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VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894.

NO. 803.

ANGLICAN CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.—Sir—Your issue of the 17th of February contained a letter of a certain Dr. Baum as an answer to Mr. Pope's essay on "Anglican Claims in the Light of History." Dr. Baum quotes no authority for his statements and says he admits no authority in history except the Acts of the Council of Whitby. Now what does he mean by Church of England? The Anglican Church of the last three hundred years? or the Church that dates back to Pentecost Day, A. D. 33? If the former, then, how can the Acts of that Church be an authority for the Acts of the Council of Whitby, A. D. 664? The Theodore-Willford case, A. D. 680? If the latter, then Dr. Baum must admit such authority as the writings of the Venerable Bede, and the authentic documents of other contemporary writers. The great historian Gibbon says: "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." No doubt this is the reason why modern historians are so fond of shallowness in historical knowledge. Now as to Dr. Baum's statements concerning the COUNCIL OF WHITBY, A. D. 664.

This council was held at the monastery of Strenneshalch, of which St. Hilda was abbess. There were present the King Oswin and his son, Bishop Coleman and his Scotch clergy, the Abbess Hilda and her party, who all sided with the Scotch, Bishop Codd, Bishop Agilbertus with his priests Agatho and Wilfrid, also James, Roman, etc. Bede, the historian of this council, says:

"The king in his opening address said that all who serve the one God should serve Him in one and the same manner and not differ in the celebration of the heavenly feasts, since all expect one and the same kingdom in heaven. All should inquire which is the true tradition, and this should be adopted by all. He first asked his Bishop Coleman to explain his rite and trace its origin. Coleman said that he received his rite from his predecessors, who had received it from the Apostle St. John, and it should not be despised, for St. John is said to have introduced it into all his churches. After Coleman had said this and similar things, the king asked Bishop Agilbertus to explain his rite. But Agilbertus said that he would prefer to let Wilfrid speak in his stead, who then spoke thus: 'Easter, as we celebrate it, we say, is celebrated at Rome where the Apostles Peter and Paul lived, taught, died and are buried; we saw it also celebrated in Italy and France; it is thus celebrated in Africa, Asia, Egypt, Greece, in the whole world wherever the Church of Christ is diffused. Only those Poles and Scots that live near the extremities of these islands have a different celebration. St. John observed the Jewish rite of celebrating Easter on account of the many Jewish converts belonging to his churches. St. Paul also conformed to the Jewish rite for the same reasons. And in later years we know of many holy men who celebrated Easter according to the Jewish rite. But I am sure had anyone taught those holy men the more correct tradition they would have followed it. But you, Coleman, and your companions if you despise these decrees of the Apostolic chair (sedes Apostolica) and consequently of the universal Church, you, no doubt, do wrong. For the practice of an insignificant party is surely not to be preferred to the practice of the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter, to whom the Lord said: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I shall give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' Then the king said to Coleman: 'Did our Lord really say this?' 'Yes,' answered Coleman. 'Do you then all acknowledge that this was said to Peter and that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were given to him by our Lord?' All answered, 'Yes.' 'Then I say to you that I do not wish to be at variance with such a janitor, but I wish to obey his statutes so that when I arrive at the gates of heaven he will open them for me.'

"While the king was yet speaking, those present showed themselves in favor of his opinion and speedily adopted the more exact celebration of Easter. 'Hec dicente rege, faverunt adstantes quibus sive abstantes, majores una cum modicioribus, ad abdica minus perfecta institutio, ad ea qua meliora cognoverunt, sese transferre festinant.' The Council was then brought to a close and Agilbertus returned home, Coleman, seeing that his opinion was not accepted, returned to Scotland and took with him those who refused to accept the Catholic Easter and tansure, to further deliberate with him on this subject.—(Bede, Historia Ecclesiastica, lib. iii., cap. 25, 26.)"

The reader can now easily see how much there is in Dr. Baum's conclusion concerning the Council of Whitby which was as follows: "Now, Mr. Pope was the king, or the Bishops and the clergy of the Church? And if the latter, did they accept the customs of Rome or repudiate them?" Bede, who may be called an eye-witness, says that all were on the king's side and accepted the customs of Rome, except Coleman and

his clergy. Even Coleman, although discontented with the result of the council, intended to deliberate more fully on this question with his clergy after his arrival in Scotland. Bede also says that King Oswin was educated and baptized by the Scotch, spoke their language fluently and had a high opinion of all their teachings and practices. Would that the English of to day possessed as much sound, Christian logic as King Oswin displayed at the Council of Whitby! R. TO BE CONTINUED.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Ultramontanism, according to many writers, is an exaggerated Catholicism which they hold originates and is cultivated on the Roman side of the European Alps. To our mind there is no such ultramontanism. We dislike the term. If admitted at all, it can only be received as expressing the Catholic religion pure and simple. This religion is the same on both sides of the European Alps: Non alia Roma et alia Athenis. It is a powerful civilization. When the Empire of Rome fell to pieces, it gathered up the fragments, and mingling them with the barbarous nations of Northern Europe, established that civilization which Europe has enjoyed for so many centuries. The admirable organization of the Christian Church, serving as a pattern, the discomfited Romans and their barbarian conquerors formed their civil polity which has been so enduring—their parliaments of kings, barons and commons. Nor was this all. The persuasive teachings of religion softened and refined manners, elevated, and with its high sanction, strengthened morality. War, even, was mitigated and its evil diminished by the all-pervading influence of that new power, the religion of the cross, and there arose ages of chivalry. This was not yet Christian love; but, it was an approach to it. High sentiment was the order of the day—honor the watchword. Only who was noble became a knight of the chivalrous days. Chivalry is not much considered in these utilitarian times. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that it was a powerful element in the civilization of Europe; and that the nations owed to it a degree of glory that was quite unknown to Greece and Rome.

The civilization originating in Religion could not only glory in its chivalry, but could also claim the noble characteristic of humanity. Its enormous humane associations and its institutions for preventing cruelty everywhere meet with acceptance and encouragement, while no such cruel games as the gladiatorial shows of wild beasts, and the tearing to pieces of human beings by those ferocious animals meet with any countenance. The relief of human misery is everywhere aimed at as if it cannot be done away with, it is generally alleviated. For this purpose hospitals have been established throughout Europe. The loving care bestowed in these hospitals on the sick and suffering is beyond all praise. Modern civilization labors to do away with religious character, it banishes from them the good kind sisters of charity who minister so successfully to the suffering patients, and replaces them by hired nurses, as if money could buy that self-denial and kindly care which religion inspires. In vain have the physicians remonstrated against this barbarity. Modern civilization demands it. But the learned doctors who appreciate the labors of the devoted sisters may yet be able to cause the ancient system to be restored. The "Hotel Dieu," of Paris, may well be called an international hospital, as it receives patients of every nationality, and treats them all alike without distinction of creed, politics or country. It can hardly be thought that this wise and liberal management will be continued now that the institution has been secularized according to the ideas of modern civilization.

Under the civilization which arose with religion, education was powerfully promoted. Schools were established everywhere; and there was no monastery without its school. Whole orders devoted themselves to the cause of education: an universities were planted in every nation by the direct agency of the church. All this must be done away with says modern civilization. It is not to be tolerated, it pretends, that in this advanced age, youth should be taught to mumble prayers and invoke the Christian's God, now that even the "Supreme Being" has been discarded and reason only held in honour. Accordingly, reason, as understood, demands that no religion be taught in any school, and that schools shall be abolished wherein the name of God is mentioned with respect.

There is a greater proneness to evil under the new civilization, if we may judge by the frequency of great crimes—treacherous murders, murder and destruction of property by dynamite. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering that the high sanction, which religion gives to morality has been removed and youth are brought

up without any fear of law, human or Divine. The spread of secret societies, all of which tend to the overthrow of social order—nihilists, socialists, anarchists—all these are bound by a secret oath, and all claim the right to inflict death on members who offend them.

All the secret societies, the Freemason's is the only one that has won any measure of respect. There are varieties of it. It differs according to the countries in which it prevails. In France it is atheistic; in England, on the contrary, it acknowledges belief in God and reverences the holy Scriptures. This fact became manifest when the Prince of Wales succeeded Lord Ripon as grand master in England. On that occasion the French Freemason advanced to the English and invited them to fraternize with those of France. The Prince declined on the ground that the British Freemasons could not associate with infidels. Instances could be referred to in which the former, in conformity with their belief, helped to build up the broken altar. Notwithstanding all this the fact cannot be got over that they are a secret society, the chief lodge directing the action of the less initiated, and thus exercising power greater than that of the most despotic monarch. Such power, governments cannot but consider as an imperium in imperio which it is impossible for them to recognize.—Rev. Dr. Dawson in the Owl.

RETURNS TO ROME.

Edward Randall Knowles, LL. D., becomes Reconciled to the Church—He Abandons the "Old Catholic" Schism.

Edward Randall Knowles, LL. D., has become reconciled to the Catholic Church. It will be remembered that, some two or three years ago, Dr. Knowles was ordained a priest of the Old Catholic Church at his home in West Sutton, and that he has been a strong pillar of that movement. Quite recently the Springfield Union made the following predictions concerning his course:

"Catholic friends of Dr. Knowles persistently claim that he is disgusted with the uncertainties and variations of the Greek and Oriental orthodox communions, as well as with the vagaries of the European Old Catholics; that he has acquired a deeper conviction of the essential supremacy of the See of Peter as the corner stone of the visible Church; and that, as a married man, he will renounce all claim to the exercise of the priestly office, and settle down as a Roman Catholic, after he can obtain a settlement of the case by the Roman authorities. He will shrink, they say, from no just penance, however hard, but he will delay any action until his way is clear, and he can be sure of just treatment.

"Dr. Knowles, by education, is the peer of almost any churchman in New England, a graduate of Princeton University; his father, when mayor of Providence, firmly supported the cause of the Union against the hostile attempts of a mob; and he himself, a student, tenaciously held to the faith, under circumstances that caused intense humiliation and suffering. Although opposition and harassing circumstances could not change his profession of faith, he deliberately renounced that faith when, rightly or wrongly, he came to believe it to be his duty to follow the Orthodox cause.

"His newly-published volume of poems has caused much speculation recently the nature proper or collapse of the Old Catholic cause. Of Dr. Knowles' poems the *Prolog* has said that 'Mr. Knowles' verse is imbued with the spirit of true Catholicity. It has the simplicity and directness of the old Latin hymns.' They are poems for calm, meditative study. Neither rhyme, rhythm nor elegance of diction is marred by their intense thoughtfulness and spiritual absorption. The author has faith in the promises of God, and with perfect confidence allows his 'kindly light' to lead on. As a prominent Catholic critic has said, 'His poems are worthy of him, and give promise of great work in the future.'

"Another has said: 'His prose essays are characterized by keen suggestiveness, and show vigorous and original thought, set forth with marvellous power and marked clearness of expression. But, Orthodox or Roman, he is clearly the coming Catholic poet of the future America.'

This prediction, as to his breaking away from the "Old Catholic" schism, we are able to state, has become entirely verified. Dr. Knowles has not only refused to hold any communication with the schismatic Bishop who ordained him to the successive orders of the ministry, but positively declares his intention of resigning and accepting whatever penitential discipline Rome may hereafter enjoin as a condition of entire absolution and restoration to communion in the Catholic Church.

Dr. Knowles is a delightful companion, a warm-hearted, generous host, a brilliant conversationalist and a controversialist of no mean order. He is a fluent and forcible writer. He is zealous, earnest and sincere. Moreover, he is a man of ample means, and

he can devote his undivided attention to his chosen profession of literature. Some of his poems are marvels of spiritual intensity and absorption. They were written in the interval when doubt and uncertainty as to forms and dogmas swayed his mind.

In his "True Christian Science," which was first published as a leader in the *Watchman*, Dr. Knowles writes: "Now we behold on every side all possible forms of philosophies, systems and even pretended revelations of divine wisdom, each gaining over to its more or less deluded and infatuated crowd of exponents and devotees, each claiming to be solely and exclusively the final philosophy, the ultimate possible development of revealed religion, the *summa lux*." Yet they are all imbued with principles of utter fatuity, inconsistency and lawlessness, which logically and practically lead to the most fearful consequences in faith, disposition and practical experience.

A stronger warning against the very schism to which he afterwards became attached could not have been penned.

In consequence of Dr. Knowles' conspicuous literary success and his popularity and friendship among prominent men in the Baptist denomination, West Virginia College (Baptist) created him a doctor of laws at its last commencement.

The result which marks the collapse of the Syro-Latin schism, or, as it may be fittingly called, the "Church of Vilate," brings vividly to our recollection the concluding verse of Knowles' poem on the "Conversion of St. Paul":

Let us, obedient, heaven's light implore, And follow it, however rough our road, With patient faith, for thus alone we gain The way to truth, to life, to peace, to God. —Boston Republic.

MIRACLES FROM GOD.

Rev. J. H. McMahon's Lecture on the Lourdes Cures.

Father McMahon, of New York, lectured recently at the Catholic summer school at Plattsburg, N. Y., on "Miracles at Lourdes and Hypnotism." He said:

There is at Lourdes a fact unequalled in the history of miracles. It is found in the little chalet which is labeled during the pilgrimage as the "Bureau des Consultations," where an inquest on all reported cures is held by a number of reputable physicians who have come from distant countries to investigate the wonderful occurrences at Lourdes. At most every year from that severe jury go forth a number of cures that cannot be accounted for by any human science. It is only necessary to cite some of the most remarkable of the recent cures to disprove forever and completely the claim of infidel science that the occurrences at Lourdes are not an evidence of the supernatural, but simply cures that can be effected at any hypnotic clinic. Let me hurriedly cite some of the most remarkable of these cases.

In 1878, in the month of September, Mlle. Jeanne de Haent came to Lourdes. For twelve years she had exhausted almost the whole series of human sufferings. She had dislocation of the hip joint, permanent contraction of the muscles of the thigh, which rendered her right foot club footed, and an ulcer covering two-thirds of the external surface of the right thigh. Some days after she arrived, on Sept. 19, the physician who had tested her in the above disease declared that he examined Jeanne de Haent and had found that the lesion above mentioned had completely disappeared, a simple redness indicating the place of the ulcer. Certainly no hypnotic suggestion could account for this cure. Leaving aside the question whether hypnotic suggestion could ever restore a muscular contraction, certainly it could never heal an ulcer of so violent a nature, leaving the skin fresh and natural, with all the tissues perfectly healed and no indication save a redness.

Again, Mlle. Faure had a congenital distortion of both hips. After submitting to all the different treatments known to medical science the poor invalid resigned herself to a life of suffering. Going to Lourdes, she insisted even on helping the sick to bathe and it was only through complicity that she yielded to solicitations of friends and herself bathed in the piscina. In a few seconds, without any expression of emotion or pain, she came forth entirely cured and walked erect and firm.

More than that. In 1879 Mlle. Dubois ran a needle into the fatty part of the hand at the root of the thumb. In trying to draw it out the top portion of the needle broke off, leaving the greater part of it imbedded in the hand. Surgical operations failed to remove it, although it could be distinctly felt. She suffered interminably intense pain, and by degrees the fingers of that hand were doubled over. After seven years her sufferings continued, when during a pilgrimage to Lourdes, she plunged this hand three times into the waters of the piscina. At the first immersion, the contracted fingers opened almost entirely. At the second the needle appeared at almost its entire length under the skin at the root of the thumb, and at the

third it emerged entire from the extremity of the thumb, whence it could be easily withdrawn. The whole occupied exactly four minutes. Eight physicians made a minute examination into all the details of this miracle, and unanimously declared that it could receive no natural explanation.

Furthermore, on Aug. 20, 1880, Pierre Delanois, for six years suffering from locomotor ataxia in its most advanced stages, was cured suddenly and permanently during a procession of the Blessed Sacraments at Lourdes without the intervention of the miraculous water. He had bent down to kiss the earth, according to the command of Our Lady of Bernadotte, saying, "Notre Dame de Lourdes, cure me if you please and if you think it necessary," when suddenly he rose erect with every trace of his awful disease lost. This man had been treated by fourteen of the most distinguished physicians of Paris. He had been sixteen times in the hospitals of Paris. He had undergone all the varieties of treatment used in such cases from potassium to morphia and to deep cauterizations with red-hot iron and even the method of suspension. His sight had become obscure. He was afflicted with shooting pains. There was a lack of co-ordination in his movements. In his lower members he was partially paralyzed and utterly unable to walk without assistance when he arrived at Lourdes on August 19, 1880. On August 20 all these symptoms had disappeared, and Pierre Delanois was able to officiate as one of the most active and zealous of the branchardiers in taking care of the sick.

These are facts that have been attested by the most rigorous scientific examination—an examination that puts to shame the reckless statements made by physicians, who, in their desire to get rid of the supernatural, hesitate at nothing. They cannot be accounted for on the admission of these self-same physicians by any hypnotic suggestion, or in any natural manner. Consequently, standing before them, we have unhesitatingly to pronounce that they are miracles from the direct intervention of God in the natural world. No quibbling can escape from this conclusion: no hair-splitting, no abuse no lying, can get behind these indisputable facts. There they are for any one to investigate. These persons are still living. The physicians who attended them made out their certificates—and the highest science—represented by Catholic, Protestant and infidel physicians—has attested their complete and permanent cure.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CRUSADE.

