom. He found himself in  
company with nearly three hundred of  
the leading citizens of Rhode Island,  
and when the time for the discussion  
of the subject came the President  
arose and asked him to address  
them from the Catholic stand-  
point on this great question,  
and to speak out frankly and plainly.  
For an hour he did so (laughter).  
After he sat down a Presbyterian  
clergyman addressed them, and his  
great difficulty was as to how certain  
proposals for re-union emanating from  
the Lambeth Conference, he thought,  
could be interpreted by members of his  
Church. Then a Baptist minister gave  
his opinion. He wanted to see the  
Churches managed as the State legisla-  
tures were, all to be free and federated  
(laughter). After this he himself  
said a few words in reply. He showed  
that the Presbyterian difficulty as to  
the meaning of certain things, and the  
sense in which they were to be  
understood, showed the need of a cer-  
tral authority, to speak with certainty  
and to give an authoritative interpre-  
tation to doubtful passages. He  
showed to his Baptist friend that the  
States of America, when they were  
apart and separate had to come together  
and draw up a constitution and ap-  
point a centre of unity and govern-  
ment (cheers). He therefore argued  
that the points raised by these gentle-  
men were the strongest proof of the  
Catholic position (cheers). And now  
for something that followed that.  
About two years ago Americans cele-  
brated the four hundredth anniversary  
of Columbus' discovery of that Conti-  
ent by holding a great World's Exposi-  
tion in Chicago, and, recognizing the  
superiority of man over things, they  
decided to hold an exhibition of man's  
noblest works. They then decided to  
hold a Parliament of Religions. The  
question was would the Old Church,  
the Catholic Church, take part? He  
was approached, but declined to give  
an answer ; the matter was too serious.  
It came before the American Arch-  
bishops. Of course, the good old re-  
spectable conservative arguments were  
used against the Church taking part.  
It would be beneath her dignity. It  
last one Archbishop said, "What a  
fool St. Paul must have been" (laughter). "He should have stayed  
at home and mended his nets and  
preached to his own people instead of  
going about among Greeks and

Romans, and putting before men the  
merits of the Christian religion, as  
compared to the worship of pagani-  
sm." So they said that was a new  
light in which to look at the matter,  
and perhaps the true light ; and it was  
agreed that the Old Church had noth-  
ing to fear by standing before men of  
all religions and proclaiming her mis-  
sion (cheers). So they went. It was  
a magnificent opportunity to study care-  
fully all the religions of the world, and  
with that view the Parliament of Relig-  
ions met ; and from first to last their  
old Church and their beloved Cardinal  
stood pre-eminently throughout. Catho-  
lics had a great work to do in remov-  
ing obstacles created by themselves,  
which kept people out of the Church.  
Were they doing all they could? There  
was much to be done. When visiting  
a poor district in his diocese he met  
three colored people, one of whom came  
up to him and said he had heard him  
preach and liked his sermons, and he  
would like to ask him one question.  
He (the Bishop) asked what it was, and  
the colored man answered, "If your  
religion is the true religion what makes  
your people sell us whisky to get  
drunk?" (Laughter.) Though he had  
answered a good many questions in his  
life he had to give that one up, and he  
never found anyone who could help  
him to answer it. It was a shame and  
a disgrace to find that in every town  
throughout the land the large majority  
of WHISKY SHOPS SHOULD BE RUN BY  
CATHOLICS.

On one occasion, on making a visita-  
tion through the diocese of Richmond,  
on entering a town he found a letter  
waiting for him, and the letter was  
simply to the effect that of the publi-  
cans of the town all but two were  
Roman Catholics. That was consid-  
erably enough to anything he  
had to say. That was why he would  
appeal to Catholics to come out of  
THAT DESPICABLE BUSINESS.

It was recognized by the Bishops and  
Clergy as the most fruitful source of the  
growing poverty and degradation, and  
was the chief source of the sins of their  
people. In God's name he hoped all  
their people would take it into their  
hearts to say, "I will go out of this  
business."

WHY DON'T THEY?  
It was essential to the inter-  
ests of humanity and Catholicity that  
Catholics should sever and dissociate  
themselves from all connection  
with the vile trafficking in whisky.  
Again, they had a duty in regard to  
education and science. The Catholic  
Church must show not only her superi-  
ority in regard to matters of religion,  
but in matters that concern civilization  
and progress she must hold the  
front place. That was why in  
America the Catholic hierarchy were  
endeavoring to establish an university  
that would be a rival even to Oxford  
and Cambridge (applause). Let them  
not overlook their great past. Let  
them remember who founded Oxford  
and Cambridge (cheers). Then in re-  
gard to social matters Catholics must  
lead the way. They must labour for  
the uplifting of the people, they must  
try to break down the trammels of  
caste which here, as in India, stunted  
the life of the people (cheers). Not  
indeed that they needed to level any-  
one downwards. They wanted to  
raise all up to a higher plane. The  
Catholic Church must take the lead in  
this, as was fitting. His Holiness Leo  
XIII. had told them what the future  
of the human race is to be. They must  
endeavor to understand that so as to  
gain the hearts and affections of the  
people, and bring them to a knowledge  
of the truth (cheers). The misery and  
degradation of the masses made them a  
fruitful soil wherein were sown the  
seeds of anarchy and rebellion against  
authority. He prayed them in their  
own lives so to act that they would do  
something to hasten the coming of God's  
kingdom on earth (loud and prolonged  
cheers).