Considered by Rev. Washington Gladstone.

The *Century Magazine*, always foremost in giving fair and intelligent discussion to live topics of interest, has a thoughtful article under the above heading by Rev. Washington Gladstone, the distinguished Congregationalist clergyman and author, in its March number.

Mr. Gladstone begins by noting the incongruity of starting such a proscription movement in the year of the Parliament of Religions, and at a time when the Papal throne is filled by "perhaps the most enlightened and most progressive Pontiff who has ever occupied the throne," and when that great man is heartily supported by the whole of the Christian world, and by public sentiment at Rome "in his championship of republican principles.

Referring to the bogus "Instructions to Catholics," distributed in the form of leaflets by the A. P. A. conspirators, Dr. Gladstone says:—"American Protestants, the graduates of our public schools, are expected to believe that Roman Catholic prelates are in the habit of talking in this way to the people of their charge. The men who forged this precious manifesto, and put the Pope's name at the head of it, and the signatures of nine of their fellow-citizens at the foot of it, seem to have had no misgiving that those to whom it was shown would laugh in their faces. And the melancholy fact is that they were justified in their confidence. The forgery has been taken seriously by tens of thousands of American voters. No man can intimate a doubt of its genuineness without being denounced as a Jesuit in disguise or an ally of the Pope. It is published week after week in scores of journals with large circulation.

There are great masses of our people to whom it does not seem improbable that the Roman Catholic Archbishops would publish such a document as this. We might have thought it an easy task to convince this multitude that these prelates were great knaves, but who could have imagined that credence would be given to a document which represents them as preposterous fools?"

The equally shameless forgery of an alleged "Papal Encyclical" calling on Catholics to rise and exterminate their Protestant fellow-citizens, and the corollary actions about consignments of arms to Catholic pastors are investigated or exposed by the writer who does not disguise his scorn of men who resort to such base means for their baser ends.

Referring to the strange apathy of many Protestant clergymen in this crisis, he says:

"The silence of the pulpit in many instances is explained by the fact that members of the Church are members of the order, and the pastor is unwilling to alienate any of his supporters. There are few churches, I suppose, in the Western cities in which members of this order are not found. But a more influential reason for this silence is a feeling which is shared by the great majority of Protestant ministers, that Roman Catholics, as such, are a very dangerous class of persons, and that any kind of opposition to them is therefore to be welcomed. The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable."

In conclusion Mr. Gladstone predicts the early and shameful demise of the dishonorable crusade:

"That the prevalence of this insanity will be brief is certain; but it may spread widely enough and last long enough to do incalculable mischief. May I not venture to call upon all intelligent Protestants, and especially upon Protestant clergymen, to consider well their responsibilities in relation to this epidemic? Can we afford, as Protestants, to approve, by our silence, such methods of warfare against Roman Catholics as this society is employing? For the honor of Protestantism, is it not high time to separate ourselves from this class of 'patriots'? In any large town, if the leading Protestant clergymen will speak out clearly, the plague will be stayed or abated."

These many words of an honorable man give but a brief synopsis of his very able and incisive paper. We commend the whole article to our readers. It will be found complete in the *March Century* issued on the first of the present month.

GLADSTONE RESIGNS.

A despatch from London dated 4th instant, said it was officially announced the previous day that the Queen had accepted the resignation of Mr. Gladstone, and that Her Majesty had summoned Lord Rosebery and offered him the post of Prime Minister in Mr. Gladstone's stead. It was further officially announced that Lord Rosebery had accepted the position.

The Radicals, who have been making such a bitter opposition to the selection of a Peer for the Premiership, are loud in their expressions of delight at the fact that Mr. Gladstone has again refused the Queen's offer of a Peerage.

The newspapers are praising the attitude in this state of Cabinet upheaval of the Irish Parliamentary Party. In this connection the *Chronicle* says that the attitude of the Irish has been both uncompromising and strictly proper, adding: "They have made it quite plain that they regard the leadership of the Liberal Party as a matter for the decision of that party alone. The Irish leaders have scrupulously declined urgent solicitations to join the Radical cause." As a matter of fact the McCarthys do not take an active part in the agitation for the leadership, as the pledges they have already received are most emphatic, and, moreover, they feel confident of the efficacy of their own voting strength.

The Labourer section of the Radicals, on the other hand, say that unless the extreme Irish demands are promptly satisfied the Parliament may co-operate with them and imperil the "Peer-led" Administration.

A. P. A. Cowboy's Round up.

From St. Joseph's Parish. A Catholic workman, a few weeks ago, in conversation with his wife, grew very indignant as he discoursed upon the malice shown Catholics by A. P. A. "Well, now," she laughingly replied, "don't let that bother you too much, you haven't been to Mass in five years, and it's a good deal longer since you made your Easter duty, so you are hardly Catholic enough for them to find fault with you." Just as the cowboys on the Western plains, with fantastic cracking of whips and considerable noise, round up the stray cattle and drive them back into the bunch, so these dark lantern cowboys may do good by driving stray, wandering sheep back into the one Catholic fold.

Converts.

An interesting conversion took place in the private chapel of His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, at 3 o'clock last Sunday. His Grace administered the holy sacrament of confirmation to several adults, nine of whom were recent converts from Protestantism, including among the number a clergyman of the Anglican Church. His Grace addressed the recipients of the sacrament in a few well-chosen sentences, explaining the divine nature of the sacrament they were about to receive.—Winnipeg Review, Feb. 14.

SUBSCRIBER, MARG MILES.—The Life of St. Patrick, written by Bishop O'Farrell. The smile upon an old man's lips, like the last rays of the setting sun, pierces the heart with a sweet, sad emotion; there is still a ray, there is still a smile, but they may be the last.

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Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BISHAW, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and he found relief. We have used the 'Discovery' for throat and bronchitis trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can recommend it very highly."

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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ACROSS FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF OCEAN.

"Hinauf, hinauf, die Erde steht zurack, Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die Freude." SCHILLER.

"Feth, Miss Mabel, I wad gang wi' ye a deal further nor Australy; ye dinna need to gie me time to consider. Gin ye gang, I wull gang along wi' ye. I cudna do wantin' ye, Miss Mabel. Och! what wad I do here, an' ye gaun awa'?"

Such was Katie's reply to Mabel's question as to whether she could face the fifteen thousand miles of ocean which lay between them and the distant country to which they were going. Brief time was there for reflection or explanation, though Mabel conscientiously did her best to put fairly before Katie the length and risk of the voyage.

Katie had no fears, no desires, apparently, except to go with Mabel wherever she went, and indeed seemed rather pleased with the prospect of so much novelty and distraction.

The following thirty-six hours were, to Mabel, like a continuous dream. There was so much to be done, so much to be thought of. In London she contrived to see and take farewell of Jessie, who happened to be at the time in town.

"I shall never be surprised at anything you do, Mabel," said her sister-in-law, as she wished her good-bye.

"Tell Hugh with my love, that he would have saved us all a deal of bother if he had thought proper to take this step some years ago, instead of going off in the way he did, without even having the civility to wish us good-bye. Well, well, you are a strange pair, the two of you. Heaven knows you will be well enough matched, anyhow!"

On reaching Plymouth, which they did about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mabel went on board for a few minutes with Doctor Graeme to leave her luggage and inspect the berths, after which they returned to the hotel to dine with the doctor and Mary. When dinner was over, the three sat out on the balcony overlooking the sea.

Such a glorious English Summer evening it was, the sea spreading out like a sheet of crystal in the glowing sunset! Once or twice, however, in the course of that evening, Doctor Graeme, who was closely observing Mabel, saw that when her eyes fell upon the waters, calm and placid as they were, an involuntary shiver would for a moment contract her features. He remembered then that he had often heard her express a dread of the sea. Others there were, too, who could have told how, from her very childhood upward, Mabel had been subject to this terror. No one loved better to look at the sea than did Mabel; but to trust herself upon it, or the mere thought of so doing, would, she was often heard to say, produce a shudder, such as people are wont to explain by the well-known saying, "Some one is walking over my grave."

The evening passed away only too quietly—at least for Doctor Graeme and his sister. Mabel was all impatience to be off, and could scarcely control her nervous excitement; but they all three talked, nevertheless—as people will talk on the eve of a long parting. And the sun went down in a bed of fire over the sea, and the moon rose peacefully from behind, and had cast a broad silver pathway across the ocean before the blue lights shot upward from the outward-bound ship, signalling all passengers to go on board.

It was 11 o'clock when Doctor Graeme and Mary, having remained as long as they could upon the deck with Mabel, told each other silently with their eyes that the moment for parting had come. Mary completely broke down, and sobbed bitterly as she clung to Mabel in her farewell embrace. But Mabel herself remained perfectly tearless. Grieved as she was to part with her kind friends, there was one solemn, overwhelming feeling in her heart which silenced all the minor emotions. Love for Hugh, the insatiable craving for his presence, the anguish of terror lest it should be too late, made her almost cold and impassive as she returned Mary's good-bye with a calm composure quite unlike herself. For the life of her Mabel could not have shed a single tear or have quenched the fearful joy, disputing its place with the anguish of dread in her breast, of the thought that she was leaving all on earth for Hugh only.

Mary's farewell was spoken. Overcome with the violence of her grief, she had turned away towards the bridge. It was now the doctor's turn, and he got over it hurriedly, as best he might, for it was hard work for him to keep up at all.

"Good-bye, Mabel." He bent down his tall figure, and clasped her once—only once—passionately to his aching heart: after which he returned her quietly, and with steady step turned to follow his sister.

Fair winds and prosperous seas attended the *Leander* on her voyage to the far south-eastern world. Mabel, almost from the first moment she went on board, forgot her terror of the ocean. Worn out completely by the amount of fatigue and excitement they had undergone, both she and Katie slept a good deal during the first few days, thus occupying the troubles of seasickness. Katie, indeed, suffered slightly during the somewhat rough passage across the Bay of Biscay; but

Mabel, after two good days of rest, rose up completely reinvigorated.

Then came a season which was very trying—a season when impatience got the better of her, and when the days and weeks of suspense stretching out before her seemed intolerable to contemplate. Deprived for the first time since her admission into the Catholic Church, of the privilege she esteemed above all others on earth—that of daily Mass, and a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament,—Mabel pined and drooped for want of strength to bear her burden of anxiety.

As she sat, hour after hour, under the covered awning of the deck—sometimes trying to read or sew, but oftener idly gazing across the broad expanse of ocean, counting the splashing waves as they fell behind the good ship's track, each one, as it passed, lessening the distance betwixt herself and Hugh,—there was often in her heart a feeling almost amounting to despair. Sometimes, when she could not control her rebel nerves, a terrible dread would seize her that she was going out of her mind, or that she should be attacked with brain fever. Indeed, could her friends at home have seen her usually pale face—now continually colored by a deep, feverish flush,—and her blue eyes full of dangerous brilliancy, they would have been alarmed, and not without good cause.

She did not, however, fall ill. Good angels must have guarded and supported her through that trying time. But as Mabel neared her journey's end, the nervous, excitable, suffering state of her mind changed, and there came over her another spirit.

In the solemn stillness of the moonlit nights, looking upwards from the glittering expanse of the seemingly boundless ocean, to the deep, yet more boundless heavens above, where stars hung like luminous balls, and where the radiant glory of the Southern Cross was first revealed to her in all its splendor,—then it was that over Mabel's weary, restless spirit there fell a soothing calm. Once again, with the stillness of fresh faith, her yearning, aching heart grew peaceful, reposing itself once more, like a tired child, in the bosom of God's most holy will.

After all, what mattered it whether she found Hugh dead or alive?—what mattered it if their union, so long deferred, should be put off yet a while longer? What if, before she reached him, he should be gone to the world where separation is unknown? What mattered it all, since for the endless ages of eternity they would be forever together? And if God should please to take her first, how could she complain? Had she not again and again offered her own life for the grace of faith now given to Hugh? Oh, no!—a thousand times no!—she would no more rebel. If God should take her first, then indeed their separation would be soon over; and if it were Hugh who must go "home" without seeing her, God would help her to endure it and be thankful.

Thus upon Mabel's gloomy forebodings there fell a great calm. As the days wore on, and the long imprisonment drew nearer to its term, there was something more than natural in the serenity of her appearance. She was bravely, quietly resigned to anything that might come, and God in His mercy accepted her sacrifice. It was the last she would ever have to make on earth.

"It's kinnna late, Miss Mabel. Will ye no come down the stair an' gang till yer bed?" asks Katie, one very beautiful night at the end of September. Katie herself had retired some time ago, but finding that Mabel did not follow as usual, she came again on deck, and stands now, somewhat timidly, a little in the rear of her mistress, who is leaning over the side of the ship and saying her Rosary.

"Is it late? Oh! so it is. Yes, I am coming, Katie. Do you know that the captain says we shall be in Melbourne before two days are over?"

"Oh, I'm very glad to hear it, Miss Mabel. It's an awfully wearisome journey. The Lord sees we be na wreck afore we win till Melbin?"

"Not very likely now. What splendid weather we have had. It does not look much like a storm now, Katie, does it? Just look at that sky, isn't it glorious?"

"Ow, ay, it's verra fine, nae doot, Miss Mabel, but I wyna be sorry to win out o' this. I'm awfeard—I canna say that I a'theigher like it."

"You are a coward, Katie," laughs Mabel, with something of the old sunshine in her smiling grave manner; retaining hand on Katie's arm. "Katie, I have something to tell you that you will be perhaps surprised to hear."

"What wull't be, Miss Mabel?"

"I have intended to talk to you about it for some days past Katie, but somehow I have never had a good opportunity, but now we are coming so near our journey's end, I think it is time you should be told."

"Ay, ay, Miss Mabel: an' what wull't be then?" asks Katie, anxiously.

"Do you ever think of Steenie Logie now, Katie?"

"Och! Miss Mabel, what sud gar ye ask sicca a quest'n?"

"Answer me!" persists Mabel, with gentle determination.

"Aweel then, Miss Mabel, I'll no say but whyles I micht think on him."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I havana heard tell on't, Miss Mabel. I cudna say I do ken it—it's gey lang syne I heard tell on him."

"Well, Katie, you will see him in a few days, for he is out here."

"Never, Miss Mabel?"

"Yes, indeed he is, and he will be very glad to see you, Katie."

"I dinna ken about that, Miss Mabel."

"I do, though. Now come down, Katie. We will go to bed. To-morrow is St. Michael, our last feast without Mass, I hope."

Unusually tired to-night, Mabel falls asleep almost immediately, her last thoughts being of Elvanlee and old memories of former feasts of St. Michael. Sleeping, she dreams a curious dream. She sees before her the altar in Elvanlee church, dressed with flowers, as in days gone by; but in some confused way she is aware that it is also her wedding-day, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* of Mozart's 12th Mass is sounding from Genevieve's organ. In the flower-wreathed sanctuary there rises, in strange contrast to its festal decorations, the vision of a stone altar, all draped with black, upon which burn six tall yellow tapers, such as are used only for Requiem Masses. A priest in white vestments is offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and when he turns to give the last blessing, it is Mr. Faughan's face that is looking straight at her, while Mr. Vaughan's voice solemnly pronounces "Requiescat in pace."

There follows a confused sound of bells, voices, much trampling of heavy feet, mingled with loud cries of terror; amidst which Mabel, startled and shivering wakes up to find Katie standing over her, weeping and wringing her hands, calling out in accents of despair—

"Miss Mabel!—Miss Mabel!—ye maun waken up this minnit: the ship's ta'en fire!"

"Requiescat in pace!" murmurs Mabel as she springs to her feet. "Is it prophetic? Hugh!—Hugh!—so near you, must I die!"

For a moment she stands bewildered, her hand to her head, wondering if it be part of that strange dream; but the reality soon gains upon her, as opening the cabin door, she gazes upon the awful confusion all round.

The alarm has been for some minutes spreading through the doomed vessel; everyone is now on the alert. Cabin doors are flying open, half-dressed figures, faces blanched with terror, are thronging into the saloon; bitter cries and lamentations rend the air, mingled with loud shouting overhead and the noise of the fire-pumps getting into play. Women are fainting, children pitifully wailing, sailors—alas! too often—cursing during the moments which, to many of them, will be their final ones upon earth.

Above all, the hissing, crackling sound of flames; and, at measured intervals, rising above the tumult, may be heard the solemn boom of the signal-gun of distress.

Katie is on her knees, completely paralysed with terror; she has not thought of clothing herself, but Mabel's presence of mind never for one moment forsakes her. She instantly perceives that nothing can possibly be gained by hurrying into the frenzied crowd now streaming towards the outer deck; so she contrives not to let upon dress herself, but also to put few clothes on her terrified servant.

This is the work of a very few minutes, after which, with some difficulty, in spite of blinding smoke, she drags, rather than leads, Katie along with her, following the general stream surging upward to the deck.

The scene there is one of horrible anguish, awful beyond description, and, seeing it, Mabel's brave spirit sinks into hopelessness.

The fire, which apparently, from its already terrific strength, must have been smouldering for some hours before it was discovered, seems to have broken out in the steerage portion of the vessel. It is raging now with resistless force: the flames leaping up madly into the dark sky, laughing defiance at all efforts to control their devouring fury, and casting a lurid glare for miles around over the ocean; while the despairing countenances of the unfortunate human creatures huddled together in the part of the ship still untouched by the flames are horribly indistinct in the burning glow of light.

Many indeed, and various, are the attitudes of individual character to be seen upon the deck. There are some who are quiet with the calmness of despair; others on their knees, loudly crying to heaven for mercy; a good many—unfortunately, the greater number—are running to and fro, adding not a little to both the confusion and danger by their frantic and useless efforts to save themselves at the risk of drowning their fellow-passengers. They are they who, when the life-boats are launched, deaf to every warning, listening to no commands but those of their selfish fears, throng into the boats, two of which are swamped immediately, thus destroying for many the last hope of safety.

The first glance has been enough for Mabel. It is impossible that all should be saved; there are six boats, but they could not take in nearly all the passengers. Some, then, must be sacrificed, and it never occurs to Mabel that she can be among the saved.

A dizzy sickness creeps over her; she kneels down, with one arm thrown round Katie, shading with the other hand her eyes from the blinding smoke, while she tries to recollect the prayers for the dying. It is the agony of death—Mabel knows it—that causes those great head-drops to stand out on her forehead; she wipes them away, but they return, and resolutely closing her eyes to earth, Mabel lifts her heart to heaven.

But Katie is clinging to her in fierce despair; she will not leave Mabel in peace; she is crying with passionate anguish, repeating again and again that she cannot, dare not die. Then

the guardian spirit, who through life has befriended her so truly, comes to her rescue in the hour of death, seeking still to comfort where it can no longer save.

"Katie, Katie, hush!—don't cry, poor child, don't be so frightened—it will all be over soon. Say after me, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen,'" whispers Mabel, with pleading tenderness, as she lays her hand gently across the eyes of the frantic girl. "Don't look at the fire, Katie; think of heaven—think of your little baby waiting for you there."

"Eh, Miss Mabel, I daurna dee—I wunna dee!" shrieks Katie, and she moans as the flames come nearer.

"Oh, don't look, Katie—don't look!" pleads Mabel. She is herself growing faint, and knows that her strength is giving way; she cannot make the last desperate effort for life, which consists in pressing forward to take her chance for a place in one of the boats. She feels, in short, gazing at that hopeless crowd so madly pushing onwards, that she would rather not risk the last forlorn hope—it is so very forlorn.

And somehow it seems easier to stay and die where she is. A few of the wisest among the passengers share her opinion; they, too, are holding back, and hiding their faces, that they may commune in silence with their God.

Suddenly there flashes into Mabel's mind an idea—it may have been an inspiration. Katie had fainted dead away; this is a relief so far, for it leaves Mabel some chance of saving her, should the possibility of getting her conveyed into one of the boats present itself later. Disengaging her right hand from Katie's clasp, she pulls out of her pocket the envelope of a letter and a pencil. Making as best she can a desk of her knee, Mabel scribbles off a few hasty words of farewell to Hugh. Tears are falling like rain upon the paper, but she writes on resolutely, till the blank sheet is entirely filled; then she folds it hurriedly, kisses it several times, and thrusts it into her rosary bag, winding the rosary itself round her arm. She wears some medals attached to a blue ribbon; this ribbon she uses now as a chain for the little bag, which she fastens securely inside Katie's dress, having pinned upon it a slip of paper bearing Hugh's name.

While she is thus employed the first boat had been launched—alas! to no avail! In spite of the Captain's reiterated commands, in spite of the gallant sailors' energetic resistance, the crowds surge wildly forward, and precipitate themselves in overwhelming numbers into the boat. In a moment the ocean receives her first tribute; the boat, which is at once the largest and the best, is completely swamped, it fills with water, and sinks, casting more than fifty people into the pitiless waves. A second boat is lowered, and once more the cruel scene is repeated, by which time the most frenzied portion of the victims have gone to meet their doom.

There will be perhaps a chance for the two remaining boats. Mabel sees it, and is resolved at last to make an effort. She will do so, for Katie's sake, if not for her own, and if only one can be saved, Katie shall be that one. Katie, however, is at present a dead weight upon her. She tries to rise, but cannot. She looks up fearfully. Some one shakes her by the arm. It is a gentleman to whose children she has shown many acts of kindness during the voyage; he has just seen them safely off in the third boat; he has time now to think of others, and he remembers Mabel.

"For God's sake, come," he urges. "Now or never. It is a poor chance, but it is the last."

Mabel silently points to Katie's insensible form, lying straight across her feet.

"I will see to her—follow me closely," he exclaims, catching up Katie in his arms, and he rushes forward with her to the side of the ship, where the last boat is rapidly filling. He is a strong man; he has set his heart on saving Mabel, whom his children have learned to love, those dear children whom he will probably never see on earth again; so he forces his way onwards through the crowd, never doubting but that Mabel is behind him. It is only just in time, however, to fling his burden down into a sailor's arms, who, standing up in the boat, is already, in obedience to the Captain's orders, pushing off from the ship.

"Too late!" ejaculates Katie's preserver, as he turns horror-stricken, expecting to meet Mabel's despairing face, but to his surprise she is not there—she has not stirred from the spot where he found her; she kneels still, her face resting on her hands, calm and resigned to the death which she has power to resist, and looking up into the amber sky, with the solemn, far-away expression, which might have been seen in her eyes long ago, when she lay in the waving grass of Elvanlee, a young child-maiden, dreaming of the future—golden dreams never to be realized.

"Why did you not come?" he asks, reproachfully. "It would have been of no use, but you ought to have tried."

"I did," she answers, "but I could not stand. Is she safe?"

"Yes, yes. But you—for all of us now there is no hope," he mutters gloomily. "Do you know it?"

"I do," she replies, with a shudder, averting her eyes from the steadily-advancing flames; "or rather I know hope is coming."

"Are you not afraid? Do you know that we shall be blown up presently? There is, I am told, gunpowder on board."

But Mabel no longer heeds him, no earthly voice can reach her again.

Quietly she has unwound the rosary from her wrist, and she bends down, placing her lips upon the crucifix—the crucifix given to her by the Cure of St. Anne, on the morning of her first Communion.

"My God!" she murmurs, "the sacrifice is complete."

"O Jeau quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam sine! Ut te servas, crucifixo! Visu sim beatu te Gloria."

Then Mabel sinks her head yet lower; she will never lift it again in this world of sin and sorrow. It is all over for her. She has known what sorrow meant, but she will never know it any more. Short, too, has been the agony of that lonely death far away in the South Pacific Ocean! Short—oh, all so short compared with the endless ages of eternity!

A solemn hush falls upon the deck. The Captain has left his post and is praying aloud, surrounded by many of the passengers and crew. All violent wailing has completely ceased. Those who still remain, helpless victims in the burning ship, have resigned themselves to their inevitable fate, and ex p't by a few gasping moans and sobs they forbear to show any manifestation of terror.

The last launched two boats and got clearly away—safely out of reach of the now quivering mass of fire to which the unfortunate vessel is reduced. About twenty minutes later, at a quarter to four o'clock, just as dawn is breaking in the Eastern sky, there comes a fearful crash, like the bursting of a thunder-bolt. A dazzling tongue of blue fire shoots upwards to the heavens, curling hither and thither like liquid lightning; the sky and sea for many miles round are illuminated as by a thousand bonfires. There rises upon the still morning air a long, piercing wail, after which there is death-like silence. Columns of smoke wreath upwards, and when they disperse again nought remains of the good ship *Leander* but a charred and broken wreck, floating in shivered fragments, upon the placid bosom of the great deep sea.

Once more the waters teem with a harvest of human life; struggling, drowning faces may be for a while distinguished, but it is all soon over. Life in this world has passed for ever, and more than two hundred souls have gone forth into life or death in the world to come.

Mabel was not one of those doomed to struggle in the waves. Suffocated with many others in the dense smoke, she died with comparatively little suffering. Sharp, indeed, had been the agony of the preceding hour—terrible the conflict ere she could resign herself to die, so near to Hugh, by so cruel a death; but from the moment when Katie was taken safely from her, it seemed as though the last link of the chain of Mabel's life, binding her to the cares of earth, was snapped asunder.

Intense, unfringed peace, the heirloom of God's faithful children, settled down upon her soul. In one short instant it was given to her to realize that which hitherto she had so often been forced to believe by faith only—namely, that God's holy will at all times, in every season, and under every circumstance, has been, is, and must ever be, always for the best. Best of all in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

Peacefully, like a weary child going to sleep on its mother's lap, Mabel had laid herself down in the Everlasting Arms, with her lips tightly fastened to the crucified image of her Saviour, so dear to her in life. She had met death quietly and without a struggle. It was no death for her. It was only the entrance into life eternal. She was spared the terrors of the last terrific explosion. God had taken her home full ten minutes before it took place. Happy, happy Mabel, what a blessed end for her! How gladly must her guardian angel have sung his *Deo Gratias* at that feast of St. Michael the Archangel.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Voice of Manning.

When Cardinal Manning lay upon his death-bed, a photograph was introduced into the room, and he was asked to speak into it a message for posterity. The photograph has been carefully preserved by his successor, Cardinal Vaughan; and one day last week, as we learn from the *Sunday Sun*, the voice of the lamented Archbishop of Westminster was heard again upon the earth. The message ran as follows:

"To all who may come after me: I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to any one after I am dead."

These touching, tender, humble words derive additional pathos from the fact that since the death of Cardinal Manning the poor and the oppressed the world over have longed to hear such helpful, comforting words as the voice now stilled forever was wont to utter.

It was characteristic of the saintly Cardinal to think meanly of himself and his own work; but no one else could ever fancy that any word of his was likely to harm, instead of help.—Ave Maria.

The Spring Medicine

"All run-down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction wherever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

In spite of the general Protestantism in the direct thought and liberal, rational, we believe there is a very own who still cling to the teaching of the Church of the fundamental doctrines of They firmly believe in the character of the religion of the great central doctrine, incarnation, the divinity of His atonement, the need in Him as a divine Saviour, grace for sin, of a true heart and life in order of salvation of our souls, a great end of our creation, supreme and all important life while we remain in it.

The Westminster Catechism Presbyterian friends every it in the answer to the question: "What is the chief end of life?" "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." A brief, comprehensive, and pertinent statement. To be a Christian is to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and not pleasures and musing about this life. It is to lay up heaven and not on earth. Christian is in the world. He is diligent in business, people and he may be a poor man, but he will be a rich man in the eyes of God. He does not love the things of the world, but he loves the things of God and the things of heaven. We have been told in describing what we believe the views of our Orthodox to be, that the true nature as we find it, the pattern we have endeavored to sketch is not to be a non-Orthodox, but a true Christian in the eyes of God. He is diligent in business, people and he may be a poor man, but he will be a rich man in the eyes of God. He does not love the things of the world, but he loves the things of God and the things of heaven. We have been told in describing what we believe the views of our Orthodox to be, that the true nature as we find it, the pattern we have endeavored to sketch is not to be a non-Orthodox, but a true Christian in the eyes of God. He is diligent in business, people and he may be a poor man, but he will be a rich man in the eyes of God. He does not love the things of the world, but he loves the things of God and the things of heaven. We have been told in describing what we believe the views of our Orthodox to be, that the true nature as we find it, the pattern we have endeavored to sketch is not to be a non-Orthodox, but a true Christian in the eyes of God. He is diligent in business, people and he may be a poor man, but he will be a rich man in the eyes of God. He does not love the things of the world, but he loves the things of God and the things of heaven. We have been told in describing what we believe the views of our Orthodox to be, that the true nature as we find it, the pattern we have endeavored to sketch is not to be a non-Orthodox, but a true Christian in the eyes of God. He is diligent in business, people and he may be a poor man, but he will be a rich man in the eyes of

MARCH 10, 1894.

AN APPEAL TO OUR "ORTHODOX" FRIENDS.

In spite of the general trend of Protestantism in the direction of free-thought and liberal, rationalistic ideas we believe there is a very fair proportion of the so-called Orthodox denominations who still cling to the traditional teaching of the Church on the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity. They firmly believe in the supernatural character of the religion of the Bible—the great central doctrines of the Incarnation, the divinity of Christ, and His atonement, the necessity of faith in Him as a divine Saviour, of repentance for sin, of a true conversion of heart and life in order to attain the salvation of our souls, which is the great end of our creation and the only supreme and all-important business of life while we remain in this world.

The Westminster Catechism of our Presbyterian friends very well expresses it in the answer to the first question: "What is the chief end of man?" Answer—"Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." That is a brief, comprehensive and very pertinent statement. To be a true Christian is to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and not the fleeting pleasures and unsubstantial goods of this life. It is to lay up treasures in heaven and not on earth. The true Christian is in the world but not of it. He is diligent in business like other people and he may be prosperous and accumulate property by honest, upright dealing, but his heart is not in it. He does not love the world for its own sake, he is only anxious to use all his gifts and blessings to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures. We have been thus particular in describing what we believe are still the views of our Orthodox friends to accentuate the importance of religious education. It is clear, taking human nature as we find it, that the making of true Christians according to the pattern we have endeavored briefly to sketch is not to be the work of a day, nor the result of an intermittent, half-and-half, milk-and-water system of instruction. Religion must be made the supreme part of the child's life. Its roots must be thoroughly imbedded even from infancy with the principles and spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. We cannot conceive of a more dangerous, suicidal policy than that of confining the child during the whole course of his education to a system of purely secular instruction and influence.

The idea that the deficiency can be made up by an hour's Sunday school instruction during the week is a delusion and a snare. There are, perhaps, a few families in which the religious influence is so predominant, so constant, consistent and all-prevailing and where the intelligent and well-informed parents make it so much a matter of conscientious duty to see that their children are thoroughly instructed in their religion, that the deleterious influences of secular schools may be in a measure lessened, but always at more or less risk.

And what a strange idea that Christians should be under the necessity of contending against the evil influences of a system of secular education when duty, and expediency, and common sense, and Christian principles would dictate the imperative necessity of having a system which instead of reacting against the system which they guard against its damaging influences, should work in harmony with their views and efforts and not only supplement but anticipate those efforts and complete the important work!

The best religious—the most thorough Christian—school is little enough to form the character on the true Christian model. If the best Christian training is not always successful in counteracting the evil propensities of human nature and forming the character on the divine model furnished us in Holy Scripture, what shall we think of the system that shuts out religious teaching and religious influence entirely? There is an important truth in the declaration that children must be trained in a religious atmosphere, surrounded by all the influences that can be brought to bear upon them to develop their moral and religious nature, to train their consciences and form in them permanent habits of acting from high moral principle, from the love of God and supreme devotion to duty.

Now we are perfectly aware that all really good, devout Protestants assent to the views here expressed. In their hearts they know that a system of secular education is unreasonable, unwise, and Christian and dangerous. Individuals and religious bodies have occasionally given utterance in the strongest terms to these views of the importance of a thorough religious and Christian education for their children. Yet they take no pains to establish such a system and in fact continue to glorify the secular, public school system which in their hearts they know and believe to be injurious, and in fact inconsistent with their own principles.

Why do they pursue such an unwise, inconsistent and suicidal course? Partly from the lingering influence of an old, hereditary prejudice, but principally from a feeling compelled to yield to the clamor of a lot of ignorant, unreasoning, hard-braided bigots who profess to be afraid that Catholics are going to over-run the country and take possession of the Government and rule them all with a rod of iron.

Now aside from the folly of supposing there is any danger of eight or ten millions of Catholics getting possession of the Government in opposition to fifty or sixty millions of non-Catholics why cannot our friends see that their

unseemly and unfounded fears are simply a manifest and childish confession of weakness. Why can they not see that the very best way to stem the advancing tide of Catholicity at which they profess to be so alarmed would be for all to go to work and get up religious schools, each according to their own views, and make the people all good Protestants? Why can they not see that they are playing into the hands of Infidels, sceptics and agnostics?

Why should they object to Catholics giving their children the very best religious education in their power? Protestants themselves acknowledge that the Catholic religion has a powerfully restraining influence upon the masses. It has a tendency to make them good, moral citizens, whereas the teaching of the secular system of the Public Schools has a direct and inevitable tendency to destroy in their minds all reverence for religion of any kind. If you could wean all the Catholic children from their own religion you would not make them religious Protestants but sceptics and infidels. Why should you wish to do that? Is it fair, is it manly, is it a wise proceeding? Above all, is it Christian? We think not, and we acknowledge that we are not only surprised but exceedingly pained and saddened at the thought that our friends and neighbors with whom we have the most pleasant and friendly business and social relations should feel it necessary to do us an injustice at the same time that they sacrifice their own best interests and the interests of the rising generation to the demands of an old traditional prejudice which is as false and unfounded as it is absurd and ridiculous. Dear friends, you who believe in and love the religion of Jesus Christ and still exercise a controlling influence, for God's sake and for the sake of the best interests of our children and the prosperity of our beloved country, let us come to some understanding by which we can all give to the rising generation that thorough religious training which is so essential to good citizenship as well as to the salvation of their souls.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH ALWAYS ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Tract of the Catholic Truth Society.

It is a favorite plan of some who care little for the truth of history, to state boldly, but without proof, that the Church of England never was Roman Catholic and never acknowledged the Pope to be the head of the Church. I hope Pope to be the head of the Church, in this paper, that the Church of England before the Reformation always did acknowledge the Pope to be the Head of the Church, and therefore always was, up to that time, Roman Catholic.