Father Rivington, at the request of  
his Eminence, then addressed the audi-  
ence, and said that never in the course  
of his life had he performed an act of  
obedience so really difficult as that he  
was asked to perform that moment. He  
was asked a few days ago to say a few  
words at the Conference, and there he  
found himself with every thought that  
came into his mind so finely and per-  
fectly expressed by His Eminence the  
Cardinal and Bishop Keane before he  
rose to say a word. And yet, in  
obedience to His Eminence, he would  
say a few words to his fellow-Catholics  
in Preston. He need hardly say that  
the reunion of Christendom was of  
special and peculiar interest to him.  
He knew what came into the minds of  
those whom he had to leave behind  
when such notable pronouncements as  
that of His Eminence were made to  
the people of England on the reunion  
of Christendom. One of the most  
magnificent pamphlets he had ever  
seen on the subject was written by the  
late Cardinal Manning. In it he wrote  
of charity, of love for the people of  
England, and he could never forget  
the state of his friends' faces as they  
read that passage. They simply did  
not believe it. That was one of their  
great difficulties that they could not  
get those outside the Church to read  
Catholic books. Non Catholics had an  
entirely different idea to them on the  
subject of the reunion of Christendom.  
To give them an example, he would  
tell them the case of an American  
Protestant gentleman who went to  
Oxford. He went to a well-known  
doctor of theology, Dr. Pusey, and  
asked him where was the unity of the  
Church. Dr. Pusey replied that the  
unity of the Church was in posse, not  
in esse (laughter). He questioned  
several other Oxford divines, but with  
similar success, and he eventually  
became a member of the Catholic

Church, and is now or was of the  
episcopate of the Catholic Church in  
America (Cheers).

Dr. Whiteside then briefly proposed  
a vote of thanks to His Eminence for  
presiding at the Conference.

The Duke of Norfolk, in seconding  
it, said he rose to second the vote of  
thanks which the Bishop had moved to  
the Cardinal for having come there  
and read the address which they felt  
would be productive of much good.  
He was sure that when the Cardinal  
made up his mind to deliver the ad-  
dress on that great subject—the reu-  
nion of Christendom—he must have  
felt it was a great pleasure to deliver  
it at the Catholic Conference at the  
Catholic town of Preston. Catholics  
looked towards the town of Preston  
and other towns of Catholic Lancashire  
with feelings of veneration. He was  
sure it would be considered a happy  
event in the town of Preston that such  
a fine address as had been delivered  
by His Eminence had been delivered  
there. He now gave them an oppor-  
tunity of expressing those feelings of  
love and admiration for His Eminence  
which rose from the very bottom of  
their hearts. (loud applause)

The Cardinal, on arising to respond,  
was received with great applause. He  
said he need hardly say how grateful  
he felt to them for the kind reception  
they had given to him. By their  
cheers and approbation they had passed  
the vote of thanks which had been  
proposed to him. It always was a very  
singular pleasure to visit the old Catho-  
lic town of Preston, and he never felt  
himself at home in any part of the  
world as he did in Preston and Catho-  
lic Lancashire. They had a great  
work before them, not only in organ-  
ization, but in the sense of which  
Bishop Keane had spoken. And they  
had a great work to perform in spread-  
ing the light of Catholicity in this  
kingdom. That was to be done by  
prayer.

Father Ignatius Spencer, who  
travelled all over Europe and Great  
Britain preaching the necessity of reu-  
nion of the non Catholic communities,  
with the Catholic communion, always  
impressed upon the people the efficacy  
of prayer in obtaining that object.  
Since the death of Father Spencer  
there had been a certain amount of  
forgetfulness, and many of them had  
neglected that habit of constant prayer  
for the conversion of England. He  
would ask them to renew the promises  
made to Father Spencer, and to deter-  
mine, every one of them, to offer up  
every day, morning or night, one  
Hail Mary, at least, to the Blessed  
Virgin that she might implore her  
Divine Son to pour out the graces that  
were needed for the conversion of the  
people of England. There was no one  
there who could not take a great and  
efficient part in bringing about that  
happy consummation by offering up an  
occasional prayer. It was for them  
to offer up their prayers to God  
and His Blessed Mother that this won-  
derous grace be poured out on Eng-  
land. If the splendid gathering be-  
fore him secured this, and no more than  
this, it would have been gathered for a  
good and sufficient purpose. He  
thanked them for their reception there  
to night, and thanks also he felt were  
especially due to his dear old friend,  
Bishop Keane, who had given them a  
little of his American quality, and who  
had given them an insight into that  
forward march and that hearty sym-  
pathy which he exhibited with so many  
other prelates of the great American  
Church. They were there that night,  
America united with England. The  
Old World united with the New. (Loud  
cheers.)

**EVENING PRAYER.**

What is particularly noticeable in  
this age is the lack of home religious  
training and the natural home influ-  
ence which ought to characterize every  
Catholic family, and yet seems to be  
dying out with the closing generation.  
We see the young family growing up  
rigidly guarded, and distinctly in-  
formed in all matters regarding eti-  
quette. At a most regular hour the  
good night is said and the children  
sent with their nurse to bed. They do  
not, as of old, gather together  
and hear the pretty  
stories of the bible or sing an evening  
hymn. All, now a days, seems to be  
done systematically, even their study  
of religion—while I know from ex-  
perience that a few holy words and  
music at bed time from a father and  
mother to their little ones is worth  
twice the number of words heard else-  
where. It impresses their little minds  
and makes them, when they reach  
maturity, regard their childhood as  
something holy and pleasant. Cer-  
tainly the most illiterate class will  
require grace before and after meat,  
with the simple morning and evening  
prayer ; it is precise and necessary  
to our religion. But we want a family  
union of happy thoughts. While  
visiting in a pretty town upon Lake  
Huron, my attention, one evening,  
was called to look in a sitting room  
where a father was playing an organ,  
while three little ones stood around  
him. The mother rocked a tiny babe.  
I know not their religion, but they  
sang the pretty hymn, "I think, When  
I Read the Sweet Story of Old." We  
walked on, while my companion  
remarked, "a scene we seldom see."  
Without prayer there is no peace in  
any home. There is perhaps appar-  
ently so, but when the truly God-  
fearing spirit is absent so also is hap-  
piness and contentment. MISERVE.  
Toronto, Oct. 1, 1894.

Each solitary kind action that is done,  
the whole world over, is working briskly in its  
own sphere to restore the balance between  
right and wrong.—Faber.

CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

An Interview With Cardinal Moran.

I should think that a journalist would have as much ease in inducing the Pope to submit to an interview as your correspondent had during the past few weeks in approaching a distinguished member of the Sacred College—Cardinal Moran—who directs the Church and shapes its policy in Australia. I should not, however, take the credit of overcoming the preliminary difficulties which have proved too much for so many ambitious pressmen, for that part of the work was performed for me with infinite trouble by the Mayor of Sydney, Sir W. P. Mouning.