The great historian of the early English Church is the Venerable Bede, who died in the year 735. Speaking of Pope Gregory he says, that "we may and ought rightly to call him our Apostle, because, whereas he bore the Pontifical power all over the world, and was placed over the Churches already reduced to the faith of truth, he made our nation, all then given up to idols, the Church of Christ." For it was this Pope Gregory who sent St. Augustine into England to convert the English. When St. Augustine was succeeding in his work of conversion, he was, by the Pope's command, consecrated "Bishop of the English" by the Bishop of Arles, in France. Then Pope Gregory sent him several letters instructing him what he was to do in England. In one letter he tells him to ordain a number of Bishops who should be subject to him, and when York and the places around should receive the faith, he was to ordain one to be Archbishop. "But to you, my brother," the Pope writes, "shall, by the authority of our God and Lord Jesus Christ, be subject not only those Bishops you shall ordain, and those that shall be ordained by the Bishop of York, but also all the priests in Britain." In another letter he says: "With respect to the Bishops of Britain, we commit them all to your brotherhood, that the unlearned may be taught, and the obstinate be corrected by your authority." So all the Bishops in England, whether English or British, were subject to St. Augustine, and this by the authority of the Pope.

But Anglicans say, the British Church never admitted the Pope to be the Head of the Church, nor did the British Bishops submit to St. Augustine's authority. To this I answer: First, that it is not true to say that the British Church did not acknowledge the Pope to be the Head of the Church; Gildas, a British historian, says that the British held St. Peter to be "the first of the apostles," and key-bearer of the Kingdom of Heaven, through whom other Bishops received their power; we know also that British Bishops were present at the Council of Sardica, A. D. 437, which declared, in the letter sent to Pope Julius, that the Pope, that is, the Bishopric of Rome, is the Head of all Bishops. Secondly, even if this were true, it would not prove anything as regards the Church of England; for the British Church would have nothing whatever to do with the English, would not even help St. Augustine to convert them; therefore the Church of England cannot lay claim to any rights or privileges, not even to the Christian faith, through the British Church. Thirdly, though the British Bishops would not have St. Augustine to be their Archbishop, it was not because they despised the authority of the Pope, but because, as St. Augustine did not rise to greet them when they came to the place of meeting, they

judged that he was not meek and lowly of heart, and so would not agree to anything he proposed.

Those letters of Pope Gregory tell us also how England came to have Archbishops of Canterbury and York—they now hold a very different faith from that of St. Augustine and St. Paulinus, the first Archbishops—it was by the appointment of the Bishop of Rome, St. Augustine, too, was made by Pope Gregory Primate of England; and each successor of St. Augustine to the time of the Reformation, including Protestant Archbishops, received a fresh from the Pope of his time the authority which had been given to the first Archbishop of Canterbury. The sign of this authority was the pall, a kind of stole worn only by Archbishops, and every Archbishop, of Canterbury and of York had to go to Rome, after he was ordained, to receive his pall (unless unable to do so, when he could send for it), and could not use his power as Archbishop till he had received it. In Bede's History, and in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, a work of which even Dr. Giles, the Protestant critic, acknowledges the great authority, we are often told of an Archbishop going to Rome to receive his pall, or sending to Rome for it. Later on, at the personal request of King Canute when on a pilgrimage to Rome, leave was given that the English Archbishops might receive the pall without actually going to Rome for it. This receiving of the pall was a sign of their submission to the authority of the Pope.

For the first one hundred years after the coming of St. Augustine, the Bishops were Romans sent direct by the Pope. In 665 King Oswy, who, as Bede says (bk. iii. c. 29), "perfectly understood that the Roman was the Catholic and Apostolic Church," sent Wilfrid to Rome to be ordained Bishop. Wilfrid died in Rome, and Pope Vitalian "made diligent inquiry for some one to send to be Archbishop of the English Churches" (Bede, bk. iv. c. 1). Theodore, whom he at last sent, was well received in England, and soon assembled a Council at Hertford (in which he called himself "the Bishop of the See of Canterbury appointed by the Apostolic See," that is, Rome); then he went about the country, visiting the churches and reforming what he thought to be wrong. He even deposed some of the Bishops; but one of them, Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, appealed to Rome, and was "by that authority acquitted of everything" and restored to his See, and Archbishop Theodore admitted this sentence. In 755 Pope Gregory III. placed all the Bishops north of the Humber under the authority of the Archbishop of York. In 787 the See of Lichfield was raised by Pope Adrian I to an Archbishopric, but in 803 Pope Leo III. again placed it under the Archbishop of Canterbury.

All this is sufficient proof that the English Church, to the time of the Norman Conquest, acknowledged the Pope to be the Head of the Christian Church. Further proof is found in the constant pilgrimages to Rome, where a hospital was founded and supported by English money for the shelter of English pilgrims; in the charters and privileges asked for by Kings and granted by Popes; and in the Rome-secr or Peter pence, a tax paid to the Pope. The Venerable Bede says that "all those who in any way separate themselves from the unity of his faith and communion (that is, of St. Peter and of his successor, the Pope), can neither be absolved from the bond of their sins, nor enter the gate of the Heavenly Kingdom." From the time of the Norman Conquest, the evidence showing that England acknowledged the Pope as Head of the Church is so clear as scarcely to require proof for any one who has read even but a little of history.

That the Pope was Head of the Church was the teaching of St. Anselm of St. Thomas of Canterbury; of Cardinal Pullen, who taught at Oxford; of Bishop John of Salisbury; of St. Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx; of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln; of Roger Bacon; of Duns Scotus; of the great English theologian, Thomas Waldensis; and of a host of others. We will give the words of one later writer, King Henry VIII. In his book on the Seven Sacraments which he wrote against Luther, in defence of the Roman Catholic Church, he says: "It cannot be denied that the whole Church of the faithful recognizes the Holy Roman See as its mother and chief." In return for having written this book, Henry received from Pope Julius II. the title "Defender of the Faith," which is still part of the title of the Sovereign of England, and is inscribed (F. D.) on every piece of money.

But a few years later, as the Pope would not allow him a divorce from his wife, Henry determined to throw off the authority of the Pope; and he called upon the clergy, under threat of severe punishment, to acknowledge him as "head of the Church and clergy of England." This was at first resisted by the clergy; and Bishop Fisher in his speech to Convocation reminded them that by obeying the King they would render themselves "contemptible to the whole Christian world, and hissed out from the society of God's Holy Catholic Church;" to give this title to the King and make him, in place of the Pope, head of the Church of England, would be, he said, "contrary to Scripture and the Councils, would separate them from the unity of all Christians, and would cause them to be drowned in the wave of all heresies, sects, and schisms." In the end, the King's threats prevailed, and the clergy, except Fisher who was after-

wards beheaded, gave in "as far as the law of Christ will allow." But the laws then passed by the King ordering that Bishops should no longer be presented to the Pope for approval, and that all licences, etc., usually obtained from Rome, were now to cease, show clearly what the authority of the Pope had been up to that time (see Lingard, vol. vi. c. 111).

Once more—On January 21, 1559, the clergy of the Province of Canterbury presented to Queen Elizabeth a series of articles in defence of the Roman Catholic religion, of which the fourth states that to the successors of St. Peter (the Popes) "is given the supreme power of feeding and ruling the Church of Christ." And on the 27th of February, when it was proposed by the Queen's Ministers to declare the Queen to be head of the Church of England all the Bishops opposed it; and all, except Kitchin (called by Strype "the scourge of his diocese"), were soon after deposed, and then came Elizabeth's Protestant Bishops.

Many more proofs could be given, but those already given are more than sufficient to show that the Church of England was from the time of St. Augustine, her Apostle, to that of the Reformation, always Roman Catholic, and that she always acknowledged the Pope as her Head.

Against all this Anglicans say that the Pope usurped his authority, and that England protested against it. But there is no proof whatever that the Pope usurped his authority. I have shown how that authority came into England, and how the English, both clergy and people, submitted to it. Moreover, when did England ever submit without resistance to usurped authority? Anglicans say that the English protested against the Pope; they did nothing of the kind. It is quite true that a few kings tried to protest against Rome, in order that they might bring the clergy and the wealth of the Church under their own power, but such acts of injustice were always resisted by fresh appeals to the Pope, nor can they be called protests. There was one, and one only, protest against the spiritual authority of the Pope. This was made by Wiclif; and Wiclif's article that "the Roman Church was not supreme amongst the Churches" was condemned in London A. D. 1411, by fourteen Bishops and thirty doctors of theology.

Reader, take the advice of Alcinou, one of the greatest lights of the old Church of England, and that you "be not found to be a schismatic or non-Catholic. Follow the most trustworthy authority of the Roman Church."

ARE THEY FORGOTTEN WHEN THEY'RE GONE?

Why are Deceased Priests Not Offered Masses for by their Congregations?

The present Bishop of Cleveland, Right Rev. Dr. Horstmann, in a funeral sermon lately delivered in this city, asked the question, why are priests so soon forgotten after death? He did not mean that the priest's names or works were forgotten. Indeed, the contrary was the case; so much that the churches they labored to build and the parishes they helped to organize are known even yet by the family names of their founders. What he referred to was the deplorable fact that so few people continued to pray for or had Masses offered for the souls of their deceased pastors.

The truth of this general and grave charge against the gratitude of the Catholic laity is not seriously questioned. There are, doubtless, many and worthy exceptions, but it is an old and generally admitted fact that no class of men fades from the memory quicker than our priests, and that even the most popular amongst them is very soon forgotten after death. The priests themselves know it and admit it.

We knew a clergyman who died some years ago in a parish where he had lived for over twenty years; he was a model priest in every respect; he was beloved by all, both old and young; his name was a household one with the rich and poor alike; yet we were assured by his successor that, during the year immediately following his death, only one person in the congregation had a Mass offered for the repose of his soul. Not a great while ago another very devoted priest died in the diocese. His death was justly mourned by his flock, for he had spent his life and his talent and his means in building and adorning their church, and in every zealous way helping them in their spiritual and temporal necessities. The day of his burial was a day of general weeping and heart-rending sorrow. On the occasion of his Month's Mind, however, we heard from one of the priests of the Church that, during the month since his death, only one person asked him to say Mass for the deceased pastor. And how few, comparatively, attend the Month's Memory services. This seems to be the general experience, an experience as unaccountable as it appears to be unjust; for certainly of all persons we know, the priest who is our spiritual father and guide, has the most lasting claims on our gratitude and charity.

The Bishop's explanation or excuse for this neglect of the laity to remember their deceased pastors was, if not quite satisfactory, at least very good. He thought the neglect arose from the fact that most Catholics believed that the priest did not need any Masses or prayers. The priest's mind was supposed to be devoted to the teachings of religion and his time spent among the things of God. As he had to celebrate the Holy mysteries nearly every day

and administer the sacraments at all times, and as in order to do this his soul was expected to be always in the state of grace, they, therefore, believed that his punishment in purgatory would be little or nothing, and as a consequence very soon omitted to pray for him. This plausible explanation may be very complimentary to the life of the priest, but it is very cruel in its practical consequences. In the first place, as men and not angels are the ministers of the Gospel, priests are human and therefore liable to human imperfections. Their works may be imperfect; they may have been built on the foundation, as St. Paul says, of gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, which in burning shall suffer loss; but they themselves shall be saved yet so as by fire. In the second place, this excuse takes no account of the responsibilities of the priest, the many graces he received both in his vocation and sacred office, the duties he has to discharge, the charge of souls committed to his care, the account he shall give to the Great Judge for duties neglected as well as for the manner in which others were performed. All these and many more are included in the responsibility of a priestly vocation, and consequently it would be cruel to their memory to deprive them of the prayers and suffrages of the Church, under the perhaps false supposition that because they were selected for the sanctuary they owed no debt to the justice of God.

Another reason might be given for this forgetfulness of our deceased priests. It comes from the belief that the priest belongs to no particular person on earth, but belongs to God alone! When yet a youth he feels the voice of our Lord calling on him to leave all things and follow Him. Obeying that voice, he leaves home and friends, even his father and mother. He enters the Seminary, his education tends to cool, to lessen, to spiritualize all his human and family affections, he is selected, like Saul, for a special work, he is ordained, he goes on the mission, and while all the flock claim him and consult him and trouble him as he please, yet he is ever that peculiar, unique character—the Catholic priest—claimed by all and still belonging to no one. Consequently, when he dies, he runs the risk of being forgotten or neglected on the principle that what is everybody's business is no one's concern, and the poor priest, after perhaps years of labor for a parish, may suffer in purgatory vainly expecting that at least his friends will have pity on him. Add to this the old saying, "out of sight out of mind," and you have another factor in the forgetfulness for priests. When we no longer see them, and they cease to be useful to us, they soon drop from our memory. "Three months dead, and not forgotten yet!" is the poet's way of telling a truth confirmed by time and experience.

And what we have said regarding our priests can be said of Catholics in general to a great extent. The living too readily forget the dead and show little gratitude and charity to them. Children even forget their parents, and in a few months after their decease, in many cases, remember them no longer. Their names may be recorded on a monument in the graveyard, but there is little done for the welfare of their souls.

Under such circumstances, and in this state of things, what seems to be the duty of priests and Catholics in general? Plainly to trust to no one, and to have provision made for themselves. This can be done in two ways: first, by helping every good work, when possible; helping religious and charitable institutions, assisting the poor and having Masses said while living. St. Leonard of Port Maurice urged his people to have Masses offered for themselves while living, teaching, what is a pious tradition among the good Irish people, that one Mass before

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death is better than two after. Second, by providing in their wills that after their death the wants and charitable institutions of the Church shall be remembered, and that Masses shall be offered for the benefit of their souls. It shocks our faith to read of a rich man's will in which all his wealth is left to his friends, and not a penny to charity or offerings for Masses. On the other hand, when we see a Catholic—whether priest or layman—either by an insurance on his life or by a legitimate accumulation of money, make provision in his will that the Holy Sacrifice shall be repeatedly offered for him, we commend his faith and his prudence, and his care of his soul in laying up treasures for himself instead of trusting to the doubtful gratitude of either relatives or friends or other people.—Catholic Standard.



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I am highly pleased with the Dictionary, writes Mr. W. Scott, of Lancaster, Ont. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, ONT.

Quietly she has unwound the rosary from her wrist, and she bends down, placing her lips upon the crucifix—the crucifix given to her by the Cure of St. Anne, on the morning of her first Communion. "My God!" she murmurs, "the sacrifice is complete."

"O Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam cito in te revolvam certissime. Visu sim beatu te Glorioso."

Then Mabel sinks her head very low; she will never lift it again in this world of sin and sorrow. It is all over for her. She has known what sorrow meant, but she will never know it any more. Short, too, has been the agony of that lonely death far away in the South Pacific Ocean! Short—oh, all so short compared with the endless ages of eternity!

A solemn hush falls upon the deck. The Captain has left his post and is praying aloud, surrounded by many of the passengers and crew. All violent weeping has completely ceased. Those who still remain helpless victims in the burning ship, have resigned themselves to their inevitable fate, and exult by a few gasping moans and sobs they forebear to show any manifestation of terror.

The last launched two boats and got clearly away—safely out of reach of the now quivering mass of fire to which the unfortunate vessel is reduced. About twenty minutes later, at a quarter to four o'clock, just as dawn is breaking in the Eastern sky, there comes a fearful crash, like the bursting of a thunder-bolt. A dazzling tongue of blue fire shoots upwards to the heavens, curling hither and thither like liquid lightning; the sky and sea for many miles round are illuminated as by a thousand bonfires. There rises upon the still morning air a long, piercing wail, after which there is death-like silence. Columns of smoke wreath upwards, and when they disperse again nought remains of the good ship Leander but a charred and broken wreck, floating in shivered fragments, upon the placid bosom of the great deep sea.

Once more the waters teem with a harvest of human life; struggling, drowning faces may be for a while distinguished, but it is all soon over. Life in this world has passed for ever, and more than two hundred souls have gone forth into life or death in the world to come.

Mabel was not one of those doomed to struggle in the waves. Suffocated with many others in the dense smoke, she died with comparatively little suffering. Sharp, indeed, had been the agony of the preceding hour—terrible the conflict ere she could resign herself to die, so near to Hugh, by so cruel a death; but from the moment when Katie was taken safely from her, it seemed as though the last link of the chain of Mabel's life, binding her to the cares of earth, was snapped asunder.

Intense, untroubled peace, the heirloom of God's faithful children, settled down upon her soul. In one short instant it was given to her to realize that which hitherto she had so often been forced to believe by faith only—namely, that God's holy will is at all times, in every season, and under every circumstance, has been, is, and must ever be, always for the best. Best of all in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

Pacefully, like a weary child going to sleep on its mother's lap, Mabel had laid herself down in the Everlasting Arms, with her lips tightly fastened to the crucified image of her Saviour, so dear to her in life. She had met death quietly and without a struggle. It was no death for her. It was only the entrance into life eternal. She was spared the terrors of the last terrific explosion. God had taken her home full ten minutes before it took place. Happy, happy Mabel, what a blessed end for her! How gladly must her guardian angel have sung his *Deo Gratias* at that feast of St. Michael the Archangel.

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London, Saturday, March 10, 1894.

THE HON. H. G. JOLY.

One of the most remarkable events which have for many years stirred the political atmosphere of the Dominion of Canada was the visit of Mr. H. G. Joly, ex-Premier of Quebec, to Toronto last week, to lay before the people of Ontario the actual condition of the Protestant minority of Quebec, under the rule of an overwhelming Catholic majority, strong in their religious convictions, his purpose being, as he expressed at the beginning of his address, "to dispel the prejudices existing in the minds of many Ontarians against the people of Quebec, and to show that they (the Catholic majority) are not the bigoted, narrow-minded people they are represented to be."

There have been periods, undoubtedly, when the friendly relations between Catholics and Protestants throughout the Dominion have been severely strained. It was foreseen when the Confederation Act was agreed to by the delegates of all the Provinces of Canada that such shocks would occur, and they were to some extent provided for by the Act itself, which was specially framed to protect the rights of the minorities, at least in Ontario and Quebec, where it was most to be feared lest those rights should be interfered with.

To whom was it to be attributed that these strained relations existed? The Mail and some other journals have been constantly dinning it into our ears that it arose entirely from the fanaticism of Catholics, and especially of French-Canadians, whom they represent as being engaged in a never-ceasing plot to drive the Protestants of Quebec out of that Province, and even to take possession of a portion of Ontario, and to establish a French nationality in the North-West.

On these and similar grounds the Protestants of Ontario have been goaded to enmity against the French-Canadians and the Catholics of the whole Dominion. Mr. Joly's object was to restore confidence and friendship between the people of Ontario and Quebec.

The purpose of Mr. Joly is most praiseworthy and patriotic. It is not easy to allay religious discussions when once they have been excited, but it is an heroic act for a man like Mr. Joly, who is justly regarded as a representative Protestant of his Province, to devote himself, at a great personal sacrifice, to the work of making peace, and we sincerely hope his noble purpose may be attained.

He tells us that it was at a banquet given in Montreal by the journalists of Quebec that the idea was formed that he should undertake this mission of peace. Mr. W. T. Preston, President of the Ontario Press Association, while replying to a toast expressed his pleasure that between the English and French races in Quebec there is not that friction or ill-feeling which might be expected if we were only to regard what is frequently said in the West on this subject. It was then suggested, and the idea was generally approved, that Mr. Joly should undertake the task of enlightening the people of Ontario on a matter which has been so grossly misrepresented to them by those who either have been misinformed on the subject, or who have purposely misrepresented the matter from interested motives.

Mr. Joly is a Frenchman, yet a firm Protestant, but this has not been an obstacle to his obtaining the confidence of French-Canadian Catholics; and he has been for many years the representative of a constituency almost exclusively Catholic. He stated that for this constituency he had been elected for a quarter of a century against all comers, though his opponents were frequently Catholics, and in some instances the endeavor was made, without success, to raise a religious prejudice against him. The people of the constituency had answered to these cries that a Catholic who attacked his opponent was a bad Catholic, and they would sooner

trust a Protestant than a bad Catholic. The county of Lotbiniere, which has thus constantly elected Mr. Joly to represent it, has a population of 20,688, of whom 20,330 are Catholics. This single fact is enough to show that French-Canadians are liberally disposed towards Protestants. The Mail has endeavored, however, to make it appear that Mr. Joly has been badly treated, and through him the Protestants of Quebec, because he is no longer the representative of that county, and he is not now, as he was once, Premier of Quebec.

It is so well known that such positions as these often depend upon other causes than religious animosity, that it is not necessary to refute the Mail's contention. High as Mr. Joly has always stood in public estimation as an honest and honorable politician, the fact that he is a Protestant did not give him any special claim to hold these positions for ever. He was subject, like all other politicians, to the vicissitudes and exigencies of the times. But we are pleased to find that he himself recognizes that he was not left in the shade on account of his religion. He declared at the Toronto meeting that he was not asked to resign. He found, however, that he differed from his constituents on a matter of public policy and he retired of his own accord. He added that "he was not driven from public life, but he had stepped down because of the reasons given. He maintained that there is no set purpose on the part of the majority to tyrannize over the minority in Quebec."

The question on which Mr. Joly differed from his constituents was the treatment of the half-breeds of the North-West, which brought about the Reil rebellion. It was a question on which the people of the country had a right to disagree, and it was practically admitted even in the despatches sent from the Colonial office to the Canadian Government that there was good reason for the half-breeds to suspect that their rights would be interfered with. The French-Canadians had, therefore, a perfect right to have their own opinion on the matter, and Mr. Joly, apparently, is satisfied that they had such a right.

The Jesuit estates question was another of the issues which caused much ill-feeling between the two Provinces. On this question Mr. Joly states that the French-Canadians had not the remotest idea to set aside the authority of the Queen and to substitute for it that of the Pope. The name of the Pope was mentioned in the bill merely because it was necessary to mention the name of the authority who alone could sanction the agreement made, so that there would be no possibility to make a second claim.

The whole address was an appeal to the Protestants of Ontario against the anti-Catholic agitators which have so many times been excited in the Province. Mr. Joly's purpose was the more generous coming from a Protestant, and it should have all the greater effect, as it is undeniable that no one knows better than he the true state of affairs as they exist in the Province of Quebec.

THE LORDS AND THE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND.

The quarrel between the British House of Commons and the Lords, which has been raging ever since the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, has become greatly intensified by the most recent action of the hereditary branch of Parliament in rejecting the Employers' Liability Bill, or rather in mutilating it to such an extent as to amount practically to its rejection.

In the interest of the working classes the popular house passed this bill with the clause that no employe can sell or transfer by contract his right to recover damages in the case of accident. Many of the Lords gave it as their opinion that the passage of this clause would too much restrict the liberty of workmen, and so it was erased by a large majority.

It is remarkable that the liberty which the Lords desire to give the workmen is the liberty to give up that protection which the law at present grants them. The passage of the act in such a form as this would make it entirely useless, and the result is a conflict between the Lords and Commons which has brought prominently forward once more the question of the continued existence of the Lords as a legislative body. The strain between the two houses has become so great that Sir William Vernon Harcourt, speaking recently to his constituents at Derby, spoke more plainly than ever of the necessity of restricting the

power of the Lords to nullify the action of the people's representatives. Thus he asked:

"What is the use of the representatives of the people passing measures of reform, wasting whole sessions of labor in elaborating bills which are in the end summarily rejected or fatally mutilated by the hereditary chamber? Yes, gentlemen, that is a very great question. It is one which, in my opinion, will more than any other occupy your attention in the years that are to come."

It is significant that whenever mention was made of the Lords the speaker was interrupted with cries of "Down with them;" and Sir William was in complete accord with his audience, though owing to the responsible position he occupies as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he could not at present indicate what steps will be taken by the Government to change the relations between the Lords and the Commons. He indicated clearly, however, that a change must take place. He said:

"Some shallow-pated people think it is all over when a measure has been rejected in the House of Lords. It is only just beginning. (Cheers.) That is the way all great reforms have always begun. No great reform, or hardly any great reform, has ever been willingly accepted by the House of Lords. I have not time to say to you to-night all I think, or all I have to say on the House of Lords, but something I will say."

After some witty remarks on the changed position of the Liberal-Unionists in regard to the Lords, he quoted with evident approbation, some words spoken by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1884 at Denbigh, just after the Franchise Bill had been rejected by the Lords. These were called "Plain Words to the House of Lords," and they indicate what remedy a resolute reforming Government can and must apply when the hereditary legislators set themselves as an obstacle to the passage of desirable measures of reform.

Mr. Chamberlain then said: "Are the Lords to dictate to us, the people of England? Are the Lords to dictate to us the laws which we shall make and the way in which we shall bring them in? Are you going to be governed by yourselves, or will you submit to an oligarchy which is the mere accident of birth? Your ancestors resisted kings and abated the pride of monarchs, and it is inconceivable that you should be so careless of your great heritage as to submit your liberties to this miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and accident. They are ancient monuments, and I for one should be very sorry to deface them; but I do not admit that we can build upon these interesting ruins the foundations of our government. I cannot allow that these antiquities should control the destinies of a free empire; and when they press their claims without discretion and without moderation, when they press them to an extreme which their predecessors never contemplated, then I say, they provoke inquiry and controversy which cannot but end in their humiliation."

Mr. Chamberlain was himself a member of the Cabinet when he spoke thus, and though his attitude towards the Lords is now greatly changed, the re-asserting of his words by a member of the Cabinet at the present time shows the tendency of the times to abridge the power of the hereditary legislators who have so many times come into collision with the popular house, by preventing useful legislation.

The Employers' Liability Bill is a necessary measure, taking away from niggardly employers the power to coerce their men by oppressive regulations, and the country demands that it should become law in order to protect workers. By rendering it inoperative the Lords have justly incurred popular indignation. They are sensitive enough to feel that the storm is gathering against them, and they have already shown signs that they intend to bend before it. But they have of late so frequently brought upon themselves the odium of the people by opposing their will, that the general sentiment is now that their power must be positively limited so that they may not in the future raise the same obstacles to useful legislation which they have done hitherto.

Sir William Harcourt reminds the Lords of their constitutional functions. He tells them that it is a mistake to suppose that they constitute a sort of supreme court of appeal to rejudge the acts of the representatives of the people and to revise the conduct of the responsible government. If they censured a ministry, no regard would be paid to such censure. Their right of veto is of a very limited character; and though they may in the beginning delay the passage of a bill which they regard as mischievous, they must pass it in the end. They have only the power of obstruction. If, then, they come too frequently into collision with

the people, they may raise such a storm of will cause them to regret their temerity, and make them more accommodating in future.

The Irish Home Rule Bill, which the Lords so disdainfully rejected by a majority of more than 400, is not to be considered as disposed of yet. Wherever and whenever the leading Liberals refer to it, they declare that it must be passed, and the modifications which will be applied to a new bill will make it more favorable to Ireland, and less favorable to the Lords than was the one which was so disdainfully rejected.

The issue of abridging the power of the Lords is now fairly before the people, and though the struggle is likely to be a fierce one and perhaps long also, there can be no doubt of the final result. The people will triumph—the people of Ireland as well as those of Great Britain.

The ministry are not prepared at present to propose the complete overthrow of the House of Lords, but they are determined to force the Lords to give way on the two Bills which they have, for the present, burked—the Employers' Liability and the Parochial Councils Bill. They will also extend the franchise, and after these measures become law there will probably be a general election, by which Mr. Gladstone will likely be strengthened, and the Home Rule Bill will be passed once more, whereupon the Lords will in all probability be more complaisant than they have yet shown themselves to be. If they refuse to yield, the next step will be to clip them of some of their prerogatives, if not of all: "to end or mend them," as the favorite phrase has been since the first session of the present Parliament.

At one time it was thought that the House of Commons would reject the amendments made by the Lords to the Parish Councils, and the Employers' Liability Bills, but after mature consideration the Government has decided to accept them under protest, with the intention of insisting hereafter on their passage in the form in which they have been passed by the popular house.

In announcing this determination, Mr. Gladstone stated that it would be a loss of dignity to both houses to pass the bills back and forth from one house to the other. The Government had the choice between rejecting the Lords' amendments entirely, thus abandoning the Bills, and accepting them under protest. They had resolved to adopt the latter course, as these bills had occupied the attention of the house for a long period, involving a vast amount of labor. The Lords had wrecked the legislation of the Commons with but little consideration; but the Government desired to save at least something from the wreck.

Further, he stated that the Government has no anxiety to precipitate a crisis, but that the time had come when the decision of the people must be invited to be made, whether the judgment of a non-elective chamber is to be allowed, not merely to modify, but to annihilate the work of the Commons.

THE MISSION.

The mission being held in St. Peter's cathedral in this city, conducted by Rev. Fathers Doherty and O'Brien, of the Society of Jesus, has resulted, as was expected, in the production of abundant fruit. There is perhaps nothing more consoling to spiritual guides than to witness a transformation from indifference to warmth and fervor on the part of the people in the practice of their religious duties. That such has been the case in the present mission no one can doubt who has witnessed, from early morn until late at night, the great throngs of people attending the cathedral at all the exercises. The retreat has indeed been blessed; for many who have for years permitted the world and its vanities to engross all their time and attention, no longer postpone thought of the world beyond, but have made their peace with God and took firm resolutions against ever again straying into the path where spiritual life decays and dies. His Lordship the Bishop of London, the missionary fathers and the reverend clergy resident in the city have spent two weeks of earnest solicitude and hard work, but we feel sure they count these as but little when the consoling reflection comes to them that they are laboring in the midst of a happy, united and devout people.

A PAMPHLET issued by Mr. Schwalle, the pastor of the so-called Reformed Church of Bremen (Germany), openly attacks the doctrine of Redemption and indeed the whole body of Christian doctrine. The pamphlet is entitled, "Is Jesus the Saviour?" and in it the endeavor is made to prove that Christ did not die for the human race. This is but one of many specimens of the unbelief in Christianity which has so widely spread among the Protestants of Germany.

MR. FRASER'S RETIREMENT.

In the Legislative Chamber at Toronto, on the 28th, the announcement was made by Sir Oliver Mowat that the Hon. Mr. Fraser, Commissioner of Public Works, had been compelled by ill-health to resign his commission in the Cabinet and to retire from public life. He also stated that, by the consent of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Fraser would hold office until his successor was appointed and his responsibility is for such governmental action and such governmental measures only, as he sees his way to concur in, other governmental matters being as to him open questions.

It would be but the simple truth to state that Mr. Fraser's resignation is regretted not alone by the followers of the Government, but by those also who are opposed to it in the political arena. For twenty years he has held a place in the Cabinet of Ontario, and during all that time his administration has been above reproach. Seldom has a public man laid down his charge and received from political friend and political foe alike such a large measure of the warmest praise. The breath of scandal has never hovered about the Department of Public Works—the political boodler, the man who is a loud-tongued patriot for revenue, first, last and always—had no chair in the office of Christopher Fraser. His administration from the day he entered the Cabinet until the present hour has been clean and brilliant. We desire not to minimize the merits of the other colleagues of the Attorney-General. What has been said of Mr. Fraser may indeed be said of them also, but they are still in the thick of the fight; and they will be weighed in the balance when the hour for retirement arrives. But now that the Commissioner of Public Works has yielded up his trust, we may in all candor declare with perfect truth that he has set an example in the political life of our country which it would be well for all to follow. He has placed before the coming generation of public men a model which leads to honor, to glory, to distinction, and, if followed, will give them a place in the roll of honor side by side with those who are remembered in Canadian history for the fame they had justly earned and the good they had done for their fellow-men and for the land that gave them freedom and happiness.

SADDLING THE WRONG HORSE.

After the Montreal election for the Mayoralty, the Toronto Mail found great satisfaction in the fact that a large number of the votes were lost through an improper marking of the ballots, the number of illegal ballots amounting to nearly 1,500. The fact was stated as proving the ignorance of French-Canadians, and consequently the inefficiency of the system under which they were educated.

Unfortunately for this theory the result of the investigation arising out of the protest of Mr. McShane against the election of Mayor Villeneuve is that it was proved that nearly all the ballots spoiled were those of English Protestants who had written on their ballots the letters P. P., supposed to signify "Purist's Protest," because they were against both candidates alike. This method of signifying their discontent with both candidates was adopted at the suggestion of the Protestant organ, the Montreal Daily Witness.

There can be no doubt that many of the ballots spoiled otherwise than by the use of the tell tale letters were so treated for similar reasons with those of the Purists who thus marked their ballots.

The Star and the Gazette, which favored the election of Mr. Villeneuve, ridicule the "electoral suicide" committed by the Purists, of whom the Gazette says: "The number of people in Montreal who are too self-righteous to work with their fellow-beings for the general good are creditably few and far between." Those who acted in this way, however, seem to glory in their supposed courage. One of them, signing his letter "A. P. P. voter" defends the course thus pursued in the following curious manner:

"Now, sir, why should we be thus scoffed at? Had we remained away from the poll, and thus manifested no interest whatever in who was to be our chief magistrate, the fact would never have been recorded, but when we had 'Is Jesus the Saviour?' and in it the endeavor is made to prove that Christ did not die for the human race. This is but one of many specimens of the unbelief in Christianity which has so widely spread among the Protestants of Germany."

He declares his reasons for spoiling his ballot to be that Mr. McShane is "unworthy of the support of honest

men," while Mr. Villeneuve, on the other hand, is "connected with the liquor traffic; and

"No man who amasses wealth out of the heart's-blood of his fellow-men shall ever receive a vote of mine, and so long as such men are put forward for public office, so long I for one shall continue to follow the Witness' advice and mark my ballot with a 'P.'"

It is scarcely necessary to argue such a matter seriously, as the laws give to all the liberty to exercise the franchise as they see fit, or, if they prefer, not to exercise it at all. But it is, at all events, a growing conviction in the minds of the public that it is the duty of every citizen to use the franchise in the best way possible to secure good government, as the circumstances of the occasion demand; and it is difficult to imagine a concurrence of circumstances in which a practical decision may not be arrived at regarding how a vote should be cast which will be in accordance with one's conscientious convictions. If this be a real obligation, it is difficult to see how the deliberate ballot-spoilers can be excused from gross neglect for not fulfilling a sacred duty. At all events the Mail saddled the wrong horse; for it is clear that they were not French-Canadians who were influenced by the advice of the Witness.