Cardinal Moran is recognized as one of the great minds in the Church, and he is believed to be in an especial degree in the favor and confidence of the Pope. He is in his sixty-fourth year, and in the ninth of his Cardinalate. Of more than medium height and build, with a strong, grave, and ascetic countenance, he wears with dignity his purple robes, and stands out as one of the most interesting and important figures in the religious, social, and—as some will have it—political life of Australia. In his habits he is studious, and in his tastes severely simple, though the people have expected for him a grand palace by the sea at Manly, a short distance from Sydney. St. Mary's, his city residence, behind the Cathedral, is like a deserted house. But he is generally to be found there, safely guarded in the outer chambers by an elderly, clean-shaven, blarney-proof Irishman, and attended by his faithful secretary, Dr. O'Haran. The furniture in the hall and in some at least of the rooms would disgrace any other man. The oil-cloth, now old, was never of the best quality, and the seats in two or three of the chairs have long ceased to serve a useful purpose. But under the Cardinal's care the Church is not only religiously alive, but making wonderful material progress in the South.

Dr. O'Haran led me up a flight of stairs and showed me into a large room, the walls of which were lined with books, and with one or two pictures, apparently copies from works of the Old Masters. I had not been sitting long at the table when I heard the rattle of purple and his Eminence glided quickly into the room. He received me graciously, and I commenced the interview at once by saying that he was perhaps interested to learn, from a Westminster Gazette article, cabled to the Sydney papers, that the Primate of the Anglican Church was fairly satisfied with the education systems of Australia.

THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION THE REAL PROBLEM.

"I had many conversations on the subject with his predecessor, the Right Rev. Dr. Barry," said His Eminence. "He looked on religion as an essential element in education, and he publicly declared in many of his addresses that the stand the Catholics had taken was the proper one. Of course, we regard the problem of education as the real problem of society at the present day."

"We consider that if the children are allowed to grow up without religion, or in indifference to religion, the future of the nation must be tinted with the same impiety or indifference, and that—particularly to-day—nothing can be more detrimental to the true interests of society than the growth of irreligion. The wealthier classes can provide means for having their children trained in religion and piety, independent of scholastic training, but for the great mass of the people the only education is that afforded by the Public Schools. Nowadays the mass of the people cannot be overlooked, not only as an element of society, but as a governing element. The people are the ruling power, and if Democracy is allowed to be tainted with Socialism, or irreligion, or impiety—by whatever name it may be called—the future of society must be sad indeed."

"But," I said, "the Church does not surely regard Socialism as another name for impiety?"

"I do not wish to include under that name Christian Socialism," he replied. "I mean that 'Socialism' which corresponds with Communism in France, Nihilism in Russia, and is known by other names in different parts of Spain and Germany. Impiety is at its root, and its fruits present all the bitterness of that impiety."

"Then," I said, "the educational question is a matter of great political importance to the Church?"

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

"At present," replied the Cardinal, "it is practically not discussed. The Catholic clergy and the Catholic body do not desire to interfere in any way with those who are content with the Public School system. We all feel that, logically speaking, considering the principle upon which the system rests, it should bring life amongst us, but we also know from experience that, through the influence of parents and many other social influences, these evil principles do not always work out to their logical conclusions. As you probably know, our convent schools and those conducted by the various brotherhoods are not only religious schools, but they compete in every branch of the curriculum with the best of Public Schools, and at the public examinations very many children from our religious schools carry away the prize. As regards the future, it is difficult to foretell what may be the educational system twenty years hence. One thing is certain, that the permanence of our Catholic schools is secure, and in our Catholic schools I trust the educational as well

as the religious training of our children will attain that perfection to which all our endeavors are directed."

"You still hope for State aid?"

"The political future," the Cardinal replied, "is necessarily uncertain, but I am convinced that the time will come when the Australian Governments will recognize our Catholic schools and will do justice to our excellent Catholic teachers. It has been more than once proposed by very distinguished Protestants that the Catholic schools in the matter of secular education should be recognized, and that they should receive compensation from the State for the secular results achieved. Should that be granted at any time the demands of the Catholic body will be in a great measure satisfied. They have never asked for more."

THE SOCIALISM OF THE CHURCH.

As the Socialists are always knocking their heads against the Church in Australia, where the social question is with us day and night, I asked the Cardinal if he would not like to see a change in the present order of society.

"The Catholic Church," he said, "has always been the Church of the people. Although she labors for her class, if any class merits her predilection more than another it is the poor. We have had the poor always with us."

"The poor no longer love their poverty," I remarked.

"No," he replied, "and the sympathies of the Church are with those who are using their endeavors to lift up the vast numbers who are in poverty, and to alleviate the misery that prevails. In a country such as Australia, with its boundless resources, there is abundance for every class, and the efforts of the Government and of philanthropists should be mainly directed to bring that abundance within the reach of those who have been hitherto excluded from it. But the Church would be far from wishing to deprive anyone of his property or to pull down the wealthy classes. We would rather wish to lift up those that are in indigence, that all may partake of the abundance which nature supplies in this favored country. That which is often spoken of as the antagonism of the laboring classes against employers, so far as it merits the approval of any sensible man, is in many ways a misnomer. It is rather an antagonism to the unjust dealings of employers, to unfair monopoly, and to the greediness of many who are in the possession of wealth."

THE IRISH AUSTRALIAN.

"I suppose Your Eminence has no reason to be dissatisfied with the social condition of the Irish Australian?"

"No. The Catholic body are mostly Irish, or of Irish descent; but we have representatives from almost every country. I could not very well say what proportion of the unemployed may be Irish, but I don't think the Catholics are more numerous or so numerous in the ranks of the unemployed as other denominations. For instance in the Pitt Town Labor Settlement and in other efforts that have been made to relieve the unemployed, as far as I can learn, the proportion of Catholics is about the same as our numerical proportion in the census of the country. The last census, that of 1891, makes us a little more than 25 per cent. of the population. Looking to the public position of the Catholic people, they are seen to be able to hold their own in all public offices, in the professions, and in the private and commercial enterprises of the country."

IRISH HOME RULE AND AUSTRALIANS.