ROMANCERS ON THE CHURCH.

We gave in our last issue an account of the blunder, or worse than blunder, perpetrated by Mr. Rider Haggard in his romance of "Montezuma's Daughter," wherein he relates the story of an "immured nun" in Seville, confirming it with the statement that he had seen in the museum of Mexico a skeleton of a nun who had been taken out from the walls of a religious house. The discussion arising out of these statements has elicited the fact that the skeleton seen in Mexico by Mr. Haggard was merely that of a body taken out of the common cemetery and placed in the museum to illustrate how strangely the human body is preserved in the climate of Mexico. The body, therefore, was not that of a nun, nor was it taken from the walls of a convent.

The Liverpool Catholic Times takes occasion from the exposures of Mr. Haggard's mistake on this subject, to mention another ridiculous blunder made by him in King Solomon's Mines, one of his best known novels. Therein he represents an eclipse of the sun as having taken place when the moon was nearly full, an event which could not occur, as the "merest tyro in science knows that an eclipse of the sun can take place only at new moon, when the moon passes between the earth and the sun.

Mr. Haggard's novels have been very widely read, owing to the boldness with which he depicts impossible events as realities; but it is evident that as a scientist, or as an antiquarian he is far from being an authority of any weight.

There is this difference between Mr. Haggard and Jules Verne, that the latter, apart from his sometimes putting into hypothesis that science, has made more progress in some particular respect than it has yet succeeded in doing and in some instances more than it will ever probably succeed in, has nevertheless kept within the bounds of actual knowledge in every other respect. Thus, much is to be learned from his writings regarding the geography of the countries he describes, their natural products, the people inhabiting them, and other matters pertaining to them. The discoveries of science, and the uses to which these discoveries may possibly be applied are also graphically described by him. There is, therefore, much truth in his novels, and a great amount of information is conveyed to the mind through them, the machinery only, or the plot by means of which the knowledge is conveyed, being fictitious; but the fiction is such that it is easily distinguishable from the truth which constitutes the lesson proposed to be imparted to the mind of the reader.

But there is nothing of all this in Mr. Haggard's writings, the success of which has arisen merely from the love of the marvellous which is inherent in those who delight in his style of writing. This being the case, he should abstain from pretending to portray the history and practices of the Catholic Church, which it appears he knows only how to caricature and not to describe. He should confine himself to tales of a Munchausen character.

Mr. Haggard is not the only writer who has endeavored to misrepresent the Catholic church in the romances which have come from his pen. Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas

have done so likewise, but though these writers have shown so much hatred of Catholicism, and indeed of all religion, in their novels, their pictures of the history of the Church are so grossly exaggerated beyond the most extreme limits of probability and even possibility, that they cannot deceive any except the most ignorant.

Yet we do not remember that even these writers have attempted, as Mr. Haggard has done, to give credibility to their vile stories by means of foot notes making statements to the effect that the events they describe ever had their counterpart in real life. Eugene Sue, on the contrary, expressly states in his preface to the Wandering Jew, a villainous romance, that his description of Jesuitism is purely imaginary, and that it was his intention merely to represent what Jesuitism would be if its principles were strictly carried out.

It is needless to say that the principles on which the novelist rests his fabric are as imaginary as the fabric itself. He lays it down that the Jesuit must obey his superiors in all things, even to the perpetration of the most horrible crimes. The Jesuit of fact has for his motto, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam."—"For the greater glory of God," and to the attainment of this end all his actions are directed. His life must therefore be quite different from that depicted by either of the novelists we have named. His vow of obedience is limited to obedience in things lawful, and this must have been known to these novelists, who wrote solely with the object in view to raise the worst prejudices of an irreligious public against an illustrious order which has done so much for religion. Judging from their works these writers might be esteemed as ignorant of the order they described, if they related what they believed to be truthful. But they were not so ignorant. Their venom is therefore to be attributed to a diabolical malice which seems to have entirely possessed their souls. Yet it is upon such misrepresentations that much of the prejudice rests which exists so widely spread among those Protestants who regard these writings almost as an inspiration.

We mentioned already in our previous article on immured nuns that Mr. Haggard had borrowed his ideas on this subject from Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion." The pleasure afforded to a certain class of readers by such tales as this was made evident when, some years ago, all Ontario was in a ferment to force Marmion as a subject for literary study on the children at the Provincial High schools, for no other reason than because it contained this slander against the Catholic Church.

Marmion is, of course, conceded to be a work of great literary merit, if beautiful language, and vivid description constitutes such merit. But it is undeniable that the story is one which is not any more suitable for the reading of youth than would be one of Zola's novels, or the New York Police Gazette. Nothing would have induced the Ontario public to desire Marmion to be studied in its grossest details, except the fact that there is something in it to insult Catholics.

In his other works Sir Walter Scott does not thus grossly do violence to public morality, nor does he go to such extremes in hatred to Catholicism as the writers we have already mentioned. Yet there is plenty in all his works to show that he was indoctrinated in all the hatred against the Catholic religion with which Presbyterians of his age were filled from infancy. The Catholic priesthood, especially, are always represented by him in the worst possible light. Priests as represented by him are always either villains or madmen. We need only add that the very ultra character of such descriptions should convince the readers of his books, that they are not truthful; yet we know it is no exaggeration to say that many Protestants accept these fables as if they were historical truths. It is no wonder that a generation which has learned history from such sources is intensely prejudiced against Catholics and the Catholic Church.

We must here add that the history of the Marmion agitation in Ontario should be sufficient to convince fair-minded Protestants that Catholics are reasonable when they assert that it is next to impossible to have a strictly non-sectarian system of education. In an anti-Catholic atmosphere the education given to children will always be more or less anti-Catholic in character, yet this is only one out of many reasons why Catholics insist upon educating their children in Catholic schools. Our chief reason for this is that we wish positive religious teaching to be

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given to them, and on this matter parents have the first right to decide, and it is not either the duty or the right of the State, or of a hostile majority, to override that decision.

TROUBLE IN STORE FOR THE A. P. A.

It is stated that a special session of the Federal Grand Jury of Ohio is to be called immediately for the purpose of taking under consideration a charge made by citizens of Toledo against members of the A. P. A. of that city, for organizing armed bands for the purpose of waging war on citizens of the United States. The case has been reported to the Federal Attorney-General at Washington, and will be pushed at once to an issue, as the United States law provides that men organizing in the manner indicated are guilty of treason and conspiracy, and as there is proof that the A. P. A. branches purchased arms last August under pretence of suppressing the expected uprising of Catholics to seize the Government of the country, it is believed that the charge of conspiracy will be sustained.

The movement to prosecute is not confined to Catholics, but extends to Protestants who are opposed to the workings of the A. P. A., they being indignant that any armed body of men should organize themselves without authority to take the law into their own hands, so that a determined effort will be made to crush the society in Toledo, where for two years it has dominated the polls by exercising the balance of power between the two great political parties.

The suit is brought directly against the treasurer of the association, Mr. G. W. Ostrander, who has admitted in an interview that the various councils in the city ordered 3,000 guns last August. It is believed that abundance of evidence will be brought forward to prove the facts, and that the society will be crushed out, and the leaders severely punished for their audacious infraction of the law. The leaders only are aimed at in the prosecution, but among these there are several prominent men, including the mayor of the city.

It is now said that the pretended terror of the A. P. A.ists throughout the United States originated in the invention of a bogus circular letter from Pope Leo XIII. by a Detroit wag, and the alarm of the Toledo society has made them a laughing-stock of the whole city; but as the rumor resulted in so dangerous an act as the actual arming of thousands of the citizens against the Catholics of the city, it cannot be passed over as a mere laughing matter. It will therefore be made a subject for judicial investigation.

THE CLERGY AND THE P. P. A.

Some of our separated brethren are loud in their denunciations of certain Catholic clergyman who have taken an active part in repelling the onslaughts of the A. P. A. We confess our inability to see the justice of their accusations. A priest would be a poltroon to stand idly by while enemies endeavor to blacken the fair fame of the Church to which he has given his heart's best love. We do not believe that a priest should meddle in party politics, for that would be beneath his sacred dignity; but if he should, we might censure his imprudence, but we could not convict him of wrong-doing.

Some people are accustomed to regard the Church as the guardian of faith, the gentle consoler of human affliction, keeping within spiritual lines and making no impress on this great pulsing world. But this is surely an erroneous idea. The church must take an active interest in social matters. The business of the church is to save souls—the first and before all else. Therefore must she take most active interest in social matters. The body is too intimately united with the soul to permit us to care for the one without caring for the other. The Christian who is to be saved lives in the world and cannot escape the influence of his surroundings; if we would gain him over to grace these surroundings must be made favorable to the conquest.

Something more is needed than to preach truth from the pulpit and proffer sacramental favors to those who will- ingly throw around our altars. We must follow them out over the dusty highways of life, and over the foes that are waiting to pluck out from hearts the seeds we are planting in them. We must remember thousands who do not come near us; and, so far as our ability goes, strike down the fetters that bind them to sin and to hell. The social conditions of legions of souls con- strain them to live away from Church

and from God, and it is utterly futile to talk to them of a higher life until these conditions are altered.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Our readers will doubtless remember the blasphemous Life of Jesus written by the noted Ernest Renan. It caused quite a sensation when published and earned for the author the distinction of being the most reckless Freethinker in all France. It became fashionable to quote and defend his opinions, and the gilded youth of Paris liked no better pastime than the refutation of the claims of our Saviour to a divine origin. Now the scene is changed—all Paris is laughing over the mistakes of Renan. M. Challemeil Lacour, the successor of Renan in the French Academy, has departed from the usual method of praising his predecessor, and has given us instead a dissertation exposing the methods of Renan and branding his assertions with the stigma of inaccuracy and falsehood. Monsabre had indeed shown how unworthy M. Renan is to the title of a reputable historian; but the remarks of M. Lacour, who is a noted Freethinker, may perchance produce more effect.

We have received a communication asking for information regarding a certain McNamara, who is causing some trouble across the border. He is, we believe, a man who proved recreant to his priestly vows, and is now vilifying the creed in which he was born and bred and which he promised to cherish and to defend.

We had the pleasure recently of hearing Archbishop Ireland lecture on the Labor question. What struck us was the attention of the auditors. Not a sound was heard save the ringing voice of the speaker denouncing oppression and defending the rights of the workman. The language was simple and understood by all, and each one went home with a new idea. There was no attempt at word-painting and building of elegant phrases. The prelate was there to instruct and not to tickle the ears of his auditors with ornate rhetoric. One glance at the flushed, earnest face in the pulpit assured us that his soul was in his subject, and we went away no longer wondering at the influence of this man over the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He is not what you would call an orator. But the days of oratory are over. What men want now is an idea. Strip it of useless verbal garments and let it stand out in bold relief. Speak to the people in simple, homely tongue, and your words will find a hiding place in the hearts of your auditors.

WHAT becomes of our college graduates? This is a question that is oft-times asked and never answered satisfactorily. True, there are some who are leading the van of the army of our professional men, but there are many who have, through sheer idleness or negligence, neglected to use their educational gifts. And when asked the reason of their failure in life they reply that they had no opportunities. This has been from time immemorial the answer of the sluggard. Wise men create their opportunities. They look not to others for help, but rely on persistent, unflagging labor to bring them to the much-coveted goal. They are daunted by no difficulties and obstacles, but strengthen their deep-seated resolve to employ the gift of life in a manner deserving the source from whence it emanates. Hence, no matter how clouded the dawn may be, the evening is resplendent with the glory of work well done, of duty performed.

And earth holds no more precious reward for a human soul.

Some of our young men throw away their books as soon as the portals of the *Alma Mater* close behind them, and in a few months the instructions of their professors are but vague and confused memories. Thus they enter their life's work embarrassed and handicapped. We have seen them in various employments, and in many instances they were the inferiors of the veriest office-boy. They forget that a college, no matter how well equipped, can but give them a method for after study, and when neglected they defraud themselves of the fruits of years. The seed has been planted but never garnered, because forsooth the malignant vapors of idleness prevented its growth.

When shall they realize that work is the essential condition of success?

The Knights of Labor in the United States are fast realizing that the resignation of Mr. Powderly as Grand Master is an irreparable loss to labor organizations. He had his enemies,

who sought by every means to rob him of the prestige he had won by long and unselfish service, and, strange to say, they had the unenviable happiness of having their efforts crowned with success. His most bitter opponents, however, confess that he was no noisy demagogue, inciting the workman to deeds of rapine and violence. He was guided by principles of right and justice. His policy was moderate and conducive to the best interests of all who toil. He believed "that in all agreements between masters and work-people there is always the condition expressed as understood, that there be allowed proper rest for soul and body. To agree in any other sense would be against what is right and just."

"CYNICISM is the sign of a wise man," says an old Greek. Some in our country affect to believe it. They trust nobody, and virtue and vice alike bring a sneer to their lips. They believe in nothing save fate. And yet when they cross the threshold of the world they were enthusiastic in their plans for the betterment of humanity. All things seemed fair and beautiful to their eager, expectant eyes. They had their ideals. But they wished for too much from human nature, and when deception in all its reality came before them they swept out all that was holy from their souls, rolled up against the door the stone of distrust and went their way. It is the old story of man looking to the world for consolation. The kingdom of God is within, and he who endeavors to cultivate it knows no disappointment. "Youth," says an author, "soon fades and strength decays; and as shock after shock in your struggle through life demolishes one after another the air castles which you so long and so laboriously constructed, you will more and more feel the necessity of ceasing to lean upon broken reeds and of looking within your soul's interior for an abiding comfort. And if you find there but emptiness, even as you have found hollowness and deceit without, you will grow hardened and cynical. But if, on the other hand, you have learned to commune with yourself and make your soul's interior the guest chamber in which to entertain the Divine Word—the Emmanuel dwelling within you—in Him you will find renewed strength to fight your battles with the world, to help you in trouble, to soothe you in pain and to console you in sorrow and affliction." When shall we learn that the human soul can find no lasting enjoyment in the changing things of the world? This knowledge alone can make us patient and forbearing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A RITUALISTIC Church in New York has introduced the service of the Way of the Cross as one of its devotions, and has purchased the pictures of the Stations of the Cross from the same dealer who supplied St. Patrick's Church, the pattern being also the same. This church is even dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. All this is perfectly correct, but it is quite a novelty in Protestant services to have these Catholic devotions. It may be hoped that the congregation which has advanced so far may before long become entirely Catholic.

WE ARE pleased to see it announced that Mr. E. J. McRobert, of this city, has resigned the trusteeship of the Grand Council of the P. P. A. We trust, for his own credit, that this means he has severed his connection with the society altogether. One by one persons who are endowed with many qualities will drop from the ranks of the conspiracy, and, no doubt, it will for many years be a source of wonderment to them why they ever allowed their names to be connected with it. Such was the outcome of the Know-Nothing movement.

WHY do not Catholics buy Catholic books? A great many are sorely in need of them. They cannot give an intelligible answer to a question concerning the doctrines of the Church. If they could give a reason for the faith within them they might be instrumental in effecting much good. We do not believe in controversy, for it bears within it no germ of life, but we do believe in a person being able to give a plain statement of his doctrinal views. A knowledge of the tenets of their Church would make them admire their beauty and truth and cause them to manifest by their actions that they have God's truth in their minds and God's love in their hearts.

The leading citizens of Boston have become tired of seeing the affairs of the city managed by the fanatical

clique which has been in power in municipal matters for the last four years, except during a short interval. A league has now been formed for the purification of city politics, and the principal merchants of the city have become members of it for the purpose of selecting the best men for municipal offices independently of religious considerations which have prevailed heretofore, with the result that the expenses of city government have been increased to an alarming extent. The membership of the new league has been limited to two hundred, and on the 22nd of February it was organized at a harmonious meeting at which officers were elected.

WE HAVE received authentic information to the effect that the eleven French-Canadians, ten men and one woman in Maskinonge, who formerly attached themselves to the Baptist Church about twelve months ago, in consequence of a difference with the Bishop regarding the erection of a parish church, have repented of their rebellious conduct, and have returned to the Church. Their reconciliation took place some months ago. These are the converts whose case is periodically harped upon by the *Mail* as evidence of the tyranny of the Church, and of the French-Canadian movement towards the liberty of Protestantism, in order to escape from ecclesiastical oppression. The *Mail* will now be compelled to find some other event as an illustration of its theories.

ACCORDING to the report of the Divorce Reform League of the United States recently published, many of the States Legislatures have become convinced of the necessity of so amending the marriage and divorce laws in such a way that the evil of granting divorces for the trivial reasons which have hitherto been allowed to prevail may be ended. During the last year eleven State Legislatures have amended the laws or passed new ones for the more strict observance of marital obligations, or to make the granting of divorces more difficult of attainment.

ANOTHER pretended ex-nun has been exposed in the West, where she has been delivering lectures on the iniquities of convent life. Her name is Marguerite St. Omer, and her lectures, like those of Mrs. Margaret L. Shephard, were delivered under the auspices of the A. P. A. At Milwaukee her advertisement stated that she was an ex-nun who would speak from personal knowledge of the evil deeds perpetrated in convents. Equivaries were instituted, the result of which was that it was ascertained that she was entirely unknown to the ladies of every convent which had been mentioned by her. She then endeavored to make the public believe that she had been a pupil in the convents of Notre Dame, Montreal, and the Sacred Heart, Chicago. Enquiring at these convents proved that she had never been in either of them, whether as nun or as a pupil. The order of Notre Dame has its mother house at Milwaukee, and from the records it has been found that there never was a nun of her name belonging to that order.

The question of religious teaching in the schools is now attracting great attention in England. The secularists demand that there be no religious teaching whatsoever, and that prayer and the reading of the Bible be forbidden. The non-Conformists generally demand the retention of Bible-reading, with no definite dogmatic teaching, but the clergy of the Church of England, and especially those of the High section of the Church, contend for the teaching of Christian dogmas. The school law at present leaves the decision of the character of the religious teaching to each local committee, but the convictions of the minority are respected under the law that specific denominational teaching shall not be given in the Public schools, though it is allowed in the voluntary schools, which receive State aid.

The *Canadian Magazine* for February proves that its editors are determined to make it a production of which Canadians need not be ashamed. The articles are written in a style so little adopted in this age of fast living. We sincerely hope that it may meet with the success it merits and devote itself to the description of Canadian scenes and to questions that interest our people.

It is stated that Zola's novel on Lourdes will shortly be ready. To a representative of one of the Paris papers the author recently said that it

will not be a novel in the ordinary sense, but rather a mystery of five days, and possibly it will be divided into five parts under the titles "First Day, Second Day, etc.," instead of chapters. It is promised that the book will not have the disgusting character of Zola's former works, but it is very doubtful that anything good can come from such a quarter.

SOME months ago a circular was issued by several Universalist, Unitarian, and Jewish clergymen, inviting the recipients to a conference for the purpose of organizing a new and Universal Church, which would be open to people of all religions. It is now stated that as a consequence of the Conference a creedless Church will be started in Chicago in a few days, the purpose of which will be to include in its membership Buddhists and Agnostics as well as Christians. As there will be no doctrines, there will be no heresies trials under this organization. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a well-known Unitarian minister, takes great interest in this new movement, which he defines as "a temple of universal religion dedicated to the inquiring spirit of progress and the helpful services of love," and built upon the "broad plain of humanity." We have thus reached the period when it is proposed to save mankind otherwise than through the work of Redemption done by Christ.

LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Mr. H. J. Morgan notices very favorably in *The Week*, a Toronto publication, a work recently published by M. Girouard, M. P. This work is a history of Lake St. Louis and neighboring places. It speaks of Lachine, Ste. Anne and Isle Dorval, as well as several interesting localities near and around Lake St. Louis. It goes further; covering an extensive portion not only of the Island of Montreal, but also at the same time of the Ottawa valleys. "The book," says Mr. Morgan, "is unique of its kind, not only as regards originality of design, but also in the happy treatment of its subject and the splendid character of its *font enroule*, as a specimen of Canadian book-making." The work was a labor of love, considering that M. Girouard was born near the Lake which he celebrates, Lachine at one time, Dorval at another, has been his home for many years. The county, Jacques Cartier, which he represents in Parliament, is not forgotten. It extends over a large portion of the country and abounds in historical events and picturesque scenery. All this is done justice to by M. Girouard. This fascinating description and clear historical narratives cannot fail to render his book highly interesting to the citizens of Quebec province. It commends itself also to the people of Ontario, for whom it is desirable that they should know more than they do concerning their fellow-countrymen of Quebec and the land which they inhabit. The work referred to speaks only of one county and some neighboring places. But this county is a fair sample of all the other counties, and, from it, accordingly, may be gathered the correct idea of the *maniere d'etre* throughout the lower province, *et uno disce omnes*. This knowledge would be highly advantageous to both sections of the Dominion, inasmuch as it would bring them into closer and more friendly relations, and would tend to strengthen that *entente cordiale*, which, it is most desirable should exist in all its power between the federated provinces.

Mr. Morgan likens M. Girouard's work to the best productions of our English authors. It is a "local history," he says, "so complete and reliable in its treatment and character as to deserve a place in Canadian collections alongside the best efforts of Hart, Lighthall, Scadding and Lemieux. M. Girouard had already come before the public in works of high literary merit:—*Lavie de Lachine et le Massacre du 5 Aout, 1657*;—*Les Anciens Ports de Lachine et de Chevalier de la Salle*; and "*Les Anciennes Cotes du Saint Louis avec un tableau des anciens et nouveaux proprietaires*."—Very truly, Dr. Dawson, in Ottawa Owl.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

On the 26th ult., at the Sacred Heart Convent, in this city, Madam Scott, a native of this country, breathed her last. Her illness was protracted, and when the end came it was not unexpected. She had been a Religious for many years, and the former pupils of the convent will in a particular manner regret to know that one who was very dear to them in the summer of their lives has been laid to rest in the touchingly modest yet notable St. Peter's cemetery, along with her co-laborers who are gone before and who, like her, had given up all for Jesus. To the good Religious the world's praise is unthought and distasteful; but now that she has left us may we not say that her life was most holy and her death most edifying—may we not say, too, that, as her last moments approached, as the things of this life were fading, and the portals of eternity opening to her gaze, the One whose trusted servant she had been surely sent His angels to accompany her pure spirit to His beautiful and eternal home. That it may be so we pray.

MERRITTON'S MERITS.

THE ENTERPRISING VILLAGE HAS MANY THINGS TO HOAST OF, BUT ITS EDUCATIONAL STRENGTH IS ITS GREATEST PRIDE.

On every count this is a strong school, said the Separate School Inspector at his recent visit. The attendance is fully sustained, the requisites are amply supplied, the classes are conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, decided progress has been made within the year, and the general tone of the school is all that can be desired to insure continued success. This must be very gratifying to the ratepayers in general and to Father Lynett in particular, who takes an active interest in the work of the school.

Sadlier's Catholic Directory.

We have been favored with a copy of Sadlier's Catholic Directory, Almanac and Order for 1894. It contains full reports of all Bishops, vicararies, prefectures, etc., in Canada, the United States, British West Indies, Ireland, England and Scotland; the hierarchy in Germany, Austria-Hungary and Australia. It is the most useful directory of the kind published, as the information contained therein is on a larger scale than any other, and it has been compiled with the very greatest care. Price \$1.25 per copy. To be had from D. and J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal and Toronto.

CARD OF THANKS.—The Sisters of St. Joseph return thanks for a bill of flour and fifty six bread tickets kindly donated to their orphanage by the Forest City Curling Club.

INDUSTRIOUS INDIANS. Progress of the Qu'Appelle Industrial School.

Manitoba Free Press, Feb. 22. Indian Head, Assa., Feb. 19.—The gratifying success which has crowned the indefatigable efforts of Rev. Father Hugouard as principal of the Indian Industrial school near Fort Qu'Appelle...

The building, which was finished in the early part of 1885, was only intended for the accommodation of thirty boys. Very few people at that time had any faith in the success of the experiment, as they considered it would be a most difficult matter to induce parents to part with their children...

However, under the most unfavorable circumstances the school was opened under the management of Father Hugouard with an assistant, three Sisters of Charity and a farm instructor. Great difficulties were experienced in getting children to come to school...

No money can be better spent by the Indian Department than in the education of the young and rising generation of Indians, and nowhere within the scope of the writer's knowledge and observation can they receive a more sound and moral educational training than at the Qu'Appelle Industrial school.

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Barber became a Jesuit priest, and few students of Georgetown College have not heard of the saintly life of the good and learned Rev. Samuel Barber, S. J.

But she took time even then, and had recourse to prayer before making a selection among the many admirable religious orders in Montreal. Finally she entered the Hotel Dieu. She was professed in 1810, her parents attending amid the concourse of people attracted to the chapel.

That the late Sir John A. Macdonald, now a tenant of the tomb in Coteau cemetery, near Kingston, Ont., has during his day and generation done much for the amelioration of the condition and education of Indian children in the North-West is amply evidenced by the unparalleled success which has hitherto crowned the unceasing efforts of Rev. Father Hugouard...

Malaria is one of the most insidious of health destroyers. Hood's Sarsaparilla combats its deadly poison and builds up the system.

An Excellent Remedy. GENTLEMEN.—We have used Hargyrd's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds.

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.—A small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

DEAR SIR.—I have been using B. B. B. for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer. Daniel Barber, his father, though yet not wholly converted or over his

"OUR CONVERTS." Faithful Results of the Conversion of Gen. Allen's Daughter.

Some weeks ago we published an extract from the work of a Protestant gentleman, Judge Chittenden, on "Personal Reminiscences," in which he told the story of "The Beautiful American Nun," and the deep impression it had made upon many minds in Vermont, where Gen. Allen and his family lived.

Fanny Allen was one of Vermont's fairest daughters—still fairer and more beautiful in intellect and in soul. She was the youngest daughter of Vermont's Revolutionary hero, Gen. Ethan Allen.

Her conversion was sudden; it took place at the gate of the sanctuary railing in the convent chapel, whither a sister had sent her to place a vase of flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; her steps were mysteriously arrested at the gate; three times she attempted to fulfill her mission, and three times she was stopped by an inscrutable impulse:

Was she, without an open profession of faith, unworthy to approach the Holy of Holies? She fell upon her knees and adored Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. Retiring to an obscure corner of the temple, she wept, and when her voice returned to her, she exclaimed:

"After this miraculous occurrence, I must give myself to my Saviour." The tidings of her conversion produced intense sensation in her family and in all Vermont. She was brought by her parents to their home in Shelton, Vermont, where the attentions of gay and fashionable society and all the means to which her parents could resort were used to change her purpose; but in the end her mother accompanied her again on a second visit to the convent at Montreal.

But she took time even then, and had recourse to prayer before making a selection among the many admirable religious orders in Montreal. Finally she entered the Hotel Dieu. She was professed in 1810, her parents attending amid the concourse of people attracted to the chapel. Her parents frequently visited her. Her convent life was a model of the true religious. Her physician, an American Protestant, was so impressed by her heroic death that he became converted on the spot. She died on December 10, 1819. We shall soon see cause for wonder at the many remarkable conversions which followed hers in Vermont.

REMARKABLE DEED WAS THE conversion of the Barber family. Rev. Daniel Barber had served two terms as a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He belonged to a large, intellectual and influential family, and his father, whose name was Daniel, had become impoverished by the war of our independence and the depreciation of paper money.

He was present at the religious profession of Fanny Allen at Montreal in 1810, and was deeply impressed by her heroic faith. In 1812 he visited Bishop Cheverus at Boston. Many difficulties presented themselves to his mind, and he communicated to his son, Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, then an Episcopal minister in Northern New York, his doubts, and lent him the books on Catholic doctrine which he was reading.

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OUR CONVERTS. Faithful Results of the Conversion of Gen. Allen's Daughter.

Some weeks ago we published an extract from the work of a Protestant gentleman, Judge Chittenden, on "Personal Reminiscences," in which he told the story of "The Beautiful American Nun," and the deep impression it had made upon many minds in Vermont, where Gen. Allen and his family lived.

Fanny Allen was one of Vermont's fairest daughters—still fairer and more beautiful in intellect and in soul. She was the youngest daughter of Vermont's Revolutionary hero, Gen. Ethan Allen.

Her conversion was sudden; it took place at the gate of the sanctuary railing in the convent chapel, whither a sister had sent her to place a vase of flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; her steps were mysteriously arrested at the gate; three times she attempted to fulfill her mission, and three times she was stopped by an inscrutable impulse:

Was she, without an open profession of faith, unworthy to approach the Holy of Holies? She fell upon her knees and adored Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. Retiring to an obscure corner of the temple, she wept, and when her voice returned to her, she exclaimed:

"After this miraculous occurrence, I must give myself to my Saviour." The tidings of her conversion produced intense sensation in her family and in all Vermont. She was brought by her parents to their home in Shelton, Vermont, where the attentions of gay and fashionable society and all the means to which her parents could resort were used to change her purpose; but in the end her mother accompanied her again on a second visit to the convent at Montreal.

But she took time even then, and had recourse to prayer before making a selection among the many admirable religious orders in Montreal. Finally she entered the Hotel Dieu. She was professed in 1810, her parents attending amid the concourse of people attracted to the chapel. Her parents frequently visited her. Her convent life was a model of the true religious. Her physician, an American Protestant, was so impressed by her heroic death that he became converted on the spot. She died on December 10, 1819. We shall soon see cause for wonder at the many remarkable conversions which followed hers in Vermont.

REMARKABLE DEED WAS THE conversion of the Barber family. Rev. Daniel Barber had served two terms as a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He belonged to a large, intellectual and influential family, and his father, whose name was Daniel, had become impoverished by the war of our independence and the depreciation of paper money.

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CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. THE COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM. EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS OF THE SUNDAY AND HOLY DAYS. CATHOLIC BELIEF, PAPER. A LADY.

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COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis street, Toronto. This hotel has been refitted and furnished throughout.

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MARCH 10, 1894. FIVE-MINUTE SEI Passion Sunday. DANGEROUS COMPANY. To day, my dear brethren, to make a few remarks...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

DANGEROUS COMPANIONSHIP. Walk (transcendently; not as unwise but as wise. (Ephes., v. 15-16.)

To-day, my dear brethren, I propose to make a few remarks on the dangerous occasions of impurity, so common in these times.

The danger of which I wish specially to speak is that which comes from the familiar acquaintance which now exists to such a great extent, and is taken so much as a matter of course, between young persons of different sexes. This undue familiarity is too common everywhere in this country; and more than anywhere else in a city like that in which we live.

To take a flagrant instance. A priest being a man educated according to the rules of respectable society, is unexpectably surprised when he for the first time hears some young woman, apparently of a careful conscience, ask him if it is a sin to flirt.

Why, outwardly and at the first appearance, the act is not very different from that of an abandoned woman seeking to attract those whom she thinks will notice her.

This seeking to form unknown acquaintances of the opposite sex or to attract special attention among them is, then, a thing which no Catholic girl should think of, if she has any sense of shame.

For a young woman to make one of the other sex her friend or familiar companion, as she will may one of her own, is a thing which should be unheard of. She should have but one such friend, and he should be one who has acted honorably to her by proposing to her to take the honorable part of her husband, and whom she has before God and in her conscience felt to be worthy, and accepted by a binding engagement.

For the reasons, plain enough, on which these directions rest, promiscuous assemblies of both sexes, such as those to be found at certain gatherings, now unfortunately so popular, are full of danger, and had far better in all cases be avoided.

When Sister Agnes had gone the subject which the girls had been discussing presented a different aspect, and the keynote of her character which always impressed them—"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,"—caused them now to feel dissatisfied with themselves and to cast about for something to do. This reminded Constance again of Annie Brogan and the white dress that Lillie had regarded with so much scorn.

"Girls," said she, "wouldn't it be nice if we could give a dress and veil, and whatever is necessary, to some poor child who is to make her First Communion on the same day as ourselves? Perhaps, too, we could arrange to have her make it with us. Don't you think this would make us happy, and do a good way to prepare?"

A LITTLE WHITE DRESS.

By MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

This information was received with-out comment, but it aroused in some foolish little hearts a feeling of envy, and in others a desire of emulation.

Eugenia Dillon was the richest girl in the school. Her father, a plain, sensible man, who had lacked early advantages, had within a few years amassed a considerable fortune, which he would gladly have enjoyed in a modest, unpretending manner.

"I am sorry," soliloquized Connie's mother when she heard of the project. "Connie's First Communion will be so important an event for her that I feel as if I could not do enough in preparation for it. I should like to dress her more beautifully than on any other in her life."

For Eugenia Dillon, the giving up of the white silk was, as the girls generously agreed, "the biggest act of all." At first Mrs. Dillon would not hear of it; "though," said she, "I am quite willing to buy the dress for the poor child myself, if you wish, Eugenia."

The great day finally arrived. To picture it, or to describe the joy which filled the soul of each of our first communicants, is not the purpose of this story. But as the white-robed band entered the convent chapel, to the inconspicuous throng of fashionable people there assembled their appearance was the strongest possible sermon against vanity.

"Somehow, when Sister Agnes talks to me," even so lightly a little personage as Lillie Davis said one day, "I feel as if I could make any sacrifice quite as a matter of course, and without a speck of fuss about it."

"Yes," agreed Connie. "She seems to take your hand in her strong one and to lead you up a stony, hilly path; and then, when you come to the roughest, steepest places, she almost carries you onward, and you are ashamed to complain that you are tired, because, though she is so gentle with you, she does not mind such trifles at all herself."

"Girls," said she, "wouldn't it be nice if we could give a dress and veil, and whatever is necessary, to some poor child who is to make her First Communion on the same day as ourselves? Perhaps, too, we could arrange to have her make it with us. Don't you think this would make us happy, and do a good way to prepare?"

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With much animation, but the bell rang before any decision had been arrived at. Later, however, after a consultation with Sister Agnes, who promised her cordial co-operation, the children concluded to adopt Connie's suggestion, if their mothers would consent.

"I must acknowledge that I am disappointed," remarked Mrs. Davis to her husband that evening. "To-day I ordered the material for Lillie's First Communion dress—an exquisite tulle. But she came home from school with a story about furnishing an outfit for a poor child, and she assures me that her companions are to wear plain dresses for the occasion."