We then exchanged views on the present position of Ireland, and the Cardinal said: "The Irish in the Colonies and Colonials of other nationalities acquainted with the position of affairs in Ireland are quite agreed that some form of Home Rule must be granted to the country. A great many may have different views as to the details; some find fault with Mr. Gladstone's measure, just as many at home regarded some of his proposals as unworkable; but all agree that some form of Home Rule must be granted to the people."

"A prominent statesman," I said, "wrote to me some time back to the effect that Home Rule would be a message of peace not only to Ireland, but to the people of the British Colonies."

"The people are already united here," he remarked, "with the exception of those who are known as the Orange body, but they are few. The Catholics and Protestants, in all religious, social and philanthropic movements, are most peacefully united, and I am happy to see that our leading Catholics show anxiety to promote that happy concord. I don't think the Home Rule question will affect these relations in any way. The great majority of our Protestant citizens have as keen a sympathy with justice to Ireland as any of our Catholic citizens. The Irish-Australian natives," the Cardinal added, "are as enthusiastic as the most ardent lovers of Ireland that have come direct from the home country. A great many of them are well instructed regarding the past history of the country. They know the wrongs that Ireland has suffered, and they rejoice that at the present day there is such public sympathy throughout Great Britain with the efforts to redress those wrongs."

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS AND ANTI-CATHOLIC MOVEMENTS.

At this point there was a pause in the conversation. His Eminence looked at me with an encouraging smile. "There are other matters upon which you wish to talk?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "I do not know whether I should ask you for an explanation of the charges made in some

quarters that the priests exercise an undue influence over the politics of the country."

"The clergy as individuals have their rights just as any other individual in this free country," the Cardinal answered, "and they are equally entitled to follow their conscientious convictions— but without exercising any undue influence in regard to others. As regards myself, personally I take no part in politics. Neither the Free Traders nor the Protectionists have ever as yet been able to discover whether I am a Free Trader or a Protectionist, and," he added, smiling, "it will be some time before they make that discovery. A great number of Catholics are Free Traders. Some of the leading Free Traders in Sydney are Catholics. On the other hand, very many other Catholics, and some of them leading men in the political party, are Protectionists. They are all my friends."

I referred to the anti-Popish plots which have lately been attracting attention in America, and the Cardinal said: "We have quite a different class of people here from those who wage war against the Church in the United States. The United States for many years received not only very many excellent citizens, but, against the country's will, a great deal of the social scum of Europe. When the various revolutions were put down, in 1848 and 1849, the enemies of all society and of all religions made their way in thousands to the United States. And ever since the scum of society in Italy, France, in Belgium, and in Germany, not to say Great Britain, have endeavored to plot against the Church in remote parts of America. It is fully verified in them what one of the old writers says: 'You may change your sky, but your principles and your dishonesty will remain the same.' But here in Australia we have the advantage. We are too far away from the home countries for many such men to find their way hither, and we have a strong Government to deal with our scoundrels. I am glad to say that our Catholics dissociate themselves entirely from such men. For instance, a few years ago, during the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, efforts were made to get up some anti-social demonstration in Sydney, but it proved a complete fiasco. They mustered all their strength at a public meeting, and I heard subsequently from one of the leading representatives of the Crown in Sydney that not a Catholic Irishman was to be found at that meeting."

RELIGION IN AUSTRALIA.

"Of religious sentiment in Australia, what," I asked, "is the opinion of your Eminence?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied, "in the Protestant Church, with its various denominations, there is a general feeling of indifference. Some leading Protestants, holding responsible places of trust in their respective churches, in conversation with myself, showed that they had no sympathy whatever with the distinct doctrines of the Anglican Constitution—for instance, with the Divinity of Our Blessed Lord. They are merely Protestants, which is a very convenient name for designating a fashionable style of religion, but beyond the name, a great many of them have very little knowledge of Protestantism and little sympathy with its teaching. That indifference has made no headway whatever in the Catholic body."

"In an interview with the Primate," I referred to the system of education which you have established, and he thought that the people might be taken as an explanation of the material advancement of the Catholic Church."

The Cardinal smiled. "Well, no spiritual pressure is brought to bear on the people," he said. "The advancement is due to their own union with their pastors, and their own desire to promote religion and the various duties of charity and education which are linked with religion. I would consider that the sufferings of the Catholics for the faith in Australia in the first fifty years of the colony has had a great deal to do with their present marvellous spirit of religion and sacrifice in upholding every interest of religion. In these fifty years to which I have referred the priests were true martyrs and confessors of the faith, and many a leading Protestant still living has spoken to me in admiration of the devotedness shown by them in ministering to their flocks, in spite of the difficulties which then hindered the ministry. The Catholic feeling of the people could not but correspond to that heroism and devotedness on the part of the clergy, and hence, with the clergy and their flocks truly united, we look with confidence to the future."—J. Tighe Ryan, in Melbourne Advocate.

"Why is he so Irritable?"

This question is often heard and nearly as often unanswered.

It is not always remembered, as it should be, that the occasion of ill-temper and irritability is often to be found in the physical condition of the persons affected. What is the use of trying to "harmonize" a man whose liver has gone back on him? If a man is tortured with rheumatism, how can he be expected to be affable and agreeable? Can a confirmed dyspepsia be expected to be cheerful and always ready to tell a funny story? The only way to remove the difficulty is to get at the cause. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, impure blood and liver troubles yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla; this is why it is an effective tranquilizer, a powerful messenger, and a preventive of domestic quarrels.

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FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

A Plea for the Use of Nature's Products Exclusively—The Privilege of Supplying Flowers for this Purpose.

Kind reader, permit me one-sided chat on altar decorations.

The late Mother Angela, Superior of the academy at Notre Dame, Ind., would not allow artificial on any altar at St. Mary's and forbade, I was told, their use to the Sisters of the Order. Hence, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in their academies, asylums, hospitals, and where they conduct parochial schools—the Sisters of Holy Cross having the care of altars—never is there seen a paper or cloth imitation of nature, or any of those flat-backed, stiff, puritanical-looking bouquets, oftentimes a caricature of flowers, but always the decorations, if any—and I never saw them absent—are from nature's furnishing. Sometimes, simply weeds; yes, literally weeds of pretty foliage would find their steps well submerged in water contained in a nice vase, and despised by many, were yet allowed to droop as lovingly as rare exotics about the tabernacle.

In way of Utah, at an altitude much nearer the blue heavens than Toledo, where these Sisters have a prosperous school in Park City, and care for the church of that silver mining camp, the sides of the Rockies abound in most exquisite wild flowers. The column of our garden is there in the greatest luxuriance, from deepest coloring to the tints of purple, red, yellow and of snowy white; the scarlet squaw pink is all abaze everywhere, and countless other flowers and vines, such as we never see this side of the Mississippi. The miners, grimy externally, but with great big royal hearts, pluck them on returning from work, thus saving many from being crushed by their enormous and heavily-nailed shoes.

As the one lady boarder, I used to receive enough to decorate a dozen altars, with an abundance left over. Never was there a dearth of flowers in this church. The children were trained to bring floral offerings. At one place, attending Mass, I remarked that daily a lady would come in a few moments before service began, and festoon the tabernacle with morning glories, which in their silence looked sensitively conscious of the great privilege of being thus closely present during the descent of their Creator upon the altar. It inspired devotion to gaze upon them.

Golden rod may be thus utilized, and coarse brown cat-tails intermingled with ferns, stalks of golden wheat, the sweet briar shrub, and even small branches of various trees and bushes, whole bushes of the wild rose in full blossom, the ox-eyed daisies both white and yellow, ferns growing in the tin fruit cans, daintily disguised with coverings of tinted paper fluted and fluffed. These ferns seem fond of unclogging their feathery beauty in the shady cool of the sanctuary, so like in "Cathedral shadow" to their forest home; nor do they disdain to allow a few bright cut flowers to find resting place for their stems in the moist soil, given them in which to grow.

How is it then, in the season of summer particularly, some churches are left so barren of flowers, since neither quantity nor quality is requisite? Two or three of the most indifferent of blooms, as the red clover and the white clover, with their acceptable fragrance, bunched together with various grasses, which are often found even on the streets of a city, have given a halo as it were, being such a humble token of reverence; when a studied design (and high priced) from the hands of a florist but prices the sense of sight.

At most homes a few flowers at least are cultivated, and two or three furnished by each family of a congregation would be ample for altar decorations. One mother allowing her daughter a certain amount of money weekly with which to buy flowers for personal decoration, suggested to her that a few of the prettiest should go to the Blessed Sacrament. Communicating this idea to several companions whose mothers were equally indulgent, twice a week thereafter was placed a fresh bouquet on the altar—loves offering from the five young maidens to their hidden Lord.

In St. Francis de Sales' church since June 1, at each Friday and Wednesday evenings' devotion, a rather sad-faced woman, accompanied by a fragile child, are always present, the little one bringing flowers, closely clasped in her enaciated hand—sometimes but a very few, at others a nice bouquet. The congregation having retired she takes her offering to the feet of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I think that child from my heart for the edification thus communicated.

It shall be my pleasure, so soon as time shall permit, to visit the Immaculate Conception church in Toledo, and enjoy with its enterprising parishioners what the loving and reverent hands of the Tabernacle Society have provided. I feel grateful with them that Rev. T. P. McCarthy established such a means for cultivating what is best in our natures, in addition to thus sweetly showing honor to our Divine Lord. All privileged to work within the sanctuary—religious or laity—so near to the hidden presence of a God of love, charity and gentleness, must become more refined and cultured thereby. Even the crude, uneducated fisherman coming in contact with the God-man of perfect refinement and culture, during those three years of his public ministry, must certainly have grown less uncouth, less rude, and abrupt of speech and manner, until at length in tender regard for the feel-

ings of all, likely were painstaking not to wound by slightest word even the lumbeist and most despised. Adopting their Master's motto in practice: "A mild answer turneth away wrath." MARY E. SMALLEY. Toledo, O., June 19, 1894.

"WHITTLING DOWN."

So-Called "Liberal" Catholics Who Minimize Church Teachings.

We told in this column some time ago, about the young woman who wished it understood, when she was away from home, that though she was a Catholic, she was a "liberal Catholic." This turned out to be a very poor policy, and her companion, who stood manfully by her guns and made no bones about being a Catholic, gained the liking and respect of the household sooner and in a greater degree than she did.

There are other Catholics who make a mistake very much like this. They do not say that they themselves are liberal Catholics, but they devote themselves to trying to show how very "liberal" the Church is.

For this purpose they "whittle down" the doctrines and discipline of the Church, trying to make out that Catholics are "not so very different from other people, you know," or that, "after all, when you come down to bottom principles, we're all pretty much alike."

Such persons do this from a very good motive. They are anxious to see outsiders favorably impressed with the Church, so that they may perhaps be converted, and they wish to make the path smooth and easy and to do away with all unpleasant and unfavorable ideas about the Church. This is, we repeat, a good motive, but it is a mistake all the same.

A somewhat noted convert to the Church has just written an article in which he says that Protestants are not kept out of the Church by the Church's demand that they shall believe a great deal and make a "big act of faith." What Protestants really want, he says, is to be shown why they should be Catholics, and if convinced that they ought to believe what the Church teaches, they will believe in all without trouble.

So it is plain that in such cases the "whittling down" is needless and a mistake.

Usually, however, the Catholic who "whittles down" does it from fear of displeasing somebody, or in order to prove that he is "enlightened" and too wide-awake to believe what the outsider thinks to be old fashioned or superstitious. He will try to show that a Catholic can be an out-and-out evolutionist, believing all that the extreme evolutionists teach about the origin of man; theories which evolutionists themselves admit have not been proved at all, and which are advanced for the simple purpose of destroying belief in a God.

He tells his friends that "mixed marriages are all right; the Church doesn't really forbid them." He sometimes eats meat on Friday and says: "The Church is always reasonable, you know." He shows that the doctrine, "out of the Church, no salvation," really means nothing at all, because if you're a sincere Protestant you're just as well off as if you were in the Church. And so he goes on, whittling down, paring off, explaining away, till you would suppose that our divine Saviour suffered and died and founded His Church merely for the sake of telling men that they might belong to it or not, and that its teachings do not mean what they say, but something altogether different. This is something that they have no right to do, and it is very poor policy also. Tell the whole truth about our religion, without fear or favor, and outsiders will respect you more and think far more of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

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MATRIMONY.