"A very creditable determination," said Lillie's papa, approvingly. "I endorse it heartily. If it is really the children will not be distracted by the thought of their gowns, while at the same time some deserving little girl will be provided with an appropriate costume. I advise you to send back the tulle by all means, my dear, and apply the difference in price between it and the fabric agreed upon to the fund the children are trying to make up."

"Well, I suppose it will be best to do so," decided his wife. "Anyhow, tulle is so delicate a tissue, and Lillie is such a heedless little creature, that it would probably be badly torn before the end of the ceremonies."

"I am sorry," soliloquized Connie's mother when she heard of the project. "Connie's First Communion will be so important an event for her that I feel as if I could not do enough in preparation for it. I should like to dress her more beautifully than on any other in her life."

Which little girl was the stranger, however, only one mother knew—a humble woman, who, as she knelt amid the congregation, silently knelt and a blessing upon the children who by their thoughtfulness had made possible her pious desire that her child might be appropriately and respectfully attired to welcome the coming of Our Lord.

After Benediction, as they prepared to go home, they said to one another: "What a truly happy day this has been! How often we shall think of it during our lives!"

Mr. Emile Zola has been defeated for the fourth time in his candidacy for membership for the French Academy. Mons. Severaino de Heredia who was Minister of Public Works in 1887 was elected to the vacancy by 19 votes, Mons. Zola receiving 7. It appears that even in France Mons. Zola's immoral novels have not made him a favorite.

MILBURN'S God Liver Oil Emulsion is superior to all other preparations of God Liver Oil in digestibility, curative power, and strengthening properties. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

When you meet with one suspected, Condemned unheard for some sin, By fair weather friends rejected, The world's approval to win, Speak no word of heartless blame, For the slandering's vile detraction Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing Ways the lost have entered in, Working out his own undoing, With his reckless and sin; Think, if placed in his condition Would a kind word be in vain? Or a look of cold suspicion, Win thee back to God again.

There are spots that bear no flowers, Not because the soil is bad, But the summer's genial showers Never make their bosoms glad. Better have an act that's kindly Treated sometimes with disdain Than, by judging others blindly, Doon the innocent to pain.

CONFESSING SINS TO A PRIEST. The Stock Protestant Argument Humorously Refuted.

At acquaintance of ours, who frequently went to and from Philadelphia, was often teased by some of his associates about being a Catholic. He was a German comparatively uneducated, but well instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic religion. Withal, too, he was naturally gifted, witty and sarcastic. One evening one of his associates asked him, 'Lewy, you confess your sins to a priest, don't you?'

"Yes," was the reply, 'I do.' 'Why do you confess to a priest? He is only a man. How can he forgive you your sins?' 'Yes,' retorted L., 'he is only a man, but Almighty God conferred on him the power to forgive sins.'

"Oh, but why don't you go directly to God to confess your sins? I always go to headquarters when I have to do anything," said the objector. 'I deny it, you don't,' was the rough and ready reply. 'How do you know I don't?' asked L.'s questioner. 'Prove that I don't.'

"Well, I'll soon do it," said Lewy. 'You ride in this car, and so, too, sometimes, does Mr. —, the president of the railroad. Some day, when the president and you are in the car, the conductor asks you for your ticket. You won't give it to him and tell him, I always do my business at headquarters.' The conductor says 'just try it.' You then go to Mr. —, president of the railroad, and say, 'Mr. —, I won't give my ticket to the conductor. I give it to you; I always do business at headquarters.' The president says—well, just exactly what he says had better be left to the imagination. In vigorous, if not elegant language, however, he tells him to give the ticket to the conductor or get off the train."

"The Catholic faith is the religion that is faithful to the Cross. It insists on self-denial. It teaches that nature must give way to grace. It idealizes suffering endured for love of God. It opposes the maxims of the world. It acts up to the warning of the Lord: 'Unless a man denies himself and takes up his cross daily and follows me, he cannot be my disciple.' No other claimant to the title of Christian Church so loves poverty, chastity, obedience and mortification. Christ and Him crucified is its model and master.—Catholic Review.

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INSIST Upon having Featherbone Corsets. Refuse all substitutes. See they are stamped thus: PATENTED SEPT. 3rd, 1884. No. 20110. NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS SO STAMPED.

Common Error. Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same; only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked), and the other is not. This is wrong—TAKE THE Yolk from the Egg, TAKE THE Oil from the Olive, What is left? A Residue. So with COCOA. In comparison, COCOA is Skimmed Milk, CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER. If he hasn't on sale, send his name and your address to the Agency at Montreal, Canadian Branch, 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.

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Margaret L. Shepherd. A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE. Address, THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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For Baby's Skin and Hair use CUTICURA SOAP. The purest sweetest and most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world.

CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. By Rev. A. J. Mass, S. J. THE COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROSES. ANTIMISM: in Three Acts. By A. F. Marshall, B. A. OXON. CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1894. EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS of the Sundays and Holy days. CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT: or, How the Pentateuch was solved. CONNOR DABRY'S STRUGGLES. CATHOLIC BELIEF. PAPER. A LADY. Sold by all Catholic Booksellers & Agents.

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Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

Assessments Nos. 4 and 5 were issued by the Grand Secretary on 5th March. They call for the payment of nine Beneficiaries, amounting to \$13,000.

In the next issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD we will give a full report of a very eloquent lecture delivered at St. John, N. B., by Brother John L. Carleton, his subject being "The Post of Humanity—John Boyle O'Reilly." The lecture will, we are sure, be read with interest by our members...

Let there be Life.

We pity the branch where the same dull, monotonous routine prevails year in and year out. There appears to be in the minds of many members only two things for which they live as C. M. B. A. men—the payment of dues and assessments and a desire to attend the meetings for this purpose and just to see what is going on.

Sec. 42: 4th line, insert after Acting Grand President "and Board of Trustees." Sec. 43: 1st line, insert after "shall" "insert after thirty days notice from the Grand Secretary to the Branch, a circular, containing a copy of the proposed amendments..."

Sec. 44: 1st line, insert after "insert" "insert after thirty days notice from the Grand Secretary to the Branch, a circular, containing a copy of the proposed amendments..." Sec. 45: 1st line, insert after "insert" "insert after thirty days notice from the Grand Secretary to the Branch, a circular, containing a copy of the proposed amendments..."

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Sec. 20: 1st line, insert after "insert" "insert after thirty days notice from the Grand Secretary to the Branch, a circular, containing a copy of the proposed amendments..."

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it would be fair or right on the part of the C. M. B. A. to discriminate against a most worthy class of its members who not only work hard for a living (hence their hazardous risks), but are always found working for the good of the society, and that without any remuneration in the way of fees and salaries.

In the words of Brother Conway, which very well cover the ground, I say: No, brother, let us go on helping one another as the very class for whom the change is proposed in the class I would rather see encouraged in our good society.

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that led to the separation of our Canadian membership from that of the United States eighteen months ago. How can this state of affairs be improved? Is the question to be answered by the C. M. B. A.?

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twain. The presents were many and of an elaborate kind, amongst them being a handsome marble top oak bedroom set. A number of guests were present from Toronto, Stratford, Ingersoll and Niagara Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Minogue will in future reside at 329 Quebec street.

MAHON JACOB.

We take from the Mobile papers the following announcement of a marriage which took place some time since in that city, which will be read with interest by the people of London. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. John P. Mahon, a former resident of this city. Yesterday Mr. John A. Mahon and Miss Ethel Pauline, daughter of Mr. J. P. Mahon, of this city, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The bride is the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mahon, of this city. She is a decided brunette and was one of Mother's belles, and never did one look more beautiful and bewitching than she did in her travelling costume of navy blue satin trimmed in pearls. The groom is a young man who is well known in Mobile. He has the honor of carrying off the successful being the volunteer soldier in the State of Alabama's volunteer troops. He is a successful real estate agent and in the only son of Mr. John P. Mahon, of London, Canada. After the ceremony the newly married couple and their friends returned to London, Canada, where the groom's mother in their honor. They were in Cuba for their bridal tour. Good luck and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Mahon in the wish of all many friends of the handsome young couple.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL RAWLEY, HIBBERT.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Michael Rawley, who departed this life at her late residence in Hibbert, on Tuesday, 20th ult. For some time past deceased had been suffering from a slow but fatal malady, which she bore with great patience and resignation to the will of God. She received all the consolations which the Church of God offers to its faithful members. Her maiden name was Mary M. Rawley. She was born in County Galway, Ireland, in 1827. When quite young she emigrated to Canada with her father, four brothers, and one sister, all of whom have preceded her to the world beyond. Michael Rawley, one of the pioneers of the township of McKillop. She leaves a husband, three sons and four daughters to mourn the loss of a fond wife and mother. On Friday morning the funeral (which was largely attended) proceeded to St. Columba Church, Irishtown, in the county of Galway, Ireland, and she was interred in the vault of her family in the cemetery near the church. While extending to Mr. Rawley and family the sincere expression of our sympathy, we join in the holy aspiration of the Church, and pray that her soul may rest in peace. Irishtown, Feb. 20th, 1894.

A NEW BRUNSWICK SENSATION.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-known Gentleman—So Badly Crippled with Rheumatism that he was Helpless as an Infant—How he was Cured—A Lady Relative also Restored to Health. From the Richelieu, N. B., Review. The attention of the Review has been called to two cases in Kingston in which it has been effected a remarkable cure has been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter was sent to interview the parties named, and find out whether the cure was really the result of the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Samuel Barnes, who formerly resided in Dorchester, N. B., and who removed to Kingston, Kent Co., some time ago, was first interviewed, and asked whether the reports concerning his illness and his recovery from the use of these pills were true. He expressed himself willing to add his testimony to the many he saw in the papers concerning the wonderful cures effected by Pink Pills, and hoped his story might be of means of bringing relief to others. We give his story as nearly as possible in his own words. "I was first attacked with acute muscular rheumatism in March, 1891. I was then living in Dorchester. For three months I was bedridden, unable to move hand or foot, more helpless than an infant. The joints of my arms and legs were much swollen, and my hands and fingers twisted almost out of shape. The physicians who attended me bandaged my limbs and in every way attempted to give me relief, but without effect. Two other doctors were called in consultation, but could do nothing for me. I was told by a friend who called to see me of the wonderful cures reported to have been effected by the use of Pink Pills, and I resolved to give them a trial. When I had half finished the second box I began to feel slightly better. After taking four or five around the house on crutches. I continued taking the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when I stopped for a time. I was then able with the help of crutches to get out of the house and around. I have since removed to Kingston, and continued taking the pills, and have continued to improve and hope soon to be entirely cured. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of education, whose statements will carry weight. The crutches were removed when Mr. Barnes first came to Kingston. He was forced to use crutches, and was unable to get around only with great difficulty. He is now able to move around using only a cane, and apparently free of any difficulty. His hands and fingers, however, still bear traces of the severe suffering he has undergone. His sister, Mrs. John Taylor, was also a sufferer from muscular rheumatism. She was first attacked by the disease eight years ago, and at that time it was only with great difficulty she was able to move around. Doctors' medicines did not help her, and she tried all kinds of so-called cures for rheumatism, but they all failed. She has now finished her fourth box, and is apparently well as she ever was. She said she was particularly willing that the public should know that she was a firm believer in the efficacy of Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Barnes had induced her to give them a trial, and she was now satisfied that the pills possessed wonderful curative powers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a grippé, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., six boxes for \$2.00. The price of each box, if sent by mail, is \$1.00. These pills are sold in a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 57, Orillia, held in their hall on Feb. 21st, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and love, has called to Himself the beloved wife of our Branch, Mrs. Mary Berthor, Recording Secretary of Branch No. 57, Orillia, be it Resolved, that while we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, tender to Brother Patton and his afflicted family our individual and united sympathies, in their bereavement, and we pray God in His infinite mercy, to grant to our Brother and his orphan's race to bear with fortitude their sad affliction.

Resolved that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Branch and published in our official organ, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and that J. CASHMAN, Asst. Recorder, and J. D. WARDE, Secretary, be and they are authorized to move on to the funeral services of the late James E. Dillon.

On Tuesday morning last the town was alive with the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon from the country and by trains east and west to pay their respects to the bereaved family and take a last look upon the placid countenance of the departed worth.

Precisely at 10 a. m. the body was removed from its late residence to St. Ignace's church, followed by grief-stricken parents and sorrowing friends, where a High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Chabouis. Miss Mary Berthor (soprano) presided at the organ, assisted by her sister, Miss Francis Berthor (alto) and Mr. Levey (tenor) of Chatham, and Mr. Cole, of London, (bass).

The choral service was grand, indeed the whole religious service was deeply impressive and highly appreciated.

Father Chabouis' oration was remarkably sided at the organ, assisted by her sister, Miss Francis Berthor (alto) and Mr. Levey (tenor) of Chatham, and Mr. Cole, of London, (bass).

Out of respect for our old townsman and ex-Mayor, many of the stores were closed during the funeral services.—Bothwell Times.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual—1894. We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamp or script. Address, THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London Ont.

MARRIED. MINOUGE-GIBBONS. St. Peter's cathedral, on Feb. 6, was the scene of a grand marriage on the occasion of the ceremony of Miss Annie Gibbons, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Quigley, to Mr. Thomas Minogue, of the Gillespie clothing house. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Terry King. The bride looked charming in a dress of brown brocade, and carried a bouquet of flowers of the same material. The groom had been performed the happy couple repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, accompanied by about forty guests, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of and the usual congratulations extended to the twain.

MARKET REPORTS. London, Mar. 8.—Grain deliveries were small, and wheat was steady, at 21s to 21c per bushel. Peas 20s to 21c per bushel. Barley 18s to 19c per bushel. Potatoes 10s to 11c per bushel. Dressed hogs 55s to 56s per cwt. Turkeys sold at 8s to 9s per pound. Butter 22s a pound by the basket for Apple roll, one pound for large roll and one for small roll. Potatoes 10s to 11c per bushel. Peas were scarce, at 21s to 22s a bag. Hay, 20s to 21s a ton. Toronto, Mar. 8.—Flour—Straight roller, 20s to 21s; extra, 21s to 22s; white, 21s to 22s; spring No. 2, 20s to 21s; red winter, 57c to 58c; No. 1, 58c to 59c; No. 2, 57c to 58c; No. 3, 56c to 57c; No. 4, 55c to 56c; No. 5, 54c to 55c; No. 6, 53c to 54c; No. 7, 52c to 53c; No. 8, 51c to 52c; No. 9, 50c to 51c; No. 10, 49c to 50c; No. 11, 48c to 49c; No. 12, 47c to 48c; No. 13, 46c to 47c; No. 14, 45c to 46c; No. 15, 44c to 45c; No. 16, 43c to 44c; No. 17, 42c to 43c; No. 18, 41c to 42c; No. 19, 40c to 41c; No. 20, 39c to 40c; No. 21, 38c to 39c; No. 22, 37c to 38c; No. 23, 36c to 37c; No. 24, 35c to 36c; No. 25, 34c to 35c; No. 26, 33c to 34c; No. 27, 32c to 33c; No. 28, 31c to 32c; No. 29, 30c to 31c; No. 30, 29c to 30c; No. 31, 28c to 29c; No. 32, 27c to 28c; No. 33, 26c to 27c; No. 34, 25c to 26c; No. 35, 24c to 25c; No. 36, 23c to 24c; No. 37, 22c to 23c; No. 38, 21c to 22c; No. 39, 20c to 21c; No. 40, 19c to 20c; No. 41, 18c to 19c; No. 42, 17c to 18c; No. 43, 16c to 17c; No. 44, 15c to 16c; No. 45, 14c to 15c; No. 46, 13c to 14c; No. 47, 12c to 13c; No. 48, 11c to 12c; No. 49, 10c to 11c; No. 50, 9c to 10c; No. 51, 8c to 9c; No. 52, 7c to 8c; No. 53, 6c to 7c; No. 54, 5c to 6c; No. 55, 4c to 5c; No. 56, 3c to 4c; No. 57, 2c to 3c; No. 58, 1c to 2c; No. 59, 0c to 1c; No. 60, 0c to 1c; No. 61, 0c to 1c; No. 62, 0c to 1c; No. 63, 0c to 1c; No. 64, 0c to 1c; No. 65, 0c to 1c; No. 66, 0c to 1c; No. 67, 0c to 1c; No. 68, 0c to 1c; No. 69, 0c to 1c; No. 70, 0c to 1c; No. 71, 0c to 1c; No. 72, 0c to 1c; No. 73, 0c to 1c; No. 74, 0c to 1c; No. 75, 0c to 1c; No. 76, 0c to 1c; No. 77, 0c to 1c; No. 78, 0c to 1c; No. 79, 0c to 1c; No. 80, 0c to 1c; No. 81, 0c to 1c; No. 82, 0c to 1c; No. 83, 0c to 1c; No. 84, 0c to 1c; No. 85, 0c to 1c; No. 86, 0c to 1c; No. 87, 0c to 1c; No. 88, 0c to 1c; No. 89, 0c to 1c; No. 90, 0c to 1c; No. 91, 0c to 1c; No. 92, 0c to 1c; No. 93, 0c to 1c; No. 94, 0c to 1c; No. 95, 0c to 1c; No. 96, 0c to 1c; No. 97, 0c to 1c; No. 98, 0c to 1c; No. 99, 0c to 1c; 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