The worthy and regular reception of the sacraments during life, brethren, is our surest guarantee of saving souls in the end. They are the special means of keeping us in close union with God; they satisfy every want of the soul, and, unless we put an obstacle in the way, they will infallibly work out for our sanctification.

What you are to hear to-day, brethren, is intended for all—for those who are already married, as well as for those who are not; for without doubt there is not one of the sacraments about which people give evidence of so little knowledge as about this, and I think you will agree with me when I say there is none other which is open to so many abuses, so much irreverence, so little respect. And there is a reason evident enough for this. Do what we may, there is no denying the fact that we live in a Protestant atmosphere, and that our outward conduct is more or less influenced by the tone of those about us.

Thank God! no one calling himself a Catholic holds any such notions of this holy and Christian state. But still there is the danger of our giving countenance to it in others, or making the plea for them that they know not what they do, since they have been brought up to believe that way.

The Catholic Church has always and by every means in her power, both civil and religious, upheld the sanctity of marriage. She has fought its battle against those in high places, and sooner than defile this holy state, sooner than violate the strict command, What God hath joined let no man put asunder, she has seen whole nations torn from her already bleeding bosom.

In such a spirit, brethren, must we love and venerate this great sacrament, and therefore I have a word of warning for all. And first for those who are still unmarried. There is undoubtedly among our young people too much levity, too little reverence exhibited whenever there is question of this sacrament.

When you think of getting married, let this be your first resolution: I am going to do whatever the laws of God and of the Church require or advise: I must see the priest beforehand and make any arrangements necessary; I must prepare for this sacrament by a good confession and a worthy Communion; I am going to be married as a Catholic, with a Nuptial Mass, not in the darkness of night, as if I were ashamed or afraid of what I am doing.

Never were nuns more useful than now: to the egotism of wealth they oppose the economies of ideal communism; going to and from amid the luxuries of our Vanity Fair they are missionaries of cordiality and self-denial. They are witnesses to the value of that free obedience which lies at the base of social order.

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My child has been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years. Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes a cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure.

DAN.

A Story For Boys.

By MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

Viola sat down on a big stone at the roadside and pulled the boy down beside her. "Now, Dan," she said, "I know all about that money. I was waiting at the post-office, and Jake came in. I thought his face looked brighter than I had seen it before—though, to be sure, I've only seen the boy two or three times, and have never spoken to him at all; but he always looks heavy and dull, I think; well, he came in quite cheerfully, and as he stood near me I spoke to him. He talked freely enough about himself, and finally told me that he was going to the Fair 'on a ticket Injun Dan had giv' him.' From what he said I concluded that you had made him willing to accept your money by pretending you couldn't go, or didn't want to, or some other well-meant but naughty story concocted to hide your real intention. Now, Dan, look at me!"

"You do want to go to that Fair, and you are a disappointed boy because you can't go; but you would rather let that poor boy have the good time than have it yourself. Dan, you are—"

She put two bright twenty-five cent pieces into the hand of the blushing, astonished little boy, and then gave him another hug, while he looked at her through two large shining tears which gratitude sent straight up from his heart, and said earnestly:

"Miss Viola, I do believe you are really an angel, an' I don't see how the dear God can spare you out of the sky, I don't. But so long's you're here, I just do hope an' pray, He'll keep on sparin' you, so I do."

What a perfect day dawned for the opening of the Fair at last! How the sunbeams rioted and danced and beamed everywhere, and how the breezes freighted themselves with the sweetest of odors as they flew hither and thither over fields and through lanes, now frolicking high up amongst the tree-tops, and now rustling through the grasses at the roadside, and setting the low bushes to nodding! All the fragrance of the past summer seemed to have come back on purpose to grace and make perfect this one fall day, when the Fair grounds were thrown open to the crowds from every direction.

Dan, cleanly dressed, and kissing his busy mother good-bye, said: "I don't know how it is, mammy, but it sorter feels 's if somethin' good was a goin' to happen to us to-day. I kind of feel it in the air, an' somehow it seems 's if I'm dreadful happy to-day! I'd be happier, oh, a lot happier, if you'd be long too, dear mammy, an' I'd work real hard to make up the money for you. I wish you'd go 'stead of me; I've been coaxin' you to, so long, an' Miss Viola she'd jes' 's soon you had the money as for me to use it."

"Oh, nonsense, Dan!" replied his mother, holding his curly head upon her breast with gratitude in her heart for such a dear little son. "Nonsense, lad, you know I wouldn't give a fig to go; I've got better work on hand than that; off with you, now, and do take care of yourself, darlin'."

Well, everybody knows what a country fair is, and it would be only waste of time and space to attempt to tell of all the sights connected with this special exhibition. The usual display of huge vegetables greeted the eyes of the crowd, and the usual array of fruit, "not to be handled," made mouths water. All kinds of things of all kinds of styles were there for inspection, from the daintiest of needle-work to the fattest of white pigs.

There was a sale of horses going on near him, and Dan drew nearer the gentleman who was examining a noble horse offered by the horse dealer for what seemed to Dan a whole mine full of money, but which the dealer declared to be "a mere song for such a fine specimen of horse-flesh." The gentleman who wanted to buy had a kind, pleasant face, and seemed inclined to make the purchase.

As Dan approached he was saying to the dealer, "I like the looks of this animal very much, and think I shall take him, but will be better satisfied after I have seen him ridden. I would ride him myself, but, unfortunately, I have been a victim of rheumatism recently, and do not feel like this kind of exercise just now."

"All right, sir," replied the man. "I'll find a boy about here to ride him for ye. It's my opinion this ere critter'll surprise ye some fine day. He ain't never been raced, but he kin go as well as the next horse, an' only needs a bit of trainin', sir, to make himself famous."

Dan had heard enough to make his eyes glisten and his hair to stand on end with excitement. Should he lose such a chance for one real, good ride on horseback, when he had longed for such a pleasure so many times; not he! In an instant he stepped before the men. "Oh, sir, please, mister, please let me ride for you! I can do it, oh, I can, if you'd only jus' give me a try, sir."

He turned from the gentleman to the dealer rapidly as he spoke, addressing them both, and fairly wriggling with anxiety lest he should be driven off. The gentleman noted the eager eyes and honest little face, and smiled at Dan. The dealer glanced only carelessly at the boy, and said, "A pretty chap you are to ride this animal! A mite like you! Why, this ere hoss'd fling ye before ye could say Jack Robinson. Oh, I'll find a boy in a mimit, sir," turning to the would-be purchaser.

But Dan pressed forward and caught the bridle in his hand, saying eagerly again, "Only jus' let me have the try, sir, please. I can ride him. I've ridden before when I was littler'n I am now, an' I know how to stick on, 'deed I do, mister. Please try me jus' once."

"Hold on, Brown!" said the gentleman as the dealer, took Dan's hand from the bridle. "There's a sort of pluck about the little chap, and I've a notion to try him. I only want to see the pace of the horse, anyhow, and I guess he can show that. At any rate, I'll give him the pleasure of a 'try.'"

Dan laughed happily, and sprang lightly to the horse's back, where he sat erect as a little prince, despite his shabby attire.

"Well, if he's thrown an' a kilt outright," said the dealer, shrugging his shoulders, "twon't be none of my fault, mind that, now."

"I ain't a goin' to be flung," cried Dan, gathering up the reins, and feeling so happy he didn't know whether to sing, laugh, or cry. "Now, then, sir," to the gentleman, "shall I trot him or walk him, or what? Won't you let me run him, sir?"

"Go ahead, boy, the race track is clear, and you'll have a good chance to see what you can do."

The popular preacher of Paris is Father Didon. His "Life of Christ" given to the public some three years ago produced a sensation. Catholic booksellers pronounced it the best life of Christ that has ever appeared on their shelves. The announcement that another volume from the same author was in the hands of the publishers created eager expectation. This volume has now appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. It contains eight discourses on the "Belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ." These discourses were delivered at the Madeleine, and excited an interest somewhat similar to that of the famous "Conferences" of Lacordaire. A Protestant paper, the *Advances*, contains the following review:

"Didon is not the equal of Lacordaire. He falls short of the splendid eloquence which made Lacordaire the idol of the students of Paris. The argument, too, lacks the continuity and integrity so necessary in these days of destructive criticism. But the discourses are marked by a frankness and inspiration which make them both delightful and helpful. Now and then there is a flash of fine sarcasm, as for example when he says, 'I leave on one side those philosophers who cannot live outside the four walls of an institution.' But their principle feature is the overwhelming earnestness which pours itself out in a tide of abundant expression. The abounding skepticism of the French people has not stirred antagonism, but appeals to his compassion as one who would save them from their blindness and lead them to the liberty and security of the gospel. 'Formerly, when I was young,' he says, 'and when I felt my claws growing, I was taught to use them in order to get rid of indifference of opinion, and now I have to moderate the ardor of opinions and susceptibilities.'"

are precisely those two countries where the belief in Jesus Christ declares its vitality by its most vigorous expansion. It is notorious that in England, a country of great individual autonomy and much public liberty, the Catholic faith, faith in Jesus Christ, is extending and developing. In the United States this phenomenon is still more manifest and astonishing. That classic land of individual independence where men are free as trees in the virgin forest is the land of exuberant expansion. So when I chance to meet with American Bishops and missionaries I seem to see a new world where faith is living, where barriers are removed, and I feel as it were intoxicated with a new independence."

Can it be that the shrewd old Pontiff has also recognized this fact, namely, that liberty is better than authority even for the expansion of the Catholic religion, and that for this reason he stands so staunchly with the French Republic?

The most eloquent discourse of the volume is that on the Seven Words on the Cross. The passage on the word *sito*, I thirst, is specially fine. "The thirst of Jesus," he says, "has a deep sense. He not only expressed the horrible sufferings of the crucified, but also the inner thirst of His soul, His ardent desires, His burning love, and this thirst was never more vehement, and more devouring still than the other. It is difficult to understand it in this languid age in which it seems the height of wisdom to extinguish all desire—in this time wherein skepticism has weakened so many minds and the vehemence of earthly appetites has extinguished higher aspirations. At the hour when Jesus pronounced this word nothing that He desired existed and all that existed was against him: the multitude angry and disappointed, His disciples terrified and scattered, the Jewish authorities triumphant, convinced that they had made an end to this dangerous man, this blasphemer and revolutionist; they were happy and satisfied, persuaded that the drama of Calvary would have no morrow, and that He who hung there would die of His thirst. Far from dying He has conquered, and we live by His thirst, for it has excited in us the holy power of progress and has given to us the power to dream, to desire and to be ambitious of all."

Of Christ's sorrow, he says: "Sorrow is a great teacher; we could do nothing without sorrow; without it a work always wants the final seal. The poet who has never suffered can never draw from his lyre the most moving, the most sublime strains. The philosopher who has not suffered, who has not constructed a system from his poor ideas, who talks of pessimism after having lived a tranquil and joyous life of idealism, after having lived, like other men, in the realities of sense, who talks of positivism after having gaily suppressed all higher forces: such beings, whoever they are, if sorrow has not touched them, remain ineffectual; they want the power of persuasion and ascendancy, they lack dignity and majesty."

Food for Thought.

There is, unfortunately, too much reason for the complaint of the editor of the *Catholic Union* and *Times* against the modern tendency which permits the piano to usurp the place of the book-shelf in the home. "Twenty five to fifty years ago," remarks Dr. Cronin, "the chief ornament of every comfortable home was a collection of books. The classics, the chief poems, the standard histories and the best essays were there, and the owner of them read them and loved them. He trained up his children to handle them with care and to prize them as he did. To-day the piano has taken the place of the library as the sign of the home refinement."

This pity, but 'tis true. It is deplorable that the idea of culture should be confounded with the idea of accomplishments. Culture comes of knowledge, not accomplishments; and it is not too "transcendental" to say that parents neglect one of the best means of forming good Catholics when they neglect to inspire their children with respect for culture and with a love for good books. He who teaches a child to make friends of books bestows a priceless treasure on him. If our boys had such a fondness for reading as would keep them off the streets and away from the saloon and pool-room, there would be burdens lifted from the shoulders of overworked priests, and the anxieties that haunt and harass parents would be in a large measure dispelled. — Ave Maria.

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ORANGEMEN PRAY FOR THE POPE. WHAT NEXT?

The following remarkable scene took place within the past few months at a meeting of a Grand Orange Lodge in New South Wales. When Orangemen take to praying for the Pope, we may well ask—what next? At the annual 12th of July celebration held by the Royal Orange Institution of New South Wales in the town hall, Sydney, on Sunday afternoon, Mr. J. C. Neild, R. W. G. M., the chairman, used the following words: "In our devotions this afternoon you will, I trust, bear in respectful recollection the distinguished head of one of the great divisions of the Christian Church, who is now, cable messages inform us, lying on a bed of sickness, and nearing the momentous change that awaits every member of the human family. Though there be wide divergences upon many questions between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, we all worship the same God; we alike revere the same Saviour, and we unitedly hope for the same blessed hereafter, and actuated by a community of human feeling, we may join in lamenting the sufferings and expected death of a Pope who has evinced, perhaps, a greater liberality and a more ready willingness to accept and comply with the enlightenment of the age than any of his predecessors. And we may well unite with our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church in praying that it may please God that the physical sufferings of His Holiness may be taken, and that his going hence may be brightened by the light of grace."

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The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. SPECIALTIES: High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener Lager of world-wide reputation. E. O'KEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Pres. Vice-Pres. Sec.-Treas.

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Dear Canada! No rose that decks Italian soil, French vine, or British lea, Can any Canadian beat my zeal, My own dear land for me!

Let Southern folk their bright climates toast, Where balmy seasons roll, We of the North our better boast, Our sunshine of the soul!

It fires the soul to think, some day Our Canada shall stand, A forceful spirit bravely gay, Among the Nations grand!

Dear Motherland, wisely and well, While lasts my duty of the League, I'll love and pride to tell, Thy worth from day to day

May I thee love, and pride to tell, Thy worth from day to day, This may I leave, the League draws near, A Patriot's best bequest— The memory of a just career,

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD, Toronto, Ont., Oct. 7, 1894. The last regular meeting of the above mentioned court was attended on Thursday last.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. Fletcher and family, spread on the minutes of this court, and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and Catholic Register.

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for a number of years. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. M. McGrath, of Sandwich, uncle of the groom; assisted by Rev. Fathers Foster of Parkhill and McCormack of London.

Notes by the way of Halifax. To go or not to go, that is the question. Whether it is cooler to stop in Ontario or to take the train to the States.

And visions of sound and helpful slumber so haunted me that I packed up my traps, determined to leave heat and sleeplessness behind me.

We took steamer at Boston, and after a run of about twenty-two hours arrived in Halifax. The view of the city as we came up the magnificent harbor—and we do not blame Halifaxians for being proud of it—was singularly impressive.

We saw them fleeing before the soldiers, and Chicago, pulsing with life, went its round of pleasure and business, thinking little of the noisome tenements, the homes of the defeated and starving strikers.

And so we rejoiced that here employers and employees arranged their differences on a just and equitable basis. The workman complains but only of one thing—scarcity of work.

Perchance the fact that it is a garrison town may account for the lack of dash and push so noticeable in other cities, but Halifaxians are noted as plodders, and are well satisfied their city should grow solidly if not rapidly.

Catholics have many handsome structures, such as the Monastery of the Good Shepherd, the Orphanage and an ecclesiastical seminary now in course of erection.

The Archbishop—Dr. O'Brien—is too well known to Canadians, to need any description in this rambling letter. We have not the pleasure of knowing him personally, and upon mentioning the fact to our guide, he assured us that His Grace would receive us with the greatest pleasure.

He is earnest and vigilant and absolutely fearless in defending the rights of his flock. He is a hard hitter, they say, in controversy, but his fair, straightforward utterances, and his abhorrence of all pettiness and subterfuge, claim the respect of even those who are most opposed to him.

He is satisfied that she is on the highway of civilization, exulting in the strength of a young and vigorous nationhood, and confident that the coming years will eliminate the crudeness and defects natural to an epoch of transition and bring out her latent strength.

It is rather an optimistic view, but though our country should have defects we should never think so. When you go to Halifax, Mr. Editor, do not fail to see St. Mary's Presbytery. It is, beyond all question, the finest residential structure in the city, and in point of architecture, and commodiousness is superior to any priest's residence we have yet seen.

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that the climate has affected our imagination, but be assured that we speak of what we saw. We spent a very enjoyable hour with the rector, Rev. Dr. Murphy—who we had the pleasure of meeting at the last C. M. B. A. Convention, in inspecting the valuable paintings and copies of old masters and quaint and curious books and rare specimens of old time wood-carving that beautify and enrich the interiors of the Presbytery.

OLD PREJUDICES. One of the hopeful signs of the times is that history is steadily and rapidly becoming less of "a conspiracy against truth."

The new art was disseminated throughout Europe with astonishing rapidity and inexpressible religious enthusiasm; not, be it observed, as a commercial speculation or for the sake of material advantages, as the telephone or the typewriter in our own days, but rather as a religious work and a means of propagating Catholic truth.

London, Oct. 11.—Wheat remained steady, at 85 to 90 c per bushel. Oats 75 to 80 c per bushel. Beef was dull, at 14 to 15 c per lb. Lamb was quiet, at 12 to 13 c per lb.

Latest News from Ireland. The country is anxiously awaiting Lord Rosebery's declaration in regard to the policy which the Ministry intends to pursue during the coming session of Parliament.

Latest Live Stock Markets. Toronto, Oct. 11.—Export Cattle.—To-day the bulk of the offerings sold around 35 to 36 c per lb.

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the cabinet council has been called for to-morrow, and the members of the Ministry who are absent from the city have been hurriedly summoned to return.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL. An interesting chat with the Rev. W. J. Chapin.—In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdone His Health Account—How He Met the Crisis and Returned to His Duties With Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Ill., Journal. In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow-white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten.

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Month's Mind. On Wednesday last the Month's Mind for the late Hon. C. F. Fraser was celebrated at St. Francis Xavier's, Brockville. The Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier presided in the sanctuary, and the solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Collins, curate, St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston.

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